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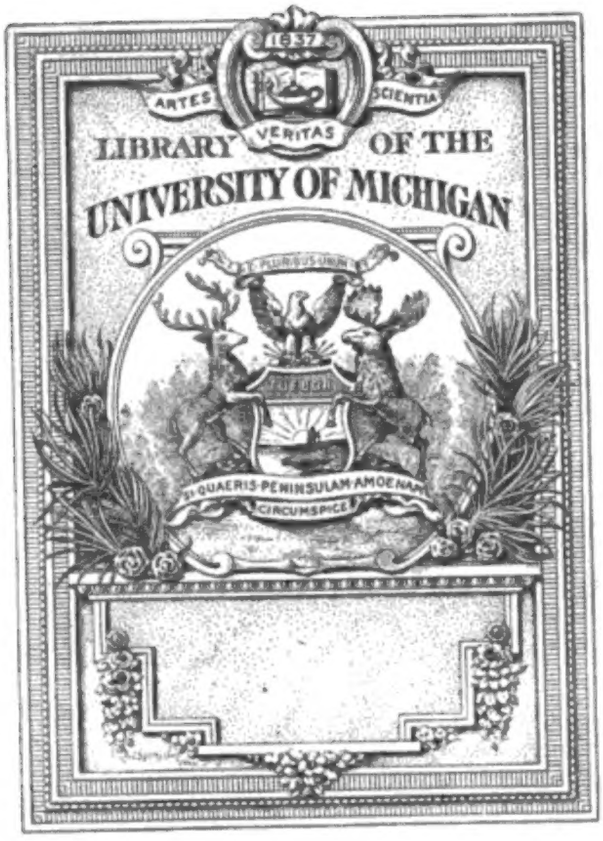

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THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MAY TO AUGUST, 1847.

W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK:
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1847.

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glories. We can fancy him saying, [illegible]

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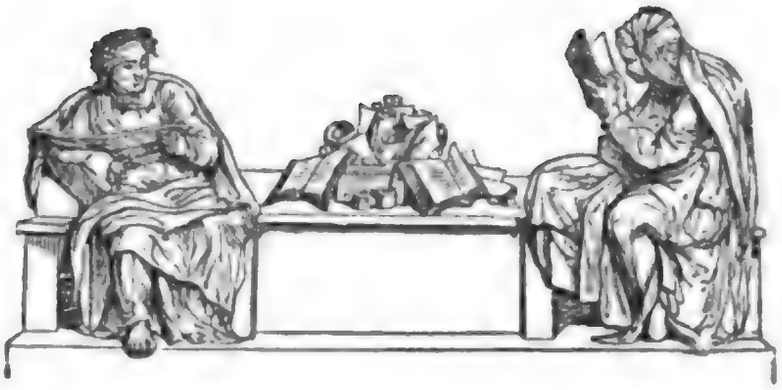

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FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MAY, 1847.

From Tait's Magazine.

GEORGE CRABBE.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF A "GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

To be the Poet of the waste places of Creation—to adopt the orphans of the Mighty Mother—to wed her dowerless daughters—to find out the beauty which has been spilt in tiny drops in her more unlovely regions—to echo the low music which arises from even her stillest and most sterile spots—was the mission of Crabbe, as a descriptive poet. He preferred the Leahs to the Rachels of Nature: and this he did not merely that his lot had cast him amid such scenes, and that early associations had taught him a profound interest in them, but apparently from native taste. He actually loved that beauty which stands shivering on the brink of barrenness—loved it for its timidity and its loneliness. Nay, he seemed to love barrenness itself; brooding over its dull page till there arose from it a strange lustre, which his eye distinctly sees, and which in part he makes visible to his readers. It was even as the darkness of cells has been sometimes peopled to the view of the solitary prisoner, and spiders seemed angels, in the depths of his dungeon. We can fancy, too, in Crabbe's mind, a feeling of pity for those unloved spots, and those neglected glories. We can fancy him saying, "let the gay and the aspiring mate with Nature in her towering altitudes, and flatter her more favored scenes; I will go after her into her secret retirements, bring out her bashful beauties, praise what none are willing to praise, and love what there are very few to love." From his early circumstances besides, there had stolen over his soul a shade of settled though subdued gloom. And for sympathy with this, he betook himself to the sterner and sadder aspects of Nature, where he saw, or seemed to see, his own feelings reflected, as in a sea of melancholy faces, in dull skies, waste moorlands, the low beach, and the moaning of the waves upon it, as if weary of their eternal wanderings. Such, too, at moments, was the feeling of Burns, when he strode on the scaur of the Nith, and saw the waters red and turbid below; or walked in a windy day by the side of a plantation, and heard the "sound of a gong" upon the tops of the trees: or when he exclaimed, with a calm simplicity of bitterness which is most affecting—

> "The leafless trees my fancy please,
> Their fate resembles mine."

Oh! where, indeed, can the unhappy re-

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pair, to escape from their own sorrows, or worse, from the unthinking glee or constitutional cheerfulness of others, more fitly than into the wastes and naked places of Nature? She will not then and there seem to insult them with her laughing luxuriance—her foliage fluttering, as if in vain display, with the glossy gilding of her flowers, or the sunny sparkle and song of her streamlets. But she will uplift a mightier and older voice. She will soothe them by a sterner ministry. She will teach them "old truths, abysmal truths, awful truths." She will answer their sighs by the groans of the Creation travailing in pain; suck up their tears in the sweat of her great agonies; reflect their tiny wrinkles in those deep stabs and scars on her forehead, which speak of struggle and contest; give back the gloom of their brows in the frowns of her forests, her mountain solitudes, and her waste midnight darkness; infuse something, too, of her own sublime expectancy into their spirits; and dismiss them from her society, it may be sadder, but certainly wiser men. How admirably is Nature suited to all moods of all men! In spring, she is gay with the light-hearted; in summer, gorgeous as its sun to those fiery spirits who seem made for a warmer day; in autumn, she spreads over all hearts a mellow and unearthly joy; and even in winter—when her temple is deserted of the frivolous and the timid, who quit it along with the smile of the sun—she attracts her own few but faithful votaries, who love her in her naked sculpture, as well as in her glowing pictorial hues, and who enjoy her solemn communion none the less that they enjoy it by themselves. To use the words of a forgotten poet, addressing Spring—

Thou op'st a storehouse for all hues of men.
To hardihood thou, blustering from the North,
Roll'st dark—hast sighs for them that would complain;
Sharp winds to clear the head of wit and worth;
And melody for those that follow mirth;
Clouds for the gloomy; tears for those that weep;
Flowers blighted in the bud for those that birth
Untimely sorrow o'er; and skies where sweep
Fleets of a thousand sail for them that plough the deep."

Crabbe, as a descriptive poet, differs from other modern masters of the art, alike in his selection of subjects, and in his mode of treating the subjects he does select. Byron moves over nature with a fastidious and aristocratic step—touching only upon objects already interesting or ennobled, upon battle fields, castellated ruins, Italian palaces, or Alpine peaks. This, at least, is true of his "Childe Harold," and his earlier pieces. In the later productions of his pen, he goes to the opposite extreme, and alights, with a daring yet dainty foot, upon all shunned and forbidden things—reminds us of the raven in the Deluge, which found rest for the sole of her foot upon carcases, where the dove durst not stand—rushes in where modesty and reserve alike have forbidden entrance—and ventures, though still not like a lost archangel, to tread the burning marl of Hell, the dim gulf of Hades, the shadowy ruins of the Pre-Adamitic world, and the crystal pavement of Heaven. Moore practises a principle of more delicate selection, resembling some nice fly which should alight only upon flowers, whether natural or artificial, if so that flowers they seemed to be; thus, from sunny bowers, and moonlit roses, and gardens, and blushing skies, and ladies' dresses, does the bard of Erin extract his finest poetry. Shelley and Coleridge attach themselves almost exclusively to the great—understanding this term in a wide sense, as including much that is grotesque and much that is homely, which the magic of their genius sublimates to a proper pitch of keeping with the rest. Their usual walk is swelling and buskined; their common talk is of great rivers, great forests, great seas, great continents; or else of comets, suns, constellations, and firmaments—as that of all half-mad, wholly miserable, and opium-fed genius is apt to be. Sir Walter Scott, who seldom grappled with the gloomier and grander features of his country's scenery (did he ever describe Glenco or Foyers, or the wildernesses around Ben mac Dhui?), had—need we say? the most exquisite eye for all picturesque and romantic aspects, in sea, shore, or sky; and in the quick perception of this element of the picturesque lay his principal, if not only descriptive power. Wordsworth, again, seems always to be standing above, though not stooping over, the objects he describes. He seldom looks up in rapt admiration of what is above; the bending furze-bush and the lowly broom—the nest lying in the level clover-field—the tarn sinking away seemingly before his eye into darker depths—the prospect from the mountain summit cast far beneath him; at highest, the star burning low upon the mountain's ridge, like an "untended watchfire;" these are the objects which he loves to describe, and these may stand as emblems of his lowly yet aspiring genius. Crabbe, on

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the other hand, "stoops to conquer"—nay, goes down on his knees, that he may more accurately describe such objects as the marsh given over to desolation from immemorial time—the slush left by the sea, and revealing the dead body of the suicide—the bare crag and the stunted tree, diversifying the scenery of the saline wilderness—the house on the heath, creaking in the storm, and telling strange stories of misery and crime—the pine in some wintry wood, which had acted as the gallows of some miserable man—the gorse surrounding with yellow light the encampment of the gypsies—the few timid flowers, or "weeds of glorious feature," which adorn the brink of ocean—the snow putting out the fire of the pauper, or lying unmelted on his pillow of death—the web of the spider blinding the cottager's window—the wheel turned by the meagre hand of contented or cursing penury—the cards trembling in the grasp of the desperate debauchee—the day stocking forming the cap by night, and the *garter at midnight*—the dunghill becoming the accidental grave of the drunkard—the poor-house of forty years ago, with its patched windows, its dirty environs, its moist and miserable walls, its inmates all snuff, and selfishness, and sin—the receptacle of the outlawed members of English society (how different from "Poosie Nancy's!"), with its gin-gendered quarrels, its appalling blasphemies, its deep debauches, its ferocity without fun, its huddled murders, and its shrieks of disease dumb in the uproar around the Bedlam of forty years ago, with its straw on end under the restlessness fo the insane; its music of groans, and shrieks and mutterings of still more melancholy meaning; its keepers cold and stern, as the snow-covered cliffs above the wintry cataract; its songs dying away in despairing gurgles down the miserable throat; its cells how devoid of monastic silence; its confusion worse confounded, of gibbering idiocy, monomania absorbed and absent from itself as well as from the world, and howling frenzy; its daylight saddened as it shines into the dim, vacant, or glaring eyes of those wretched men; and its moonbeams shedding a more congenial ray upon the solitude, or the sick-bed, or the death-bed of derangement: such familiar faces of want, guilt, and woe—of nakedness, sterility, and shame, does Crabbe delight in showing us; and is, in very truth,

"Nature's sternest painter, yet the best."

In his mode of managing his descriptions, Crabbe is equally peculiar. Objects, in themselves counted commonplace or disgusting, frequently become impressive, and even sublime, when surrounded by interesting circumstances; when shown in the moonlight of memory; when linked to strong passion; or when touched by the ray of imagination. Then, in Emerson's words, even the corpse is found to have added a solemn ornament to the house where it lay. But it is the peculiarity and the daring of this poet, that he often, not always, tries us with truth and nothing but truth, as if to bring the question to an issue, whether, in nature, absolute truth be not essential though severe poetry. On this question, certainly, issue was never so fully joined before. In even Wordsworth's eye there is a misty glimmer of imagination, through which all objects, low as well as high, are seen. Even his "five blue eggs" *gleam* upon him through a light which comes not from themselves; which comes, it may be, from the Great Bear, or Arcturus and his sons. And, when he does, as in some of his feebler verses, strive to see out of this medium, he drops his mantle, loses his vision, and describes little better than would his own "Old Cumberland Beggar." Shakspeare in his witches' caldron, and Burns in his "haly table," are shockingly circumstantial; but the element of imagination creeps in amid all the disgusting details, and the light that never was on sea or shore disdains not to rest on "eye of newt," "toe of frog," "baboon's blood," the garter that strangled the babe, the grey hairs sticking to the half of the parricidal knife, and all the rest of the fell ingredients. Crabbe, on the other hand, would have described the five blue eggs, and besides the materials of the nest, and the kind of hedge where it was built—like a bird-nesting schoolboy; but would never have given the "gleam." He would, as accurately as Hecate, Canidia, or Cuttysark, have given an inventory of the ingredients of the hell-broth, or of the curiosities on the haly table, had they been presented to his eye; but could not have conceived them, nor would have slipped in, that one flashing word, that single cross ray of imagination, which it required to elevate and startle them into high ideal life. And yet in reading his pictures of poor-houses, &c., we are compelled to say, "Well, that is poetry after all, for it is truth; but it is poetry of comparatively a low order—it is

the last gasp of the poetic spirit; and, moreover, perfect and matchless as it is in its kind, it is not worthy of the powers of its author, who can, and has at other times risen into much loftier ground."

We may illustrate still further what we mean by comparing the different ways in which Crabbe and Foster (certainly a *prose* poet) deal with a library. Crabbe describes minutely and successfully the outer features of the volumes, their colors, clasps, the stubborn ridges of their bindings, the illustrations which adorn them, &c., so well that you feel yourself among them, and they become sensible to touch almost as to sight. But there he stops, and sadly fails, we think, in bringing out the living and moral interest which gathers around a multitude of books, or even around a single volume. This Foster has amply done. The speaking silence of a number of books, where, though it were the wide Bodleian or Vatican, not one whisper could be heard, and yet, where, as in an antechamber, so many great spirits are waiting to deliver their messages—their churchyard stillness continuing even when their readers are moving to their pages, in joy or agony, as to the sound of martial instruments—their awaking, as from deep slumber, to speak with miraculous organ, like the shell which has only to be lifted, and "pleased it remembers its august abodes, and murmurs as the ocean murmurs there"—their power, so silent and sublime, of drawing tears, kindling blushes, awakening laughter, calming or quickening the motions of the life's blood, lulling to repose, or rousing to restlessness, often giving life to the soul, and sometimes giving death to the body—the meaning which radiates from their quiet countenances—the tale of shame or glory which their title-pages tell—the memories suggested by the character of their authors, and of the readers who have throughout successive centuries perused them—the thrilling thoughts excited by the sight of names and notes inscribed on their margins or blank pages by hands long since mouldered in the dust, or by those dear to us as our life's blood, who had been snatched from our sides—the aspects of gaiety or of gloom connected with the bindings and the age of volumes—the effects of sunshine playing as if on a congregation of happy faces, making the duskiest shine, and the gloomiest be glad—or of shadow suffusing a sombre air over all—the joy of the proprietor of a large library who feels that Nebuchadnezzar watching great Babylon, or Napoleon reviewing his legions, will not stand comparison with himself seated amid the broad maps, and rich prints, and numerous volumes which his wealth has enabled him to collect, and his wisdom entitled him to enjoy—all such hieroglyphics of interest and meaning has Foster included and interpreted in one gloomy but noble meditation, and his introduction to Doddridge is the true "Poem on the Library."

In Crabbe's description, the great want is of selection. He writes inventories. He describes all that his eye sees with cold, stern, lingering accuracy—he marks down all the items of wretchedness, poverty, and vulgar sin—counts the rags of the mendicant—and, as Hazlitt has it, describes a cottage like one who has entered it to distrain for rent. His copies, consequently, would be as displeasing as their originals, were it not that imagination is so much less vivid than eyesight, that we can endure in picture what we cannot in reality, and that our own minds, while reading, can cast that softening and ideal veil over disgusting objects which the poet himself has not sought, or has failed to do. Just as in viewing even the actual scene, we might have seen it through the medium of imaginative illusion, so the same medium will more probably invest and beautify its transcript in the pages of the poet.

As a moral poet and sketcher of men, Crabbe is characterized by a similar choice of subject, and the same stern fidelity. The mingled yarn of man's every-day life—the plain homely virtues, or the robust and burly vices of Englishmen—the quiet tears which fall on humble beds—the passions which flame up in lowly bosoms—the *amari aliquid*—the deep and permanent bitterness which lies at the heart of the down-trodden English poor—the comedies and tragedies of the fire-side—the lovers' quarrels—the unhappy marriages—the vicissitudes of common fortunes—the early deaths—the odd characters—the lingering superstitions—all the elements, in short, which make up the simple annals of lowly or middling society, are the materials of this poet's song. Had he been a Scottish clergyman we should have said that he had versified his Session-book; and certainly many curious chapters of human life might be derived from such a document, and much light cast upon the devious windings and desperate wickedness of the heart, as well as upon that inextinguishable instinct of good which resides in

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it. Crabbe, perhaps, has confined himself too exclusively to this circle of common things which he found lying around him. He has seldom burst its confines, and touched the loftier themes, and snatched the higher laurels which were also within his reach. He has contented himself with being a Lillo (with occasional touches of Shakspeare) instead of something far greater. He has, however, in spite of this self-injustice, effected much. He has proved that a poet, who looks resolutely around him—who stays at home—who draws the realities which are near him, instead of the phantoms that are afar—who feels and records the passion and poetry of his daily life—may found a firm and enduring reputation. With the dubious exception of Cowper, no one has made out this point so effectually as Crabbe.

And in his mode of treating such themes, what strikes us first is his perfect coolness. Few poets have reached that calm of his which reminds us of Nature's own great quiet eye, looking down upon her monstrous births, her strange anomalies, and her more ungainly forms. Thus Crabbe sees the loathsome, and does not loathe—handles the horrible, and shudders not—feels with firm finger the palpitating pulse of the infanticide or the murderer—and snuffs a certain sweet odor in the evil savors of putrefying misery and crime. This delight, however, is not an inhuman, but entirely an artistic delight—perhaps, indeed, springing from the very strength and width of his sympathies. We admire as well as wonder at that almost *asbestos* quality of his mind, through which he retains his composure and critical circumspection so cool amid the conflagrations of passionate subjects, which might have burned others to ashes. Few, indeed, can walk through such fiery furnaces unscathed. But Crabbe—what an admirable physician had he made to a Lunatic Asylum! How severely would he have sifted out every grain of poetry from those tumultuous exposures of the human mind! What clean breasts had he forced the patients to make! What tales had he wrung out from them, to which Lewis's tales of terror were feeble and trite! How he would have commanded them, by his mild, steady, and piercing eye! And yet how calm would his brain have remained, when others, even of a more prosaic mould, were reeling in sympathy with the surrounding delirium! It were, indeed, worth while inquiring how much of this coolness resulted from Crabbe's early practice as a surgeon. That combination of warm inward sympathy and outward phlegm—of impulsive benevolence and mechanical activity—of heart all fire and manner all ice—which distinguishes his poetry, is very characteristic of the medical profession.

In correspondence with this Crabbe generally leans to the darker side of things. This, perhaps, accounts for his favor in the sight of Byron, who saw his own eagle-eyed fury at man corroborated by Crabbe's stern and near-sighted vision. And it was accounted for partly by Crabbe's early profession, partly by his early circumstances, and partly by the clerical office he assumed. Nothing so tends to sour us with mankind as a general refusal on their part to give us bread. How can a man love a race which seems combined to starve him? This misanthropical influence Crabbe did not entirely escape. As a medical man, too, he had come in contact with little else than man's human miseries and diseases; and as a clergyman, he had occasion to see much sin and sorrow: and these, combining with the melancholy incidental to the poetic temperament, materially discolored his view of life. He became a searcher of dark—of the darkest bosoms; and we see him sitting in the gloom of the hearts of thieves, murderers, and maniacs, and watching the remorse, rancor, fury, dull disgust, ungratified appetite, and ferocious or stupified despair, which are their inmates. And even when he pictures livelier scenes and happier characters, there steals over them a shade of sadness, reflected from his favorite subjects, as a dark, sinister countenance in a room will throw a gloom over many happy and beautiful faces beside it.

In his pictures of life, we find an unfrequent but true pathos. This is not often, however, of the profoundest or most heart-rending kind. The grief he paints is not that which refuses to be comforted—whose expressions, like Agamemnon's face, must be veiled—which dilates almost to despair, and complains almost to blasphemy—and which, when it looks to Heaven, it is

> "With that frantic air
> Which seems to ask if a God be there."

Crabbe's, as exhibited in "Phœbe Dawson," and other of his tales, is gentle, submissive; and its pathetic effects are produced by the simple recital of circum-

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stances which might, and often have occurred. It reminds us of the pathos of "Rosamond Gray," that beautiful story of Lamb's, of which we once, we regret to say, presumptuously pronounced an unfavorable opinion, but which has since commended itself to our heart of hearts, and compelled that tribute in tears which we had denied it in words. Hazlitt is totally wrong when he says that Crabbe carves a tear to the life in marble, as if his pathos were hard and cold. Be it the statuary of woe—has it, consequently, no truth or power? Have the chiselled tears of the Niobe never awakened other tears, fresh and burning from their fountain? Horace's *vis me flere*, &c., is not always a true principle. As the wit, who laughs not himself, often excites most laughter in others, so the calm recital of an affecting narrative acts as the meek rod of Moses applied to the rock, and is answered in gushing torrents. You close Crabbe's tale of grief, almost ashamed that you have left so quiet a thing pointed and starred with tears. His pages, while sometimes wet with pathos, are never moist with humor. His satire is often pointed with wit, and sometimes irritates into invective; but of that glad, genial, and bright-eyed thing we call humor (how well *named*, in its oily softness and gentle glitter!) he has little or none. Compare, in order to see this, his "Borough" with the "Annals of the Parish." How dry, though powerful, the one; how sappy the other! How profound the one; how pawky the other! Crabbe goes through his Borough, like a scavenger with a rough, stark, and stiff besom, sweeping up all the filth: Galt, like a knowing watchman of the old school—a *canny Charlie*,—keeping a sharp lookout, but not averse to a sly joke, and having an eye to the humors as well as misdemeanors of the streets. Even his wit is not of the finest grain. It deals too much in verbal quibbles, puns, and antitheses with their points broken off. His puns are neither good nor bad—the most fatal and anti-ideal description of a pun that can be given. His quibbles are good enough to have excited the laugh of his curate, or gardener; but he forgets that the public is not so indulgent. And though often treading in Pope's track, he wants entirely those touches of satire at once the lightest and the most withering, as if dropped from the fingers of a malignant fairy—those faint whispers of poetic perdition—those drops of concentrated bitterness—those fatal bodkin stabs—and those invectives, glittering all over with the polish of profound malignity—which are Pope's glory as a writer, and his shame as a man.

We have repeatedly expressed our opinion, that in Crabbe there lay a higher power than he ever exerted. We find evidence of this in his "Hall of Justice" and his "Eustace Grey." In these he is fairly in earnest. No longer dozing by his parlor fire over the "Newspaper," or napping in a corner of his "Library," or peeping in through the windows of the "Workhouse," or recording the select scandal of the "Borough"—he is away out into the wide and open fields of highest passion and imagination. What a tale that "Hall of Justice" hears—to be paralleled only in the "Thousand and One Nights of the Halls of Eblis!"—a tale of misery, rape, murder, and furious despair; told, too, in language of such lurid fire as has been seen to shine o'er the graves of the dead; but, in "Eustace Grey," our author's genius reaches its climax. Never was madness—in its misery—its remorse—the dark companions, "the ill-favored ones," who cling to it in its wild way and will not let it go, although it curse them with the eloquence of Hell—the visions it sees—the scenery it creates and carries about with it in dreadful keeping—and the language it uses, high aspiring but broken, as the wing of a struck eagle—so strongly and meltingly revealed. And yet, around the dismal tale there hangs the breath of beauty, and, like poor Lear, Sir Eustace goes about crowned with flowers—the flowers of earthly poetry—and of a hope which is not of the earth. And, at the close, we feel to the author all that strange gratitude which our souls are constituted to entertain to those who have most powerfully wrung and tortured them.

Would that Crabbe had given us a century of such things. We would have preferred it to the "Tales of the Hall," "Tales of Greyling Hall," or more tidings from the "Hall of Justice." It had been a darker Decameron and brought out more effectually—what the "Village Poorhouse" and the sketches of Elliott have since done—the passions, miseries, crushed aspirations, and latent poetry, which dwell in the hearts of the plundered poor; as well as the wretchedness which, more punctually than their veriest menial, waits often

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behind the chairs, and hands the golden dishes of the great.

We have not space nor time to dilate on his other works individually. We prefer, in glancing back upon them as a whole, trying to answer the following questions; 1st, What was Crabbe's object as a moral poet? 2dly, How far is he original as an artist? 3dly, What is his relative position to his great contemporaries? And, 4thly, what is likely to be his fate with posterity—1st, his object.—The great distinction between man and man, and author and author, is purpose. It is the edge and point of character; it is the stamp and the superscription of genius; it is the direction on the letter of talent. Character without it is blunt and torpid. Talent without it is a letter, which, undirected, goes no whither. Genius without it is bullion, sluggish, splendid, uncirculating. Purpose yearns after and secures artistic culture. It gathers as by a strong suction, all things which it needs into itself. It often invests art with a moral and religious aspect. This was strongly impressed upon us when lately seeing Macaulay and Wilson on one platform. How great the difference in point of native powers! How greater, alas! in point of purpose and cultivation! There is in Wilson's great, shaggy soul and body, what might make many Macaulays. But it has never been fully evolved. He has not done with his might what his hand found to do. He has been little else than a vast, lazy earth-god, pelting nuts in the summer woods, or gathering pebbles on the margins of the summer waters; or, rather, he rises up before his worshippers glorious and idle as Nebuchadnezzar's golden image. But, since Shakspeare, no clearer, larger, sunnier soul has existed among men. And yet Macaulay, though manifestly belonging to an inferior race, mounted on this pedestal of purpose, stands higher than he. Crabbe's artistic object is tolerably clear, and has been already indicated. His moral purpose is not quite so apparent. Is it to satirize, or is it to reform vice? Is it pity, or is it contempt, that actuates his song? What are his plans for elevating the lower classes in the scale of society? Has he any, or does he believe in the possibility of their permanent elevation? Such questions are more easily asked than answered. We must say that we have failed to find in him any one overmastering and earnest object, subjugating everything to itself, and producing that unity in all his works which the trunk of a tree gives to its smallest, its remotest, to even its withered leaves. And yet, without apparent intention, Crabbe has done good moral service. He has shed much light upon the condition of the poor. He has spoken in the name and stead of the poor dumb mouths that could not tell their own sorrows or sufferings to the world. He has opened the "mine," which Ebenezer Elliott and others, going to work with a firmer and more resolute purpose, have dug to its depths.

2dly, His originality.—This has been questioned by some critics. He has been called a version, in coarser paper and print, of Goldsmith, Pope, and Cowper. His pathos comes from Goldsmith—his wit and satire from Pope—and his minute and literal description from Cowper. If this were true, it were as complimentary to him as his warmest admirer could wish. To combine the characteristic excellences of three true poets is no easy matter. But Crabbe has not combined them. His pathos wants altogether the naiveté of sentiment and *curiosa felicitas* of expression which distinguish Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." He has something of Pope's terseness, but little of his subtlety, finish, or brilliant malice. And the motion of Cowper's mind and style in description differs as much from Crabbe's as the playful leaps and gambols of a kitten from the measured, downright, and indomitable pace of a hound—the one is the easiest, the other the severest, of describers. Resemblances, indeed, of a minor kind are to be found; but still, Crabbe is as distinct from Goldsmith, Cowper, and Pope, as Byron from Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge.

Originality consists of two kinds—one, the power of inventing new materials; and the other, of dealing with old materials in a new way. We do not decide whether the first of these implies an act of absolute creation; it implies all we can conceive in an act of creative power, from elements bearing to the result the relation which the Alphabet does to the "Iliad"—genius brings forth its bright progeny, and we feel it to be new. In this case you can no more anticipate the effect from the elements than you can, from the knowledge of the letters, anticipate the words which are to be compounded out of them. In the other kind of originality, the materials bear a larger proportion to the result—they form an appreciable quantity in our calculations of what it is to be. They are found for the poet,

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and all he has to do is, with skill and energy, to construct them. Take, for instance, Shakspeare's "Tempest," and Coleridge's "Anciente Marinere"—of what more creative act can we conceive than is exemplified in these? Of course, we have all had beforehand ideas similar to a storm, a desert island, a witch, a magician, a mariner, a hermit, a wedding-guest; but these are only the Alphabet to the spirits of Shakspeare and Coleridge. As the sun, from the invisible air, draws up in an instant all pomps of cloudy forms—paradises brighter than Eden mirrored in waters, which blush and tremble as their reflection falls wooingly upon them—mountains which seem to bury their snowy or rosy summits in the very heaven of heavens—throne-shaped splendors, worthy of angels to sit on them, flushing and fading in the west—seas of aerial blood and fire—momentary cloud-crowns and golden avenues, stretching away into the azure infinite beyond them;—so, from such stuff as dreams are made of, from the mere empty air, do these wondrous magicians build up their new worlds, where the laws of nature are repealed—where all things are changed without any being confused—where sound becomes dumb and silence eloquent—where the earth is empty, and the sky is peopled—where material beings are invisible, and where spiritual beings become gross and palpable to sense—where the skies are opening to show riches—where the isle is full of noises—where beings proper to this sphere of dream are met so often that you cease to fear them, however odd or monstrous—where magic has power to shut now the eyes of kings and now the great bright eye of ocean—where, at the bidding of the poet, new, complete, beautiful mythologies, down at one time sweep across the sea, and anon dance from the purple and mystic sky—where all things have a charmed life, the listening ground, the populous air, the still or the vexed sea, the human or the imaginary beings—and where, as in deep dreams, the most marvellous incidents are most easily credited, slide on most softly, and seem most native to the place, the circumstances, and the time. "This is creation," we exclaim; nor did Ferdinand seem to Miranda a fresher and braver creature than does to us each strange settler, whom genius has planted upon its own favorite isle. Critics may, indeed, take these imaginary beings—such as Caliban and Ariel—and analyse them into their constituent parts; but there will be some one element which escapes them—laughing, as it leaps away, at their baffled sagacity, and proclaiming the original power of its Creator; as in the chemical analysis of an *Aerolite*, amid the mere earthly constituents there will still be something which declares its unearthly origin. Take Creation as meaning, not so much Deity bringing something out of nothing, as *filling the void with his Spirit*, and genius will seem a lower form of the same power.

The other kind of originality is, we think, that of Crabbe. It is magic at second-hand. He takes, not makes, his materials. He finds a good foundation—wood and stone in plenty—and he begins laboriously, successfully, and after a plan of his own, to build. If in any of his works he approaches to the higher property, it is in "Eustace Grey," who moves here and there, on his wild wanderings, as if to the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp.

This prepares us for coming to the third question, what is Crabbe's relative position to his great contemporary poets? We are compelled to put him in the second class. He is not a philosophic poet, like Wordsworth. He is not, like Shelley, a Vates, moving upon the uncertain but perpetual and furious wind of his inspirations. He is not, like Byron, a demoniac exceeding fierce, and dwelling among the tombs. He is not, like Keats, a sweet and melancholy voice, a tune bodiless, bloodless—dying away upon the waste air, but for ever to be remembered as men remember a melody they have heard in youth. He is not, like Coleridge, all these almost by turns, and, besides, a Psalmist, singing at times strains so sublime and holy, that they might seem snatches of the song of Eden's cherubim, or caught in trance from the song of Moses and the Lamb. To this mystic brotherhood Crabbe must not be added. He ranks with a lower but still loftier band—with Scott (as a poet), and Moore, and Hunt, and Campbell, and Rogers, and Bowles, and James Montgomery, and Southey; and surely they nor he need be ashamed of each other, as they shine in one soft and peaceful cluster.

We are often tempted to pity poor posterity on this score. How is it to manage with the immense number of excellent works which this age has bequeathed, and is bequeathing to it? How is it to economise its time so as to read a tithe of them? And should it in mere self-defence proceed

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to decimate, with what principle shall the process be carried on, and who shall be appointed to preside over it? Critics of the twenty-second century, be merciful as well as just. Pity the *disjecta membra* of those we thought mighty poets. Respect and fulfil our prophecies of immortality. If ye must carp and cavil, do not, at least, in mercy, abridge. Spare us the prospect of this last insult, an abridged copy of the "Pleasures of Hope," or "Don Juan," a *new* abridgment. If ye must operate in this way, be it on "Madoc," "Kehama," or the "Couse of Time." Generously leave room for "O'Connor's Child" in the poet's corner of a journal, or for "Eustace Grey" in the space of a crown piece. Surely, living in the Millennium, and resting under your vines and fig-trees, you will have more time to read than we, in this bustling age, who move, live, eat, drink, *sleep and die*, at railway speed, If not, we fear the case of many of our poets is hopeless, and that others, besides Satan Montgomery and the author of "Silent Love," would be wise to enjoy their present laurels, for verily there are none else for them.

Seriously, we hope that much of Crabbe's writing will every year become less and less readable, and less and less easily understood; till, in the milder day, men shall have difficulty in believing that such physical, mental, and moral degradation, as he describes, ever existed in Britain; and till, in future Encyclopædias, his name be found recorded as a powerful but barbarous writer, writing in a barbarous age. The like may be the case with many, who have busied themselves more in recalling the past or picturing the present, than in anticipating the future. But there are, or have been among us, a few who have plunged beyond their own period, nay, beyond "all ages"—who have seen and shown us the coming eras:

> "As in a cradled Hercules you trace
> The lines of empire in his infant face."

And their voice must go down, in tones becoming more authoritative as they last, and in volume becoming vaster as it rolls, like mighty thunderings and many waters, through the minster of all future time; in lower key, concerting with those now awful voices from within the veil, which have already shaken earth, and which uttered "once more," shall shake not earth only, but also Heaven. High destiny! but not his whose portrait we have now drawn.

We have tried to draw his mental, but not his physical likeness. And yet it has all along been blended with our thoughts, like the figure of one known from childhood, like the figure of our own beloved and long-lost father. We see the venerable old man, newly returned from a botanical excursion, laden with flowers and weeds (for no one knew better than he that every weed is a flower—it is the secret of his poetry), with his high narrow forehead, his grey locks, his glancing shoe-buckles, his clean dress somewhat ruffled in the woods, his mild countenance, his simple abstracted air. We, too, become abstracted as we gaze, following in thought the outline of his history—his early struggle—his love—his adventures in London—his journal, where, on the brink of starvation, he wrote the affecting words "*O Sally for you*—"his rescue by Burke—his taking orders—his return to his native place—his mounting the pulpit stairs, not caring what his old enemies thought of him or his sermon—his marriage—the entry, more melancholy by far than the other, made years after in reference to it, "*yet happiness was denied*" —the publication of his different works—the various charges he occupied—his child-like surprise at getting so much money for the "Tales of the Hall"—his visit to Scotland—his mistaking the Highland chiefs for foreigners, and bespeaking them in bad French—his figure as he went, dogged by the *caddie* through the lanes of the auld town of Edinburgh, which he preferred infinitely to the new—the "aul' fule" he made of himself in pursuit of a second wife, &c., &c.; so absent do we become in thinking over all this, that it disturbs his abstraction, he starts, stares, asks us into his parsonage, and we are about to accept the offer, when we awake, and, lo! it is a dream.

Anecdote of Simpson.—Simpson, the actor, would never take medicine; and his medical man was often obliged to resort to some stratagem to impose a dose upon him. There was a piece—I do not recollect the name—in which the hero is sentenced in prison to drink a cup of poison. Harry Simpson was playing his character one night, and had given directions to have it filled with port wine, but what was his horror when he came to drink it, to find it contained a dose of senna! He could not throw it away, as he had to hold the goblet upside down, to show his persecutors he had drunk every drop of it. Simpson drank the medicine with the slowness of a poisoned martyr; but he never forgave his medical man this trick, as he fully proved at his death—for he died without paying him his bill.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE LATE BISHOP OF NORWICH, AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

BY ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

Lady Dacre—Mathias—Nicholini—Dr. Parr—Wilberforce—Gurney—Mrs. Fry—Mrs. Opie—Charlotte Smith—Hannah More—Lord Byron—Miss Millbank—Queen Caroline.

NEXT to Shakspeare, my father admired, almost adored, the sublime writings of Milton, especially the sonnets and smaller poems, and his prose works; and he observed it was not the vanity of a little mind, but the conscious power of a great one, with the unaffected confession of that power, which induced Milton to express his certainty that "whether in prosing or in versing there was in his writings that which would live for ever." The prejudices of later life, and the unwillingness with which my father ever turned to novelty,—an unwillingness which extended itself even to the minute details of his domestic affairs, and induced him almost to suffer any inconvenience rather than change a servant, and to feel pain even at the altered arrangement of the furniture—led him to undervalue modern poesy. Byron was not likely to suit him, a genius too earthly for my father's refined and spiritual mind: he admired the lament of "Tasso," more because it reminded him of his favorite Torquato. Shelley became known only in his very last years; doubtless he would have appreciated his mighty genius which soared into, and sang from the spiritual world. With Moore's smaller poems, those beautiful effusions of feeling and of tenderness set to the music of the Irish melodies—he was much touched. Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, he neither much studied, nor much admired. Many were the vain attempts exercised by Lady Beaumont to inoculate him with one spark of her enthusiasm for the latter poet, while Sir George at the same time entreated her "not to ride her hobby-horse so very hard." I remember upon one occasion her muslin scarf catching fire when she was declaiming, and my father with some difficulty extinguishing the flames.

My father's taste for the *Belles Lettres*, like his poetical inclinations, leant also, and naturally, towards "the works of his own day;" he would allow of no writers later than Johnson, Addison, Swift, Sterne, Burke, Arbuthnot; no historian after Hume and Gibbon, perhaps, with the sole exception of Mitford, whose simplicity of style and strict adherence to the text of his Greek authorities satisfied his classical taste.

In speaking of Literature, which must occupy so large a space in any Biography of my father, I ought to have commenced with his earliest studies, I mean those to which the public schools in England are exclusively devoted; the ancient classics, Greek and Latin, being the two main objects at Winchester, where memory leads to every distinction. He of course acquired a full knowledge of both, particularly the latter, in which he was a perfectly accomplished scholar; he wrote both in prose and verse, and conversed in that language fluently; he had learnt Hebrew of a Jew, and read the Bible in its own original tongue; he had acquired a perfect knowledge of Italian, and delighted himself in the store of its poetical riches, such, at least, as he so considered them, for he much admired Petrarch, and particularly Dante. From the latter he often repeated the story of Count Ugolino in the Tower of Famine, and had so often told it, that he believed it himself true, how the Count had heard with despair the heavy fall of the prison key, and the splash of the waters, as the jailor, after locking the portal, flung that key into the Arno, thus barring for ever all hope of rescue. It was a splendid idea, and I question whether Dante would not have adopted it, had it occurred to him, or had he thought it possible to increase the horrors of the scene.

The Canzones of Petrarch, as translated by his friend Lady Dacre, and which afterwards appeared in Ugo Foscolo's life of that poet, were much admired by the Bishop, who considered these translations to surpass any attempts of the kind.

They were first made public by Mathias, who, with his friend Nicholls, better known by the name of Nicholini, on account of his love for Italy, was my father's frequent guest. Mathias printed them at Naples at his own expense, and, of course, with the

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consent of the Authoress, and made presents of them to his friends.

Mathias, in common with my father, and I may add also Sir Egerton Brydges, thought that poetry had stopped with Gray and Mason, several of whose poems Mathias translated into Italian, and printed for private circulation, having, it appears, the same bibliomania as the aforenamed Sir Egerton, who printed numberless volumes abroad and at home, where he had a private printing-press—a strange mania! and to him a very expensive one. A friend of mine, who knew Mathias well, says he greatly depreciated Byron, and laughed heartily at the following.

"* * * * * Morn
Begins to grizzle the dark locks of night."

Although generally considered the author of the "Pursuits of Literature," he all his life strenuously and almost with anger denied having any participation in that pedantic and Jesuitical work, now almost forgotten. No one who was acquainted intimately with him, would have suspected Mathias of its authorship. Whatever hand he might have had in the text, the notes he certainly did not write, for he was no Greek scholar.

Dr. Parr, whom we met at Holkham, and who was, at that time, tutor to the *then* heir apparent of Mr. Coke, *wished* on the contrary to *be* thought the author of "Junius," and would often say, with his thick manner of speaking, as if his tongue were too large for his mouth, and looking significantly at his wife, "Mitthith Parr and I know who wrote 'Thunnius.'" One day at dinner, he said to a lady next to him, whilst he was inhaling some favorite dish, "Mith B., we breathe here the pure air of *phat*riotism." Perhaps he was at that moment eating a dish of green *fat*, to which he had no objection, being a great gourmand, and punning on the word. This pupil of his used to play him many practical jokes, one of which occasioned a great laugh by his heavy fall, the chair having been drawn from under him.

But to return to Lady Dacre, at the time Mrs. Wilmot, I was present at the first and last representation of her tragedy, in which my father took great interest. She herself was seated with a large party of her friends in one of the side boxes. Lord Byron speaks, in Moore's Life, of also witnessing the performance. He says, "The three first acts, with transient gushes of applause, oozed patiently but heavily on;" but adds, "it was badly acted, particularly by * * *, who was groaned upon in the third act,—something about horror, 'Such a horror was the cause:'" (whether these asterisks of Mr. Moore's stand for Kean or Mrs. Bartley, I know not.) "Well, the fourth act became muddy and turbid as need be; but the fifth act, which Garrick (like a fool) used to call the concoction of a play,—the fifth act stuck fast at the king's prayer. 'You know,' he says, 'he never went to bed without saying them, and did not like to omit them now.' But he was no sooner on his knees than the audience got upon their legs, the damnable pit, and roared, and groaned, and whistled, and hissed. Well, that was choked a little; but the ruffian scene—the penitent peasantry—killing the bishop and princes—oh! it was all over." Lord Byron sums up these observations by saying, "It is a good acting play, good language, but no power."

He did not perhaps observe a ridiculous occurrence, which accidentally assisted in the condemnation of the piece. In one of the most tragic scenes, a current of air, not altogether unknown behind the scenes, puffed up the white satin dress of the heroine, threatening, like a balloon, to carry her off the stage: a gentle hum, a murmur of suppressed risibility first disturbed the stillness around. In vain a "hush! hush!" echoed from all sides—puff came the wind again. The gallery sent down a confused tumult into the pit, and soon the theatre resounded with merriment, mixed up with faint and gradually louder hisses, which frustrated the vain endeavors of the applauding party. Upon so mere a trifle sometimes does success in the more important stage of life often depend, and by as mere an incident is it often overturned. A tragedy is of all compositions the most difficult, and often, when it may read well, a totally different effect, or none at all, may be produced on the stage. Byron says that few women can write a tragedy, but adds, that he can conceive the possibility of Semiramis and Catharine the Great doing so. Lady Dacre's amiable qualities are well known to those who have the privilege of her acquaintance: her modelling of horses surpasses anything ever seen in relievo, and her talent for writing, both in prose and verse, her works can testify. Few persons have had an opportunity of forming a right judgment on this tragedy, as her works, though printed, have never been published,

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with the exception of the Canzones before mentioned.

Thus having spoken of the Prelate's favorite Italian, I must observe that he was conversant with the literature of the French tongue, the chosen recreation, as I have said, of the old earl, during the time that he was his companion, particularly of the authors of the much vaunted *Siècle de Louis Quatorze:* here, too, he thought, with many of the bigoted admirers of the so called classic age, that writing ought to have stopped. The names of Victor Hugo, George Sand, De Lamartine, Balzac, Eugene Sue, and a host of these contemporaries, were unknown to him. Like also to many of the lovers of Racine, he clung to the hallowed recollections of his earlier days, and thought that in French, cramped and feeble as must ever be, comparatively speaking, their poetry, the force of nature could go no further than in the "Songe d'Athalie," or the tiresome, long, and sing-song speeches in Corneille's tragedies, exceedingly beautiful though they may be. The male and female rhymes marching side by side, and the division of every verse into two equal parts, were rendered anything but musical to the ear of taste, even by Talma's finest declamation; and I have heard my father say that great actor experienced but one regret, that he had not been destined to revel in the freedom of English blank verse, and in the unfettered eloquence of a Shakspeare.

There are many of the old school, who even raise their voices against the romanticism of the present style of French literature: the coinage of new words and the revival of old ones imparting a power to their prose, and almost to their poetry, before unknown; and perhaps in part attributable to a growing taste for English, and a familiarity with our modern writers, who have given an additional strength to our own language by similar innovations.

The study of German has also not been without its effect. Of that language and its literature my father of course knew nothing. I believe in his time there were scarcely in England a dozen good German scholars. We had then, too, no translations from the German; which, after all, were poor compensations for the originals, sometimes even impossible ones, as in the instance of Göthe's "Faust." He had also formed the idea with many others, on the faith of the Anti-Jacobin and other works of the day, that the literature of Germany was an exaggerated rhodomontade, and did not believe it possible that schools or universities could flourish in that land (although he had, indeed, heard of Göttingen), that land of printing and of reading, where, so great is the march of intellect, that the commonest servant during her few leisure hours will feast upon the translated works of Bulwer and Marryat, and the mere usher of an inferior school possesses his well-stored libraries of choice books.

At the annual meetings of the Bible Society at Norwich, my father was ever present, and I believe sometimes spoke, if he did not take the chair; and this circumstance cemented his friendship with many distinguished persons who came from far and near to be present on the occasion, all anxious promoters of the cause. Among the foremost, and above all in zeal, was Mr. Wilberforce,* whose eloquence sometimes so softened the hearts of the most obdurate, those who had attended the meeting with the full resolution of not being subdued, and purposely had left behind them the means of contributing to the fund; that such persons had been known to deposit at the door watches, rings, and other articles of value, as pledges. He was an extraordinary man, and his faults, if he had them, were the faults of a great mind, and ought to be buried in the grave; while his enthusiasm, his benevolence, and his virtues, leaving behind them as they did lasting memorials, must live for ever. His oratory was impressive and riveting; and every sentiment, coming as it did from the bottom of his soul, struck with electric force into the bosom of his hearers. He might, such was his eloquence, have pleaded any cause, and made (had he been willing) even the worse appear the better. What wonder, then, that he should succeed in that great cause so near and so dear to his heart—the Bible? He diversified his harangues with interesting anecdotes of the value and success of this society, and of the providence of God blessing it. Among the rest, he told a story of a young sailor who had received from the society a Bible, which he laid next his heart, and during an action a bullet struck him and

* A beautiful statue, in a sitting posture, of this great man was executed by Joseph, an artist who was peculiarly happy in the intellectual and speaking expression of his likenesses, of which this is a striking proof. A small model of this statue, shortly before my father's death, was by Joseph's permission forwarded him for his inspection. He was much pleased with it.

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lodged in the book, thus protecting his life. Among others who were distinguished for their oratory and ardor in the cause, were the Rev. Mr. Marsh,* of Colchester; Sir Fowell, at that time Mr. Buxton; and the two Rev. Messrs. Cunningham, brothers, one of whom was the author of a celebrated little work, entitled "The Velvet Cushion." These three latter were connected by marriage with a native of Norwich, one of the warmest promoters of the Society, Joseph John Gurney;† who delivered with that plain and simple character appropriated to his sect,‡ and with that modesty for which he was so eminently distinguished, in true simpleness of heart, his pure and Christian sentiments.

There were few persons whom my father loved and esteemed more than Mr. Gurney. They resembled each other in simplicity of character and in singleness of heart, and in the wish not to live in vain.

It was to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Gurney, near Norwich, that the whole party resorted after the labors of the day to partake of a repast. No person who had ever been present at these happy meetings, or who had joined the society of these individuals, so distinguished for their devout fervor, would agree in a too commonly accepted opinion, that religion brings with it gloom and misanthropy, for no persons are so cheerful as the really religious.

The life of the party was Wilberforce; he spoke well on all subjects, and his cheerfulness imparted itself to all around him.

Two ladies equally distinguished in different ways were present. Mrs. Fry, the sister of the host, and now, alas! no more, and Mrs. Opie, who had then first embraced the opinions of the Society of Friends, and was warmly allied in friendship with the family of the host, whose intellectual qualities and many virtues rendered them the delight of a numerous circle.

Amelia Opie, one of the well-known and then more rare female authors, was a native of Norwich, and was also the esteemed friend of my father, of whom she had some twenty years ago written in the "Gentleman's Magazine" a slight memoir. Not long before the above-mentioned meeting of *friends* and orators, in a family which consisted of various sects and religions, though allied together, nevertheless, in unceasing harmony, she had been one of the mourners at the funeral of the eldest of the family, who, young himself, and in every way gifted, followed his yet younger bride with rapid strides to the grave.

Mrs. Opie was one of the few lady writers on whom my father bestowed the meed of praise, for he was not fond of display in our sex, and I believe gentlemen are generally of the same opinion; perhaps in the comparatively weak minds of women there is often little or much vanity mixed up with their sometimes feeble efforts, and the fear of ridicule may deter many who could please from making the attempt.

After Mrs. Opie and Lady Dacre, my father held in high esteem the acquaintance of his earlier day, Charlotte Smith, whose simple manners and retiring character left upon his mind a more pleasing impression than even her talents. With Hannah More he was slightly acquainted, but had more than once declined meeting Madame de Staël at one of those coteries which above all things he disliked, where literary subjects are studied in the morning for the purpose of being discussed and making a display in the evening. Among those ladies whose society most pleased him, may be numbered not many, perhaps none, who shone conspicuous in the world of fashion, but many more who were distinguished for their amiability and attainments; among these may be mentioned Miss Millbank, who created at one time some interest in consequence of her having married, and afterwards separated herself from Lord Byron;—a union equally unsuitable on both sides, and the fatal consequences of which made an exile from his country of one of its greatest poets. My father had known Lady Byron from her childhood; the two families having been neighbors in the county of Durham. He considered her a superior person. Her attainments were highly rated, and probably with justice; and being an heiress and without pretensions, such attainments were the more readily admitted. I remember the Bishop being particularly struck with the Greek characters, from some old author, with which she headed a copy circulated about town of the lines in manuscript written upon the Prince (then Regent), standing between the tombs of Charles I. and Henry VIII. The translation of the motto was "blood mixed with dirt." I know not whether the

* This zealous minister bore a striking likeness to the most celebrated pictures of our blessed Lord.

† Author of the Practical View of Christianity, and many other works.

‡ The Society of Friends.

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Greek was transcribed by herself or Lord Byron. Lady Byron had the character of being a good Greek scholar, which Lord Byron never was. This was before the marriage.

I was a young girl, but had my imagination raised to the highest pitch by the perusal of the works of my adored poet, when I accompanied my mother to pay a congratulatory visit to the bride elect, whom I found with her mother engaged in that *then* fashionable employment of making shoes. The operators were at the moment of our entrance in great confusion from the upsetting of the bowl of water containing the cobbler's wax—an employment though economical far from poetic, and which, when we returned to the carriage, occasioned my mother to burst into an almost inextinguishable fit of laughter.

Lady Byron was an only child, perhaps a spoilt one; she was just the kind of character the poet was unlikely to admire or to estimate. She had plain good sense, a cold and calculating judgment. She was simple and plain in her manners, plain in dress, though not absolutely plain in her person, plain in sentiment, plain in her wishes and desires, and above all plain in her understanding of others. That she mistook for insanity the fine phrensy of a poet, or that she could expect or wish anything else in the first poet of the *then* day (for Shelley has since far eclipsed him), was a very plain proof of the extent of her judgment. Lord Byron was unfortunate, for he had never met with a woman who suited him; he sought in vain, and none had chanced to cross his path. He was remarkable for his kindness and tenderness to the sex, and had never wounded the feelings of any woman whatsoever. Pity that during the very few months his wife gave him the trial, a time hardly sufficient to try any one, even a domestic, she alone should have found him otherwise!

My father, in the amiability of his heart, always sided with the weaker sex, and his ear was ever open to their grievances. I have heard him often and often bewail the lot of woman, and the cruel laws which weigh in our land, at least, so heavily upon her. No wonder that he was a favorite with the ladies, and consulted by them upon every occasion, and of course they could easily persuade him; thus doubtless he was the strong partisan of the above named young friend, and these remarks are less his than my own. The prelate was honored with the confidence of many distinguished ladies; among others the *soi-disant* Duchess of Sussex, who applied to him with unwearied zeal to exercise his influence with the Duke, his friend, to restore her to her would be honors, and to acknowledge her to the world as his lawful wife, &c.; although the matter had been before arranged, by her own consent, and she had accepted a title of Countess and the terms offered to her. She still maintained all the dignity of royalty. I remember, when with my mother, meeting her at Dumerg's in Piccadilly; she was standing at the window, and called our attention to some person who she imagined was drowning in the pond, though it was only a child's toy being set afloat. She was a painted, affected creature, and to our great surprise (for we knew not at the time who she was) was continually entreating us, in the most condescending manner, to *sit down*.

Among other oppressed, or self-supposed oppressed ladies, Queen Caroline had been introduced one evening at the British Gallery; I remember her well, and both her manner and conversation left an unfavorable impression.

To return again to my father, it might not perhaps be said that he was a man of extraordinary talents; but his intellects, which were fine and clear, were highly cultivated; he possessed a finely framed imagination, lively, pure, and delicate, which displayed itself in a conversation ever delightful, and it was his greatest charm that he was always amiable. Sir Bulwer Lytton commences a chapter in his "Pilgrims of the Rhine" with this elegant compliment to my father, "Once upon a time, the virtues, weary of living for ever with the Bishop of Norwich," &c.

It is to be regretted that he left behind him, neither in poetry nor in prose, any work that might serve as a lasting memorial. His speeches in the House, and one or more sermons, are nearly the only printed memorials extant. He wrote a beautiful letter upon all subjects; simple, clear, elegant, and touching, from the tone of tenderness, affection, and deep interest with which he addressed all those dear to him. Could his letters be collected, and properly selected, they would, perhaps, form as beautiful a volume as could be presented to the public; at the same time serving far better than weak description to paint the real loveliness of that mind which was written upon the page; that spirit, which, con-

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scious of innate rectitude, walked straightforward in the path of life, plucking the flowers on every side, and enduring with uncomplaining cheerfulness, its thorns and roughs. Self, being ever forgotten, he passed on loving all, and hating not even his enemy.

His great longevity may be attributed in part to his habits of temperance through life, temperance of mind, and temperance of body; he was a man of the most simple tastes, simple and innocent feelings—so innocent, that he could scarcely believe in the guilt of others, or conceive the power of those evil passions that led to it. He was seldom or ever excited to anger, or made use of an unkind word to any individual, and could endure patiently every provocation.

The bright light which had cheered and illuminated so many around it, at last expired, glimmering fainter and fainter, like a dying lamp; till it became suddenly and almost unexpectedly extinct; often gleaming like a flickering flame again and again, until we believed that it could never absolutely be extinguished; so great was its vitality—so difficult was it to reconcile death with one who was to become his victim.

Long and daily had he held converse with death, as with a kind and familiar friend. He would often say to me, "I am quite prepared, whether it comes one day or another, or whenever the hour may arrive;" and at last he welcomed it with joy. Ninety-three years had nearly wearied him of life. Many of his contemporaries were gone before him, and those whom he left were sunk in age and infirmity.

His remains were, by his own particular request, conveyed to the Abbey Church at Great Malvern, where they repose by those of his beloved partner in life, one monument serving for both, in that spot so dear to each.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

GUIZOT.

The French elective Chamber differs from the House of Commons, in being split into a much greater number of parties, between whom there exist political differences, which to themselves seem irreconcilable, although they are scarcely perceptible to a dispassionate looker-on, and especially to a foreigner. But genius is not as multifarious as party. This is fortunate, at least, for France. For if each of the numerous sections of the Chamber of Deputies was led by a statesman and orator of high pretensions, it is difficult to see how the country could go on at all, drawn in so many different directions, by equal antagonistic forces. Among the notabilities of the French parliament, two are, by common consent, predominant—MM. Guizot and Thiers. They are the Peel and Russell of France. In the present position of the Chambers, no administration could stand a chance of holding power a single month, to which both these two deputies would be opposed, nor could any administration be formed out of their respective sections of the Chamber, of which they must not have the lead. Sections of the house there are, which are opposed to both; but none of these have number, coherence, or, above all, parliamentary and administrative genius, to entitle them to take the helm of the state, or to give them the faintest hope of a majority in the country or the Chamber. The names of Thiers and Guizot stand, therefore, before the world, in juxta-position, as the political chiefs of the French Parliament. Having lately presented the readers of this journal with a rapid sketch of the career and character of M. Thiers, a similar attempt to portray his illustrious rival and opponent, will not, probably, be unacceptable.

M. Guizot is now in his sixtieth year, having been born on the 4th October, 1787. He is therefore just ten years senior to his rival and opponent, M. Thiers. His birthplace was Nismes, where his father practised, with some reputation, at the bar. The detestable laws which prevailed at that time in France, denied to his parents the legality of marriage, and the legitimacy of offspring, in consequence of their religious faith. They were of a Protestant family. In a few years afterwards, the Revolution

came and restored to them their natural rights of citizens, but involved them at the same time in the most bitter domestic desolation. On the 8th of April, 1794, when the present prime minister of France was in his seventh year, his father's head fell under the guillotine. Suspected of resistance to the will of the terrible triumvirate, he was ruthlessly torn from his wife and two children, the eldest of whom, Francis Pierre Guillaume, is the subject of this notice. Thus, in his earliest years, M. Guizot was surrounded by misfortunes, produced by those two extremes of Government, against which he has signalized himself in later life by his struggles. The absolute regime before the revolution stripped him of his rights as a citizen, and the revolutionary regime which followed it, deprived him of his natural protector, and flung him an orphan on the world.

After the loss of her husband, Madame Guizot quitted the city, which was associated with such agonizing recollections, and retired to Geneva, where she enjoyed the consolations of her family, and obtained the means and opportunity of securing a sound education for her children. The eldest, placed at the Institution in that city, called the Gymnase, soon manifested those intellectual endowments, the subsequent development of which elevated him to the highest post in his country. Before he attained his twelfth year, he was able to read in their proper language, the works of Thucydides and Demosthenes, Tacitus and Cicero, Dante and Alfieri, Schiller and Goethe, Gibbon and Shakspeare. The last two years of his course in college were devoted to historical and philosophical studies, which, it soon appeared, possessed for him the highest attractions. The character of his mind was admirably suited to the spirit of the manners and institutions in the midst of which he was placed. His severe logic and pure morals were in harmony with the habits of the Genevese republic, and the rigid discipline of Calvin, the traces of which had never been obliterated there.

In 1805, M. Guizot having completed his academical studies, and been loaded with scholastic honors, came to Paris, to commence his professional studies for the bar. At that period, the school of law in Paris had fallen in the revolutionary changes, and the knowledge obtained by students was chiefly derived from private establishments, and in a very imperfect manner. Guizot, little inclined to participate in the scenes of licentious pleasure, in which he found his fellow-students for the most part plunged, and setting small value on the superficial means of information offered by the Institutions to which we have just adverted, found himself thrown upon his own intellectual resources, and sought, in the solitude of his chamber, in meditation, and in such works as the great repositories of learning in Paris never failed to supply in the worst times, that knowledge which, under a better system, he might have obtained with less labor, and the benefit of competition and fellowship in well organized and wisely directed schools. His first year in Paris was thus passed in solitude, amidst a busy population of half a million.

In the succeeding year, he was received as private tutor in the family of M. Stapfer, formerly minister for Switzerland in Paris, in whose house he was so fortunate as to meet not only a paternal reception, but the means of extending his information by social intercourse with those who were best able to direct his studies. Here he also became acquainted with M. Suard, in whose salons he met those most distinguished for their intellectual endowments and accomplishments. It was here he first saw her who was destined to exercise over his life and happiness so noble an influence.

Born of a distinguished family, which was ruined by the Revolution, Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan had, like many others who had lost their properties in that catastrophe, resorted to these attainments which had been acquired with a view to adorn rather than support life, and this lady, to sustain her destitute family, adopted the profession of journalism. She was the editor of a paper of that day, called the *Publiciste*. It happened that this lady was attacked by a malady rendered more severe by the imperious necessity of continuing those labors, which were so necessary to the well-being of those to whom she was tenderly attached, when she received one day an anonymous letter, accompanied by the manuscript of a leading article for her journal. On examination, the article proved to be of the highest literary merit, and was of course immediately accepted. The following day brought a like contribution from the same unknown hand, together with an intimation, that these literary supplies would be continued until such time as

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the restoration of her health might enable her, without inconvenience, to resume her customary occupation.

Deeply touched by the delicacy of this secret aid, proceeding obviously from some male friend, who with a refinement well calculated to command the admiration, and excite the gratitude of a mind like that of Mademoiselle de Meulan, shrank from a disclosure which might create a sense of personal obligation, the lady recounted the circumstances again and again with the liveliest emotion, in the salons of M. Suard, exhausting her imagination, and taxing the ingenuity of her friends to discover her unknown benefactor, little thinking at the moment, that among those to whom she addressed her conjectures and her guesses, was her literary friend himself in the person of a pale, serious, and severe-looking young man, with whom she was scarcely yet acquainted, and whose retiring habits, united with his natural delicacy, rendered him the more unobtrusive on the attention of her who so anxiously inquired after him. At length, after many unfortunate entreaties addressed in the *Publiciste* to the unknown contributor, to disclose himself, M. Guizot presented himself in person at the Bureau of the fair editor, and accepted the so warmly expressed thanks of her who a few years later became Madame Guizot.

In the five years after his arrival in Paris, M. Guizot devoted himself to the composition of several literary works, which at once laid the foundation of his reputation, and gave him a moderate independence. The first of these, which was not published till 1809, was his "Dictionary of Synonyms;" this was followed by his "Lives of the French Poets," his translation of Gibbon* with historical notes, and a translation of a work of Refhus, entitled *Spain in 1808*. These several works, the merits of which, whatever they may have been, were eclipsed by the more important ones that followed them, were written before their author had completed his twenty-fourth year.

In 1812, his talents became generally known and appreciated, and he was appointed by M. de Fontane as assistant professor of history, in the university. Soon afterwards, he was advanced to the full functions of the professorship of Modern History, and it is well known what lustre his lectures conferred on that chair. It was at this time that commenced with Royer Collard, who held the professorship of the history of philosophy, a friendship, which was continued till the death of the latter.

At the epoch of the political events of 1814, M. Guizot was at his native city of Nismes, whither he went to visit his mother, after a long absence. On his return, he was destined to make his debut in political life. His friend, Royer Collard, induced the Abbé Montesquion, then minister of the Interior, to appoint him to the office of chief secretary of that department. In this position, his moderate monarchical politics, placed between the extremes of the ultra Royalist party and the Republicans, rendered it impossible for him to secure for his official conduct, the approbation of either. In the opinion of one party he went too far; in the opinion of the other, not far enough. The law against the press, presented to the Chamber of 1814, by the Abbé Montesquion, rendered both him and his friend, Royer Collard, unpopular with the liberal party, and still more the circumstance of his having afterwards consented to accept a place in the committee of the censorship, beside M. de Freyssinous. The Royalist party, on the other hand, were indignant at beholding one whom they regarded as belonging to the *Bourgeoisie*, a professor, and above all, a Protestant, yoked as a colleague, or at least, a confidential subordinate of a court abbé; talking of the equilibrium of the constitution, the preponderance of government, and attempting to reconcile monarchical notions with the new interests which the Revolution had created. In the opinion of some he did too little—of others, too much. He was, however, suddenly and unexpectedly drawn from this collision of parties by the return of Napoleon from Elba.

After the flight of Louis XVIII. and his family, M. Guizot returned to the duties of his professorship, and after the expiration of the hundred days, and the catastrophe of Waterloo, he was selected by the constitutional Royalists to go to Ghent, to urge upon Louis XVIII. the adoption of the charter, and to insist upon the necessity of removing from power M. De Blacas, who at that time was regarded as the type and representative of the old monarchical regime. The result of his negotiations became apparent soon afterwards, for M. De

* It is generally understood that the mere translations were not the work of M. Guizot. They were done under his superintendence. The notes, however, were his own.

Blacas retired, and the king acknowledged the errors of his government, in the proclamation of Cambrai, and added new guarantees to the charter.

In the stormy session of the Chambers, which followed the second restoration, in 1815, M. Guizot filled the office of chief Secretary to the Minister of Justice. He has been reproached with yielding, in an undue degree, to the reactionary spirit which prevailed at this epoch. The parties consisted of the ultra-royalists, supporters of the old regime, who desired the king without the charter, the liberals who desired the charter without the King, and the constitutional royalists, which demanded both. To this last section of the political body, M. Guizot naturally belonged. His pamphlet on "*Representative Government, and the present State of France*," which he published in answer to M. De Vitrolles, gave a view of his principles at that time, and placed him in the royalist constitutional majority, beside his friend Royer Collard, MM. Pasquier, Camille Jordan, and De Serres. It was about this period that the name *Doctrinaires* came to be applied to that party, originating in the fact that Royer Collard, who was its leader, had been educated at a college conducted by a sect called Doctrinaires, and also from a certain stiff adherence to particular general principles, and a severe system of logic, put forward rather obtrusively in their public speeches.

After the assassination of the Duke of Berri, the ministry of Decazes retired from office. MM. Royer Collard, Camille Jordan, and De Barante, withdrew from the Council of State, and M. Guizot resigned with his party. From that time until the accession to office of the Martignac ministry, in 1828, his course was a continual struggle against the tendencies of the Villele ministry. At this time he was too young, and his reputation was too little advanced, to lead him to aspire to a seat in the Chamber, but the principles of constitutional monarchy found in him a most able defender, through the organs of the press.

In his professional chair of Modern History, in the midst of the enthusiastic applauses of those youths, many of whom were destined at a later period to aid in overthrowing the house of the elder Bourbons, M. Guizot developed the various phases of representative government in Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire. The ministry took its vengeance for his attacks in his pamphlets, by interdicting his course in 1825.

Returning to private life, he was poor, for the worst enemies of this statesman never ascribed to him a disposition to convert the opportunities of office to the purposes of personal profit. He had, however, his pen, and that was an independence. Excluded from treating of the politics of the day, by the arbitrary spirit of the government, he engaged in a series of historical works, several of which have since surrounded his name with lustre, among which may be mentioned, his collection of Memoirs relative to the Revolution in England; two volumes of the History of that Revolution; the collection of Memoirs relative to the Ancient History of France, and Essays on French History; Historical Essays on Shakspeare and Calvin; a translation of Shakspeare, and extensive contributions to the *Revue Français*.

It was when immersed in these literary labors, in 1827, that the most bitter calamity of his life befell him. A premature death snatched from him her who was at once the partner of his labors, and the solace of his home;—her whose elevated mind and pure spirit sustained and encouraged him in the agitation and struggles of his public life. It was a touching scene to behold the last farewell of the wife to the husband and the son, the latter of whom was destined to soon follow his beloved parent to the tomb. Madame Guizot, though a Roman Catholic by birth, became a Protestant shortly before her death.

After the fall of the Villele ministry, M. Martignac, on his accession to power, restored M. Guizot to his professorship. Soon after this he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, by the College of Lisieux, which he has ever since represented. He was one of the memorable majority of 221, who voted the address which was the precursor of the Revolution of 1830, concluding his speech on that occasion by the following remarkable sentence:—

"It is difficult enough for truth to find its way to the chambers of kings. Let us not send it there pale and enervated. Let it be no more possible to mistake it than to doubt the loyalty of our sentiments."

In 1830, when the storm which broke on the 27th of July, was approaching, M. Guizot was at his native town of Nismes. He returned to Paris on the 26th. The fol-

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lowing day he wrote the celebrated protest of the deputies against the ordonnance which produced the revolution; a document which indicates a Conservative spirit, which feared, rather than desired, a revolution. Its moderation found favor with few. The government deemed it seditious,—the people thought it tame.

On the 29th July, the Deputies met at the house of M. Lafitte, where a lively sense of triumph was expressed, at the result of the struggle, but where, at the same time, the paramount necessity of *regularizing* the revolution was acknowledged. M. Guizot was the first to rise and impress on his colleagues the urgency of the appointment of a municipal commission, to be specially devoted to the re-establishment and maintenance of order. The next day this committee appointed him provisional minister of Public Instruction. On the 31st he read to the chambers the draft of a proclamation nominating the Duke of Orleans Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. In the interval between this and the 9th August, the day on which Louis Philippe accepted the crown tendered to him by the chambers, M. Guizot filled temporarily the office of Minister of the Interior, and displayed extraordinary administrative powers on that difficult emergency. A complete recomposition of the internal administration of the country was effected, and the charter was revived and amended. Seventy-six prefects, one hundred and seventy-six sub-prefects, and thirty-eight chief secretaries were appointed. In the revision of the chamber he endeavored to fix the age of qualification for a deputy at twenty-five. In this, however, he was outvoted.

The cabinet which was formed out of the fermenting elements of the revolution, was, as might be expected, ephemeral. The personal differences which had been lost in the magnitude and importance of the public interests staked in the measures which accompanied the revolution, reappeared as soon as tranquillity was restored. The spirit of the epoch, and the state of exaltation of all minds, demanded more of vigor in political action, and required less of the philosophical spirit of organization than was consistent with the public character of M. Guizot, and he retired. The cabinet of M. Lafitte succeeded, and when the public became more tranquillized, and desired to see the Institutions consolidated, it gave place again to a more conservative administration, under the presidency of Casimir Perier. The Chamber now began to settle down into recognised sections and parties, under acknowledged leaders, and symbolized by known systems of policy. For the first time since the revolution of July, a compact, resolute, and permanent majority was created. This parliamentary force, which had hitherto been confused and undisciplined, consisted of three chief divisions, whose movements were directed by the spirited president of the Council. The left wing, composed chiefly of that party, which formed the liberal opposition during the Restoration, and which now rallied round the Constitutional Throne of the Barricades, was led by M. Thiers. The right wing, composed of the party which, under the Restoration, were known as the Constitutional Monarchists, were headed by M. Guizot. The centre body, composed of those whose opinions wavered, and whose conduct had been undecided, were under the leadership of M. Dupin the elder.

Supported by this triple phalanx, the ministry of Casimir Perier prevailed equally against the opposition in the chamber, and the emeutes in the streets. It effected the occupation of Ancona, and consolidated the system which sprang out of the three days of July. After the death of Casimir Perier, which took place during the prevalence of the cholera in 1832, these elements of parliamentary and governmental power were dissolved, and the several leaders, with pretensions nearly equal, disputed the command. The usual consequences of even competition, combined with little difference of political principle, ensued. A coalition was effected. The centre left combined with the centre right. M. Guizot extended the hand of fellowship to M. Thiers, and the ministry known as the Cabinet of the 11th October, 1832, was formed.

M. Guizot now filled the office of Minister of Public Instruction, for the duties of which his peculiar talents and attainments so eminently fitted him. In recurring to the records of this period, and reviewing the sentiments of parties, it is gratifying to observe, that among the numerous measures adopted during his ministry, there is one, respecting which among men of every party, even those most opposed to M. Guizot, as a statesman, there is but one unanimous feeling of approbation. The law of the 28th June, 1833, upon Primary Instruction, is a monument to the genius and benevolence of M. Guizot, which will

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surround his memory with honor and gratitude in all succeeding ages. This measure, in all its completeness, was conceived, perfected, promoted, and carried into practical operation by M. Guizot alone. Under him, and at his hands, the principle of popular education, adopted and proclaimed by the great revolution of 1789, but suspended in its progress by the social convulsions of the last half century, has been realized. Eleven thousand communes, constituting about half the territory of France, hitherto deprived of the benefit of that education which produces the honest man and the good citizen, have seen the schoolhouse raised beside the village church, where the children of the poor can obtain that enlightenment which, combined with the consolations of religion, will enable them to struggle with the rude trials of this life, and prepare for the rewards of that which is to follow.

On the occasion of the promulgation and the execution of this law, the zeal and activity of M. Guizot were incessant. It was a labor of love. Numberless were the addresses and instructions sent by him to the prefects and subprefects of departments, to the mayors and other municipal authorities in the provinces, and to the committees of inquiry. All these documents are models of clearness and precision; but one among them—his circular to the parish schoolmasters—is pre-eminently conspicuous, and is probably the finest specimen of this kind of composition extant. No work of these times is marked by more genuine eloquence, or more true poetry of style and of sentiment. How noble is the spectacle of the minister of State of a great country, assuming the tone, and expressing the feeling of fellowship, with the humble village teacher; lifting him as it were to his own level, teaching him the true loftiness of his functions, raising him in his own eyes, and those of his fellow-citizens;—discoursing to him as a friend, a colleague, and an equal; making him feel that he, too, in his sphere, is a minister of public instruction, as necessary to the attainment of the beneficent purposes of the legislature, as he who addresses him! And with what lively solicitude does not the minister anticipate the difficulties, and exhort to the zealous discharge of the duties which must arise in the relations between the practical teacher and the children, the parents, the mayor, and the curate. "Let no spirit of sect or party enter the sacred precincts of your school! The public teacher must rise above the transitory quarrels which agitate society. The sentiments he must inculcate are, trust in Providence, the holiness of duty, submission to parental authority, respect for the laws, for the sovereign, and for the rights of all." If religious principles and duties are not enforced, it is not because M. Guizot is not sincerely impressed with their high importance, but because the inculcation of these falls within another department of the state. It must be remembered that there is in France a ministry of Public Worship, distinct from the ministry of Public Instruction, and that as all forms of Christian faith are equal in the eye of the state, pastors of each persuasion are properly paid and supported by the state, according to the clerical duties they have to discharge.

The following picture of the painful duties of the schoolmaster, and the sources to which he is sent for consolation, will be read with lively interest:

"There is neither fortune nor fame to be acquired in fulfilling the laborious task of the village schoolmaster. Doomed to a life of monotonous labor, sometimes requited with ingratitude and injustice, by ignorance, he will often be oppressed with melancholy, and perhaps sink under the weight of his thankless toil, if he does not seek strength and courage elsewhere, than in the views of immediate and personal interest. He must be sustained and animated by a profound sense of the moral importance of his labors. He must learn to regard the austere pleasure of having served mankind, and secretly contributed to the public weal, as a price worthy of his exertions, which his conscience pays him. It is his glory to aspire to nothing above his obscure and laborious condition, to make unnumbered sacrifices for those who profit by him, to labor, in a word, for man, and wait for his reward from God."

The cabinet of the 11th October, in which M. Guizot held the ministry of Public Instruction, continued to administer the affairs of the country for four years. M. Guizot is essentially a Conservative in politics. He is a constitutional monarchist. If power tends towards absolutism, he will oppose power; but if, in opposing it, he hazards revolution, popular emeutes, or a relaxation of order, he will, perhaps, of the two evils prefer the chances of absolutism to the horrors of anarchy. This spirit has always given a repressive character to his policy. When the administration of which he formed a part came into office, public order was menaced, and therefore a Conservative and reactionary policy command-

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ed a majority in the Chamber. But gradually the government became settled. The elements of disturbance which the Revolution left behind it subsided and disappeared. The public began to look for the fruits of the struggle—the price of the blood which flowed on the three days. This prevailing sentiment rendered the Conservative and stationary policy of the cabinet of the 11th October less popular, and diminished its majority in the Chamber. But besides this, dissension broke out in the cabinet itself. A disagreement arose between MM. De Broglie, Guizot, and M. Hamams, in consequence of which the latter resigned, and subsequently between MM. Thiers and Guizot. This quarrel was supposed at the time, and since, to be secretly fomented by Louis Philippe and the party of the chateau. The combined ministry of Thiers, Guizot, and De Broglie, was too strong to allow the king to assume that personal interference in the affairs of the state which he has always desired to exercise. His object was now not merely to break up the existing cabinet, but to sow the seeds of dissension among the leading men in the Chambers, so that it might be impossible afterwards to form a government so strong, with an opposition so weak, as to render his personal interference impracticable. This object he perfectly attained. M. Thiers was irritated against M. Guizot, and later, the friendship between M. Guizot and the Duke of Broglie was undermined. No parliamentary combination was afterwards possible, which should deprive Louis Philippe of the favorite object of his hopes, that of presiding at the cabinet, dictating its policy, and being, in fact, his own minister of foreign affairs.

In fine, M. Guizot retired, and entered into opposition. He immediately assumed a position of open hostility with the cabinet, over which M. Molé presided, the policy of which he described, in one of his memorable addresses from the tribune, as "one without principle or flag, made up of expediencies and superficialities, which, ever tottering, sought support on every side, and aimed at no intelligible object; which augmented and aggravated that vacillation of purpose, that effeminacy of soul, that want of faith, consistency, perseverance, and energy, which are at once the sources of uneasiness to the country, and feebleness to the government!"

The ministry known as that of the 12th May, invited M. Guizot to the Embassy at London, to replace M. Sebastiani, which position he occupied until his accession to the Cabinet, which he now leads. His perfect knowledge of the language, literature, and history of England; his known predilection for the political institutions of that country, which he desired to see adopted in his own, as far as the habits and condition of the people would admit; his Protestantism, for the sincerity of which he received credit; the simplicity of his manners, and the austere dignity of his character, all conspired to recommend him to the favorable notice of the aristocracy of London. Accordingly, no minister of France, since Chateaubriand, obtained a reception so unexceptionally cordial.

After the retirement of the Cabinet, subsequent to the collision at Beyrout, M. Guizot was recalled to take a high position in affairs. A certain stiffness of character, and austerity of manner, combined with a dogmatism which adhered to him from the professional chair, which he filled with so much distinction, rendered him personally unpopular in the Chambers, and although virtually discharging the functions of the head of the ministry, he has never, even yet, ventured to assume the actual office of President of the Council, which, according to the custom of government in France, is that of Prime Minister, and head of the government. That post in the Cabinet, which has now subsisted in France for several years, is filled by Marshal Soult, who, however, takes no active part in the affairs of the State. M. Guizot is minister of Foreign Affairs, and the real head of the government.

As a speaker, M. Guizot wants the more lofty qualities of an orator, and disdains the merely ornamental ones. His art is that of a logician and rhetorician. His discourse is a thesis. There is one prominent text which is wrought out with consummate skill. To this he fixes the attention of his audience. He turns it on every side, presents it under various aspects, raises round it a most ingenious scaffolding of reasoning. Those who are familiar with colleges, will easily perceive in this the habits which have been transferred from the university to the senate.

M. Guizot has been charged with a frigid scepticism, not merely in his religion, but in his philosophy and politics. Standing between hereditary monarchy and revolution, it has been said that he believes neither in the legitimacy of divine right, nor in the sovereignty of the people. In religion

he is, by descent and profession, Protestant, but his sincerity in any particular faith has been questioned, although his private life attests his serious assent to Christianity. The scenes related to have passed at the bedside of the dying partner of his joys and sorrows cannot leave a doubt of the reality of his religious faith. But what faith? Protestant, certainly; but which of the many tints of Protestantism? No one can answer, and some will say that the illustrious statesman and philosopher himself would pause long before he would commit himself to a categorical answer to that question.

Clearness and order are the conspicuous attributes of his style, as a parliamentary speaker. He goes straight to his object; lays down his thesis in the clearest and most unequivocal terms. He admits no redundancy. What he has to say is said without uttering one word too much or too little. His style is pure and chaste, but without brilliancy or coloring. His extemporaneous addresses, stenographed, have all the elaborated finish and accuracy of the desk.

The temperament of his soul, and severity of his manners, are adverse to those vehement bursts of passion which have produced the finest passages of ancient and modern oratory. One example of elevation is cited; when ravished with admiration for the constituents of 1789, he exclaimed—"I doubt not that in their unknown abodes, these noble souls, who have so ardently desired the good of humanity, will be sensible of a profound pleasure to behold us to-day, avoiding those shoals upon which their brightest hopes were wrecked."

Nothing in public life is more gratifying to contemplate than the spotless purity of the private character of M. Guizot. No public man has more numerous or rancorous enemies. Not one among these would dare to cast a doubt on his private integrity. With a modest competence, obtained by his personal labor, he entered the Hotel of the Ministry of Public Instruction. With the same modest competence he retired from that palace to his obscure lodging in the Quartier de la Madeline. He returned to office, and has had all the means, direct and indirect, which the head of affairs in a great country can always command, to accumulate wealth. No one suspects him of having done so.

As a child, as a parent, as a husband, and as a father, M. Guizot is a pattern of high morality of conduct and sentiment but rarely found in public life.

In his conduct to his political opponents, he is liberal and generous. He willingly gives them credit for good motives, and allows each his meed of praise for the ability he displays.

The party of Doctrinaires in France resembles, in many of their characteristics, the party of the Utilitarians in England. There is the same dogmatism, the same intolerance for other opinions, the same dry rigidity. M. Guizot, the head and leader of the sect, partakes of these qualities, modified, however, by his individual peculiarities. He is more tenacious, however, of his purposes, than even of his maxims. He is ambitious of office for the power which it confers, and not for the affluence which it brings. He is a partisan of a constitutional aristocracy. If he had been noble he would have advocated an aristocracy of birth. Being a commoner, he advocates an aristocracy of the bourgeoisie.

After all his years of study of the English system, and all his professed admiration of the union of liberty and monarchy which it exhibits, he has not brought into practice in France the great leading consequence of the royal irresponsibility. The personal irresponsibility of the sovereign gives, as the most inevitable conclusion, the royal non-interference. Where responsibility rests, there alone power must be deposited. Active personal interference, without responsibility, is an outrage on political philosophy, against which it might well be supposed the scholastic dogmatism of the leader of the Doctrinaires would revolt. Yet M. Guizot has now, for nearly seven years, been the virtual head of a cabinet over whose deliberations an irresponsible constitutional sovereign has presided. Nor has such presidency been like that of the Speaker of the Commons, or the chairman of a meeting. The monarch of July has not been a mere moderator amidst his ministers. It is too notorious to admit of dispute that he has always exercised a most potential voice in their councils, and even assumed occasionally the tone of a dictator. Yet to all this M. Guizot has quietly submitted. He has held the portfolio, and borne the responsibility of office for several years, and has submitted to have his measures rejected by the royal voice, and his state papers mutilated by the royal pen. As Minister of Foreign Affairs, he has found his instructions to the representatives

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of France at foreign courts, subordinate to other instructions, proceeding directly from a higher quarter. Yet with all these flagrant violations of the constitutional regime, which M. Guizot so much admires, he has still retained the cares and honors of office, and with them the responsibility for proceedings not his own, and of which he often is kept in ignorance until they become irrevocable.

M. Guizot's long continuance and apparent security in office, is a consequence rather of the divisions among his opponents, than the cordial support of the majority which has voted with him. Among his colleagues he is unpopular, so much so, that notwithstanding his known ambition, and his unquestionable right, according to parliamentary standing and influence, to the first place in the cabinet, he has never ventured to assume it. The chair is occupied by a lay-figure—the Duke of Dalmatia. But he has been secure, for among his opponents there are irreconcilable differences. The dynastic opposition occupying the left centre, are now divided into two sections, one led by MM. Thiers and O'Dillon Barrot, the other by MM. Dufaure and Belliault. Again, left of these are the anti-dynastic or republican opposition, occupying the extreme left, in which MM. Dupont de l'Eure, and Arago, the celebrated astronomer, are prominent; and, finally, there is the legitimate or Carlist party. Now, all of these fragments of the opposition are as much or more opposed to each other than to the Guizot ministry. Hence, the strength of the head of the Doctrinaires.

We presented, lately, to our readers, a rapid sketch of M. Thiers, the great rival and inevitable successor of M. Guizot. So completely correlative are these two statesmen in their political position, that it is impossible to pronounce the name of either without raising before the mind's eye also the image of the other. Both spring from the people; both raised to the highest position in the state by the sole, unaided, unpatronized energy of their talents; both men of letters, so eminent, that had they never entered the chambers, they would still hold foremost places among the illustrious of the age; both orators and statesmen so distinguished, that had they never wielded the pen, they would still be the most brilliant ornaments of the senate;—both journalists, and both thrown up to the surface by the great commotion of 1830, and they are transcendently the most eminent men that have issued from that convulsion.

They both, professing admiration for the English system of constitutional government, have evinced their repugnance to that personal interference in the business of the cabinet, which Louis Philippe has never ceased to exercise; but the opposition of M. Thiers to it has been more persevering and active. M. Guizot has tacitly submitted, when he ought to have resigned. M. Thiers has openly denounced the system as unconstitutional. The maxim, *Le roi regne, mais il ne gouverne pas*, has been insisted on by M. Thiers, who has on various occasions asserted, and on some acted on it. M. Guizot, assenting as strongly to the maxim as his distinguished rival, has nevertheless permitted it to be turned into a dead letter.

There is a course by which these two statesmen could have extinguished personal government in France. The state of parties has long rendered no government possible, in which one or the other does not hold a prominent place. Had they combined in resisting the Royal presence at cabinet councils, the object would have been attained. This they had not moral firmness or personal independence sufficient to accomplish.

An able delineator* of public characters, in whose political views, however, we do not in all respects coincide, has happily sketched and contrasted these two parliamentary rivals:—

"Born of the press," says he, "they have, after sucking her milk even to her blood, strangled their mother.

"Both have joined to light the pile round freedom of thought, and, like inquisitors, have said to their victims:—'Believe, or burn!'

"They are both devoted to the person of the sovereign, whoever he may be, for the time being. They are not more attached to the younger branch of the Bourbons than to the elder, or any other branch. They are impelled by the ambition of fortune, or the obstinacy of system. They would be just as willing, under like circumstances, to dispose of Louis Philippe, as they were to dispose of Charles X.

"Between MM. Guizot and Thiers there is a strong contrast of character, sentiment, and talent. The latter is pliable, conversational, familiar, mischievous, and wheedling; the former is imperious, austere, and rigid.

"With diplomatists, M. Guizot, by his science and his gravity, passes for an aristocrat. Notwithstanding all his efforts, and the marvellous

* Livre des Orateurs, par Timon.

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brilliancy of his wit, M. Thiers will never rise in their estimation above a parvenu.

"M. Guizot is circumspect in conduct; M. Thiers bold in speech.

"M. Guizot casts languishing glances, M. Thiers menacing looks, at the powers of Europe. The powers of Europe regard the one and the other with the same ridicule.

"M. Guizot would lay France immovably on a couch of repose, for fear of the rupture of an aneurism; M. Thiers would whirl her through space, with the velocity and eccentricity of a comet.

"M. Guizot practises corruption by system; M. Thiers by expediency; the one after the English fashion; the other like the Directory.

"M. Guizot proceeds by maxims; M. Thiers by impulses.

"M. Guizot rises into the obscurity of philosophical abstractions, where, however, occasional gleams of light are seen to issue. M. Thiers prefers remaining on the earth to the risk of losing himself in the clouds. The one moves on wings; the other on feet.

"M. Guizot brings his projects sparingly before the Chamber, one at a time, making good his ground as he proceeds; M. Thiers empties his budget at once, plays at hazard, and risks his last stake.

"M Guizot constantly invokes the sovereignty of the Chambers; M. Thiers, when pressed by difficulties, appeals to the sovereignty of the people.

"M. Guizot takes his principles from the English Revolution, M. Thiers from the French. The one fixes his eye on 1688, the other on 1793.

"M. Guizot opens his breast to the world, M. Thiers to France.

"M Guizot puts his faith in philosophy; M. Thiers in the sword. M. Guizot relies, in emergencies, on the passive resistance of the middle classes; M. Thiers on the insurrectional powers of the masses.

"M Guizot assumes the position of leader of the Conservatives; M. Thiers of Progressists.

"MM. Guizot and Thiers treat their party differently; the one exhibits something like haughtiness, the other, something like impertinence.

"M. Guizot is too proud not to despise offences; T. Thiers too careless to remember them.

"Out of office, M. Guizot works the parliamentary power against the personal power of the crown; in office, he works the personal power of the crown against the parliamentary power.

"Out of office, M. Thiers harasses the ministry on domestic questions; in office, he rests his force on foreign questions, in which he is master of the Chamber.

"M. Guizot overcomes opposition by tenacity of purpose. M. Thiers eludes it by his suppleness. He slips through your fingers like an eel. To retain him, you must take him in your teeth.

"M. Guizot is categorical;—he either affirms or denies. M. Thiers will not say either yes or no.

"M. Guizot, when pressed and interrogated, confines himself to a dry negative, or assumes a proud silence M. Thiers, when pressed, defends himself with all the circumstantial prolixity of an advocate.

"The one, more of a spiritualist, appeals to right. The other, more of a materialist, appeals to facts. The one believes in some sort of morality; the other believes in almost nothing.

"M. Guizot, whether in office or out of office, is still a politician. He has the force, the resolution, and the obstinacy of a man whose thoughts are necessarily engrossed by the same object. For him office is an affair of temperament as much as of ambition.

"M. Thiers does not surrender himself altogether to the ambition of office, or even to the affairs of politics. No longer minister, he turns to art, to steam, to a classical tour, to unroll mummies, or to write histories.

"M. Guizot has more generality of thought; M. Thiers more versatility and movement.

"M. Thiers, like phosphorus, flashes brilliantly and goes out. M. Guizot, like a sepulchral lamp, diffuses a more feeble light, but constantly burns.

"M. Guizot sometimes mistakes obscurity for depth, and great words for great things. M. Thiers also sometimes mistakes tinsel for splendor, and noise for glory.

"M. Guizot has something of the philosopher always about him; M. Thiers something of the artist. When M. Guizot converses, he seems to lecture; when M. Thiers lectures, he seems to converse. The one seems to be always in a chair, the other always on a sofa.

"They are both perhaps the most eminent journalists of the age; but M. Guizot cultivates the dogmatism of the press; M. Thiers its current polemics. The one delights to listen to the sound of his own theories; the other collects the occurrences and facts of the day, and groups them around his system.

"As a political writer, M. Guizot is more highly prized abroad than at home; the reason of which is, that with his countrymen the graces of composition are more relished than the solidity of the matter. As an historian, however, he is duly estimated in France as elsewhere.

"M. Thiers, on the other hand, appears in his history more in the character of a statesman than an annalist or philosopher. He is remarkable neither for plan, nor order, nor coloring, nor depth, nor brevity. He is admirable for his lofty view of events, his ability of narrative, and his perfect lucidity of style. He writes as he speaks, with a most picturesque and fascinating copiousness.

"No French writer has equalled him in the description of military campaigns and especially of battles, nor in the exposition of financial crises. He has produced the most popular and widely circulating history of the wars, the constitutions, the diplomacy and the laws of the great Revolution.

"M. Thiers belongs to the school of fatalism, which shelters under the plea of necessity the errors and crimes of government; which admits no right, either national or international; which smothers free-will and drives virtue to despair. Alas! what imports the history of the past, if we may not draw from it a moral for our guidance in the present, and in the future?

"M. Guizot has more method, connexion, and vigor in his extemporaneous addresses; M. Thiers more *abandon* and more nature.

"M. Guizot's eloquence is awakened by wrath; M. Thiers' by enthusiasm.

"Nothing can be more grave than the diction of M. Guizot; nothing more charming than the *spirituel laissez-aller* of M. Thiers.

"After a quarter of an hour, M. Guizot begins to fatigue you; at the end of two hours, M. Thiers only enlivens you.

"You are never uneasy for M. Guizot, for you know that his theme is ready made, and that he will not depart from his fixed conclusion. You are not uneasy for M. Thiers, for you know that he will always find his way back with felicity from the most remote digressions, and the most embarrassing parentheses.

"If an emergency arises, and danger presses, M. Guizot will work on the sensitive fibres of the commercial interests of the chamber. In a like case, M. Thiers will sound an alarum, and you will fancy him, flag in hand, at the head of his party; it will be Bonaparte on the Bridge of Arcola!

"Both, in fine, have been below their mission, because they have been below their principles.

"Both, under the gilded trappings of office, have been too often lost to the sense of their proper dignity.

"Both, humiliating spectacle! wrangle furiously for the dry bones of office, concealed within the red Morocco portfolio, and then, after this noble struggle, the victor goes, and licks the feet of his master!*

"They who ought to repel the personal interference of the sovereign, and draw it back to the salons of the palace, they will never have the firmness to imitate the reply of Chatham—'I have been called to the ministry by the voice of the people, and to the people alone do I owe an account of my acts.'"

From the People's Journal.

THE PROVINCE OF POETRY AND THE DUTIES OF THE POET.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

Poetry has in all ages had its passionate lovers among the people. Epic, lyric, and dramatic poetry, in all their various forms, have influenced more or less the feelings and opinions of educated and uneducated men. It looks like a truism to assert that it has been the preacher of virtue, the inciter of heroism, the refiner of society; yet it needs repeating, in consequence of the misconception that has lately arisen on the true nature of poetry and the mission of the poet. Civilization is said to be adverse to poetry; or if not adverse to the poets of past ages, to be quite contented with them, and to wish for no more. The very name of poet has in these later times been received with a sneer. His vocation has lost its respect. He has been thought a trifler; the obstinate devotee of a defunct art; fitted at best for the amusement of the idle and the frivolous; and of repute only among boys and girls at the period of adolescence. This misconception in modern times, for it is not an ancient error, has arisen from various causes; partly from the ignorance or indifference of critics and philosophers; partly from the more unpardonable indifference or some, not unworthy of the name of poets, who have unwittingly depreciated their own high calling: and, in a still greater degree, from the incompetence of the vast multitude of persons who have been styled poets without the slightest right to the title; mere verse-makers, who have thrown discredit upon the name—not knowing that the hold of poetry upon the fancy and the imagination is secondary to its sway over the heart and the intellect—and that the duty of the *true* poet is to preach and to prophesy as well as to sing.

The great Lord Bacon did some harm in this respect. Being more conversant with the pretensions of the rhymers of his day than with the performances of the poets, he misunderstood or misstated the whole object of poetry. In his famous *Essay on Truth*, he asserts that the proper element of poetry is fiction, as distinguished from and the opposite of truth—an assertion which he would not perhaps have made, had he known the works of his divine con-

* Each minister of state, in France, when he appears in the Chambers carries in his hand a splendid red Morocco portfolio, supposed to contain his papers, and which has become the symbol of his office, as the purse or seal is that of the Lord Chancellor in England. The acquiescence of these statesmen, when in office, in the projects of Louis Philippe, even when these projects were against their own convictions, is here alluded to.

temporary, Shakspeare, which unfortunately he did not. "One of the later schools of the Grecians," says he, "is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure, *as with poets*, nor for advantage, as with the *merchant*; BUT FOR THE LIE'S SAKE. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight that doth not show the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelight. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day, but it will not rise to the price of a diamond, or a carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A MIXTURE OF A LIE DOTH EVER ADD A PLEASURE. One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy 'the wine of demons,' because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie."

So said the great philosopher; and so too many have believed, because they were told to believe by one who spoke with so much authority. Lord Bacon did not reflect on the abuse of this word, LIE. It is very obvious that he used it without having clearly defined the sense in which he did so. HE, of all men, ought not to have forgotten what he so well knew, that a *fiction* is not necessarily a LIE, and that fables are truths to the wise and to all who can understand them. His very illustration refutes him: for candlelight is as true in its own way as the sunshine, and never makes the diamond or carbuncle he speaks of more or less than a diamond or a carbuncle. If, by a difference of light, it produces a kind of brilliancy in the diamond which sunshine does not produce, it is a form of the truth deserving to be studied for that very reason. Plato, though he would have banished poets from his ideal republic, meaning thereby the writers of licentious and mischievous plays, and not the real poets—else he would have banished such men as himself—had more correct notions of the sublimity and divinity of poetry than Lord Bacon, for he said that "*Poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history.*"

And this, indeed, is the secret source of the power and grandeur of poetry. The highest poetry approaches nearest to vital truth; and poetry is only good and beautiful, and worthy to be loved and admired of men, in proportion as it so draws near to and identifies itself with the truth. To it no truth can be alien or inappropriate. It embraces all things, and has no other bounds than the aspirations of the soul of man, its knowledge and enjoyment of the actual, and its hopes of the possible. While the world has thus been led astray by such opinions as that expressed by Lord Bacon; and while rhymers have written and published piles of most distressing and wearisome books, founded upon this misconception, it is no wonder that poetry has fallen into some disfavor with earnest men, who have something else to think of and to do than to read for amusement mere fictions and fables without the soul of truth in them; fictions which are ALL fiction, and inane repetition set to a sing-song; teaching nothing, containing nothing, and as worthless as Lord Bacon imagined all poetry to be.

While such ideas have been considered criticism, the province of poetry has been restricted as a necessary consequence. The poet, too commonly by his own consent, has been tethered with a critical string. Criticism has said to it—"You shall not touch upon religion; that is not within your province. You shall not meddle with politics, they are alien to you. You shall not take an excursion into the regions of science; for science and poetry are antagonistic. You may weave cobwebs; you may listen to the birds singing, the streams flowing, or the sea roaring; you may make love verses or write pastorals; you may be passionate or musical, or merry or melancholy, if you will; but you must at all events amuse us, and leave serious subjects alone." So in effect, though not exactly in words, have said the most authoritative critics. Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Akenside*, informs us that—"With the philosophical or religious tenets of the author he had nothing to do; his *business was with his poetry*," and this he said, although his poetry could not be properly considered without the politics and religion which gave it a color.

Again, in his *Life of Dr. Watts*, he hints, what is known to have been his belief, that good poetry could not be written upon a religious topic. "It is sufficient for Watts," said he, "to have done better than others, what no man has done well." To introduce politics into poetry is thought to be wrong by many critics, who would think you injured them if you questioned their acuteness. "The union of politics with poetry," say they, "is always hurtful to the politics and fatal to the poetry." In fact, they consider it un-

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pardonable to wed them together; or even to let the smallest love passage take place betwixt them; "as if," say the objectors, "we have not politics enough in the newspapers, in public places, at the very corners of the streets." And they say right, if their idea of poetry be right; but not right for those who have notions more exalted and sympathies more extended. These persons confound politics with party, which is one mistake: and they think poetry destined for mere amusement, which is another. They do not think that there are politics far better than any parties that ever were formed; and that the amusement found in poetry is a mere accident—an extrinsic adornment only—and that its object is to teach, exalt, and refine; to inspire, like religion, the humble with dignity, the sad with comfort, the oppressed with hope: to show the abundant and overflowing blessing of familiar things—the riches, the beauty, and the beneficence of nature; to fill all men with the love of God and of one another; and to encourage society in its onward career from bad into good, and from good into better, through all Time into Eternity. The lovers of mere amusement have not reached this pinnacle; and see not so far away, nor so goodly a prospect beneath and around them. But they ought to educate their faculties, until their minds *can* soar to these pure, high regions, before they pronounce what poetry ought not to be, and define the limits which it should not overstep: saying to it, "This shall you touch upon, but not upon that. This shall you sing of for my idle hours, but that shall you not breathe for the delight and instruction of men, more earnest, and of finer sympathies than we."

Yet, after all, it is not so surprising that critics should go wrong, when those who should be superior to the critics—the poets themselves—have set the bad example. When Charles II. objected to Edmund Waller, that his verses upon Cromwell were better than those he had written about his lawful sovereign, Waller replied—"*Your Majesty knows that we poets succeed better in fiction than in truth.*" In this pretty speech, he behaved like a courtier and a man of the world, but not like a poet; and committed treason to the majesty of his art, that he might escape the semblance of treason to a very inferior thing, the majesty of Charles Stuart. We find a modern poet, too, seriously accommodating himself to the same error. Mr. Monckton Milnes, in his volume entitled *Palm Leaves*, devotes one to the praise of Mahomet, as a prophet and a legislator. He speaks of him as—

> No poet he, weaving capricious dreams
> To please inconstant youth,
> But one who uttered without shows and seems
> The serious facts of Truth.

This, it must be admitted, is strange language to come from one who has himself the vision and true faculty divine. As if a poet could not utter "serious facts" without "shows" and "seems," and as if a poet were of necessity a vain dreamer, and an idler of no use or advantage to society. Truly the clear-sighted men of this day, whose time and energies are occupied with steam-engines and iron roads, with atmosphere as a moving power, with wondrous mechanism of every kind, and with the onward progress of the nations, must be somewhat puzzled when they hear one worthy to rank as a poet depreciating it thus.

Another poet, whose writings testify loudly to the utter untenableness of such a theory—namely, William Wordsworth—has also uttered a sentence which some have interpreted to the depreciation of his divine art. He says, in an essay supplementary to one of his early prefaces, "that the appropriate business of poetry, her appropriate employment, her privilege, her duty, is to treat of things not as they *are*, but as they appear; not as they exist in themselves, but as they *seem* to exist to the senses and the passions." This, however, is no depreciation of poetry, though at first glance it may look so, to assert that its province is not to treat of things as they are. His meaning is, not *merely* as they are; but to add to them a grace and a beauty over and above their positive existence. He will not diminish the existence of a thing, but he will *increase* its existence by the aid of the beauty perceived by the senses and given by the passions. He never considers that the province of poetry is the unreal against the real, the fictitious uninclusive of the true; and against such a theory his poems are immortal evidence, as Milton's are, and Shakespeare's, and those of all great poets.

Very many of those who restrict the domain of poetry, are fain to admit upon discussion, that Religion and Politics, in their highest sense, are the legitimate

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sources of the noblest inspiration: but they stipulate for pure religion, not sectarianism, and for catholic and national politics, not for party warfare. This being conceded—and that Poetry should enter within these precincts solely in search of truth, and for the promulgation of truth—they would, nevertheless, shut another door against it—the door of science. Within this they will on no account suffer it to enter. "The scholar," says Madame de Staël, as quoted by D'Israeli the elder in the Fourteenth Chapter of his *Essay on the Literary Character*, "has nothing to say to the poet, the poet to the naturalist." The author of *Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England*, published in *Knight's Weekly Volume*, falls in a degree into this error. He says, in his notice of Darwin, truly a master of rhythm, but no poet, that his scientific descriptions, in the *Botanic Garden* and the *Loves of the Plants*, "display more ingenuity than poetry"—a judgment in which all men will agree. He goes on to say—"Poetry and Science are two rival and hostile powers. Whenever anything has been reduced to matter of science, its poetical character is extinguished; it ceases to appeal to any passion or affection. What was veneration or terror, religion or superstition, becomes satisfied and unimpassioned intelligence. Imagination is dethroned there; its creative power abolished and destroyed, its transforming illumination made impossible. Even mere wonder, the lowest of all the imaginative states of mind, ceases, when the scientific comprehension is complete; for of course, when understood, no one thing is really more wonderful than another. * * The tendency of science is to reduce and level; the tendency of poetry is to magnify and exalt. Each, therefore, has its proper and peculiar ground. They cannot act in concert. In other words, it is impossible to treat any subject at once scientifically and poetically." The illustrious author of the *Pleasures of Hope* has expressed a similar sentiment in his celebrated *Ode to the Rainbow:*

> When Science from Creation's face
> Enchantment's veil withdraws,
> What lovely visions yield their place
> To cold material laws.

* Both of these writers are wrong in this particular, the first more especially so. No doubt the prose writer is quite correct in his condemnation of the technicalities and scientific minutiæ of Darwin, and their incapability of poetical treatment; but he carries his principle too far, and falls into a great mistake. Any one must have studied "the great truths of science" to little purpose, who can talk of the "satisfied and unimpassioned intelligence" with which he comprehends them. Those truths, even the very least of them, are of sublimest import; and it is not after such a manner that those who have most studied, and who know most of the ever-wondrous, ever-new revelations of science, would think it fitting for the humble spirit; humble in the littleness of the highest knowledge; to speak either of the known or the unknown agencies of the Infinitude. Poetry may and must treat of the Great Truths of Science, wherever it suits its purposes to do so, or it abdicates a portion of its high prerogative. This it can do without allusion to technicalities and trivialities such as those which so offend us in the writings of Darwin. As for the solitary stanza of Campbell, no true poet will take it for his guide. No man knew better than Campbell that Science was the nursing mother of Poetry, who showed it whither to fly, and to what glorious regions to turn an "undazzled gaze" in search of new inspiration. In spite of his authority in this stanza, great as many will consider it, we in our day must acknowledge that the withdrawal by Science of the veil from Creation's face, though it may deprive Fancy of some filagree adornments, robs Imagination of nothing. The rainbow has venerable associations, when we think upon it as the "bow of God"—the sign of the Covenant that the earth should no more be deluged with the waters;

> Methinks thy jubilee to keep
> The first-made anthems rang
> On earth delivered from the deep,
> And the first poet sang.

But Science, which shows us the secret wonders of its mechanism, adds a new delight to its contemplation without depriving it of this. We see it spanning heaven like an arch; we see it, if we stand upon the mountain-tops, developed into the complete circle; we see its counterpart in the spray of the torrent on a sunny day; and can produce Irises as often as we will in the glancing drops cast upwards in the sun-shine from the paddle-wheels of victorious steam—the same in their magnificent hues, so exquisitely overlaid, and gliding the one into the other with such perfect loveliness;

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and we acknowledge the simplicity, the grandeur, the majesty of "the material law" which is obeyed in their formation. We find that law to be, not cold, as the poet sings, but warm and fruitful, producing invariable and inevitable results from the same causes; and that both the cause and the effect are proofs of infinite wisdom and divine goodness, filling all nature with things of beauty of which the contemplation increases our enjoyments and exalts our souls; and makes us fitter to be true men in this world and to mount in the scale of creation in the next to a state of higher intelligence, purer love, and more certain happiness. The comet careering through the heavens does not cease to impress the mind with its grandeur and its mystery because it is no longer thought to scatter war and pestilence from its horrid hair; but inspires emotions still more sublime of the might and majesty of God, when we consider that his hand who made it made also that awful intellect of man, which traces its course through the infinitude of space, and calculates its coming from afar. The sun is not less poetical as the centre of a vast system than as a mere adjunct to the earth, set in the heavens to give her light and to form the succession of her seasons. The planets are not less the poetry of heaven because astrology is defunct, and do not the less loudly chant to the devout soul in the silence and splendor of the midnight, that "the hand that made them is divine" because we believe them to be, like the kindred planet on which we live and move, the abode of myriads of important spirits, playing their allotted part in the mighty progression of the universe. The stars scattered in such seeming confusion over space, are not the less poetical because we, by the aid of science, have discovered order amidst apparent disorder, because we have grasped the majestic secret of gravitation, and beheld the simplicity, the unity, and the universality of the law which upholds and regulates them, in all the complication of their stupendous harmony. The Milky Way, as resolved into suns, systems, and firmaments, by the telescopes of Herschel and Lord Rosse, does not the less impress us with ineffable awe and adoration, because it is no longer a faint light in the heavens, but a congregation of innumerable worlds. The Nebula in Orion, that white fleecy cloud on the far verge of space, does not become unpoetical, when we know that it is a universe; nor do we look upon that great constellation of Orion itself with less prostration of our feeble powers—with less hopefulness that we too shall be made perfect, because Science teaches us that our sun and all its train of planets are moving steadily and surely towards one of its stars; and that in this mystic development, 6000 years multiplied by 6000, and that product multiplied by itself, are but a fragment of a cycle—the morning of a day which has begun and will be ended. No. Poetry is not inimical to Science, nor science hostile to Poetry. Poetry is universal. It includes every subject; and can no more be restricted in its range, than the Intellect, the Hope, and the Faith of man, of which it is the grandest exponent and the most sublime expression—making Intellect more intellectual, Hope more hopeful, and Religion more religious. Even those critics and poets who have striven to it, in mere dogmatism and wilfulness of assertion, have, in spite of themselves, done homage to its nobler uses, and blessed where it was their intention to revile.

Dr. Johnson did not always exclude poetry from any one field of human inquiry. "In a poet," says he, in his *Rasselas*, "no kind of knowledge is to be overlooked. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination. He must be conversant with all that is awfully vast, or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, the meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety; for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of religious truth; and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his readers with remote allusions and unexpected instruction." This is well said, and although it applies mainly to the adornments, and scarcely to the essentials of poetry, it is easy to see that the critic had forgotten the previously recorded opinions already alluded to, when he wrote it; and that in his heart he would set no limits to the illimitable. It may seem superfluous to some minds to dilate upon a matter that ought to be so obvious; but "error is a snake that requires much killing." Those to whom the case is clear, will pardon the truisms of the refutation for the sake of those who have not hitherto taken the trouble to think, or who, having taken the trouble, have arrived at wrong conclusions.

In returning more especially to the subject of the duties of the poet in the present age, we must first of all consider what the age is; what are its desires and aspirations —what its characteristics, and at what point of human development it actually stands. That the age is utilitarian, most men assent. The fact seems to lie upon the surface. Let us inquire what the word means, that we may see our way clearly as we go on. Bentham either invented it for his philosophy, or it was fastened upon him by others. In either case it is a good word, if its meaning be not unduly restricted. Some men are such strict utilitarians, that in the furnishing of a house (for other people) they would exclude the ornamental. They would have the kitchen poker and the roasting jack, the chair, the table, and the bed, the carpet, and perhaps the curtains; but not the picture, nor the bust, nor the poem, the play, and the novel. These are a small class only, and utilitarianism is a much better thing than they would make of it. This class of people are rarely met with in private life, and if they preach such a doctrine, they rarely practise it: but we sometimes hear of them in public, in the House of Commons for example, where the money of the nation is begrudged for every purpose tending to the advancement of art, or literature, or the encouragement of those who excel in them. But individual men are generally ashamed of such a restriction as the physical to their idea of utility. True utility by no means excludes the ornamental. It does not consider man as an animal only, but as a being with an immortal soul. Utilitarianism, in its widest and only true sense, includes the wants of both soul and body—of the complete man.

It is not only necessary that we should gain victories over time, and space, and the obstruction of matter. The mind has its cravings as well as the body, which must be satisfied. Utilitarianism of this kind is essentially popular, democratic, and philanthropic. It requires that the bulk of mankind should be made physically comfortable, as a preliminary to their being mentally and spiritually happier than they are or ever have been. Without losing any of their hopes of a higher state of existence in another world, or departing from the faith which teaches that hope, the men of the present day are very strongly impressed with the belief that the world can be made very much better than it is.

Looking back to History, they find that man's career is but a record of misery; and that the fearful Book, which tells of his misdeeds and of his sufferings, is black with crime and red with blood. They find also that the many have been the victims of the evil passions of the few; that bloody wars, debasing superstitions, revenge, cruelty, lust, and ignorance, have filled the world with misery since time began; that "the weak have died to satisfy the strong;" that in the more peaceful periods of human history, when art, science, and learning flourished—when intellect gained its most splendid victories—the great masses of mankind were sunk in physical or mental slavery—by far the greater portion in both; and that in the bosom of civilization herself, the multitudes have not participated in her benefits, but have been the prey of poverty, vice, disease, crime, and all unspeakable miseries. Reason and faith, and all experience, as far as it has gone, combine to show that this state of things is not a necessary consequence of man's nature. By looking about us, we see that many evils have been remedied; that a great many more are falling beneath the advances of intelligence, and the spread of the sublime doctrine of Christianity that we ought to love one another; and we are encouraged by that which has been already done to hope for much more. Science, by increasing the physical comforts of mankind, is preparing the way for mental blessings and mental progress, to an extent which to some minds seems Utopian to imagine, but which will be realized nevertheless.

All our physical conquests over matter are proofs and results of mental energies, working to various ends, and all of them, we cannot doubt, though we may not yet understand, to ultimate mental and spiritual, as well as physical, good. The utilitarian, who confines utility to merely physical advantage, may deny in a great degree the usefulness of literature, and wholly deny the usefulness of poetry. Believing it to be founded on fiction; to be, as the ancient father has it, "the vain shadow of a lie," he may say that he will have none of it; and turn his mind to the contemplation of his money bags. But there are better and truer utilitarians than the men of this class; who can see a beauty, and consequently a good, in every manifestation of the human intellect; who know that Beauty and Truth and Goodness are but three sides of one eternal prism, of which the one cannot exist without the others; and in

which the presence of the one presupposes the other two. To utilitarians who believe this, poetry has as great a claim to respect and veneration as science and religion—provided always it be TRUE poetry. It follows from the utilitarianism of the age—if this be a correct definition of it—that it is an earnest age; for if facts be stubborn things, utility is an earnest thing, and the man who would exert any influence over an earnest age, must himself be thoroughly, hopefully, undauntedly, unconquerably in earnest. Hitherto, in this realm of Britain, the great fault of men of letters, as a class, has been a deficiency of earnestness. They have not loved their vocation. They have been, with all their vanity and pride, ashamed of it. Their lot has been cast in a country where there was a tendency to wealth-worship, and to lord and squire-worship; and a rush into all professions or pursuits promising to success the rewards of wealth or rank. The man of letters had no chance of either from *his* profession; he was not recognised at all; and but too often thrown into it from a failure in other pursuits of life—like a friendless woman, who losing her husband sets up a day-school as a last resource in her extremity. Too often, therefore, have they cringed to the powerful, that they might thereby acquire wealth, and quite as often have they pandered to the passions and prejudices of the crowd, and written themselves down to a popular level for the reason that they thought it more profitable to accommodate themselves to the people than by their arduous efforts in a good cause—slowly and faithfully through difficulties and discouragements—to raise the people up to their standard, and acquire true glory for evermore. Writers of this class have done nothing for literature but degrade it as a profession. Itself they have not been able to degrade; but they have woefully impaired the respect of serious men for all literature that is not stamped with the seal of antiquity, or the approval of one generation of thinkers at least, and rendered more difficult the task of him who loves it and cultivates it for its own sake, independent of worldly recompense. Happily this earnestness of feeling, without which no good can be done, is increasing, and the day seems to be approaching when intellect will be honored, whether its possessor be rich or poor, and when an author will no more be ashamed of his profession than a lawyer or a divine, a painter or a physician, a merchant or a manufacturer.

The new generation is a reading generation. A bold and craving spirit is abroad. Religion, which formerly supplied sufficient mental aliment for the multitude, can supply it no longer. Its province is not the Intellect, but the Faith. As has been remarked by an eloquent writer in the *British Quarterly Review*, society requires its priests of letters, as well as its priests of religion. The Christian mind has arrived at a point when the teachings of faith are insufficient without the teachings of the intellect. These priests of letters have appeared in former times, and bequeathed their minds to us. Immortal books—with truths in them—are better than living men that would feed us with lies or empty fribbles. The great minds of the past preach to us ever more. By a divine privilege—the most divine given to us in this world by the infinite wisdom of its Creator—we are enabled to converse with the mighty men who went before us: their words and thoughts are perpetuated for our consolation, our instruction and our guidance: we weep for the sorrows, rejoice for the gladness, tremble with the fears, and glow with the hopes, of departed centuries. And if our living poets will not fulfil their high functions, not only in as good but a better spirit than those, they are unworthy of the high place that would otherwise have been set apart for them—they are unworthy of the age. They distract its attention with their vain babble, and bring contempt upon a vocation which should be considered a holy one. We have books enough and more than enough: and hence the arduous task reserved for the truly great poet in the present day—the man who would reflect the age, and yet be in advance of it—who would be of sympathies with it, and yet beyond it—who would give it the blossoms of his intellect with a full certainty that those blossoms, fair and flowery to this age, would be fruit to the ages which are to follow it.

To think, because we are a practical people, living in a practical age, that we shall no more find pleasure in the singing of the birds, the flowing of the stream, and the waving of the woods; that the varied beauty of nature, animate and inanimate, shall charm us no more; that the beams of the glorious orb of heaven, or the mental sunshine of bright faces, shall fill us no more

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with delight; and that love, or hopes, or joys, or sorrows, shall no more affect us; or that poetry, which refines and spiritualizes all these, shall be extinguished by the progress of steam, is mere lunacy. No: Poetry shall never die, while man is an inhabitant of the globe; nor if man is to be succeeded in the fulness of time by a still nobler race, shall it die even then. As civilization increases, the world will, doubtless, become more difficult to please in poetry. The wiser men grow, the less aptitude will they exhibit for being put off with "shows" and "seeming" instead of reality. But poetry itself, purified and exalted, will all the more purify and exalt mankind. Those who speak great truths from their fulness of heart, and enshrine them in noble words set to the music which stirs the blood, will never want listeners. The poet who would do that has an arduous but a noble mission. Such an one need not fear that he has fallen upon evil times for his vocation; if he be but in earnest with it, and will make it not his pastime, but the business and the recompense of his life. Let him put on his singing robes cheerily in the face of heaven and nature; and wear them in a trustful and patient spirit, and speak that which is in him, for the advancement of his kind and the glory of his Creator, and there will be no risk that his mission will be unaccomplished, or that he will be allowed to sing in the wilderness, no man listening to him.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CAVE OF THE REGICIDES;

AND HOW THREE OF THEM FARED IN NEW ENGLAND.

"Oliver Newman" is a poem which I opened with trembling; for the last new poem that ever shall be read from such an one as Southey, is not a thing that can be looked upon lightly. Then it came to us from his grave, "like the gleaming grapes when the vintage is done;" and the last fruit of such a teeming mind must be relished, though far from being the best; as we are glad to eat apples out of season, which, in the time of them, we should hardly have gathered. But this is not to the purpose. I was surprised to find the new poem built on a history which novelists and story-tellers have been nibbling at these twenty years, and which seems to be a peculiarly relishable bit of *news* on an old subject, if we may judge by the way in which literary epicures have snatched it up piece-meal. In the first place, Sir Walter Scott, who read everything, got hold of a "North American publication,"* from which he learned, with surprise, that Whalley the regicide, "who was never heard of after the Restoration," fled to Massachusetts, and there lived concealed, and died, and was laid in an obscure grave, which had lately been ascertained. Giving Mr. Cooper due credit for a prior use of the story, he made it over, in his own inimitable way, and puts it into the mouth of Major Bridgenorth, relating his adventures in America. Southey seems next to have got wind of it, reviewing "Holmes' American Annals,"* in the *Quarterly*, when he confesses he first thought of King Philip's war as the subject for an epic—a thought which afterwards became a flame, and determined him to make Goffe (another regicide) the hero of his poem. A few details of the story got out of romance and gossip into genuine history, in a volume of "Murray's Family Library;"† and the great "Elucidator" of Oliver Cromwell's mystifications condenses them again into a single sentence, observing, with his usual buffoonery, that "two of Oliver's *cousinry* fled to New England, lived in caves there, and had a sore time of it." And now comes the poem from Southey, full of allusions to the same story, and, after all, giving only part of it; for I do not see that any one has yet mentioned the fact, that *three* regi-

* Notes to "Peveril of the Peak."

* Notes to "Oliver Newman."

† Trial of Charles I. and the Regicides, which I see referred to in "Oliver Newman;" but I have not the book myself.

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cides lived and died in America after the Restoration, and that their sepulchres are there to this day.

In truth, the new poem led me to think there might be some value in a certain MS. of my own,—mere notes of a traveller, indeed, but results of a tour which I made in New England in the summer of 18—, during which, besides visiting one of the haunts of the fugitives, I took the pains to investigate all that is extant of their story. I found there a queer little account of them, badly written, and worse arranged; the work of one Dr. Stiles, who seems to have been something of a pious Jacobin, and whose reverence for the murderers of King Charles amounts almost to idolatry. He was president of Yale College, at Newhaven, and thoroughly possessed of all the hate and cant about Malignants, which the first settlers of New England brought over with them as an heir-loom for their sons. A member of his college told me, that Stiles used to tell the undergraduates that silly story about the king's being hanged by mistake for Oliver, after the Restoration; and that he only left it off when a dry fellow laughed out at the narration, and on being asked what there was to laugh at, replied, "hanging a man that had lost his neck." After reading the doctor's book on the Regicides, I cannot doubt the anecdote, for he carries his love of Oliver into rapture; talks of "entertaining angels" in the persons of Goffe and Whalley, and applies to them the beautiful language in which St. Paul commemorates the saints,—"they wandered about, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth—*of whom the world was not worthy.*" The Book itself is the most confused mass of repetition and contradiction I ever saw, and yet proved to me vastly entertaining. In connexion with it, I got hold of several others that helped to "elucidate" it; and thus, with much verbal information, I believe I came to a pretty clear view of the case. I can only give what I gathered, in the off-hand way of a tourist, but perhaps I may serve some one with facts, which they will arrange much better, in performing the more serious task of a historian.

After spending several weeks in the vicinity of New York, I left that city in a steamer for a visit to the "Eastern States;" our passage lying through the East River and Long Island Sound, and requiring about five hours' sail to complete the trip to New Haven. I found the excursion by no means an agreeable one. The Sound itself is wide, and our way lay at equal distances between its shores, which, being quite low, are not easily discerned by a passenger. Then there came up a squall, which occasioned a great swell in the sea, and sickness was the consequence among not a few of the company on board. Altogether, the steamer being greatly inferior to those on the Hudson, and crowded with a very uninteresting set of passengers, I was glad to retreat from the cabin, going forward, and looking out impatiently for the end of the voyage.

Here it was that I first caught sight of two bold headlands, looming up, a little retired from the shore, and giving a dignity to the coast at this particular spot, by which it is not generally distinguished. We soon entered the bay of New Haven, and the town itself began to appear, embosomed very snugly between the two mountains, and deriving no little beauty from their prominent share in its surrounding scenery. I judged them not more than four or five hundred feet high, but they are marked with elegant peaks, and present a bold perpendicular front of trap-rock, which, with the bay and harbor in the foreground, and a fine outline of hills sloping away towards the horizon, conveys a most agreeable impression to the approaching stranger of the region he is about to visit. A person who stood looking out very near me, gave me the information that the twin mountains were called from their geographical relations to the meridian of New Haven, East and West Rocks, and added the remark, for which I was hardly prepared, that West Rock was celebrated as having afforded a refuge to the regicides Goffe and Whalley.

My fellow-passenger, observing my interest in this statement, went on to tell me, in substance, as follows. A cleft in its rugged rocks was once inhabited by those scapegoats, and still goes by the name of "The Regicides' Cave." New Haven, moreover, contains the graves of these men, and regards them with such remarkable veneration, that even the railroad speed of progress and improvement has been checked to keep them inviolate;—a tribute which, in America, must be regarded as very marked, since no ordinary obstacle ever is allowed to interfere with their perpetual "go-ahead." It seems the ancient graveyard, where the regicides repose, was found

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very desirable for a public square; and as a mimic Père-la-Chaise had just been created in the outskirts of the town, away went coffins and bones, grave-stones and sepulchral effigies, and monumental urns, to plant the new city of the dead, and make way for living dogs, as better than defunct lions. Such a resurrection the towns-folk gave to their respectable grandfathers and grandmothers; but not to the relics of the regicides. At these shrines of murder and rebellion, the spade and the mattock stood still; and their once restless tenants, after shifting between so many disturbances while living, were suffered to sleep on, in a kind of sepulchral limbo, between the marble in Westminster Abbey, to which they once aspired, and the ditch at Tyburn, which they so narrowly escaped.

I was cautioned by my communicative friend not to speak too freely of "the Regicides." I must call them "the Judges," he said; for, in New Haven, where Puritanism perpetuates some of its principles, and all of its prejudices, it appears that such is the prevailing euphuism which is employed, as more in harmony with their notions of Charles as a sinful Malignant, and of the Rebellion as a glorious foretaste of the kingdom of the saints. "The Judges' Cave" is therefore the expression by which they speak of that den of thieves on West Rock; and they always use an equally guarded phrase when they mention those graves in the square,—graves, be it remembered, that enclose the ashes of men, who should have been left to the tender mercies of the public executioner, had they only received in retribution what they meted out to their betters.

New Haven, in addition to these treasures, boasts another Puritan relic, of a different kind. The early settlers founded here a Calvinistic college, which has become a very popular sectarian university, and my visit at this time was partly occasioned by the recurrence of the annual commemoration of its foundation. I suspect the person who leaned over the bulwarks of the steamer, and gave me the facts—which I have related in a very different vein from that in which I received them—was a dissenting minister going up to be at his college at this important anniversary. There was a *tone in his voice*, as was said of Prince Albert's when he visited the *savans* at Southampton, which sufficiently indicated his sympathies.* The regicides were evidently calendared saints of his religion, and their adventures his *Acta Sanctorum*. He was nevertheless very civil and entertaining, and I was glad, on arriving at the quay, to find no worse companion forced upon me in the carriage which I had engaged (as I supposed for myself alone) to take me into the city. There was so great a rush for cabs and coaches, however, that there was no going single; and I accordingly found myself again in close communication with my narrative fellow-traveller, who soon made room for two others; grave personages with rigid features and polemical address, which convinced me that I was in the presence of the dons and doctors of a Puritan university.

"Go-ahead!" sung out somebody, as soon as our luggage was strapped behind; and away we drove, in full chase, with drays and cabs, towards the central parts of the city. The newer streets are built, I observed, with snug little cottages, and intersect at right angles. The suburban Gothic, so justly reprobated by the critics of Maga, is not quite as unusual as it ought to be; but a succession of neat little shrubbery-plots around the doors, and a trim air about things in general, suits very well the environs of such a miniature city as New Haven. I never saw such a place for shade-trees. They are planted everywhere; little slender twigs, boxed carefully from wheels and schoolboys, and struggling apparently against the curse, "bastard slips shall not thrive;" and venerable overarching trees, in long avenues, so remarkable and so numerous that the town is familiarly called, by its poets, the "City of Elms."

The funereal Square, of which I had already learned the history, was soon reached, and we were set down at a hotel in its neighborhood. Its "rugged elms" are not the only trace of the fact, that the rude forefathers of the city once reposed in their shadow; for in the middle of the square, a church of tolerable Gothic still remains; in amiable proximity to which appear two meeting-houses, of a style of architecture truly original, and exhibiting as natural a development of Puritanism, as the cathedrals display of Catholic religion. Behind one of these meeting-houses protrudes, in profile, the classic pediment of a brick and plaster temple, of which the divinity is the Connecticut Themis, and in which the Solons of the commonwealth biennially enact legislative games in her honor. Still further in the back-ground are seen

* London *Times*, of that date.

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spire and cupola, peering over a thickset grove, in the friendly shade of whose academic foliage a long line of barrack-looking buildings were pointed out to me as the colleges.

These shabby homes of the Muses were my only token that I had entered a university town. The streets, it is true, were alive with bearded and moustached youth, who gave some evidences of being yet *in statu pupillari;* but they wore hats, and flaunted not a rag of surplice or gown. In the old and respectable college at New York, such things are not altogether discarded; but, at New Haven, where they are devoutly eschewed as savoring too much of Popery, not a member of its faculties, nor master, doctor, or scholar, appears with the time-honored decency which, to my antiquated notion, is quite inseparable from the true regimen of a university. The only distinction which I remarked between Town and Gown, is one in lack of which Town makes the more respectable appearance of the twain; for the college badges seem to be nothing more than odd-looking medals of gold, which are set in unmeaning display on the man's shirt ruffles, or dangle with tawdry effect from their watch ribbons. I have no doubt that the smart shopmen who flourish canes and smoke cigars in the same walks with the collegians, very much envy them these poor decorations; but in my opinion, they have far less of the Titmouse in their appearance without them, and would sooner be taken for their betters by lacking them. My first impressions were, on the whole, far from favorable, therefore; as from such things in the young men, I was forced to judge of their *alma mater*. And I must own, moreover, that my subsequent acquaintance with the university did little to diminish the disappointment which I unwillingly felt in this visit to one of the most popular seats of learning in America. I certainly came prepared to be pleased; for I had met in New York several persons of refined education, who had taken their degrees at this place; but, to dismiss this digression from my main purpose, I must say that the Commencement was anything but a creditable affair. After carefully observing all that I could unobtrusively hear and see, I cannot speak flatteringly of the performances, whether the matter or the manner be considered. I can scarcely account for it that so many educated men as took part in the exercises should make no better exhibition of themselves. One oration delivered by a bachelor of arts, was vociferated with insolence so consummate, that I marvelled how the solemn-looking divines, whom it occasionally seemed to hit, were able to endure it. In all that I heard, with very few exceptions, there was a deficiency of good English style, of elevated sentiment, and even of sound morality. Many of the professors and fellows of the University are confessedly men of cultivated minds, and even of distinguished learning: yet this great celebration was no better than I say. I can account for it only by the sectarian influences which imbue everything in New Haven, and by the want of a thoroughly academic atmosphere, which sectarianism never can create. It was really farcical to see the good old president confer degrees with an attempt at ceremony, which seemed to have no rubric but extemporary convenience, and no purpose but the despatch of business. All this may seem to have nothing to do with my subject; yet I felt myself that the regicides had a good deal to do with it. In this college, one sees the best that Puritanism could produce; and I thought what Oxford and Cambridge might have become under the invading reforms of the usurpation, had the Protectorate been less impotent to reproduce itself, and carry out its natural results on those venerable foundations.

On the day following the Commencement, I took a drive to West Rock. I was so happy as to have the company of a very intelligent person from the Southern States, and of a young lady, his relative, who was very ambitious to make the excursion. It was a pleasant drive of about three miles to the foot of the mountain, where we alighted, the driver leaving the horses in charge of themselves, and undertaking the office of guide. It was somewhat tedious climbing for our fair friend; but up we went, over rough stones, creeping vines and brushwood, that showed no signs of being very frequently disturbed; our guide keeping the bright buttons of his coat-skirts before us, and in some other respects reminding me of Mephistopheles on the Hartz. It certainly was very accommodating in Nature, to provide the lofty chambers of the regicides with such a staircase; for in their day it must have defied any ordinary search, and when found must have presented as many barriers of brier and thicket, as grew up around the Sleeping Beauty in the fairy tale.

As we reached what seemed to be the

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top of the rock, we came suddenly into an open place, but so surrounded by trees and shrubs, as effectually to shut in the view. Here was the cave; and very different it was from what we had expected to find it! We had prepared ourselves to explore a small Antiparos, and were quite chagrined to find our grotto diminished to a mere den or covert, between two immense stones of a truly Stonehengian appearance and juxtaposition. I doubted for a moment whether their singular situation on the top of this mountain, were matter for the geologist or the antiquary; and would like to refer the question to the learned Dean of Westminster, who hammers stones as eloquently as some of his predecessors have hammered pulpits. The stones are well-nigh equal in height, of about twenty feet perpendicular, one of them nearly conical, and the other almost a true parallelopiped. Betwixt them another large stone appears to have fallen, till it became wedged; and the very small aperture between this stone and the ground beneath, is all that justifies the name of a cave, though there are several fissures about the stones, in which possibly beasts might be sheltered, but hardly human beings. To render itself large enough for the pair that once inhabited it, the earth must have been dug from under the stone, so as to make a covered pit; and even then, it was hardly so good a place as is said to have been made for "a refuge to the conies," being much fitter for wild-cats or tigers. I could scarcely persuade myself, that English law could ever have driven a man three thousand miles over the sea, and then into such a burrow as this! But so it was; and it was retribution and justice too.

Bad as it was, it looked more agreeable to Goffe and Whalley, than a cross-beam and two halters, or even than apartments in the Tower of London. They had it fitted up with a bed, and other "creature-comforts" of a truly Crusoe-like description. The mouth of the cave was screened by a thick growth of bushes, and the place was in several other respects well suited to their purposes. The parallelopiped, of which I have spoken, was easily climbed, being furnished with something like stairs, and its top commands a fine view of the town, the bay, and the country for miles around. It served them, therefore, as a watch-tower, and must have been very useful as a means of protection, as an observatory for amusement. I mounted the stone myself, and tried to fancy how different was the scene two hundred years ago. There the exile would sit hour after hour, not as one may sit there now, to see sails and steamers entering and leaving the harbor, and post-coaches and railroad cars passing and re-passing continually; but to gaze in astonishment and fear, if one lone ship might be descried coming up the bay, or if a solitary horseman was to be seen or heard pursuing his journey in the valley below.

While the fugitives lived in this den, they were regularly supplied with daily bread and other necessaries of life, by a woodman, who lived at the foot of the rock. A child came up the mountain daily with a supply of provisions, which he left on a certain stone, and returned without seeing anybody, or asking any questions of Echo. In this way he always brought a full basket and took back an empty one, without the least suspicion that he was becoming an accessory in high treason, and, as it is said, without ever knowing to whom, or for what, he was ministering. As a Brahmin sets rice before an idol, so the little one fed the stone, or left the basket to "the unseen spirit of the wood;" and well it was that the little Red-riding-hood escaped the usual fate of all lonely little foresters, for it seems there were mouths and maws in the mountain which cheesecakes would not have satisfied. The dwellers in the rock had a terrible fright one night from the visit of some indescribable beast—a panther, or something worse—that blazed its horrid eyes into their dark hole, and growled so frightfully, that if all the bailiffs of London had surrounded their den, they would have been less alarmed. It seemed some motherly tigress in search of her cubs, and when she discovered the intruders, she set up such an ululation of maternal grief as made every aisle of the forest ring again, and so scared the inmates of her den, that, as soon as they dared, they took to their heels down the mountain, ready to hear any hue and cry on their track, rather than hers. This story was told us by our guide, who gave it as a reason for their final desertion of the place.

On the stone which I climbed, I found engraven a great number of names and initials, with dates of different years. Apparently they had been left there by visitors from the university. In more than one place, some ardent youth, in his first love with democracy, had taken pains to renew the inscription, which tradition says Goffe

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and Whalley placed over their retreat. "Opposition to tyrants is obedience to God." I suppose there will always be fresh men to do Old Mortality's office for this inscription, for the maxim is one which has long been popular in America among patriotic declaimers. How long it will continue generally popular, may indeed be doubted, since the abolitionists have lately adopted it, and in their mouths it becomes an incendiary watchword, which the supporters of slavery have no little reason to dread. I myself saw this motto on an anti-slavery placard set up in the streets of New York.

I inferred from this inscription, and the names on the rock, that the spot is visited by some with very different feelings from those which it excited in me and my companions. Our valuable conductor, it is true, spoke of "the Judges" with as much reverence as so sturdy a republican would be likely to show to any dignity whatever; and really the honest fellow seemed to give us credit for more tenderness than we felt, and tried to express himself in such a manner, when telling of the misery of the exiles, as not to wound our sensibilities. But I fear his consideration was all lost; for, sad as it is to think of any fellow-man reduced to such extremity as to take up a lodging like this, we could only think how many of the noble and the lovely, and how many of the true and loyal poor, had been brought by Goffe and Whalley to greater miseries than theirs. I could not force myself, therefore, to the melting mood; it was enough that I thought of January 30, 1648, and said to myself, "Doubtless there is a God that judgeth in the earth." The lady recalled some facts from Lord Clarendon's History, and said that her interest in the spot was far from having anything to do with sympathy for the regicides. Her patronizing protector expressed his surprise, and jokingly assured me that she regarded it as a Mecca, or he would not have given himself the trouble of waiting on her to a place he so little respected. She owned that she was hardly consistent with herself in feeling any interest at all in the memorial of regicides; but I reminded her that Lord Capel kissed the axe which completed the work of rebellion, and deprived his royal master of life;* and we agreed that even the intelligent instruments of that martyrdom acquired a sort of reliquary value from the blood with which they were crimsoned.

* State Trials, ii., 389.

The troglodytes, then, were but two; but there was a third fugitive regicide who came to New Haven, and now lies there in his grave. This was none other than John Dixwell, whose name, with those of Goffe and Whalley, may be found on that infamous death-warrant, which some have not scrupled to call the Major Charta. Dixwell's is set among the *οἱ πολλοι*, who, in the day of reckoning, were judged hardly worth a hanging; but Whalley's occupies the bad eminence of being fourth on the list, and next to the hard-fisted autograph of Oliver himself; while William Goffe's is signed just before the signature of Pride, whose miserable penmanship that day, it will be remembered, cost his poor body an airing, on the gibbet, in the year 1660. Scott, by the way, gives Whalley the *prænomen* Richard; but there it is on the parchment, too legible for his soul's good—Edward Whalley. Shall I recur to the rest of their history in England before I come to my American narrative? Perhaps in these days of "elucidation," when it is said that everything about two hundred years since is, for the first time, undergoing a calm but earnest review, I may be indulged in recapitulating what, if everybody knows, they know only in a great confusion with other events, which impair the individual interest.

Of Dixwell, comparatively little is known, save that his first act of patriotism seems to have consisted in leaving his country. Enough that he served in the parliamentary army; sat as a judge, and stood up as regicide in that High Court of Treason in Westminster Hall; was one of Oliver's colonels during the Protectorate; became sheriff of Kent, and no doubt hanged many a rogue that had a better right to live than himself; and finally sat in Parliament for the same county in 1656.* His experiences after the Restoration are not known, till he emerged in America almost ten years after the last mentioned date.

Whalley was among the more notorious of the rebels. He was cousin to Oliver, and one of the few for whom Oliver sometimes exhibited a savage sort of affection. He proved himself a good soldier in a bad cause, at Naseby; and a furious one at Banbury. When the rogues fell out among themselves, he was the officer that met Cornet Joyce as he was convoying the king's majesty from Holmby,† and offered to relieve

* Somers's Tracts, vi., 339.
† Carlyle and Clarendon.

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the royal prisoner of his protector; an offer which Charles with great dignity refused, preferring to let them have all the responsibility in the matter, and not caring a straw which of the two villains should be his jailor. At Hampton Court, however, fortune decided in favor of Whalley, and put the king, for a time, into his power; till like fortune put it into the king's power to get rid of his brutality by flight, an accident for which our hero got a hint of displeasure from parliament. Just at this point Cromwell addressed a letter to his "dear cousin Whalley,"* begging him *not to let* anything happen to his majesty; in which his sincerity was doubtless as genuine as that of certain patriots in the Pickwick history, who, out of regard to certain voters coming down to the election, with money in their hands and tears in their eyes, besought the senior Weller *not to upset* the whole cargo of them into the canal at Islington. After getting out of this scrape, and doing the damning deed that got him into a worse one, he fleshed his sword against the king's Scottish kinsmen, at Dunbar, where he lost a horse under him, and received a cut in his wrist,‡ though not severe enough to prevent his writing a saucy letter to the governor of Edinburgh castle. He was the man that took away the mace, when Cromwell broke up his Barebones' parliament. Then he rode through Lincoln, and five other counties, dealing with recusant Anabaptists,‡ as one of the "Major Generals;" demurred a little, at first, at the king-manufacturing conference, but finally came into the project; and, from a sense of duty, so far overcame his republican scruples as to allow himself to take a seat in the House of Lords, as one of the Oliverian peerage.§ If titles were to be had with estates, like the Lordship of Linne, he was surely entitled to his peerage, for he was growing fat on the Duke of Newcastle's patrimony, with part of the jointure of poor Henrietta Maria, when, God be praised, the day of reckoning arrived; and my lord Whalley, surmising that, should any one come to the rope, he was likely to swing if he remained in England, made off beyond seas.

Goffe, too, was one of the Cromwellian cousinry, having married a daughter of Whalley.‖ He was a soldier, but could do a little exposition besides, when there was any call for such an exercise; as, for instance, at that celebrated groaning and wrestling which was performed at Windsor, and ended in resolving on the murder of the king,* after extraordinary supplication and holding forth. When father Whalley removed the mace, son-in-law Goffe led in the musqueteers, and bolted out the Anabaptists, against whom he rode circuit through Sussex and Berks, growing rich, and indulging dreams of disjointing the nose of Richard, and thrusting himself into the old shoes of the Protector, as soon as they should be empty."† He, too, sacrificed his feelings so far as to become a lord; and, perhaps, thinking that royal shoes would fit him as well as republican ones, he at last consented to making Oliver a king.‡ Nor were his honors wholly of a civil character, for he was made an M. A. at Oxford, and so secured himself a notice in Anthony Wood's biographies, where his story concludes with a set of mistakes, so relishably served up, that I must give it in the very words of the *Fasti*, as follows:—"In 1660, a little before the restoration of King Charles II., he betook himself to his heels to save his neck, without any regard had to his majesty's proclamation; wandered about fearing every one that he met should slay him; and was living at Lausanna in 1664 with Edward Ludlow, Edward Whalley, and other regicides, when John l'Isle, another of that number, was there, by certain generous royalists, despatched. He afterwards lived several years in vagabondship; but when he died, or where his carcase was lodged, is as yet unknown to me."§

On Christmas day, 1657, good John Evelyn went to London, in spite of many severe penalties incurred thereby, to receive the holy sacrament from a priest of the Church of England.‖ Mr. Gunning, afterwards Bishop of Ely, was the officiating clergyman, and preached a sermon appropriate to the festival. As he was proceeding with the Eucharist, the place where they were worshipping was beset by Oliver's ruffians, who, pointing their muskets at the communicants, through the doors and windows, threatened to shoot them as they knelt before the altar. Evelyn surmises that they were not authorized to go so far

* Carlyle.
† Carlyle.
‡ Clarendon, iii., 590.
§ Percy's Reliques, 121.
‖ Fasti Oxon., ii., 79.

* Letters and Speeches, &c., by Carlyle.
† Fasti Oxon., ii., 79.
‡ Carlyle.
§ Fasti Oxon., ii., p. 79. Anno 1649.
‖ Evelyn's Memoirs, i., 308.

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as that, and consequently they did not put their threat into execution; but both priest and people were taken prisoners, and brought under guard before the magistrates to answer for the serious misdemeanor of which they had been guilty. Before whom should the gentle friend of Jeremy Taylor find himself standing as a culprit, but these worshipful Justices, Whalley and Goffe! It was, doubtless, by their orders that the solemnities of the day had been profaned.

Evelyn seems to have got off with only a severe catechizing; but many of his fellow-worshippers were imprisoned and otherwise severely punished. The examination was probably conducted by the theologically exercised Goffe, for the specimen preserved by Evelyn is worthy of his genius in every way. The amiable confessor was asked how he dared to keep "the superstitious time of the Nativity;" and was admonished that in praying for kings he had been praying for Charles Stuart, and even for the king of Spain, who was a Papist! Moreover, he was told that the Prayer-book was nothing but the Mass in English, and more to the like effect; "and so," says Evelyn, "they dismissed me, pitying much my ignorance."

This anecdote, accidentally preserved by Evelyn, shows what kind of characters they were. They seem to have been as sincere as any of their fanatical comrades, though it is always hard to say of the Puritan leaders which were the cunning hypocrites, and which the deluded zealots. Whatever they may have been, their time was short, so far as England is concerned with them; and in three years after this event, they suddenly disappeared. So perfectly did they bury themselves from the world, that from the year 1660, till the romance of Scott* again brought the name of Whalley before the world, it may be doubted whether anything was known in England of lives, which in another hemisphere were protracted almost into another generation. Nobody dreamed there was yet an American chapter in the history of the regicides.

Yet, considering the known disposition of the colonies, and their inaccessible fastnesses, it is remarkable that only three of the fugitives found their way across the Atlantic. Another, indeed, there was, a mysterious person, of whom it is only known, that though concerned in the regicide, he was not probably one of "the judges."

* Notes to Peveril of the Peak.

He lived in Rhode Island till he was more than a hundred years old, begetting sons and daughters, to whom he bequeathed the surname of Whale. Whoever he was, he seems to have been a sincere penitent, whose conscience would not let him rest. He slept on a deal board instead of a bed, and practised many austerities, accusing himself as a man of blood, and deprecating the justice of God. The particulars of his guilt he never disclosed; and as his name was probably an assumed one, it is difficult to surmise what share he had in the murder of his king. There was in Hacker's regiment one Whalley, a lieutenant; and Stiles, the American writer, thinks this Whale may have been the same man. But then, what did this Whalley perpetrate to account for such horrible remorse? Considering Hacker's active part in the bloodiest scene of the great tragedy, and the conflicting testimony in Hulet's trial,* as to the man that struck the blow; and coupling this with the fact, that an effort was made to procure one of several lieutenants to do the work,† I confess I once thought there was some reason to suspect that this fellow's accusing conscience was terribly earned, and that he at least had been one of the masks that figured on the scaffold. This surmise, though shaken by nothing that came out on the state trials, I have since discharged, in deference to the opinion of Miss Strickland,‡ who is satisfied that the greybeard was Hulet, and the actual regicide, Gregory Brandon.

The American history of the regicides begins with the 27th of July following the Restoration, when Whalley and Goffe landed at Boston, bringing the first news that the king had been proclaimed, of which it seems they had tidings before they were clear of the Channel. Proscribed as they were, they were heroes among the colonists, and even Endicott, the governor, ventured to give them a welcome. The inhabitants of Boston and its environs paid them many attentions, and they appeared at large with no attempt at concealing their names and character. The Bostonians were not all Republicans, however; and several zealously affected Royalists having been noticed among their visitors, they suddenly conceived the air of Cambridge more salubrious than that of Boston, and took up their abode in that village, now a mere suburb

* Sir Thomas Herbert's Two Last Years, p. 189.
† State Trials, ii., 386.
‡ Lives of the Queens, vol. viii.

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of the city. There they freely mingled with other men, and were admitted as communicants in the Calvinistic meetings of the place; and sometimes, it appears, they even ventured, like the celebrated party at the Peak, "to exhibit their gifts in extemporaneous prayer and exposition." On visiting the city, they once received some insult, for which the assailant was bound over to keep the peace; though, if he had but known it, he was so far from having done any wrong in the eye of law, that he was entitled to a hundred pounds reward, for bringing before a magistrate either of the worthies who appeared against him. The authorities, however, had received no official notice of the Restoration, and chose to go on as if still living under the golden sway of the second Protector.

A story is told of one of the regicides, while living at Cambridge, which deserves preservation, as it not only illustrates the open manner in which they went to and fro, but also shows how well exercised were the soldiers of Cromwell in military accomplishments. A fencing-master had appeared at Boston, challenging any man in the colonies to play at swords with him; and this bravado he repeated for several days, from a stage of Thespian simplicity, erected in a public part of the town. One day, as the mountebank was proclaiming his defiance, to the terror and admiration of a crowd of bystanders, a country-bred fellow, as it seemed, made his appearance in the assembly, accepting the challenge, and pressing to the encounter with no other weaponry than a cheese done up in a napkin for a shield, and a broomstick, well charged with puddle water, which he flourished with Quixotic effect as a sword. The shouts of the rabble, and the confusion of the challenger, may well be imagined; but the countryman, throwing himself into position, lustily defied the man of foils to come on. A sharp command to be gone with his nonsense, was all the notice which the other would vouchsafe; but the rustic insisted on having satisfaction, and so stubbornly did he persist in brandishing his broomstick, and opposing his cheese, that the gladiator, in a towering fury, at last drove at him desperately enough. The thrust was very coolly received in the soft and savory shield of the countryman, who instantly repaid it by a dexterous daub with his broom, soaking the beard and whiskers of the swordsman with its odorous contents. A second and more furious pass at the rustic was parried with masterly skill and activity, and rewarded by another salute from the broomstick, which ludicrously besmeared the sword-player's eyes; the crowd setting up a roar of merriment at his crest-fallen appearance. A third lunge was again spent upon the cheese, amid shouts of laughter; while the broomsman calmly mopped nose, eyes, and beard, of his antagonist's puffing and blowing physiognomy. Entirely transported with rage and chagrin, the champion now dropped his rapier, and came at his ridiculous adversary with the broadsword. "Hold, hold, my good fellow," cried Broomstick, "so far all's fair play! but if that's the game, have a care, for I shall certainly take your life." At this the confounded gladiator stood aghast, and staring at the absurd apparition before him, cried out, amid the jeers of the mob, "Who is it? there were but two in England that could match me! It must be Goffe, Whalley, or the Devil!" And so it proved, for it was Goffe.

In November, came out the Act of Indemnity, by which it appeared that Goffe and Whalley were not included in the amnesty which covered a multitude of sins. It was nevertheless far in February before the governor had entered upon even a formal inquiry of his council, as to what he should do with the fugitives; a formality which, empty as it was, must have occasioned their abrupt departure from Massachusetts. At New Haven, a concentrated Puritanism seems to have offered them a much safer asylum;* and as a brother-in-law of Whalley's had lately held a kind of pastoral dignity in that place, it is not improbable that they received pledges of protection, should they choose it for their city of refuge. One now goes from Boston to New Haven, by railroad and steamer, in less than a day; but in those times it was very good travelling which brought them to their Alsatia in less than a fortnight. There they were received as saints and confessors; and Davenport, the strait-laced pastor of the colony, seems to have taken them under his especial patronage. He seems to have been a kind of provincial Hugh Peters, though he was not without his virtues: and there was far more fear of him before the eyes of the local authorities, than there was of King Charles and his Council. His Majesty was in fact completely browbeaten and discomfited, when his warrant was after-

* Holmes's American Annals.

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wards brought into collision with the will of this doughty little Pope: and to him the regicides owed it, that they finally died in America.

The government at home seems really to have been in earnest in the matter, and a royal command was not long in reaching Endicott, requiring him to do all in his power for the arrest of the runaways. He seems to have been scared into something like obedience, and two zealous young royalists offering their services as pursuers, he was obliged to despatch them to New Haven. So vigorously did these young men prosecute their errand, that but for the bustling fanaticism of Davenport, they would certainly have redeemed the honor of the colonies, and given their lordships at Westminster Hall the trouble of two more state trials. For its own sake, no one, indeed, can be sorry that such was not the result. But when one thinks how many curious details of history would have transpired on the trials of such prominent rebels, it seems a pity that they could not have been made serviceable in this way, and then set with Prynne, to do penance among the old parchments in the Tower.

The governor of the New Haven colony, one Leete, lived a few miles out of the town, but not far enough off to be out of the control of Davenport, whose spiritual drill had got him in good order for the expected encounter. That painstaking pastor had, moreover, felt it his duty to give no uncertain blast of preparation on his Sabbath-day trumpet, and had sounded forth his deep concern for the souls committed to his care, should they, by any temptation of the devil, be led to think it scriptural to obey the king and magistrate, instead of him, their conscience-keeper and dogmatist. With a skill in the application of holy writ, peculiar to the Hugh Peters' school of divinity, he had laboriously pounded his cushion, in some thirty or forty illustrations of the following text from the prophet Isaiah: "Hide the outcasts, bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab! be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler."* After this exposition, there was of course no dispute as to duty. The Pope is a deceiver, and Catholic Councils are lies; but when was a Puritan preacher ever doubted, by his followers, to be an oracle from heaven?

* Isaiah xvi., 3.

It was in vain that the loyal pursuers came to New Haven, after the little general had thus got his forces prepared for the contest. Wellington, with the forest of Soignies behind him, at Waterloo, was not half so confident of wearing out Napoleon, as Davenport was of beating back King Charles the Second, in his presumptuous attempt to govern his Puritan colonies. Accordingly, when the pursuers waited on Governor Leete, they found his conscience peculiarly tender to the fact, that they were not provided with the original of his Majesty's command, which he felt it his duty to see, before he could move in the business. He finally yielded so far, however, as to direct a warrant to certain catchpoles, requiring them to take the runaways, accompanying it, as it would seem, with assurances of affectionate condolence, should they happen to let the criminals, when captured, effect a violent escape. A preconcerted farce was enacted, to satisfy the forms of law, the bailiffs seizing the regicides a mile or two from town, as they were making for East Rock; and they very sturdily defending themselves, till the officers had received bruises enough, to excuse their return without them. But after this pleasant little exercise, the regicides had an escape of a more really fortunate character, and quite in the style of King Charles Second's Boscobel adventures. For while cooling themselves under a bridge, they discovered the young Bostonians galloping that way, and had only time to lie close, when a smart quadrupedal hexameter was thundered over their heads, as they lay peering up through the chinks of the bridge at their furious pursuers. No doubt the classic ear of Goffe, the Oxford Master of Arts, was singularly refreshed with the delightful prosody, which the retiring horse-hoofs still drummed on the dusty plain; but they seem to have been so seriously alarmed by their escape, that if they ever smiled again, they certainly had little cause for their good humor; for that very day they took to the woods, and entered upon a long and wretched life of perpetual apprehension, from which death, in any shape, would have been, to better men, a comfortable relief. They immediately directed their course towards West Rock, where, with an old hatchet which they found in the forest, they built themselves a booth in a spot which is still called, from the circumstance, "Hatchet-Harbor." Here they became acquainted with one Sperry, the

woodman who finally fitted up the cave, and introduced them to their life in the rock.

It seems that on stormy days, and sometimes for mere change of air, the poor Troglodytes would come down the mountain, and stay a while with the woodman at his house. They had lived about a month in their cave, when such an excursion to the woodman's had nearly cost them their liberty. The pursuers, meantime, had accomplished a wild-goose chase to New York, and had returned, after more perils and troubles than the regicides were worth. Somehow or other, they got scent of their game this time, and actually came upon them at Sperry's before they had any notice of their approach. Fortune favoring them, however, they escaped by a back-door, and got up to their nest, without giving a glimpse of themselves to the pursuers, or even leaving any trace of their visit to favor a suspicion that they had recently been in Sperry's protection. But Leete, who had received at last the original warrant, and thus was relieved of his scruples, seems to have been so alarmed about this time, that he sent word to the fugitives that they must hold themselves ready to surrender, if it should prove requisite for his own safety and that of the town. To the credit of the poor men, on receiving this notice, they came out of their cave like brave fellows, and went over to their cowardly protector, offering to give themselves up immediately.

Here the redoubtable Davenport again interfered, and though all the colony began to be of another opinion, he fairly drubbed the prudent Leete into a postponement of the time of surrender; and Goffe and Whalley were accordingly respited for a week, during which they lived in painful suspense, in the cellar of a neighboring warehouse, supplied with food from the governor's table, but never admitted to his presence. Meantime, the bustling pastor preached and exhorted, and stirred up all the important settlers to take his part against the timorous counsels of the governor, and finally succeeded in preventing the surrender altogether; and the fugitives went back to their cave, never again to show themselves openly before men, though their days were prolonged through half another lifetime.

It seems incredible that there was any real call for such singular caution, under the loose reign of Charles the Second: yet it is remarkable how timid they had become, and how long they supported their patient mousing in the dark. Nothing seems to have inspired them with confidence after this. The pursuers returned to Boston, and made an indignant report of the contempt with which his Majesty's authority had been treated at New Haven; all which had no other effect than to give color to a formal declaration of the united colonies of New England, that an ineffectual though thorough search had been made. On this the hue and cry was suffered to stop; but the regicides still kept close, and shunned the light of day. Who would have believed that the lusty Goffe and Whalley, whose fierce files of musqueteers seemed once their very shadow, could have subsided into such decorous subjects, as to live for three lustres in the heart of a village, so quietly, that, save their feeder, not a soul ever saw or heard of them. Yet so it proved; for so much do circumstances make the difference between the anchorite and the revolutionist, and so possible is it for the same character to be very noisy and very still.

After two months more in the cave, they probably found it time to go into winter quarters, and accordingly shifted to a village a little westward of New Haven, where one Tompkins received them into his cellar. There they managed to survive two years, during which their only recreation seems to have been, the sorry one of hearing a maid abuse them, as she sang an old royalist ballad over their heads. Even this was some relief to the monotony of their life in the cellar, and they would often get their attendant to set it agoing. The girl, delighted to find her voice in request, and little dreaming what an audience she had in the pit, would accordingly strike up with great effect, and fugue away on the names of Goffe and Whalley, and their fellow Roundheads, like another Wildrake. Perhaps the worthies in the cellar consoled themselves with recalling the palmy days, when the same song, trolled out on the night air from some royalist pothouse, had been their excuse for displaying their vigilant police, and putting under arrest any number of drunken malignants.

If they had any additional consolation, it seems to have been derived from an enthusiastic interpretation of Holy Writ, in which, after the manner of their religion, they saw their own peculiar history very minutely foreshadowed. They had heard of the sad end of Hugh Peters, and his con-

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federates, which they were persuaded was the slaying of the two witnesses, predicted in the Apocalypse; * and they now looked in sure and certain hope for the year 1666, which they presumed would be marked by some great revolution, probably on account of its containing "the number of the Beasts."† But after two years in this cellar, there arrived in Boston certain royal commissioners, in fear of whom they again retreated to their cave, and stayed there two months, till the wild beasts drove them away. About the same time, an Indian getting sight of their tracks, and finding their cave with a bed in it, made such an ado about this discovery, that they were obliged to abandon New Haven for ever. It is probable that Davenport now counselled their removal, and provided their retreat; for one Russell, the pastor of Hadley, a backwood settlement in Massachusetts, engaged to receive and lodge them; and thither they went by star-light marches, a distance of one hundred miles, through forests, where, if "there is a pleasure in the pathless woods," they probably found it the only one in their journey. Rogues as they were, who can help pitying them, thus skulking along by night through an American wilderness, in terror of a king, three thousand miles away, who all the while was revelling with his harlots, and showing as little regard for the memory of his father, as any regicide could desire!

At Hadley, pastor Russell received them into his kitchen, and then into a closet, from which, by a trap-door, they were let down into the cellar—there to live long years, and there to die, and there—one of them—to be buried, for a time. While dwelling in this cellar, poor Goffe kept a record of his daily life; and it is much to be regretted that this curious journal perished at Boston, in the succeeding century, during the riots about the Stamp Act, in which several houses were burned. Scraps of it still exist, however, in copies; and enough is known of it, to prove that the exiles were kept in constant information of the progress of events in England; that Goffe corresponded with his wife, addressing her as his mother, and signing himself Walter Goldsmith; and that pastor Russell was supplied with remittances for their support. One leaf of the diary which, fortunately, was copied, is a mournful catalogue of the regicides, and their accomplices, all classed according to their fate, with some touching evidences of the melancholy humor in which the records had been set down. It is a table of sixty-nine as great rogues, or as deluded fanatics, as have left their names on the page of English history; but there they stand on Goffe's list, a doleful registry indeed,

"Some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they had deposed;"

but all noted by the wanderer as his friends, "faithful and just to him." Twenty-six are marked as certainly dead; others, as condemned and in the Tower; some as fugitives, and some, as quietly surviving their ruin and disgrace. How dark must have been the past and the future alike to men whose histories were told in such chronicles; but thus timorously from their "loop-hole retreat," did they look out on the Great Babel; and saw their cherished year of the Beasts go by, and still no change; and then consoled themselves with hoping there was some slight error in the vulgar computation; and so hoped on against hope, and kept in secret their awful memories, and perchance with occasional misgivings of judgment to come, pondered them in their hearts.

At Hadley they had one remarkable visitor, from whom they probably learned much gloomy gossip about things at home. In 1665, John Dixwell joined them, having made his escape to the colonies with astonishing secresy. He seems to have been a venturous fellow, who was far from willing to spend his days in a cellar, and accordingly he soon left them to their own company, and went, nobody knows where; but it is certain that in 1672, he appeared in New Haven as Mr. James Davids, took a wife, and settled down with every sign of a determination to die in his bed. The first Mrs. Davids dying without issue, we find him, a few years after, married again, begetting children, and supporting the reputation of a grave citizen, who kept rather shy of his neighbors, and was fond of long prosy talks with his minister—the successor of Davenport, who seems to have rested from his labors. I wonder if those talks were so prosy? The good wife of the house supposed Mr. Davids and her husband engaged in edifying conclave upon the five points of Calvinism: but who does not envy that drowsy New England pastor the stories he heard of the great events of the Rebellion, from the lips of one who had

* Rev. xi., 8. † Rev. xiii., 18.

himself been an actor therein! How often he filled his pipe, and puffed his pleasure, or laid it down at a more earnest moment, to hear the stirring anecdotes of Oliver; how he looked; how he spoke and commanded! What unwritten histories the pastor must have learned of Strafford,—of Laud,—of Pym pouncing on his quarry,—of how the narrator felt, when he sat as a regicide judge,—and of that right royal face which he had confronted without relenting, with all its combined expressions, of resignation and resolution, of kingly dignity and Christian submission.

Time went on, and the Hadley regicides wasted away in their cellar, while Dixwell thus flourished like a bay-tree in green old age. A letter from Goffe, to his "mother Goldsmith," written in August, 1674, of which a copy is preserved, shows that years had been doing their work on the once bold and stalwart Whalley. "Your old friend Mr. R.," he says, using the feigned initial, "is yet living, but continues in that weak condition. He is scarce capable of any rational discourse (his understanding, memory, and speech, doth so much fail him), and seems not to take much notice of any thing . . . . and it's a great mercy to him, that he hath a friend that takes pleasure in being helpful to him . . . . for though my help be but poor and weak, yet that ancient servant of Christ could not well subsist without it. The Lord help us to profit by all, and to wait with patience upon him, till we shall see what end he will make with us."

Boys grew to men, and little girls marriageable women, while they thus dwelt in the cellar; and the people of Hadley passed in and out of their pastor's door, doubled and trebled in number around his house, and not a soul dreamed that such inhabitants lived amongst them. This remarkable privacy accounts for the historical fact, given as a story in "Peveril of the Peak." * It occurred during the war of King Philip, in 1675, the year following the date of Goffe's letter, and when Whalley must have been far gone in his decline, so that he could not have been the hero, as is so dramatically asserted, by Bridgenorth to Julian Peveril. It was a fast day among the settlers, who were imploring God for deliverance from an expected attack of the savages; and they were all assembled in their rude little meeting-house, around which sentinels were kept on patrol. The house of the pastor was only a few rods distant; and probably, through the miserable panes that let in all the sun-light of their cellar, Goffe watched the invasion of the Indians, and all the horrors of the fight, till the fires of Dunbar began to burn again in his old veins, and overcoming his usual caution, sent him forth to his last achievement in this world, and perhaps his best. Of a sudden, as the settlers were giving up all for lost, and about to submit to a general massacre, a strange apparition was seen among them, exhorting them to rally in the name of God. An old man, with long white locks, and of unusual attire, led the last assault with the most daring bravery. Not doubting that it was an angel of God, they followed up his blows, and in a short time repulsed the savages; but their deliverer was gone. No clue or trace could be found of his coming or going. He was to them as Melchisedeck, "without beginning of life, or end of days;" and their confirmed superstition that the Lord had sent his angel in answer to their prayers, though quite in accordance with their enthusiasm, was doubtless not a little encouraged by the wily pastor himself, as an innocent means of preventing troublesome inquiries. In many parts of New England, it was long regarded as a miracle, and the final disclosure of the secret has spoiled the mystery of a genuine old wives' tale.

About three years after this, Whalley gave his soul to God, and was temporarily buried in the cellar, where he had lived a death-in-life of fourteen years. Russell was now in a great fright, and with good reason, for a new crown officer was at work in New England, with a zealous determination to bring all offenders to justice, and if not the offenders themselves, then somebody instead of them. Edward Randolph, who has left a Judge Jeffreys' reputation in America to this day, was a Jehu for the government, and his feelings towards the regicides are well touched off by Southey, in the words put into his mouth in "Oliver Newman:"—

"Fifteen years,
They have hid among them the two regicides,
Shifting from den to cover, as we found
Where the scent lay. But, earth them as they will,
I shall unkennel them, and from their holes
Drag them to light and justice."

Alarmed by the energetic measures of such a man, Goffe, who was now released from

* Holmes's American Annals, in *Ann.* Also Notes to "Oliver Newman."

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his personal attentions to his friend, appears to have departed from Hadley for a time; while Russell gave currency to a report, that when last seen, he was on his way towards Virginia. It was soon added, that he had been actually recognised in New York, in a farmer's attire, selling cabbages; but he probably went no further than New Haven, where he would naturally visit Dixwell, and so returned to Hadley, whence his last letter bears date, 1679, and where he undoubtedly died the following year.

How the two bodies ever got to New Haven has long been the puzzle. It seems that Russell buried Goffe at first in a grave dug partly on his own premises, and partly on those adjoining, intending by this stratagem to justify himself, should he ever be forced to deny that the bones were in his garden. But, in the years 1680 and 1684, Randolph's fury being at its height, he probably dug up the remains of both the regicides, and sent them to New Haven, where they were interred secretly by Dixwell and the common gravedigger of the place. Some suppose, indeed, that they were not removed till the sad results of the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion had put the colonists in terror of the inexorable Jeffreys. The fate of Lady Alicia Lisle,—herself the widow of a regicide,—who had suffered for concealing two of the Duke's followers, may very naturally have alarmed the prudent Russell, and led him to remove all traces of his share in harboring Goffe and Whalley. His friendship for two "unjust judges" seems to have led him to dread the acquaintance of a third. As for Dixwell, he lived on in New Haven, maintaining the character of Mr. James Davids with great respectability, and so quietly, that Randolph seems never to have suspected that a third regicide was hiding in America. He had one narrow escape, nevertheless, from another zealous partisan of the crown, quite as lynx-eyed, and even more notorious in American history. In 1685, Sir Edmund Andross paid a visit to New Haven, and was present at the public worship of the inhabitants, when James Davids did not fail to be in his usual place, nor by his dignity of person and demeanor to attract the special notice of Sir Edmund, who probably began to think he had got scent of Goffe himself. After the solemnities were over, he made very particular inquiries as to the remarkable-looking worshipper, but suffered himself to be diverted from more searching measures, by the natural and unstudied description which he received of Mr. Davids and his interesting family. It was well that they could answer so unaffectedly, for Andross was ready to pick a quarrel with them, conceiving himself to have received a great affront at the religious exercise which he had honored with his presence. It seems the clerk had felt it his duty to select a psalm not incapable of a double application, and which accordingly had hit Sir Edmund in a tender part, by singing "to the praise and glory of God" the somewhat insinuating stave—

> "Why dost thou, tyrant, boast abroad,
> Thy wicked works to praise."

After this, though for forty years the righteous blood of a murdered king had been crying against him, Dixwell's hoar hairs were suffered to come to the grave in a peace he had denied to others, in 1688. Meantime, that king had lain in his cerements at Windsor, "taken away from the evil to come," and undisturbed alike by the malice that pursued his name, and the far more grievous contempt that fell on his martyr-memory from the conduct of his two sons, false as they were to his honor, recreant to his pure example, and apostate to the holy faith for which he died. Such sons had at last accomplished for the house of Stuart that ruin which other enemies had, in vain, endeavored; and two weeks after James Davids was laid in his grave, came news which was almost enough to wake him from the dead. "The glorious Revolution," as it is called, was a "crowning mercy" to the colonies; and the friends of the late regicide now boldly produced his will, and submitted it to probate. It devised to his heirs a considerable estate in England, and described his own style and title as "John Dixwell, *alias* James Davids, of the Priory of Folkestone, in the county of Kent, Esquire."

After my visit to the West Rock, I went in the early twilight to the graves of the three regicides. I found them in the rear of one of the meeting-houses, in the square, very near together, and scarcely noticeable in the grass. They are each marked by rough blocks of stone, having one face a little smoothed, and rudely lettered. Dixwell's tomb-stone is far better than the others, and bears the fullest and most legible inscription. It is possibly a little more than two feet high, of a red sand-stone, quite thick and heavy, and reads thus:—"I. D., Esq., deceased March ye 18th, in y. 82^d year of his age, 1688-9." To make

anything of Whalley's memorial, I was obliged to stoop down to it, and examine it very closely. I copied it, head and foot, into my tablets, nor did I notice, at the time, any peculiarity, but took down the inscription, as I supposed correctly, "1658, E. W." While I was busy about this, there came along one of the students, escorting a young lady, who, bending down to the headstone of Goffe's grave, examined it a few minutes attentively, and then started up, and went away with her happy protector, exclaiming, "I must leave it to Old Mortality, for I can see nothing at all." I found it as she had said, and left it without any better satisfaction; but, during the evening, happening to mention these facts, I was shown a drawing of both Goffe's and Whalley's memorials; by help of which, on repeating my visit early next morning, I observed the very curious marks which give them additional interest. Looking more carefully at Whalley's headstone, one observes a 7 strongly blended with the 5, in the date which I had copied; so that it may be read as I had taken it, or it may be read 1678, the true date of Whalley's demise. This same cipher is repeated on the footstone, and is evidently intentional. Nor is the grave of Goffe less curious. The stone is at first read, "M. G., 80;" but, looking closer, you discover a superfluous line cut under the M, to hint that it must not be taken for what it seems. It is in fact a W reversed, and the whole means, "W. G., 1685;" the true initials and date of death of William Goffe. If Dixwell was not himself the engraver of these rude devices, he doubtless contrived them; and they have well accomplished their purpose, of avoiding detection in their own day, and attracting notice in ours.

There was something that touched me, in spite of myself, in thus standing by these rude graves, and surveying the last relics of men born far away in happy English homes, who once made a figure among the great men and were numbered with the lawful senators of a free and prosperous state! I own that, for a moment, I checked my impulses of pity, and thought whether it would not be virtuous to imitate the Jews in Palestine, who to this day throw a pebble at Absalom's pillar as they pass it in the King's Dale, to show their horror of the rebel's unnatural crime. But I finally concluded that it was better to be a Christian in my hate as well as in my love, and to take no worse revenge than to recite over the ashes of the regicides that sweet prayer for the 30th of January, which magnifies God for the grace given to the royal martyr, "by which he was enabled, in a constant meek suffering of all barbarous indignities, to resist unto blood, and then, according to the Saviour's pattern, to pray for his murderers."

Two hundred years have gone, well nigh, and those mean graves continue in their dishonor, while the monarchy which their occupants once supposed they had destroyed is as unshaken as ever. Nor must it be unnoticed, that the church which they thought to pluck up, root and branch, has borne a healthful daughter that chants her venerable service in another hemisphere, and so near these very graves that the bones of Goffe and Whalley must fairly shake at Christmas, when the organ swells, hard-by, with the voices of thronging worshippers, who still keep "the superstitious time of the Nativity," even in the Puritans' own land and city. What a conclusion to so much crime and bloodshed! Such a sepulture, thought I, instead of a green little barrow in some quiet churchyard of England, "fast by their fathers' graves!" Had these poor men been contented with peace and loyalty, such graves they might have found under the eaves of the same parish church that registered their christening; the very bells tolling for their funeral that pealed when they took their brides. How much better the "village Hampden" than the wide-world's Whalley; and how enviable the uncouth rhyme and the yeoman's honest name on the stone that loving hands have set, compared with these coward initials and memorials that skulk in the grass!

Sta, viator, *judicem* calcas!

A judge, before whose unblenching face the sacred majesty of England once stood upon deliverance, and awaited the stern issues of life and death; an *unjust judge*, who, for daring to sit in judgment, must yet come forth from this obscure grave, and give answer unto Him who is judge of quick and dead.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone!"

These opening lines of the simple dirge in *Cymbeline* found ready passage from our lips as we hung up in our Gallery its last accession, the portrait we this month engrave. Shakspeare, in his mastery of the human heart, here paints feelings which bring their meed of consolation, if not of rejoicing, to the mourners for the Early Dead. He would have us think of them as not alone at rest but in security. No further anxieties; no more unquiet thoughts! Gaze on that gentle face and call to mind that trouble can come there no more; that the weariness of hope deferred cannot longer torment; that those temples may not pulsate with pain, nor those eyes send down their showers; and then, while with us you weep for so much promise too soon taken away, you can even say, "It is well!" and think that the haven found is a bright exchange for the storms that rage without, threatening with destruction the barks yet exposed to their fury.

Soon after our gifted contributor's decease, we gave our readers a brief memoir of her literary career. The sketch was slightly done—the work of a single sitting; but was received with some degree of interest, as the first attempt at the poetess's biography. Since then many valuable contributions have reached us; and we find a kind of duty imposed on us now to give a fuller if not more faithful account, gathered from the rich materials which have found their way to our hands.

Mary Anne Browne, the eldest of three children, was born at her father's house, Maidenhead Thicket, Berks, on the 24th of September, 1812. Paternally she derived descent from Sir Anthony Browne, a Kentish baronet, the lineal ancestor of the Lords Montagu. Her mother, after whom she was named, was the only surviving child of Captain John Simmons, of Liverpool; and her maternal grandmother was the daughter of Thomas Briarly, Esq., the representative of a well-known Lancashire family. The house in which Miss Browne was born has been long since removed; but, in a brief autobiography, written in 1840, we find an interesting recollection of its appearance: "I have a distinct remembrance of my birth-place," she wrote, "though the cottage has been for many years pulled down and replaced by a very ugly red brick mansion. It was a low, thatched building; the walls and porch were partially covered with roses, honeysuckles, and other creeping plants; before the door was a large green plat, in the centre of which stood an old apple tree, celebrated through the neighborhood for the excellence and abundance of its produce; and a large garden, full, if I remember rightly, of very beautiful flowers, was attached. There were many trees round the dwelling; and in my childish mind I well remember I used to compare it to a bird's nest." Here, with the exception of a short time passed in Liverpool, when she was two years old, the opening four years of her life were spent—four years, which, in their brief compass, sufficed to show all the leading tendencies of her mind; and to her watchful parents, to indicate the gifts of their child—her heritage of weal or woe.

The dawning of the human mind is, to its individual possessor, lost in clouds and thick darkness; but to the calm spectator, light is seen to glimmer and struggle through the unformed chaos, "shining more and more unto the perfect day." The young child's reason awoke almost immediately; an unwonted precocity of thought, united with great quickness of apprehension, and a most retentive memory, speedily developed themselves; and intellect and life might be said almost to have commenced simultaneously. When two years of age, she could read fluently, having acquired the faculty not by the slow, heartbreaking process of mastering first the individual syllables, but by forming an immediate acquaintance with the words themselves. Every *word*, once declared to her, was remembered as an old friend, and its pronunciation and meaning always kept in mind. Her education was almost wholly imparted at

home; and her father, who was well qualified for the duty, was her first preceptor. Mr. Browne is yet living, and we feel some delicacy in alluding, therefore, to his personal fitness for such an office; yet we are assured that his own intellectual tastes exercised their natural influence on his daughter's expanding mind, and while they made her acquainted with the stores of wealth laid up in her country's literature, prompted also the desire to possess similar acquirements. Mr. Browne had a fine voice; and the winter evenings, when the fireside showed its attractions, were devoted to the perusal of favorite volumes, of which he was generally the reader. The miscellaneous knowledge placed in the reach of a whole family, by this happy mode, cannot be over-estimated; while the power of selection, confided to a judicious head, contributes also its own value—a point on which it is unnecessary to enlarge.

When Mary Anne was four years old, the family were constrained to leave their house at the Thicket, owing to its too limited accommodation. They reluctantly quitted their lovely little cottage, and moved to the other side of the high road, where Mr. Browne had erected a more spacious residence, called The Elms, from some fine trees near it. Already—as we read of Pope—our poetess had, in some measure, taught herself writing, by imitating the printed characters in an old prayer-book; and here she began to "to warble her native wood-notes," and give expression to the thoughts that started into being within. Paper, pens, and ink, were esteemed treasures, on which alone pocket-money was worthily bestowed; and an itinerant vender, who supplied the neighborhood with these acquisitions, and with millinery and sweetmeats, found all his stores set aside, untouched, until his "stationery" was uncovered. At the same time books, the "comforters of her childish sorrows, and companions of her happiness," as she calls them, began to increase in number with her; and a love for their possession was excited, which never passed away but with life itself.

The beauteous scenery around her Berkshire home made no vain appeal to the young dreamer's senses; but afforded out-of-door delights equalling, if not surpassing, her pleasant studies within. Near at hand was the broad, bright channel of old Father Thames, dividing in twain by a pathway of silver, a district not unworthily named The Garden of England, and inviting to a thousand pleasant wanderings along his sheltered banks. And the neighboring common was redolent with fragrant gorse and wild-flowers, and led away to woods, vocal with birds in the summer season, and protected against the biting colds of winter. Who could else than be a belated wanderer at times with such attractions? "I shall let my reader at once," she writes in a characteristic passage, "into the whole round of my simple pleasures and pursuits. I need not say how I loved flowers and birds and butterflies, and all the population of the fields and woods; how I looked every spring for the first violet or primrose, as for a courier announcing the return of a crowd of dearly-loved friends; nor how I loved to wander away from home, forgetting the time and the distance; nor how the sunset was looked forward to, on a fine summer day, as if it were some splendid pageant. Neither need I detail the affectionate lectures on colds and chilblains, and torn frocks and wet shoes and idleness, which I was sure to receive on my return home." On one remarkable occasion, during these wanderings, an incident befell her which created such deep mental impressions as to constitute an epoch in her spirit's history, which we feel called upon more particularly to allude to.

Although none can remember the first enkindling of reason within him, yet there are many, we believe, who, among the records of their early experience, preserve the memory of a time and season when, by a sudden impulse, they "put away childish things;" when a burst of glory seemed to have been poured around them, and they arose, like Saul on his way to Damascus, at first blinded and confused, but straightway enlightened and directed of heaven. Ordinary things may be near; the scene of the occurrence may be familiar as one's own home; and, save by their own bounding hearts, the day may be unchronicled from any other of the seven; but a memorable hour has come for them, and when it has passed away they are no more what they were. A gift and a power have fallen upon them; new feelings, new aspirations become their own. In a word, the uncertain thoughts of childhood are exchanged for the decision of character which marks maturer years. Shelley describes, in verse of exquisite beauty, the "sweet May-dawn" that "burst his spirit's sleep" when the Muse found him, in his school-boy attire,

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alone and sorrowful, and gave him his vocation as her worshipper for ever. We find the subject of this sketch in one of her latest poems, "The Moorland Child," attempting a similar delineation of her feelings at the time when the change came and translated her into a new world of enlarged existence. In this remarkable poem—remarkable, if for no other reason than for its having been one of the few with a personal reference; she tells us of a young child who, attracted in her simplicity by the glories of the beautiful world around, loved more than her home, its flowers, and bees, or her own small garden, an "over-cultured spot," the wide common which she had made her chosen playing ground. She paints her delight in straying alone midst the heather and furze in search of the red strawberry, the hare-bell, and fragrant wild thyme—her simple song carolling forth in reply to the birds, and her light-hearted shout ringing out, when the leveret came leaping from his hiding-place in the fern; and then she tells of a time when the child's spirit became sorrowful with too early thought—

"There was one evening when the West
Was all a flood of gold;
And to the East, in lazy rest,
The floating clouds were rolled;
And the young crescent moon began
To shed her silver ray,
And one pale star shone white and wan,
Beside the dying day.

"The child went bounding o'er the heath,
Then suddenly she stayed;
It seemed as if her very breath
Its even thrill delayed:
She held her hand above her brow,
And ceased her childish song;
Her cheek grew deeper in its glow,
And her heart beat high and strong.

"Slowly her dark eyes filled with tears,
And so she stood and gazed:
And yet that sunset west for years
Had just as brightly blazed:
Yet never, till that evening hour,
The careless laughing one
Had felt the magic and the power
Of that declining sun.

"Oh, who may tell what thronging dreams
And thoughts unknown till then,
Crowded, like freshly-opened streams,
Upon her heart and brain?
How did her very spirit yearn,
Beneath that sudden life!
How did her inmost bosom burn
Amidst that stirring strife!

"And tenderness, and solemn thought,
Unnamed, unknown, were there;
And so within her bosom wrought
A home for future care;
The passion of that hour went by,
Its thrilling magic past,
But, oh, its bright strange memory
Will haunt her to the last!"

Wild thoughts these for a child of seven years! for although their poetical expression was reserved for a far later period, the date of their origin could be traced to that almost infantine season.

We have some lines by us, which must have been written in her ninth year, if we may decide from their subject matter—the death of Queen Caroline. The sufferings of that ill-used woman, which awoke the general indignation of the people, were of engrossing interest to the dwellers in the vicinity of Windsor. *They* seemed to feel a home-interest in all the Queen's persecutions; for to them she was endeared by a host of personal reminiscences, weaving stronger ties than could the quick sense of her wrongs, or the vague attractions of her royalty. The theme was an exciting one to the young Muse, and was eagerly and not unskilfully attempted. In the course of the following year, she made some essays at dramatic writing, of what nature it is impossible to say, since these and the greater part of her earlier productions were destroyed almost as soon as penned. She wrote, less for the sake of praise than for the relief of her own ever-crowding imaginings. Certain thoughts will at times haunt the brain, like busy phantoms, until they are "laid" by calm investigation; and the pen is like a wizard's wand, mighty to bid the disquieting shadows depart. At what time Miss Browne's poetry first found its way to the printer's hands, we cannot tell, but we believe we are right in naming, as the medium, the *Berkshire Chronicle*, to the "poet's corner" of which she often contributed, so early as 1826. The *Chronicle* was published in the neighboring town of Reading, and at this time was conducted by Mr. Hansall, a man of considerable taste and discrimination. He acted the part of a literary adviser; suggested good models; pointed out with kindness her deficiencies, and recommended application and study, as necessary guides for the genius she so evidently possessed:—

"——— Che seggendo in piuma
In Fama non si vien, ne sotto coltre;
Sanza la qual chi sua vita consuma.
Cotel vestigio in terra di se lascia
Qual fummo in aere, ed in acqua la schiuma."*

* Inferno, c. xxiv.

In May, 1827, in her fifteenth year, appeared her first volume—*Mont Blanc and other Poems*, dedicated by permission to the Princess Augusta. The leading poem, which gave the book its name, is in the Spenserian stanza; and its inspiration is evidently derived from Lord Byron. Not that we mean to assert any direct or excessive plagiarism; but the favorite author is visible throughout, and gives a tone to the whole composition. This is the wonted mistake of young writers; the model is made a copy, and the end lost sight of, in admiration of the guide. About forty minor poems, and a few sacred pieces, complete the volume; and in these we find more distinct traces of the author's peculiar genius. There is the same musical rhythm, which she knew so well to preserve in all variations of measure—the same keen appreciation of the outward world—the same delicate painting of feelings, and their mysterious impulses. As we might expect in the productions of so young a person, Imagination had more sway than Reflection; but the book, despite of its writer's inexperience, contained so much genuine poetry, and was yet more marked by such promise, that it met the most gratifying success, was largely received, and as extensively praised. And perhaps one of its most pleasing fruits was the speedy introduction it brought to Miss Mitford, then residing at Three Mile Cross, near Reading, and a happy friendship with that gifted writer. Very soon after the publication of *Mont Blanc*, Miss Browne wrote, and had printed in the form of a small pamphlet, a poem called *The Widow*, being the history and misfortunes of a poor woman living in her neighborhood, who had lost her all by the accidental conflagration of her cottage. This little work was never placed in a bookseller's hands, but was disposed of among the writer's friends, who knew the poor woman's history and the philanthropic object Miss Browne contemplated in the sale. It was pleasing to add, that the result was all that she could desire. A sum of money was raised, more than sufficient to replace all the losses sustained by the fire; and the widow's heart was made to sing for joy by the possession of many comforts which hitherto had been wholly beyond her reach.

The year following the publication of *Mont Blanc*, was marked by the appearance of another volume of poetry, *Ada*, which was equally well received. In a brief address, the writer thought it advisable to state that the principal poem of her book had been ready for the press more than a twelvemonth, and had been intentionally delayed from the desire that her works should not follow each other too rapidly. Short as was the interval, there are sure signs of progress in *Ada*. The poetess had now, in some degree, proved her wings, and was satisfied to trust their self-sustaining power. She is no longer a copyist, but dares to look within, and trace the thousand streams of thought, through all their wanderings, to their fountain-head—the heart. The colors of her imagination have not grown colder, but there is more harmony in their arrangement, and each individual painting shows a hand at once strengthened and made skilful by practice. She now took her place among the leading female writers of the day, and a high degree of interest became attached to one of genius so youthful, yet so full of promise. Her contributions were willingly admitted into the chief literary journals, while a prouder tribute than any public applause was conveyed to her, through Mr. Hansall, in the wish of Coleridge* to form her acquaintance.

* Since everything relative to the author of *Kubla Khan* and the *Ancient Mariner*, must possess interest, we transcribe the poet's letter. The original MS. lies before us:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'BERKSHIRE CHRONICLE.'

"Highgate, Tuesday, 29th Sept., 1828.

"SIR—I am extremely surprised to observe, by last Saturday's *Chronicle*, that you have not inserted my communication relative to the gross plagiarisms of your correspondent of the previous week. I am not in general in the habit of noticing such matters; but when I do, it is rather as a public imposture than a private injury, and I would have expected, under such circumstances, that my letter would have been alluded to; and I may add, that I certainly expect at your hand, and *de novo*, an acknowledgment of your error, or inserting the original epigram. I do not wish to be peremptory, but I mean to be *firm*. When I was myself for some time connected with a journal of the same political principles, and, I may add, conducted with equal talent to your own, my leading axiom always was, to be equally impartial in literary as well as political impostures, and give to both a merited share of exposure and abuse.

"I understand from Messrs. Longman that Miss Browne, of your part of the country, is in the habit of being frequently in London. On her next arrival, my publishers will be glad to give her my address, and I shall be proud, in my old age, to meet a young lady who promises so fairly to adorn the era of my literary successors.

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"P. S.—My friend, Mr. Gilman, has just re-

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Until her sixteenth year, Miss Browne had not been absent from her home at The Elms for any length of time; but the summer and autumn of the year 1828 were passed at Swansea, in Wales. The contrast between the soft beauties of Berkshire, and the wild but picturesque scenery of South Wales, must have powerfully affected her mind. Now, for the first time, she made acquaintance with the ocean, and the lone sternness of stupendous mountain scenery; and new ideas must have been gathered in from the contemplation of these, the mightiest works in nature. On leaving Wales, she returned, not to the early home of her childhood, but to a new residence at Isleworth, distant about twelve miles from London. Worton Lodge, where, during her absence, the family had removed to, was a large mansion, a short time previously in occupation of Lord James Hay. Judging from letters written at the time, the change was not made without much sacrifice of feeling. To her early home and its beautiful vicinage, her thoughts returned with untiring fondness, and like all other memories of deprivation, when hallowed and softened by time, they afforded calm delight in their contemplation. Alluding to this capability of deriving happiness from the recollection of beloved, but faraway, scenes, we find her, many years afterwards, saying:—

"Often in the crowded city, in the solitude of my little apartment, in the still deeper solitude of sickness, have I thanked God for this power of drawing pleasure and beauty from a spring that never fails. Scenes beheld years ago, picturing incidents even in the days of childhood, arise before me again, and ever with unwearying solace. There are some old scenes beheld in early childhood which I always recall with pleasure. There is a kind of magic about them, probably the effect of the fresh heart and feelings I brought to their enjoyment, which those of future days do not possess so completely."

Again—

"To me the world is full of the picturesque. Ever since I can remember I have been continually storing my memory with scenes and fragments of scenery which at the time have given the idea of *pictures*. My childhood was peculiarly rich in visions of beauty. Fairy tales I read, until my heated imagination conjured up the highly colored and unnatural scenes they described. In the lovely world without, The Beautiful met me at every turn—it glanced upon me from every flower—there seemed to be a beauty pervading everything around me, an impalpable spirit that hallowed all."

minded me that it is Miss Browne's father, who is in the habit of coming to London. Him I shall be equally delighted to see, provided he can bring me some specimens of the productions of his talented daughter."

This is gracefully said, and we know it to be the expression of genuine feeling.

Her visits to town, which hitherto had been few and far between, became now more frequent and of longer continuance. At Mr. Jerdan's house, Brompton, she was a welcome guest; and with his daughters, her own equals in age, she was in habits of intimacy. Another friend, who received her with the greatest kindness, was the gifted painter, Martin. His evening receptions were crowded with the most eminent *cognoscenti* in the Fine Arts, and everything going on in the world of letters was familiarly canvassed there by celebrated names. Some of our readers will remember the late Dr. Borthwick Gilchrist's *conversaziones*, and to such, a mere allusion will be sufficient; to others, however, we may explain that this gentleman, a Scot, having realized, in India, a princely fortune, settled in London, and in the season threw open his rooms to poets, painters, and authors of all grades. Here, too, the young poetess made the personal acquaintance of many eminent litterateurs. We may not omit mention of leal-hearted Allan Cunningham, at whose hands our young minstrel met much friendly attention; nor of that good man, Professor Rennie, who forwarded her views to the utmost of his power. Indeed, we are not to wonder at the general feeling of admiration she created; for, apart from authorship, and the fame it had brought her, her manners and appearance, at this time, were highly prepossessing. A brunette, with large, dark eyes, softened by a shade of melancholy—the richest profusion of raven ringlets—features, pleasing if not decidedly handsome—and a graceful figure; to these attractions were added a winning address—a guileless openhearted disposition that thought no evil, and never offended by an unkind word, and a frankness—"not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it."* The notice she received would have been dangerous to a mind of inferior organization; but her own good sense drew the line of separation between the praise that appreciates, and the adulation that but sickens, and from the latter she ever turned with a loathing which those who knew her best, knew was unaffected. Yet, the over-excitement induced by such scenes, where everything was new and dazzling to one just emerged from the quiet atmosphere of home, was not beneficial to either health or

* Sterne.

spirits—it tinged, with a morbidness hitherto unknown, her very poetry. Alluding to some verses of this kind she had sent the *Literary Gazette*, for the opening number of 1830, the editor, in the true spirit of a well-wisher, remonstrated on this evil tendency:—

"I was sorry," he wrote, "I did not see you the other day, and more sorry to insert your very affecting verses in the *Literary Gazette*. But, my dear girl, you must not yield to feelings of morbid melancholy, nor indulge too far in imaginative sorrows. You are too young, I trust, for real ones; yet these lines appear to be too much grafted on excited sensibility. I entreat you, as a friend, not to suffer vague notions of love or mystical exhalations of religion to misguide your mind. The earthly passion ought to be beautiful and cheering to you, and the heavenly one consolatory and soothing. What have you to do with images of death? Be natural, be happy, and let your genius take its fair and pleasant way."

This was wise counsel, reflecting all honor on the well-minded giver, for which reason he will pardon our quoting him, without his definite permission to do so; and it was received with the thankfulness we should have looked for. "I think Jerdan," the diary of the same date remarks, "a kind-hearted man. His last letter to me *proves* it." A return to her quiet country home induced a restoration of her olden tranquillity, and brought back health to her mind and body. Her own intense delight at her deliverance from what was felt a thraldom, is sufficiently seen in the following extract:—

"I never felt such a palpable revolution of thought and feeling as took place on my journey here. Between Brentford and Isleworth, London seemed a dizzy dream. I was like a bird of the air restored from captivity to my native element. . . . . I put down both windows of the coach, and let the sweet air breathe in on me, and it brought my old feelings back with a thrill gladdening like the breath of spring."

It was about this time, Miss Browne's third volume, *Repentance and other Poems*, appeared. The pieces were chiefly religious; and among them were several that have since become favorites with the public, such as "The Sleepers," "Thy Kingdom come," "Who loves me best?" and others of a similar caste. About this time, too, she met and became acquainted with the late Miss Landon, who was then in the zenith of her fame. It was strange that two who differed so widely in almost every habit of thought, should have become such fast friends. Our young poetess was the creature of the country, having for her dearest companions wild birds and flowers; L. E. L. had been nurtured wholly in the city, which she loved as devotedly as did Dr. Johnson or Charles Lamb. We do not desire to form any contrast of comparison, which might disparage either, and shall not enlarge on their differences of character. Miss Landon came to visit her friend at Worton Lodge, on the latter's return, of which we have before spoken; and here the acquaintance, begun amid the gaiety of London, ripened into sincere attachment. "The more I know L. E. L.," she enthusiastically wrote to a friend, "the more I like her." Years afterwards, when the unlooked-for tidings of that young being's decease on a foreign strand were brought home, the tide of her friend's affection poured itself forth in a Lament of which we must quote a few stanzas:—

"I knew thee first when early dreams
Were crowding in my soul:
Ere hope and fancy's gushing streams
Had learned the world's control;
Circled with all fame's dazzling sheen,
Thou wert of poesy the queen.

"Thy lays were read in solitude,
And praised with silent tears,
For they were of the fervent mood
So loved in early years;
Those charmed initials known as thine,
There was a magic in the sign!

"I met thee in thy palmiest days,
And thou didst condescend,
In gentle speech, in lovely lays,
To name me as thy friend;
I was a passing dream to thee—
Thou wast a lasting thought to me!"

Mr. Browne's family removed to the north of England in the summer of 1831. Their first residence was at Bootle, a village on the Mersey, in the immediate vicinity of Liverpool. Here they remained only for a brief period, the locality having been found inconvenient; and it was deemed advisable to remove into Liverpool, where a house was taken in Soho-street, then in the outskirts, but now, we believe, swallowed up by the encroachments of the leviathan of towns. As a literary place, Liverpool cannot be said to rank high. It is an exchange, an emporium for the western world, a scene of unending trafficking, the Tyre of England; but it is not a locale where mind predominates, or where book-lovers are in a majority. Miss Browne's new house was, as might be looked for, in consequence, deficient in those intellectual delights which she knew so well to appreci-

ate. Alluding to the subject, at a period long subsequent, she thus wrote:—"I can myself speak feelingly on the subject of literary isolation. Residing for the last twelve years at a distance from the metropolis; cut off almost entirely from the society or correspondence of literary persons, and with few acquaintances possessing even literary taste, I have found my intellectual life a continual striving against the stream—an effort at self-sustenance almost beyond my powers. Had I not loved literary employment very deeply and very dearly for its own sake, I should long ago have thrown down my pen in despair, and abandoned a pursuit, with which those, by whom I was surrounded, had so little sympathy." Still Liverpool was highly advantageous to our author as a dwelling-place, and produced on her mind the happiest influences. She found there many estimable friends, and some not unknown to fame. Among the most valued were the gifted Chorleys, of Saint Anne-street, and Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, who, "of all her literary friends," she used to say, "knew her mind the best." Previous to her change of residence, she had been for some time in correspondence with Mr. W. B. Chorley, chiefly in relation to the *Winter's Wreath*, an Annual under his superintendence, to which she had often contributed. The opportunity, long wished for on both sides, of a better acquaintance than by letters, was now presented, and many delightful hours were spent with the members of this interesting family. Such meetings, too, were enhanced by the occasional presence of kindred spirits, like Miss Jewsbury (afterwards Mrs. Fletcher), the Howitts, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and other talented writers. Miss Browne's attention was directed by the same friends to the wealth of German literature; and the proficiency she ere long made in its study, induces only the regret that her time and thoughts were not sufficiently free to enable her to devote herself systematically to its full acquisition. Out of a few translations we select one specimen, a spirited version of Theodore Körner's famous

"SWORD SONG.

"Sword! on my left side gleaming,
What means thy radiant beaming?
So bright thou look'st on me,
'Tis joy to gaze on thee.
Hurrah!

"'A gallant warrior bears me,
I'm raptured that he wears me,
A freeman is my lord,
And joyful is the sword!'
Hurrah!

"Yes, sword, a freeman loves thee,
As true and stanch he proves thee,
And clasps thee to his side,
As a beloved bride!
Hurrah!

"'To thee have I devoted
My iron-life unspotted;
Each shall in each confide—
When wilt thou fetch thy bride?'
Hurrah!

"When the red morning flashes,
And trumpet's music gushes,
When cannons roar and flame,
Will I the Dear One claim.
Hurrah!

"'Oh, blest embracing, thronging
My soul with feverish longing:
Thou, bridegroom, fetch me soon,
My crown shall be thy boon!'
Hurrah!

"Why clink'st thou thus for pleasure,
Thou radiant iron-treasure;
With joy tempestuous,
My sword, why clink'st thou thus?
Hurrah!

"'Well, well may I be thrilling:
I long to be fulfilling
My hope's resistless glow,
And therefore clink I so.'
Hurrah!"

A series of Fairy Tales for fireside amusement was commenced—each member of the little coterie to furnish his or hers in an appointed succession. One of these, written by Miss Browne, found its way anonymously to our own pages,* and its after fate deserves recording. A German lady, who had travelled in Ireland, gave it in her "Tour" for a legend she had picked up herself among our peasantry; and Mr. Shoberl, unaware of its true origin, retranslated it into English for the *Forget Me Not* of 1845 (pp. 205–220), where it duly re-appeared after its twofold transmutation. This graceful little story was Miss Browne's first contribution to our Magazine.

Liverpool was destined, also, in the wisest hands, to lead her mind to a change, the greatest she had yet experienced, because it related to higher things than of this world—the most extensive, because it brought a happiness, not based on excite-

* *The Fairy Shoe.* UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, January, 1839.

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ment, and which remained with her latter end. Her mind had been always serious, and her respect for divine things full and unfeigned. But religion, hitherto, had been with her too much of a natural character—the tribute of a spirit that saw on every side a beautiful world, and, without knowing Him, worshipped its Maker. Were this the place to analyse such impressions, or ours the pen to do it, we might, in showing their commonness, fitly designate them "the religion of the Imagination"—the most perilous, because the most fascinating to young, ardent minds. How much have all its followers to unlearn, before they become wise! Our highly-endowed friend was now to exchange fancy for faith, and submit her reason to the mysteries of Revelation. She did so, and she thus found peace—the peace that passes understanding. This was in the summer of 1832.

Narrow as our limits are, we cannot bring ourselves to suppress an incident which closely followed this change we have spoken of. On a visit to Chester, made at this time, Miss Browne was introduced to the Rev. Mr.———, a well known Socinian clergyman of the place. He started the controverted theme, which she now felt to be her all in all, and argued with all the skill of a practised debater against its truth. But he failed in confuting the simple and scriptural replies of his youthful opponent; and at last, he requested a written statement of her positions, promising to overturn every one of them in a written reply. We have perused the treatise on Christian Evidences, which was drawn up in consequence, and admire its cogency of reasoning, no less than its happy and conciliating tone. Women, it is said, are but poor adepts in the science of induction, because they reach the conclusion before they have well-nigh established the premises. But here nothing is anticipated—nothing is strained. The arrangement is lucid, and the accumulation of proof, to a candid mind, irresistible. A copy was laid before Mr. ———, according to his request, but there was no reply. The disputer remained silent.

This same summer of 1832 was memorable as bringing with it the first of those visits to Ireland, which were almost annually repeated, until her permanent settlement here ten years after, consequent on her marriage. On this first occasion she landed at Warrenpoint, and made a pleasant sejour with some friends near Newry. In the month of May of the following year, she visited Cork, and received such agreeable impressions of its beautiful neighborhood, as afterwards to select it for a residence, when she came to dwell in Ireland. Four or five years had now elapsed since the publication of *Repentance*, but silence was now broken by the appearance of a small volume of poetry, called *The Coronal*, which was issued in 1833, during her Cork visit. In 1834, a companion volume, *The Birthday Gift*, was published; and, along with its predecessor, immediately attained the honor of a second edition. The pieces contained in the latter were, as Mr. Wordsworth kindly wrote of them to a mutual friend—"remarkable both for tenderness and poetical spirit." "We have read," the amiable bard goes on to say, "and been much pleased with, the animated piece in which the course of a river is traced from its fountain to the sea. This was not less interesting to me, on account of its reminding me of Coleridge's intention of writing a poem to be called, The Brook, and of my own Duddon." We need scarcely add, the praise so gently given was always referred to by Miss Browne, as furnishing one of her happiest recollections in reference to her little book.

Ignatia, her next volume, was published in 1838; and was, at the time, reviewed in our own pages (August, 1839, pp. 171–173). In preference, therefore, to any repetition of our own critical judgment, we select a few passages from a letter, written to the author, on the appearance of her new publication, by a highly distinguished friend. "The poem," he wrote, "is a very beautiful one, and nobly sustained throughout. I doubted not that you could write as you have written, but I did doubt your ability to concentrate your thoughts as you have done, and to fuse them down. . . . It is clear that you have been severely critical upon yourself, and quite as clear that you have gained by it. What I mean is this—there is scarcely a line too much in the poem. . . . I admire the exquisite harmony of *Ignatia*. I cannot find any defect in the rhythm. The measure is suited to the earnestness of the subject, for which a dancing measure would be as out of place as a Fool's cap and bells upon a Philosopher. But one thing pains me—to think what terrible experiences your mind must have had, to be able to describe them so well." This last is in allusion to the heroine's sorrows, who, disappointed in her

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husband's fidelity, carries with her a broken heart to the grave.

In the year 1839, she took her place among our own contributors, as we have before incidentally mentioned; and from that time forth her literary history will be chiefly gathered from our pages. Without offensively alluding to ourselves, we may take on us to assert that her best poetry was that given to our own Magazine. It was her latest, her best finished, that in which her ripened genius displayed all its richness; and upon it assuredly the main foundation of her fame must rest. In the August of this year she commenced for us a series of prose tales, entitled "Recollections of a Portrait Painter," which were continued at intervals until they amounted to about a dozen in number. These sketches, we have been assured, were all founded on truth; and the writer, under the guize of a professed *artiste*, embodied memories brought from her own childhood or after years. The "Recollections" had their faults, and faults of that nature that we often desired the stories themselves untrue; they were at times painful to read, because too much unrelieved by any bright tints. Each was a miniature tragedy, which we gazed on until we were "brimful of horrors." Some, of course, were less distressing than others; but the pervading hues were all too sombre, and the dark passions in man and woman introduced overmuch on the canvas. When we criticise, with such plainness of speech, what we ourselves gave to the world, it follows that many beauties to counterbalance these faults, must have existed in the sketches. And such we believe the case. They possess vigor, pathos, and skill in analysation of character, united with much knowledge of human nature. The stories all have their unobtrusive moral; for the sorrows that gather round the chief actors in them are shown to have been in every instance "the fruit of their own doings."

A tiny volume of *Sacred Poetry* was the next addition to Miss Browne's publications. It appeared in 1840, and was not unworthy of any of its predecessors. Few save those who have thought and felt much, and whose souls are filled with the sense of the sublimity of the theme, and the incapability of man to honor it aright, know the difficulties of sacred poetry. By a strange anomaly, which we have no inclination to investigate here, no verse is more common in our own day than that which is miscalled "religious;" but bald rhymes and school-boy stanzas are its general characteristics, while to these are too often joined those irreverent expressions of erratic rapture, which Heber well declared to be painful almost as the profanities of the common swearer. Sacred poetry should be "poetry," in the most exalted sense of that exalted word. It demands the highest efforts of the Muse, and when it fails to receive them, it perishes through its own inanity. And its scope should be emphatically "sacred;" hallowed fire must first touch the lips of the poet, ere he breaks silence. No Uzzah hand should be put forth to grasp the ark of God, even with the plea of supporting it. The praise we bestow on Miss Browne's little volume is this, that it adheres to the double rule. It is poetry of a high order, and a holy character. Much of its contents bring to one's mind the fervid pleading of our own elder poets; and we might point to the "Prayer for Spiritual Life," and "Praise and Prayer," as possessing the unction of excellent George Herbert.

Miss Browne's marriage took place in the latter end of 1842, and soon after she came to reside at Sunday's Well, in the beautiful environs of Cork. We have conscientiously abstained in this sketch, hitherto, from any unwarrantable intrusion into the things of "home;" and now that we draw near its close, we have no desire to depart from this simple rule of propriety. Suffice it then, that by her union with one who understood her worth, and appreciated her talents, she found all the happiness that we are capable of knowing on this side the grave. Her studies were continued with renewed ardor, and their fruit was shown in numerous contributions to the Annuals, *Chambers' Journal*, our own, and other periodicals. Many engagements were also sent to her from American publishers; and a reprint of her poems at Boston, with the "Recollections" from our own pages (the latter, of course, anonymously), met with a ready sale. She had many kind friends in the United States, who had, by making her writings known, done much to create the popularity her name enjoyed in that country; among them it would be unpardonable to omit mentioning the late Mr. B. B. Thatcher, and Pierpont, the poet. A new volume of verse, chiefly collected from this Magazine, called *Sketches from the Antique, and other Poems*,* was issued by Mrs. Gray,

* Shall we not be forgiven some egotism, when we indulge in it less for our own sake than our friend's? The "Embroideress at Midnight," re-

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in 1844; and a long and honorable course seemed to open to her; the up-hill toil was overcome, and the reward for the exertion appeared abundant.

At length the time, long looked for with tremblings of hope and fear, when the holy name of Mother would be her's, was ushered in with the opening of the New year (1845). The trial came—it passed—and all seemed well. Convalescence took the place of debility; and, with the birth of her babe, all suffering was forgotten, and every joy received its completeness. But the decree had gone forth; and suddenly, in the midst of returning security, severe heart-spasms terminated her life, on the morning of January 28. The "mother of a moment" was permitted to embrace her boy, and was then summoned to leave him on earth behind her.

Thus, early in years, but not unripe for heaven, a gentle, loving spirit passed away. "Here," as Hazlitt says of the poet Beaumont, "was youth, genius, aspiring hope, growing reputation, cut off like a flower in its summer pride, or like the 'lily on its stock green,' which makes us repine at fortune, and almost at nature, that seem to set so little store by their greatest favorites. The life of poets is, or ought to be (judging of it from the light it lends to ours), a golden dream, full of brightness and sweetness, lapt in Elysium; and it gives one a reluctant pang to see the splendid vision, by which they are attended in their path of glory, fade like a vapor, and their sacred heads laid low in ashes, before the sand of common mortals has run out." Yet, mere duration is, after all, no true standard for judging; and Ben Jonson well reminds us:—

> "It is not growing like a tree
> In bulk, doth make man better be,
> Or standing long, an oak, three hundred year,
> To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
> A lily of a day
> Is fairer, far, in May,
> Although it fall and die that night,
> It was the plant and flower of light!
> In small proportions we just beauties see
> And in short measures life may perfect be."

Mrs. Gray's remains were deposited in the vaults of St. Paul's church, Cork. No monumental stone has yet been raised to her memory; nor needs she it in any wise, for her name will live in her own immortal verse.

printed in this volume, and originally given in our pages (January, 1843), long ante-dated the "Song of the Shirt." This poem of Mrs. Gray's was the first to call public attention to the weary toils of the London sempstresses.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE CONDITION OF AUTHORS IN ENGLAND, GERMANY, AND FRANCE.

Literature has become a profession. It is a means of subsistence, almost as certain as the bar or the church. The number of aspirants increases daily, and daily the circle of readers grows wider. That there are some evils inherent in such a state of things it would be folly to d ny; but still greater folly would it be to see nothing beyond these evils. Bad or good, there is no evading the "great fact," now that it is so firmly established. We may deplore, but we cannot alter it. Declamation in such a cause is, therefore, worse than idle.

Some inquiry into the respective conditions of Literature in England, Germany, and France, may not be without interest; and in the course of that inquiry we shall, perhaps, meet with some suggestions towards bettering the condition of English writers, which may be worth considering.

If we reflect upon the great aims of literature, we shall easily perceive how important it is that the lay teachers of the people should be men of an unmistakable vocation. Literature should be a profession, just lucrative enough to furnish a decent subsistance to its members, but in no way lucrative enough to tempt speculators. As soon as its rewards are high enough and secure enough to tempt men to enter the lists for the sake of the reward, and parents think of it as an opening for their sons, from that moment it becomes vitiated. Then will the ranks, already so numerous, be swelled by an innumerable host of hungry pretenders. It will be—

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and, indeed, is now fast approaching that state—like the army of Xerxes, swelled and encumbered by women, children, and ill-trained troops. It should be a Macedonian phalanx, chosen, compact, and irresistible.

Let not this be thought chimerical. By a calculation made some years ago, the authors of England amounted to many thousands. These, of course, included barristers with scarce briefs, physicians with few patients, clergymen on small livings, idle women, rich men, and a large crop of aspiring noodles; the professional authors formed but a small item in the sum total. Yet we have only to suppose the rewards of literature secure and the pursuit lucrative, and we have then the far greater proportion of this number quitting their own profession, and taking seriously to that of literature.

It may, perhaps, be objected to our argument respecting literature as a profession for which parents should train their sons, that without great talent there could be no success; consequently, the undeserving would pay the penalty of misplaced ambition. To which we answer, that in literature, as in everything else, personal interest will always precede anything short of splendid talents in obtaining the quiet lucrative positions, especially when government rewards are numerous. We have only to cast our eyes around us to see, even in the present small amount of patronage, how little falls to the share of real merit. It was only the other day that fifty pounds a year were accorded to the widow of Colonel Gurwood, in "consideration of the *literary* merits of her husband;" these merits being the editing of the Wellington *Despatches*. How many battered authors are there—men who have grown grey in fighting the great battle, now almost too feeble to wield their arms, whose declining years this pension would have rescued from toil and sorrow? To Mrs. Gurwood this sum must be utterly insignificant; sufficient, perhaps, to pay for her flowers. But she had friends to interest themselves for her; and who cares for the broken-down author? He, poor wretch! has "written himself out" has become a "bore" or a "twaddler"—let him rot on a dung-hill!

If literature were a lucrative profession, it would be deeply vitiated, and its earnest professors would be worse off than they are now. In the present state of things a man who has health, courage, and ability, can earn by literature the income of a gentleman. We owe this to SAMUEL JOHNSON—all honor to him! He was the professional author—the first who, by dint of courage and ability, kept himself free from the slavery of a bookseller's hack, and free from the still worse slavery of attendance on the great. He sought his subsistence in public patronage, not in dedications to men of rank. By his pen he created a distinctive position for himself, and his brethren. It would now be difficult to count the numbers of those who, in this respect, imitate him.

To put the ameliorated condition of authorship since Johnson's time in a striking light, let us observe that when Marmontel's *Contes Moraux* were circulating all over Europe, something like 50,000 copies having been sold, when kings and kaisers were sending him complimentary letters and invitations, he was still indebted to the bounty of the crown for a great part of his income; whereas Scott, though his success never equalled that of Marmontel, received in one year something like 15,000*l.* Making all deductions for greater activity on Scott's part, the difference is still enormous.

In money payments to literary men England far surpasses either France or Germany. The booksellers are more generous in England; abroad, the governments. In making this assertion, we purposely exclude such exceptional cases as those of Dickens, Eugène Sue, and Thiers; the extraordinary success of their works warrants extraordinary payments. Yet even here the advantage is greatly on the side of England; Dickens received 3000*l.* for one of his tiny Christmas stories, whereas Eugène Sue only received 4000*l.* for the ten volumes of his *Juif Errant*.

But to descend into the ordinary current, we find able literary men in England making incomes *averaging* 300*l.* a year, some less, of course, and some more; the same men would scarcely be able to keep body and soul together in France or Germany. A few curious facts will illustrate this. While Bulwer receives his 1000*l.*, and, in one or two instances, even 1500*l.* for a novel, and James probably little less, Balzac (and we have it on his own authority), with all his popularity, with all his fecundity, has a hard task to make 300*l.* a year. While our Quarterlies were paying often 50*l.* and, in some cases, even 100*l.* for one article, and, to their ordinary contributors, sixteen and twenty guineas a sheet, the

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French Quarterlies were paying ordinary contributors at the following rate:—100 francs (4*l.*) a sheet; if the article, however, exceeded a sheet, no more than 100 francs was due; and an author's *article de début* was not paid for at all. Other contributors, whose names were an attraction, received of course higher prices; but the highest price ever paid by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, even when numbering amongst its contributors such men as Cousin, Remusat, Jouffroy, Nisard, Saint-Beuve, Gustave Planche, Augustin Thierry, Saint-Marc Girardin, Michel Chevalier, A. De Vigny, De Balzac, Ch. Nodier, A. Dumas, Alfred de Musset, &c., was that paid to George Sand; and how much, think you, was that maximum?—250 francs (10*l.*) a sheet! So that while a solid, plodding, well-informed Edinburgh Reviewer, was receiving twenty guineas a sheet, one of the greatest of French contemporaries was receiving half that sum, as the highest *honorarium* the review could bestow.

It is indeed to be deducted from the above statement, that the author of an article in a French review does not part with the copyright as in the English reviews. He can reprint it elsewhere, and, in the case of a novel, obtain for it a price equal, if not exceeding, that which the review paid. But this, although it makes novel-writing considerably more lucrative, does not affect our position, because the authors of critical or philosophical articles have slender chance of being called upon to reprint their essays.

One great reason of this low payment for contributions is, of course, the limited sale of the *Revue*. At the time when the *Revue des Deux Mondes* had only one rival in France, its circulation, we believe, never exceeded 3000 copies, in spite of its having all France, Germany, England, and Italy, for a public. In England at the same time there were five Quarterlies, with Regina, *Blackwood*, *Tait*, &c., most of them counting their subscribers by thousands, in spite of a public limited to our island. The explanation of this somewhat remarkable fact is, that in France, Paris is only to be reckoned; the provinces purchase novels and such books as produce "a sensation;" but the reviews are scarcely ever seen out of Paris. In England the reverse is the case—our provincial subscribers exceed the metropolitan.

But if the French reviews are stinting in their payments in writers, what are we to say of the German reviews? When the *Deutsche Vierteljahrschrift* was established, we remember a contributor assuring us, with some pride, that it was very liberal in its payments. This new magnificence was eight dollars (four-and-twenty shillings) a sheet! Amazed, we somewhat doubted our informant's accuracy, and made further inquiries; the result was, that eight dollars really was a handsome *honorarium*. "Why," said a publisher to us, "two dollars was the price I paid an able translator for a poetical version of the whole of Lady Blessington's *Book of Beauty*." Six shillings for one book!

A novelist in Germany, not of very high standing, is paid from one to three dollars a sheet. That is to say, the man who, in England, would get 200*l.* for a novel, would there get about 20*l.* The translators in England are badly paid, but in Germany they receive only from half a dollar to a dollar and a half per sheet. The translator of Bulwer's novels (which have an immense sale in Germany) received four shillings and sixpence a sheet!

"Oh! but consider the difference of expenses in England and Germany!" exclaims some reader. "Money goes twice as far there as with us. Besides, a German poet can live on black bread and potatoes."

As to money going twice as far in Germany, that is a playful exaggeration. Germany is not so dear as England; but a pretty intimate acquaintance with most of its towns has anything but impressed us with the idea of its excessive cheapness, except in luxuries and amusements.

Cigars and concerts are cheap enough, but joints of meat (such meat!) and coats (such coats!) are very little under our prices. But let the point be conceded—suppose eight dollars equal to eight-and-forty shillings, and then ask, What English reviewer would write for that *honorarium*?

As to poets living on black bread and potatoes, some unhappy individuals are, doubtless, doomed to such fare; but we have yet to learn that Germans relish such banquets any more than beef-eating Englishmen. And we point to the sad fact, that black bread and potatoes *is* the fate of most of those who venture to trust to literature for a subsistence. A case was mentioned not long ago in the *Algemeine Zeitung*, of a journalist, who had for seven years been largely connected with the newspapers, who had worked like a sugar-slave, whose ability was recognised, and

who, without any improvidence on his part, had, during the whole period, been barely able to subsist by his labor. What would our accredited journalists say to this?

The reader may, perhaps, suppose, that much of these differences in the emoluments of authorship may arise from the differences in the mercantile profits of publishing. It is not so, however. While publishers in England and France are very seldom wealthy, those of Germany are *generally* rich men. Of the hundred and fifty publishers at Leipsig, one hundred, at least, are men of money; some of them immensely rich (for Germany). Let any one, who strolls about the streets of Berlin, turn down the Wilhelm Strasse, and look at the palace which rears its proud front next to the palace of Prince Radzivil, and whose stately park extends to the gates of the town: that palace belongs to the publisher Reimer.

The German publisher's profits are large. He pays scarcely anything for copyright. The printing does not cost a fifth of what it costs in England. The paper is such as in England we use to tie up parcels. Yet, cheap as German books appear to us, they are really a hundred per cent dearer. Indeed, one example will strikingly exhibit this. A young publisher announces at this moment a voluminous work—a translation of the sacred books of India. The King of Prussia has consented to take fifty copies, the East India Company another fifty copies. With these hundred copies, should he never sell another, he will clear all his expenses of printing, paper, advertising, and copyright. And yet his prices do not seem high to Englishmen. In fact, the cost of production in Germany is trifling: hence the quantity of works upon dry subjects which publishers will undertake. Paper is so cheap, that no one ever regulates his impression by the number he calculates upon selling. He only calculates how many he can send all over Germany, "on sale or return:" he knows a great quantity of his impression will be mere waste-paper; and, in consequence, he sends the work out *in sheets*, so that, *as* waste-paper, it may have its value. It is worth stating, also, as a matter of comparison, that the German publisher never publishes *for* an author, as is so frequently the case in England. He either buys the book outright, or declines meddling with it.

In France, publishers have, mostly, neither money nor probity. We heard two good authorities, Augustin Thierry and le Bibliophile Jacob (Lacroix), declare, that, except Panckouke (whose fortune is colossal) and Firmin Didot, there was scarcely a solvent publisher in Paris.

We have asked the question far and wide—of authors, of journalists, and of booksellers; and the unhesitating answer has always been, that, in Germany, no decent subsistence is to be gained by the pen, unless by a popular dramatist.

The same answer, though with some qualification, did we receive in France. Indeed, a tolerable idea may be formed from what we just named as the terms paid by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. To this let us add, that contributors to newspapers, when not regularly engaged on the staff, are paid well when they are paid five francs a column; fifteen shillings a column in England would be considered low terms. Jules Janin—justly considered as the most entertaining of the *feuilletonistes*, and one of the mast sagacious of critics, the "J. J." of the *Journal des Débats*, the first newspaper in France—receives a yearly salary of only 6000 francs (240*l.*) for his weekly twelve columns of criticism; and he is thought to be extravagantly paid. Whereas a London journal, that was about to be established, offered him the same sum *for his name*, and a few paragraphs of chit-chat, under the head of "Paris Correspondent." He was not a little astounded at the magnificence of the offer, which even Frenchmen's notions of English wealth had not prepared him for.

A French publisher, not long ago, applied to a friend of ours for contributions upon English literature. The lowest terms upon which our friend would consent to write were at the rate of 8*l.* a sheet, and this with a full knowledge of the difference between France and England. He heard no more of the matter! The *Revue des Deux Mondes* once applied to a well-known German writer for contributions, and offered 200 francs a sheet. This was high pay for a German, even with deductions made for the translation; but the arrangement was never concluded.

With such a press as that of France, if a man have somewhat more than the ordinary ability of journalists, he may earn a subsistence. But it is harassing work. In Germany, he has not a chance. In England, he will be very unlucky, or very "impracticable," if he do not earn an income

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which will support him and his family,—an income varying from a thousand down to two hundred a year.

It may reasonably excite some surprise, how two such very literary countries as France and Germany should suffer literature to remain in so miserable a condition; whilst in England affairs look far more encouraging. It cannot be our greater wealth which makes the difference, because if our wealth be greater, our expenses are also heavier; because, moreover, our wealth, only a few years ago, did not operate at all in that way; our authors were as beggarly as those of our neighbors. The real cause we take to be the excellence and abundance of periodical literature. It is by our reviews, magazines, and journals, that the vast majority of professional authors earn their bread; and the astonishing mass of talent and energy which is thus thrown into periodical literature is not only quite unexampled abroad, but is, of course, owing to the certainty of moderate, yet, on the whole, sufficient remuneration.

We are not deaf to the loud wailings set up (by periodical writers, too!) against periodical literature. We have heard—not patiently, indeed, but silently—the declamations uttered against this so-called disease of our age; how it fosters superficiality—how it ruins all earnestness—how it substitutes brilliancy for solidity, and wantonly sacrifices truth to effect; we have listened to so much eloquence, and read so much disquisition on the subject, that, were we only half as anxious to sacrifice truth to effect as are the eloquent declaimers whom we here oppose, we might round a period, or produce an essay on the evils of periodical literature, which (to speak it with the downcast eyes of modesty) should call forth the approbation of all those serious men who view with sorrow the squandered ability of our age. Why should we not? It would be far easier than to look calmly, closely into the matter. It is always a cheap thing this declamation. It covers a multitude of deficiencies. It is paid for as highly as honest labor in inquiry, and saves so much time! In the present instance, it could be done with so little fatigue, and would fall in so softly with the commonplaces of every reader, and would flatter the "seriousness" of magazine readers, to whom great works are "sacred,"—men who scorn "cheap literature," and read none other. Why should the present writer quit so easy a path for the rugged path of investigation? Simply, because he is a periodical writer; and though, perhaps, as ready to sacrifice truth, occasionally, to what he may foolishly deem more effective (always a questionable process), as any foolish writer of books, yet in the present instance, at any rate, it is clear to him that truth is worth all the rhetoric that could be brought to bear upon the subject.

The truth then is, that, in these much-decried days of ours, there is no lack of laborious, thoughtful writers, devoting the fairest years of their lives to the production of works, which may stand beside those composed in any time,—so far, at least, as mere labor, honest inquiry, and weighty consideration of the matter, can be reckoned; ability, for obvious reasons, we put out of the question. And these serious, laborious works, meet with success as great as those of former times. If trash does get a hearing, so also do books of real worth. That is no small consolation. At no time in the history of literature, that we can learn of, was there ever a greater desire to produce books of solid excellence, nor a greater sale for them when produced. And now beside this unquestionable fact let us place the fact of periodical literature, and see how it bears out the jeremiads of those who regard it as the hotbed of literary corruption.

Periodical literature is a great thing. It is a potent instrument for the education of a people. It is the only decisive means of rescuing authorship from the badge of servility. Those who talk so magniloquently about serious works, who despise the essay-like and fragmentary nature of periodical literature, forget that while there are many men who can produce a good essay, there has at all times been a scarcity of those who can produce good works. A brilliant essay, or a thoughtful fragment, is not the less brilliant, is not the less thoughtful, because it is brief, because it does not exhaust the subject. And yet the author, in all probability, could neither continue his brilliancy through the "vast expanse" of a work, nor could he, in attempting to exhaust his subject, continue in the same thoughtful strain, but would inevitably fall into the commonplaces which bolster up the heads of all but *very* remarkable men.

How many of us are there who feel quite capable of saying something worth listening to on several topics of art, philosophy, or history; but would shrink from undertaking a work on any of these subjects?

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Without a periodical literature, we should be in this dilemma: either to be silent, and let what small insight we may have attained to die with us; or else, "impelled by hunger and request of friends," resolutely undertake tasks for which we are not fitted, and produce works where we should have produced articles,—works in which the little good that is in them lies buried amidst the rubbish which surrounds it.

This latter evil is the curse of German literature. In spite of numerous periodicals, the German always writes a book when he can; and nineteen out of every twenty are ignoble rubbish. Your German has a contempt for little books; he laughs at the dictum of Callimachus. What, then, can he think of articles? What he can find time to write, he concludes you can find time to read; and upon what subject, or to what extent, cannot a German find time to write?

The more we reflect on this matter, the more reason we find for being grateful to a periodical literature, which, if it cannot wholly save us from bad books, does, at least, prevent good articles being diluted into thin works. Moreover, to periodical literature we owe the possibility of authorship as a profession. Dr. Johnson, who first founded that profession, was enabled to do so mainly by means of periodical literature.

In reality, few copyrights are bought in England, whereas all periodical writing has its price. When a man has made a name, his work may command a certain *honorarium*, which varies according to the popularity of his name, and the probable attraction of the subject; but an article in a review or magazine is always well paid for, quite irrespective of such considerations. Periodicals, it is true, are chary of printing essays on abstruse or recondite subjects; yet, in the course of the year, it is singular to observe how many of these essays are printed and *paid for*. From Chinese antiquities down to topographies of London; from Egyptian mysteries or the Greek dramatists, down to discussions of metre and accent, a variety of subjects is ably discussed in our general periodicals; yet not one of the writers could hope to receive a sixpence for the most elaborate book he could produce on these subjects after years of toil. About one work in every thirty that issues from the press is paid for. Sometimes the publisher undertakes the risk, sometimes the risk and profit are shared between the publisher and the author; but mostly the author has all the risk, and risk is pretty well tantamount to loss. Writers of books exhibit every shade of dullness and imbecility; but periodical writers (if we except contributors to some of the trashy publications) must all be men of some ability—they must be up to a certain standard; because, as they do not pay for the fancy of appearing in print, like writers of books, the editor takes care their contributions shall be worth printing.

If the reader wishes to form an idea of the rarity of works paid for by publishers, let him consider the following statement. All poems, all sermons, all works on morals or metaphysics, are, with scarcely an exception, without a price. Novels, when by popular authors, are paid for at prices varying from 100*l.* to 500*l.*; and, in one or two instances, to 1500*l.*; when by authors unknown as novelists, but tolerably known in other departments, they are at the publisher's risk and half profits; when by clergymen, gentlemen of a literary turn, titled ladies, or aspiring clerks, the publisher either consents to print them at his own risk and profit, or else demands a sum of money for the publication, the sum varying from 50*l.* to 200*l.* A first novel is never paid for. One publisher is known to print gratuitously any novel not too wretched, with the understanding that "if it succeeds" (what a latitude!) the author shall be paid "something" (another!) for his second novel. In this way he is enabled to keep up a running fire of new novels, scarcely one of which is ever paid for.

Histories, when mere compilations, are hack-work, and are paid for as such; when laborious works, the authors are often handsomely remunerated. It requires, however, a name, a lucky subject, or some fortunate chance, to get a publisher. Works of science are generally published at the risk of their authors. Unless the book be very striking indeed, an author has a bad chance who publishes his own work. *The trade* can only be efficiently carried on by the trade. A publisher has a hundred ways of "pushing" a book, of which the author never would dream.

Publishing is an expensive luxury, which authors should eschew; yet the delight of appearing in print is so great, that no homily can deter them. A poet was once asked by his publisher how many copies of his poem, then in sheets, he would like to have put up in boards?

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"The whole edition," replied the confident author.

"Humph!" said the publisher. "Just as you please; but if you will take my advice, you will only have a dozen or so."

"Why not the whole?" asked the indignant poet.

"Because," answered his adviser, "*it spoils them for waste-paper!*"

In Germany almost every work of any pretension has its price. Works on history, on science, or on metaphysics, unless hopelessly bad, are sure to receive some *honorarium*. A volume of 300 or 400 octavo pages of metaphysics by a second-rate author, we have known to be bought for 40*l.*; a small price, it is true, but in England the author would have been rejoiced to get his work published for nothing. In France it is almost as bad as in England, except that for serious works there is a larger demand, consequently, more chance of the authors being paid.

Nevertheless, as neither in Germany nor in France the sums paid for works are sufficient to reward an author for his labor nor to procure him a subsistence, the condition of authorship in those countries is, in respect of money-payments, decidedly inferior to that in England. Thanks to our periodicals!

With regard to dramatic literature, England is as miserably below France and Germany as those countries are below her in other departments. The theatre in France is the Pactolus of authorship. Its meanest emoluments transcend those of our patent theatres. One of those light sparkling vaudevilles, which a man may throw off easily in a week, if it succeed, is an income. *Le Gamin de Paris* procured for its author his charming *maison de campagne*. In England it would have, perhaps, obtained 10*l.* It is but a little while ago that the manager of the Haymarket, with a view of tempting all the dramatic talent of the country, offered a prize for the best comedy—the magnificent prize of 500*l.*! Let us compare the remuneration for the *libretto* of an opera in five acts at the Académie Royale, quite independently of the remuneration for the music. It should be observed, that every author in repute now demands what are called *les primes*; that is, the sum of 1000 francs per act, which the manager pays for *permission* to read the MS. He is then free to accept it or not. (O dramatists of England! what say ye to that? Would you not almost pay that sum to get your dramas read in the green-room?) Let us now assume the opera to have "a run" of one hundred nights, this will be the author's receipts:—

	Francs.
Prime de Lecture for five acts, at 1000 francs per act	5,000
Sale to the publisher of the libretto	3,000
The third part of the sum paid to the composer deducted for the author of the libretto [say the sum of 30,000 francs]	10,000
For the first twenty performances, at 250 francs each	5,000
For the eighty succeeding performances, at 150 francs each	12,000
Payments received from performances in the provinces, about	5,000
Total,	40,000

Thus, 1600*l.* is the least a librettist would receive. Scribe must have doubled that sum for his *Robert le Diable*, which has been played nearly three hundred times.

Aspirants for the laurels of the English legitimate drama are fortunate, indeed, when, with the most triumphant success, they can obtain 300*l.* for a five-act play; whereas a Dumas or a Scribe receives 200*l.* for permitting the manager to read the MS. of a five-act play. From M. Vivien's *Etudes Administratives* we extract the following interesting particulars relative to the sums received for various five-act tragedies and comedies performed at the Théâtre Français:—

Names of Plays.	No. of Performances.	Author's Share.
Les Templiers	81	22,275 francs.
Les Deux Gendres	52	13,416 "
La Fille d'Honneur	57	14,407 "
Sylla	75	26,625 "
Valérie	67	24,187 "
L'Ecole des Vieillards	149	38,822 "
Henri III.	76	17,311 "
Hernani	72	14,075 "
Louis XI.*	114	17,801 "
Les Enfans d'Edouard	157	28,413 "
Bertrand et Raton	156	27,491 "
Angelo	66	17,221 "
Don Juan D'Autriche	116	24,867 "
La Camaraderie	87	19,008 "
Mdle. de Belle Isle	78	20,262 "
Le Verre d'Eau	116	24,609 "
Une Chaine	80	16,268 "

To these sums must be added the prices paid by publishers for the MS. and the *droits de province*; that is, the sums paid by provincial theatres for the right of each performance. Thus Casimir Delavigne must have received at least 60,000 francs for *L'Ecole des Vieillards*. Sheridan Knowles

* This, and the following pieces, received *les primes*, the amount of which is included in the total.

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received, for the most successful play of modern times (*The Hunchback*),—how much? Four hundred pounds! This does not include the sale of the book, nor the payments from provincial theatres, but the latter is a very small item in England. In fact, when we state that the *average* amount annually divided amongst the dramatists of France is 1,500,000 francs, we shall enable the reader to estimate the difference which exists between the condition of the dramatist in France and in England.

No wonder that so many men endeavor to achieve dramatic success in France, where the rewards are so tempting; and that men of ability seldom attempt it in England, where, to say nothing of the usual vexations, there is really no money to be gained. Douglas Jerrold, for *Black-Eyed Susan*, received 10*l.*!* In France such a success would have made him an independent man.

What the prices paid to dramatists in Germany may be we know not. We only know the simple fact that the theatre is a lucrative department; indeed the only one in which an author can support himself by his pen. There is a great lack of dramatic talent in Germany; and in this respect England is on a par with it: both stages are supplied by translations of French pieces, varied occasionally by an original work of small value. Karl Gutzkow and Ernst Raupach are the most successful writers for the stage, and reap a tolerable harvest by their works.

We have thus run rapidly over the comparative money payments to authors, and find that in this respect the condition of the English author far surpasses that of his French or German brethren; only with respect to the drama is he at a decided disadvantage. In Germany the pen will support none except the dramatist, and, perhaps, an occasional journalist, who is a proprietor of a periodical. In France a first-rate journalist is well-paid; the others can barely keep soul and body together: a first-rate novelist may earn a scanty livelihood—he must be a Dumas or a Sue to make much money; a dramatist, clever enough to get himself joined with two or three other *collaborateurs*, is sure of a good income. In England the popular authors in all departments gain prizes; but there are few blanks to men of talent: for a great mass of journalists, critics, essayists, tale writers, jesters, there are means of decent subsistence. Talent commands a price; industry is not unrewarded.

As a specimen of what industry will do, even when backed by very little ability and limited acquirement, we may mention the case of a German, who, after a residence of a few years in England, learned the language sufficiently to write it well enough for biographical dictionaries, cyclopædias, and the like, and then earned something like 600*l.* a year, as a hack-writer on Greek and Roman history and archæology, aided by translations from the German, by editing Latin grammars, and contributing to various works of compilation. In this labor he displayed no talent of any sort, no original thinking, not even remarkable erudition; all he displayed was a ready knowledge of a few text-books, and an untiring perseverance.*

Now let us turn the tables. Having witnessed the superiority of England, let us gaze awhile at its inferiority. In money payments we surpass all nations; our publishers are the most liberal of Mæcenases. But in respect for the profession of literature, and in solicitude for the waning days of its members, we are on a level with the Esquimaux. John Bull is at all times ready to pay. Guineas are tangible, definite, of exchangeable value. But respect, solicitude, anticipative charity, are vague, impalpable motives, which move not his stolid soul. He will pay for a book; he will subscribe for the widow and children of a heart-broken, misery-broken author; but to anticipate that misery by prospective benevolence, is not an idea that would occur to him, or occurring, that would long torment him.

Want of generosity is assuredly not his failing. He whose pension-list is swelled into such plethoric magnitude, does not allow the disgraceful item of a miserable

* That is to say, 10*l.* would have been the sum paid to him had he not been engaged, at a weekly salary, to write for the theatre. It is true that the law of dramatic copyright was not then in force, so that the author lost the advantages derived from its performance in the country.

* Lest this statement, which is perfectly accurate, should mislead any worthy German or Englishman into the idea that 600*l.* a year awaits every hack-writer on classical subjects, we are bound to add, that the individual in question was greatly aided by an excellent connexion amongst people who were able to give him employment. We quote the story, not to rouse others to emulation, but to illustrate the amount of money which an industrious hack, when fortunate, may earn in England.

1200*l.* to be bestowed on Art, Literature, and Science (400*l.* each!), to stand there as a bitter mockery and a lasting shame from any sordid motives. No. Art, Literature, and Science, are so scurvily treated, because they are not respected. The claim of court favorites upon his bounty is not, perhaps, greater than that of an author who has given up his energies to the task of instructing or amusing the world; but the real respect he feels for the court favorite (in spite of all his sneers) is incalculably greater than that felt for the author. He understands how those who have been at court, or been connected with great people, must suffer, unless they are rescued from want; and he consents to pay towards their support. But he is by no means impressed with any horror at an author's destitution. It seems the natural condition of things. It accords with his idea of an author; it is a proper atmosphere for the attic, the broken teacup as an inkstand, and the blanket for all covering. He absolutely thinks it is a pity authors should be otherwise than poor; poverty is the only proper stimulus. To the imagination of nine-tenths of the public (in spite of the lie given to it by almost every author whom they have seen), an author is always more or less of the sort of being drawn by Churchill and Smollett, and still occasionally represented in farces. They cannot divest themselves of the idea. They do not like to be convinced that authors may be gentlemen, who live decently, and know not the sponging-house. Only a few weeks ago a benevolent Cit, delighted with a leader in a newspaper of high standing, sent a ten-pound note enclosed to the editor, for the author! In the simplicity of his heart he thought he was doing an act of charity, instead of offering a poignant insult. He is a type of a large class—who would *not*, however, send ten-pound notes.

Let us not be understood here as arguing in favor of pensions to literary men. We want no government largesse. Pensions are only warrantable in certain instances, and of them hereafter. All we ask for is justice? Simply, the disrespect in which the profession of literature is held. That it is held in disrespect can scarcely be questioned by any competent person. Individual authors are treated with a respect, often exaggerated into servility. Men are proud to have them at their tables, in their country-houses; and are glad to garnish their commonplaces with anecdotes concerning their "literary friend." You find your fat-headed host scarcely daring to venture an opinion in your presence, and imagining, because you wrote that article in *The Quarterly*, you *must* be a great chess-player, and an incomparable hand at whist. You are asked for autographs; your commonplaces are received as jokes. But all this does not disguise the fact, that the profession of literature is despised—its incurable sin being poverty!

To the proof: In France and Germany a great many minor, and some of the very highest, offices of government are bestowed on literary men. In France, authors are statesmen; and two journalists have become prime ministers. In Germany, authors are not only admitted into office, but there is a vast number of professorships as honorable means of subsistence. In England there are scarcely any professorships, and none that would be conferred on literary men; but there are innumerable government offices of minor importance, now filled by sons of electors, and briefless barristers, not one of which would be bestowed upon literary men. So far from it, a "taint" of literature would generally close office against a man. It is always pleaded that authors are unfit for business. But why unfit? Have they been tried? Are they so different from their brethren in France and Germany, who are not found unfit? Besides, let us look to the facts. A fair sprinkling of literary men have obtained office (*not* on account of their literature!), and is it observed that they are less efficient than others? Macaulay is an author; J. W. Croker is an author; Charles Buller is an author; Henry Taylor is an author;—these are four men who have filled important government offices, and at the same time were reviewers. We need not mention writers of books; nor the authors who honorably fill subordinate places. In fact, the notion about unfitness is utterly absurd. The real cause is the want of respect which John Bull feels for the profession—the inability he feels to conceive an author otherwise than as lazy, impracticable, and poor.

A convincing proof may also be seen in the unwillingness of literary men to own themselves professional authors; they almost all pretend to be barristers or gentlemen at large. An amusing incident happened to the present writer. He went to register the birth of a child. The registrar

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happened to know he was an author, and on taking down name, profession, and residence, he said,—

"I believe, sir, you are an author?"

Assent was signified by a bow.

"Humph!" said the registrar, deliberating. "We'll say, *Gent.*"

Accordingly he proceeded to inscribe "gent" in his best caligraphy; as he crossed the *t*, however, his mind misgave him, and, looking up with puzzled ingenuousness, he blandly asked,—

"I suppose, sir, *authors rank as gents?*"

His look spoke volumes!

To rescue men of letters from the sad necessity of living "from hand to mouth," and to enable them to labor seriously at serious works, without being haunted by the fear of poverty, without being forced to write down to the popular taste, government's best, and indeed only means is, to institute professorships, and open public offices to authors. It has been said, and with some show of justice, that government has no more to do with the remuneration of authorship, than it has with the remuneration of other professions; literature being for the public, the public will pay for its wants. But in this argument one very important point is overlooked. Literature is a profession in which the author has not only to struggle against his brother authors, but also against a host of interlopers. Authors without engagements cannot step in and eke out their income with a little chancery practice, or a bit of common law; but lawyers without clients can and do step into the field of literature. Thus the professional author is surrounded with rivals, not only as hungry as himself, but willing and able to work for lower wages, because they are not, as he is, solely dependent upon literature. As this state of things is inevitable, it must be evident that some protection would be more justly bestowed upon authors than upon other professions. That protection should not be pensions, but employment.

Pensions there should be, but only for those who are old, or disabled by ill-health. It is ridiculous to name the present amount of the pensions; and somewhat disgraceful has been the bestowment of many of them. Strange that no legislator has the courage to take some step in this direction! No man will deny the claim of a decayed author. The veteran writer, battered in long and hard-fought service—in that service grown old and almost useless, is surely as much entitled to a pension from government as the veteran soldier. The man who has devoted his talents and energies to the laborious task of improving and amusing mankind, has done the State as much service as the man who has marched at the head of a regiment, even if every march had been followed by a victory. And when he who has battled worthily for our intellectual liberty, who has expanded and refined our souls, who has helped to make us wise, moderate, and humane; when he who has charmed so many a weary hour, and peopled listless days with "fond, familiar thoughts;" when he who has made us kind and gentle, far-thoughted, high-thoughted; when *his* brain is paralysed with age; when the hand which held his pen droops powerless from sickness, and gaunt poverty stands grimly at his door; are we to grudge that pension we so willingly bestow upon the soldier or the sailor? No. The time is not far distant when such an injustice must cease.

How far distant is that time?

Richter's Plan of Self-Education.—The rules he laid down for himself in the work of self-education are worthy of special notice. First, since life is short in comparison with the work to be accomplished, he aimed at introducing a just economy through all his employments, resolving that, as far as possible, neither his time nor his labor should be without its use. The present was to be managed, that he might fairly look to the future for payment of interest, increasing after compound ratio. He sought for mental food in four principal fields—human life; the works of nature; the "substantial, pure, and good" world of books; and last, but before all the rest, patient reflection. One-half of the day was given to writing; the other half was devoted to exercise in the open air, and to thinking. Like our own Wordsworth, he loved the fair face of Nature, and spent many hours daily in the contemplation of her charms, feeling, as he stepped in the free air, as if he were entering some mighty temple. In prosecuting his plan of noting, he formed a series of handbooks of various branches of science; and in one of these—endorsed "Nature"—he entered all the examples that fell within his notice of a superior contriving mind; in short, he made a handbook of natural theology. As he conceived the scheme of any new work, he sketched an outline of the story and the characters, with some of the thoughts to be worked out, just in the way that a painter makes studies for any great design. Such a book was marked "Quarry." His "Quarry for Titan" was found to occupy seventy closely-printed pages. Perceiving, as all great artists must do, the value of a command over language, he was at great pains to mark the various meanings of which words are susceptible. He commenced a dictionary of synonymes, to which he never afterwards ceased adding. Of one word he actually discovered two hundred nice shades of signification.—*Monthly Prize Essays.*

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From Lowe's Magazine.

SIR HENRY VANE.

Sir Henry Vane the younger was born about the year 1612. He was the eldest son of Sir Henry Vane of Hadlow, in the county of Kent,* Knight, Comptroller of the Household and Secretary of State to King Charles the First. Vane received the first part of his education at Westminster School, where, says Anthony Wood,† he was bred with Sir Arthur Haselrig, Thomas Scot, the regicide, and other notorious anti-monarchists. According to the same authority, about the sixteenth year of his age, he became a gentleman commoner of Magdalen Hall in Oxford; but when he should have been matriculated as a member of the University, and taken the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, he quitted his gown, put on a cloak, and studied notwithstanding for some time in that hall. He then spent some time in France, and more in Geneva, where he contracted a deep aversion towards the Government and Liturgy of the Church of England. On his return home, his father, being comptroller of the household and a privy councillor, was greatly displeased on discovering the hetetodox state of his son's opinions. The case being represented to the King, Charles prescribed for young Vane a course of discipline under Laud, then Bishop of London. The effect of Laud's discipline was to complete what Geneva had begun, and to confirm the mind of the intended proselyte in a thorough and ineradicable disgust for Prelacy.

In 1635,‡ for conscience sake, he went with some Non-conformists to the infant colony of New England. He had abstained two years from taking the sacrament in England, because he could get nobody to administer it to him to his mind. He was no sooner landed in New England, than his abilities, and probably his rank, attracted notice, so that, when the next election of magistrates came on, he was chosen governor. But his unquiet and working fancy raised so many scruples of conscience, which they had never heard of before, and produced such dissensions, that the sober part, observing his conduct, concerted such measures among themselves, as put an end to his government at the next election.

Some time after, about 1637,* he returned to England. He appeared to be much reformed from his extravagances, and, with his father's approbation and direction, married a lady of a good family. He was likewise, through his father's interest with Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, then Lord High Admiral of England, joined with Sir William Russell in the office of Treasurer of the Navy, a place of great trust and profit.

About this time Vane conceived a disgust with the measures of the King and Court, which his enemies made no scruple of ascribing to resentment, on account of some slights and injuries received by his father and himself at the hands of Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards the unhappy Earl of Strafford. The history of the times, and the character of the man, may sufficiently explain the conduct he pursued without so poor an imputation. At all events, in joining the Puritan and Constitutional party, he allied himself with the best spirits of the age; and such was now the opinion beginning to be entertained of his abilities and statesman-like qualities, that the borough of Kingston-upon-Hull chose him, without the least application on his part,† one of their representatives in the Parliament which met at Westminster, April 13th, 1640, and again in the Long Parliament, which began the 3d of November in the same year. And in this station, says Ludlow, "he soon made appear how capable he was of managing great affairs, possessing, in the highest perfection, a quick and ready apprehension, a strong and tenacious memory, a profound and penetrating judgment, a just and noble eloquence, with an easy and graceful manner of speak-

* Ludlow describes Vane's family as being of Durham, but the author of "Regicides no Saints" says it had no connexion with the north till Sir Henry Vane, the father of the subject of this Memoir, got Raby under a grant of King Charles I. They derive themselves from Howellap Vane, of Monmouthshire, one of whose descendants altered his name from Vane to Fane. He had four sons—Henry Richard, ancestor of the Earl of Westmoreland. Thomas, and John, ancestor of Sir Henry Vane. Henry, the father of the subject of this article, returned to the ancient spelling of his name, writing himself Henry Vane.—*Biog. Brit. Art. Vane, Note.*

† Ath. Oxon, Art. Vane.

‡ Strafford's Letters and Dispatches, vol. i., p. 463.

* Strafford's Letters and Dispatches, vol. ii., p. 116.

† Ludlow, vol. iii., p. 110.

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ing. To these were added a singular zeal and affection for the good of the Commonwealth, and a resolution and courage not to be shaken or diverted from the public service." Bishop Burnet,* however, represents him as naturally a very fearful man, whose head was as darkened in his notions of religion as his mind was clouded with fear. But this imputation of Burnet is in opposition, not only to the testimony of Ludlow, but to the whole of Vane's public conduct recorded in history.†

During the Earl of Strafford's trial, Secretary Vane being out of town, sent a letter to his son, together with the keys of his study, desiring him to look in his cabinet for some papers he wanted, and send them to him. Young Vane, in looking over many papers to find those his father wanted, lighted upon some notes which appeared of great importance. He showed them to Pym, who advised him to make use of them in the evidence against Strafford—a line of conduct questionable, to say the least of it. Another act of his life is less questionable. Having been appointed sole Treasurer of the Navy, and considering the fees which, by reason of the war, amounted to little less than L. 30,000 a year, as too much for a private subject, he gave up his patent which he had for life from Charles I. to the Parliament, desiring only that L.2000 a year should go to an agent he had bred up to the business, and the remainder be applied to the purposes of the State. This was done, and the usage of a fixed salary has continued ever since in that office.

When the Independents sprang up, Vane declared himself one of their leaders. It is said that, even at the time he distinguished himself as the great contriver and promoter of the Solemn League and Covenant, he had a great aversion to Presbyterianism.

Of Vane's religious characteristics, Lord Clarendon gives a lively and highly-colored description, when he says, "Vane was a man not to be described by any character of religion, in which he had swallowed some of the fancies and extravagances of every sect or faction, and was become (which cannot be expressed by any other language than was peculiar to that time) *a man above ordinances*, unlimited or unrestrained by any rules or bounds prescribed to other men, by reason of his perfection. He was a perfect enthusiast, and, without doubt, did believe himself inspired, which so far corrupted his reason and understanding (which in all matters without the verge of religion was superior to that of most men), that he did at some time believe he was the person deputed to reign over the saints upon earth for a thousand years."*

Anthony Wood—also not a very competent judge in such matters, any more than his Lordship—uses, as might be expected, still harsher terms. "In sum he was the Proteus of the times, a mere hotch-potch of religion, chief ring-leader of all the frantic sectarians,—of a turbulent spirit and working brain—of a strong composition of choler and melancholy,—an inventor, not only of whimseys in religion, but also of crotchets in the State (as his several models testify), and composed only of treason, ingratitude, and baseness."†

These descriptions, translated into the language of real religion, from that of caricature and contempt, present to us a man of many whims, perhaps, but of a deep-toned and high-souled devotedness to things unseen, such as alone, in that era, could command the spiritual mind.

But, alas for human frailty! Even enthusiasm in religion is apt to suit itself with devices of worldly wisdom. In the Treaty of the Isle of Wight in 1648, having now determined to procure, if possible, a change in the Government, Vane used all his efforts to retard any conclusion with the King, till the army could be brought up to London; and for that purpose amused the King's party by the offer of a toleration for the common prayer and the Episcopal clergy. In June, 1647, he was one of the commissioners sent to the army, to acquaint them with what the Parliament had done, in accordance with their wishes, and to persuade them to a compliance with the Parliament. He did not approve of the force put upon the Parliament by the army, nor of the King's execution, withdrawing for some time from the scene while these things were acted.

Upon the establishment of the Commonwealth in February, 1648-9, he was appointed one of the Council of State,‡ and, in 1652, he was for a time president of the same council, being then also one of the commissioners of the navy. On the 9th of January, 1649-50, he made the report to the

* Vol. i., p. 685.
† See note to folio 188 of the Account of the Trial of Sir Henry Vane, in Cobbett's State Trials, vol. vi.

* History, vol. vi., pp. 695-6, 8vo.
† Ath. Oxon. Ibid. ‡ Whitelock, p. 331.

House of Commons, from the committee appointed to consider of the manner of electing future Parliaments.* Towards the end of the year 1651, he was nominated one of the commissioners that were to be sent into Scotland in order to introduce the English government there, and effect a union between the two kingdoms. What service he rendered there, we need not now inquire. The religion of Scotland was then a problem as insoluble to the Republicans as to the Royalists of England, and with all his dexterity Vane succeeded neither in harmonizing the two parties of the Resolutioners and Protesters in the Kirk, nor in making them neutralize one another.

But while Sir Henry Vane was doing notable things, as Lord Clarendon says, in Scotland, in cozening and deceiving this or that set of men, there was another employed in doing certain things still more notable in London, laying plans and plots still more deep, and not only "cozening and deceiving" men and nations of men, but thrashing them too. The name of this latter notable individual was Oliver Cromwell. The leaders of the early period of the Long Parliament, Hampden and Pym, were dead. Their most formidable opponents, Laud and Strafford, had also vanished from the scene. There remained no one perhaps, who, in merely civil and parliamentary abilities, could cope with Vane, at once subtle, sagacious, and eloquent. "Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel, old." So says John Milton, one who knew the man. But Milton, who also knew "Cromwell, our chief of men," as he calls him, ought to have known better than to suppose that there ever was a time when "gowns, not arms, repelled the fierce Epirote and the African bold." People who admire fine speakers may regret that Henry Vane did not rule England instead of Oliver Cromwell. But that was a time in which work was to be done which neither fine gentlemen nor fine speakers, nor even mere fine reasoners, could do. For in truth, at such times, your fine reasoners are apt to be found too fine; and Oliver's somewhat rude but unquestionably pious exclamation, "The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane!" is somewhat palliated, when we think of the victor of Naseby and Dunbar thwarted by hair-splitting distinctions, captious objections, and interminable crotchets, made to fly as thick in the halls of Westminster as did the bullets in any of his own hard-fought fields.

Vane seems to have imagined that he could successfully oppose Cromwell by the use of his own weapon. He went about among the Anabaptists and Fifth-monarchy men preaching and praying. But Sir Henry forgot one thing: Oliver preached and prayed, indeed, but he also fought. Vane, however, had more prudence than to have recourse to the sword. He tried what the pen would do. In 1656, being summoned before the Council, he was charged by the Protector with disaffection to the government, which he had displayed in a late book, published by him, with a seditious intention, entitled "A Healing Question propounded and resolved." Sir Henry did not disown his dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs. He acknowledged the writing of the book, and also the publishing, though in terms sufficiently dark and mysterious, as his manner was. Whereupon Cromwell ordered him to give security by a certain day not to disturb the peace of the nation, or to stand committed. The time being expired, he appeared again before the Council, and delivered into Cromwell's own hand another paper, containing the reasons of his disapproving the present usurpation, and a friendly advice to him to return to his duty, with some justification of his own conduct with regard to the public. But, notwithstanding all this, and various reasons alleged by him by way of excusing himself from giving the demanded security (one of which was the summons sent him to appear in Parliament), he was sent prisoner to Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight.* Being released thence, December 31, 1656, he repaired to London, where he met with another kind of persecution, in an attempt to challenge his title to his estates, while he was, at the same time, privately informed that he should be freed from this or any other inquisition, and have whatever else he could desire in case he would comply with the present authority.† But Vane remained inflexible, and continued to oppose the Protector.

Great endeavors were used to keep Vane out of Richard's Parliament in 1659. The returning officers at Hull and Bristol were directed not to return him, though he is said to have had the majority of votes. He

* Biog. Brit., Parl. Hist., Wood, Ash, &c.

* Wood. Ath. Ox., Biog. Brit.
† Biog. Brit. Ludlow, vol. ii., p. 594.

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was at last chosen for Whitchurch in Hampshire, through the interest of Robert Wallop, Esq. In Parliament, he and other republicans labored to overturn the establishment of a Protector and two Houses of Parliament, and to introduce a Commonwealth. As might be expected, considering respectively their abilities and those of the new Protector, they soon lessened Richard's power, and gained an ascendant over his party, to which a speech of Vane's is said to have not a little contributed. It is curious to observe the license in which Vane indulges in speaking of a man who was then substantially and *de facto* king of England. Of this license the following passage will serve as a specimen. After alluding to Richard as "an idiot without courage, without sense, nay, without ambition," he thus proceeds, "One could bear a little with Oliver Cromwell, though, contrary to his oath of fidelity to the Parliament—contrary to his duty to the public—contrary to the respect he owed to that venerable body from whom he received his authority, he usurped the government. His merit was so extraordinary, that our judgments, our passions might be blinded by it. He made his way to the empire by the most illustrious actions; he had under his command an army that had made him a conqueror, and a people that had made him their general. But as for Richard Cromwell his son, who is he? What are his titles? We have seen that he had a sword by his side, but did he ever draw it? And, what is of more importance in this case, is he fit to get obedience from a mighty nation, who could never make a footman obey him? Yet we must recognise this man as our king, under the style of Protector! a man without birth, without courage, without conduct. For my part, I declare, Sir, it shall never be said that I made such a man my master."*

After Richard's abdication, the Long Parliament that had been restored by a general council of the officers of the army, constituted Sir Henry Vane one of the Committee of Safety, the 9th of May; and the 13th of the same month, one of the Council of State.* On the 26th he was appointed the first of the seven Commissioners for managing the affairs of the Admiralty, and in September President of the Council. About this time he proposed a new model of Government, the substance of which was: (1.) That the supreme power, delegated by the people to their trustees, ought to be in some fundamentals not dispensed with. (2.) That it is destructive to the people's liberties (to which, by God's blessing, they are fully restored) to admit any earthly king or single person to the legislative or executive power over this nation. (3.) The supreme power delegated is not intrusted to the people's trustees, to erect matters of faith and worship, so as to exercise compulsion therein.†

There was a short period during which Vane possessed a large portion of the supreme authority or sovereignty. This was when the officers of the army, who held their meetings at Wallingford-house, chose the Committee of Safety, with powers to call delinquents to trial; to suppress rebellions; to treat with foreign states, &c. It is evident that whoever had the chief sway in this Committee, exercised for the time being the sovereignty. Now of this Committee, the Chief were Lambert and Vane.‡ Consequently, at this time, Vane may be considered as possessing more power than at any other, although it is pretty evident, that if any struggle should have occurred between Vane and Lambert for the sole exercise of that power which they may then

* There might be some excuse for Vane's railing against Richard Cromwell; but we see no reason why men of the present day should call him a "foolish Ishbosheth," because, feeling himself endowed only with the virtues of private life, he had the honesty and good sense to retire to a private station. Mrs. Hutchinson has well drawn his character in a few words: "He was a meek, temperate, and quiet man, but had not a spirit fit to succeed his father, or to manage such a perplexed government."—Vol. ii., p. 218, 8vo. edit.

* Whitelock, pp. 677, 678.

† An anecdote mentioned by Ludlow, and belonging to this period, shows the sincerity and earnestness of Vane's zeal for the Commonwealth. "Colonel Cromwell perceiving it to be to no purpose to stay longer in Ireland, departed for London, and being arrived, acquainted me with the time that he designed to attend the Council of State, and desired me that I would be present; but I could not, for the house of Hampton Court having been ordered to be sold that day, which place I thought very convenient for the retirement of those that were employed in public affairs when they should be indisposed in the summer season, I resolved to endeavor to prevent the sale of it, and accordingly procured a motion, to be made at the sitting down of the house to that end, which took effect as I desired. For this I was very much blamed by my good friend Sir Henry Vane, as a thing that was contrary to the interest of a commonwealth; he said that such places might justly be accounted amongst those things that proved temptations to ambitious men, and exceedingly tend to sharpen their appetite to ascend the throne."—Ludlow, p. 258.

‡ See Hobbes's Behemoth, p. 327.

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be considered as sharing between them, Vane would have had scarcely a shadow of chance against Lambert, to whom (as was said) Cromwell had promised the succession, who was a great favorite with the army, the greatest after Cromwell, and who, moreover, had just obtained a victory in Cheshire, and had got the consent of his soldiers to a petition to the House, that a General might be set up in the army, conformably to an axiom, ascribed by Hobbes* to Sir Henry Vane, that it was unfit that the army should be judged by any power extrinsic to itself.

But while they were talking and writing with the utmost confidence about the "Ready and easy way to establish a Free Commonwealth," Monk stept in with the old Monarchy in his hand; and the hopes of Lambert, and the visions of Vane, and the aspirations of Ludlow, shared the same fate, and the reign of the strong saints who were "to destroy and pull down Babylon, and bind kings in chains, and nobles in fetters of iron," was, for the present at least, at an end upon earth.

Vane, like Ludlow and other staunch republicans, was disgusted and indignant at the proceedings of Monk.† When fresh forces were raised, Vane was nominated commander of a regiment of foot. This was the only military employment he ever had; indeed, it could scarcely be termed an employment, since, as he himself states at his trial, he only lent his name, since he neither courted nor desired military employment, for which, he remarks, neither his inclination nor his habits had fitted him. Yet this appointment was made one of the chief articles in the indictment upon his trial.

Upon the King's restoration, being conscious to himself of having done nothing in relation to public affairs for which he could not willingly and cheerfully suffer, he came up and continued at his house in Hampstead near London. But on the 11th June, 1660, the House of Commons resolved that he should be one of the twenty persons to be excepted out of the act of general pardon and oblivion for, and in respect only of, such pains, penalties, and forfeitures, not extending to life, as should be thought fit to be inflicted on him. In July he was committed to the Tower.

In January, 1660–1, an insurrection of the Fifth-monarchy men broke out. Sir Henry Vane, almost the only person of talent and station who had countenanced them, and written in favor of their principles (for the mass appear to have been weak enthusiasts), being looked upon by the court with a jealous eye, was removed from one prison to another, and at last to the isle of Scilly. The Lords and Commons had, in August, 1660, joined in a petition to the King that "if he were attainted, yet execution as to his life might be remitted," to which his majesty returned a favorable answer. But in July, 1661, the Commons had so far altered their sentiments as to order that he should be proceeded against according to law, and for that purpose he was sent for back to the Tower of London.

On Monday the 2d of June, 1662, Sir Henry Vane was arraigned, having been indicted of high treason, before the Middlesex Grand Jury the preceding term. The indictment was for high treason, evidenced by consulting with others, to bring the King to destruction, and to hold him out from the exercise of his regal authority; and then usurping the Government, and appointing officers of the army raised against the King; as also assembling in a warlike manner.* It is clear that this indictment was applicable to almost every person concerned in the Government from the death of the late King, whose death is not laid to Sir Henry's charge, though it was the only crime which his Majesty declared that he desired should be capitally punished. The indictment being read, the prisoner moved several exceptions to it, and he pressed much for counsel to be allowed him, which was denied him till he should plead *guilty* or *not guilty*. Being urged he pleaded *not guilty*, the court having assured him beforehand, that after pleading, counsel should be assigned him, which solemn assurance it was not ashamed to violate.†

On Friday, the 6th of June, the Sheriff returned forty-eight freeholders of the county of Middlesex, thirty-two of whom

* Hobbes's Behemoth, p. 326.

† The following trait, mentioned by Ludlow, is curious. "And that nothing might be wanting to complete this scene, Monk's wife took especial care to treat the wives of the members that came to visit her, running herself to fetch the sweetmeats, and filling out wine for them, not forgetting to talk mightily of self-denial, *and how much it was upon her husband's heart that the Government might be settled in the way of a Commonwealth*."—p. 313, fol. 1751.

* Tryal of Sir Henry Vane, Kt. 1662, p. 19. State Trials, vol. vi., fol. 142.

† Ibid., 1662, p. 21 et seq. Ibid., 143.

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having been challenged by the prisoner, he had a jury of twelve men sworn. The Attorney-General having addressed the jury, Sir Henry was required to make his defence, and to go through with his case all at once, and not to reply again upon the King's counsel, who resolved to have the last word to the jury. Vane's defence, like his accusation, was technical; and, therefore, to give the details of it would, we conceive, be neither very interesting nor very instructive. Finch, the Solicitor-General, afterwards addressed the jury, who, having then withdrawn for about half an hour, returned with their verdict, which found the prisoner guilty of high treason from January 30, 1648. They not only found him guilty according to the indictment, which was laid for what the prisoner did in 1659; but for a long series of high treason (as they reckon) from January 30, 1648. The trial lasted ten hours.

Sir Henry spoke in his defence, though often interrupted by the court, with great spirit and courage. Among other things he said, "That if he were excepted (from pardon), then must he be judged for the crime of the whole nation; and that crime must be ravelled into through him: that the case is such as never yet fell out; to wit, that the government being intrusted to three estates, they should so fall out among themselves, as the people cannot tell which to obey; that where these great changes fall out, it is not possible for any man to proceed according to all formalities of law. That there was a political power, by the act of 17 Caroli, co-ordinate with the King; and where these powers are not in conjunction, but in enmity to each other, no court, inferior to the parliament, by whose authority these things were acted, ought to be judges of this case, which certainly never happened before. He offered the following points to be considered, and prayed earnestly to have counsel assigned him, to speak to them:

"1. Whether the collective body of the Parliament can be impeached of high treason?

"2. Whether any person, acting by authority of Parliament, can (so long as he acteth by that authority) commit treason?

"3. Whether matters, acted by that authority, can be called in question in an inferior court?

"4. Whether a king *de jure*, and out of possession, can have treason committed against him, he not being king *de facto*, and in actual possession? and prayed it might be argued by counsel."

Of the chance Vane had for life, and of the King's inclination to avail himself of the verdict obtained against him, the following letter, written on the 7th June, 1662, by Charles to his worthy Chancellor, the virtuous Lord Clarendon, affords ample evidence. The letter is dated, "*Hamton Court, Saturday*, two in the afternoon."

"The relation that hath been made to me of Sir H. Vane's carriage yesterday, in the hall, is the occasion of this letter, which, if I am rightly informed, was so insolent, as to justify all he had done, acknowledging no supreme power in *England*, but a parliament, and many things to that purpose. You have had a true account of all, and if he has given new occasion to be hanged, certaynly he is too dangerous a man to lett live, if we can honestly put him out of the way. Thinke of this, and give me some accounte of it to-morrow: till when, I have no more to say to you.

"To the Chancellour."*

On Wednesday, June the 11th, being the sentence day, they finally refused to hear his plea and reasons for an arrest of judgment. They had promised him before verdict they would hear anything of that kind he had to offer; as they had also, before his pleading *not guilty*, promised him counsel, which never was granted. They drew him on, step by step, first, to plead on his arraignment day, then to admit the jury's verdict on his trial day (so called, for he never owned it for a legal trial to his last breath). After that, out came the sentence of death against him, pronounced by the Lord Chief Justice Forster, and that of the worst description, and attended with the most infamous circumstances, to wit, that he should be hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, the common place of execution for thieves and robbers, for the rancor of his infamous enemies would have denied to the desecrated remains of their murdered victim even the decencies of the grave.

But in the orders for his execution, the manner of his death was altered into a beheading only, on Tower-hill, to which place he was carried on a sled drawn with horses —a circumstance very singular, and never used for those that die there, and of which he was kept ignorant till the very time; one of the Sheriff's men having told him

* Harris's Life of Charles II., vol. ii., p. 34.

that morning a little before, that there was to be no sled, but that he was to walk on foot.

When Sir Henry saw, during the last day's proceedings of the court, that they would overrule him in everything, and were bent upon his condemnation, he put up his papers, appealing to the righteous judgment of God, who (he told them) must judge them as well as him, often expressing his satisfaction to die upon this testimony, to which Kneeling, one of the King's council, insultingly answered, "So you may, Sir, in good time, by the grace of God."

After sentence given, Chief Justice Forster endeavored to take off the King from any obligation by the grant to the petition of both Houses, saying, "That God, though full of mercy, yet extended his mercy only to the penitent." The King's letter, which we have already given, will prove that that must have been no very difficult matter.

Vane's "Reasons for an Arrest of Judgment," which the court refused to hear, are drawn up with great acuteness, and extend to considerable length. The following passage may perhaps be considered as containing the pith of his case:—

"My case is evidently new and unusual—that which never happened before; wherein there is not only much of God and of his glory, but all that is dear and of true value to all the good people in these three nations. And (as I have said) it cannot be treason against the law of nature, since the duties of the subjects in relation to their sovereigns and superiors, from highest to lowest, are owned and conscientiously practised and yielded by those that are the assertors of this cause. Nor can it be treason within the statute of 25 Ed. III.; since, besides what hath been said of no king in possession, and of being under powers *regnant* and king *de facto*, as also of the fact in its own nature, and the evidence as to overt acts pretended, it is very plain it cannot possibly fall within the purview of that statute. For this case, thus circumstantiated, as before declared, is no act of any private person of his own head, as that statute intends; nor in relation to the king there meant, that is presumed to be in the exercise of his royal authority in conjunction with the law of the two Houses of Parliament, if they be sitting, as the fundamental constitutions of the Government do require."

He thus concludes these reasons:—

"My Lords, if I have been free and plain with you in this matter, I beg your pardon; for it concerns me to be so, and something more than ordinarily urgent, when both my estate and life are in such imminent peril; nay, more than my life, the concerns of thousands of lives are in it, not only of those that are in their graves already, but of all posterity in time to come. Had nothing been in it but the care to preserve my own life, I needed not have stayed in England, but might have taken my opportunity to have withdrawn myself into foreign parts to provide for my own safety; nor needed I to have been put upon pleading, as I now am, for an *arrest of judgment*, but would have watched upon advantages that were visible enough to me, in the managing of my trial, if I had consulted only the preservation of my life or estate.

"No, my Lords, I have otherwise learned Christ, than to fear them that can but kill the body, and have no more that they can do. I have also taken notice, in the little reading that I have had of history, how glorious the very heathens have rendered their names to posterity, in the contempt they have showed of death, when the laying down of their life has appeared to be their duty, from the love which they have owed to their country."

Up to the time of the sentence, Vane had continued with unabated spirit the intellectual struggle for his life. He disputed the ground inch by inch, and the perilous position in which he stood did not take from him the power of the most collected exertion of his mind. After the sentence, he made up his mind for death, with a composure and resolution which might have been expected from the sincerity of his convictions and the strength of his enthusiasm. For, whatever might be his infirmities and his faults, Vane was no hollow image, but a substance and a reality—an earnest and energetic man—"not slothful in business, fervent in spirit."

On the day before his execution, some of his friends having attempted to persuade him to make his submission to the King, and by that means endeavor to save his life, he said, "If the King did not think himself more concerned for his honor and word than *he* did for his life, he was very willing that they should take it. Nay, he declared, that he valued his life less in a good cause than the King could do his promise." And when some others spoke to him of giving some thousands of pounds for his life, he said, "If a thousand farthings would gain it, he would not give it; and if any should attempt to make such a bargain, he would spoil their market: for I think the King himself is so sufficiently obliged to spare my life, that it is fitter for him to do it than myself to seek it." He knew that he had lived and labored not for himself alone, nor even for his country, but for all nations and all generations of mankind; and he felt or believed that he would live in the admiration of all posterity, when the obscene tyrant who signed his death-warrant, and the

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ribald slaves who exulted over the fallen statesman, would but exist as the objects of its execration or its contempt. But he had other and better grounds of support and confidence in his hour of extremity than this. The "iron scourge and torturing hour" of man's earthly and impotent vengeance, were but to him the keys that unlocked the gates of an eternal Paradise. He could look upon the most appalling death but as a brief and glorious passage to that immortal state—to that everlasting commonwealth in which he should see, what on earth he had desired to see in vain, the highest wisdom and the purest virtue seated in the most exalted place, and where his unresting spirit would meet at last with that freedom and that happiness which here it could never find.

On Friday, June 13th, the day before his execution, his children having come to take their leave of him, he said, as he kissed them, "The Lord bless you, he will be a better Father to you; I must now forget that ever I knew you. I can willingly leave this place and outward enjoyments, for those I shall meet with hereafter in a better country. I have made it my business to acquaint myself with the society of heaven. Be not you troubled, for I am going home to my Father."

Much has been said of the *darkness* of Vane's prayers. The following are passages of his prayer with his wife, children, and friends, in his chamber, on the morning of his execution. The reader will judge whether it is particularly dark:—

"Most holy and gracious Father, look down from the habitation of thy holiness; visit, relieve, and comfort us thy poor servants, here gathered together in the name of Christ. Thou art rending this veil, and bringing us to a mountain that abides firm. * * * Thou art the great Judge and Lawgiver; for the sake of thy servants, therefore, O Lord, return on high, and cause a righteous sentence to come forth from thy presence, for the relief of thy despised people. * * * The day approaches in which thou wilt decide this controversy, not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Living God. This Spirit will make its own way, and run through the whole earth. Then shall it be said, *Where is the fury of the oppressor?* Who is he that dares or can stand before the Spirit of the Lord, in the mouth of his witnesses? *Arise, O Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered.* Thy poor servant knows not how he shall be carried forth by thee this day; but, blessed be thy great name, that he hath whereof to speak in this great cause. When I shall be gathered to thee this day, then come thou in the ministry of thy holy angels that excel in strength. We have seen enough of this world, and thou seest we have enough of it. Let these, my friends, that are around about me, commit me to the Lord, and let them be gathered to the family of Abraham, the Father of the Faithful, and become faithful witnesses of those principles and truths that have been discovered to them, that it may be known that a poor weak prophet hath been amongst them, not by the words of his mouth only, but by the voice of his blood and death, which will speak when he is gone. * * * My hour-glass is now turned up, the sand runs out apace, and it is my happiness that death doth not surprise me. * * * Little do my enemies know (as eager as they are to have me gone) how soon their breaths may be drawn in.*

"Oh! what abjuring of light! what treachery! what meanness of spirit has appeared in this day! . . . Lord, strengthen the faith and heart of thy poor servant, to undergo this day's work with joy and gladness, and bear it on the heart and consciences of his friends that have known and seen him, that they also may say, the Lord is in him of a truth.

"Oh! that thy servant could speak any blessing to these three nations. Let thy remnant be gathered to thee. Prosper and relieve that poor handful that are in prisons and bonds, that they may be raised up and trample death under foot. Let my poor family that is left desolate—let my dear wife and children be taken into thy care; be thou a husband, father, and master to them. Let the spirit of those that love me be drawn out towards them."

He encouraged his friends to cheerfulness, as well by his example as by his words. In all his deportment he showed himself marvellously fitted to meet the King of Terrors without the least affright. He said, death shrunk from him, rather than he from it. On parting with his relations, he said, "There is some flesh remaining yet, but I must cast it behind me, and press forward to my Father."

Then one of the Sheriff's men came in and told him that there was to be no sled, but he was to walk on foot.

He told his friends that the Sheriff's chaplain came to him at twelve o'clock that night, with an order for his execution, telling him, he was come to bring him the fatal message of death. "I think, friends," continued Sir Henry, "that in this message was no dismalness at all; after the receipt of which, I slept four hours so soundly, that the Lord hath made it sufficient for me, and now I am going to sleep my last, after which I shall need sleep no more."

* This was the 14th of June, 1662. On the 10th of July, 1663, articles of high treason were exhibited against Edward, Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor of England, in the House of Lords.—State Trials, vol. II., fol. 553.

Then, the Sheriff coming into the room, was saluted by him in a friendly manner, and, after a little pause, communicated a prohibition that he said he had received, which was, that he must not speak anything against his Majesty or the Government. His answer to this he himself relates on the scaffold. He further told the Sheriff he was ready; but the Sheriff said he was not, nor could be this half hour yet. "Then, Sir, it rests on you, not on me," said Sir Henry, "for I have been ready this half hour." Then the Sheriff, at his request, promised him his servants should attend him on the scaffold, and be civilly dealt with; neither of which promises was performed, for they were beaten, and kept off the scaffold, till he said, "What? have I never a servant here?"

After this, one of the Sheriff's men came and told him there must be a sled—a circumstance very singular, and never used to those who are executed at that place—to which Sir Henry replied, "Any way; how they please; for I long to be at home, to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, which is best of all." He went very cheerfully and readily down the stairs from his chamber, and, having seated himself on the sled, his friends and servants standing round him, was forthwith drawn away towards the scaffold. As he went, some in the Tower, prisoners as well as others, spake to him, praying the Lord to go with him; and, after he was out of the Tower, the people, from the tops of houses, and out of windows, used such means and gestures as might best discover, at a distance, their respect and love to him, crying aloud, "The Lord go with you! The great God of heaven and earth appear in you, and for you!" whereof he took what notice he was capable in those circumstances, in a cheerful manner, accepting their respect, taking off his hat and bowing to them. Being asked several times how he did by some about him, he answered, "Never better in all my life." Another replied, "How should he do ill that suffers for so glorious a cause?" to which a tall black man said, "Many suffered for a better cause"—"And many for a worse," said Sir Henry, wishing "that, when they came to seal their *better cause* (as he called it) with their blood, as he was now going to seal his, they might not find themselves deceived;" "and as to this cause," added he, "it hath given life in death to all the owners of it, and sufferers for it."

As he passed within the rails on Tower-hill, there were many loud acclamations of the people, crying out, "The Lord Jesus go with your dear soul," &c. One told him, that was the most glorious seat he ever sat on; he answered, "It is so indeed."

Having arrived at the scaffold, he cheerfully ascended, and the crowd on the scaffold having divided to make way for him, he showed himself to the people on the front of the scaffold with that noble and Christian-like deportment, that he rather seemed a looker-on than the person concerned in the execution, insomuch that it was difficult to persuade many of the people that he was the prisoner. But when they knew that the gentleman with the black suit and cloak (with a scarlet silk waistcoat, the victorious color, showing itself at the breast) was the prisoner, they greatly admired the noble collectedness of his presence.

Silence was now commanded by the Sheriff, and Vane, first lifting up his hands and eyes towards heaven, and then resting his hands on the rails of the scaffold, took, says the contemporary account, a very serious, composed, and majestic view of the great multitude around him, and then spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, Fellow-countrymen, and Christians!

"When Mr. Sheriff came to me this morning, and told me he had received a command from the King that I should say nothing reflecting upon his Majesty or the Government, I answered I should confine and order my speech as near as I could, so as to be least offensive, saving my faithfulness to the trust reposed in me, which I must ever discharge with a good conscience unto death; for I ever valued a man according to his faithfulness to the trust reposed in him, even on his Majesty's behalf, in the late controversy. And if you dare trust my discretion, Mr. Sheriff, I shall do nothing but what becomes a good Christian and an Englishman; and so I hope I shall be civilly dealt with.

"When Mr. Sheriff's chaplain came to me last night about twelve of the clock, to bring me, as he called it, the fatal message of death, it pleased the Lord to bring that Scripture to my mind in the third of Zechary, to intimate to me that he was now taking away my filthy garments, causing my iniquities to pass from me, with intention to give me change of raiment, and that my mortal should put on immortality.

"I suppose you may wonder when I shall tell you that I am not brought hither according to any known law of the land. It is true, I have been before a court of justice, and am now going to appear before a greater tribunal, where I am to give an account of all my actions; under their sentence I stand here at this time. When I was before them, I could not have the liberty and privilege of an *Englishman*, the grounds, reasons, and causes of the actings I was charged with duly considered; I therefore desired the judges that they would set their seals to my bill of exceptions; I pressed hard for it again and again, as the right of myself and every free-born Englishman, by the law of the land, but was finally denyed it."

Here Sir John Robinson (Lieutenant of the Tower) interrupted him, saying, "Sir, you must not go on thus," and (in a furious manner, generally observed even to the dissatisfaction of some of their own attendants) said, that he railed against the judges, and that it was a lie, and I am here, said he, to testify that it is false.

Sir Henry Vane replied, "God will judge between me and you in this matter. I speak but matter of fact, and cannot you hear that? 'Tis evident the judges have refused to sign my bill of exceptions——." Then the trumpets were ordered to sound in his face, to hinder his being heard; at which Sir Henry, lifting up his hand, and then laying it on his breast, said, "What mean you, gentlemen? Is this your usage of me? Did you use all the rest so? I had even done as to that, could you have been patient; but seeing you cannot bear it, I shall only say this, *That whereas the judges have refused to seal that with their hands that they have done,* I come to seal that with my blood that I have done.* Therefore, leaving this matter, which I perceive will not be borne, I judge it meet to give you some account of my life.

"I might tell you, I was born a gentleman; had the education, temper, and spirit of a gentleman, as well as others; being, in my youthful days, inclined to the vanities of this world, and to that which they call good-fellowship, judging it to be the only means of accomplishing a gentleman. But about the fourteenth or fifteenth year of my age (which is about thirty-four or five years since), God was pleased to lay the foundation or groundwork of repentance in me, for the bringing me home to himself, by his wonderful, rich, and free grace, revealing his Son in me, that, by the knowledge of the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, I might (even whilst here in the body) be made partaker of eternal life, in the first fruits of it.

"When my conscience was thus awakened, I found my former course to be disloyalty to God, profaneness, and a way of sin and death, which I did with tears and bitterness bewail, as I had cause to do. Since that foundation of repentance laid in me through grace, I have been kept steadfast, desiring to walk in all good conscience towards God and towards men, according to the best light and understanding God gave me. For this I was willing to turn my back upon my estate, expose myself to hazards in foreign parts; yea, nothing seemed difficult to me, so I might preserve faith and a good conscience, which I prefer before all things; and do earnestly persuade all people rather to suffer the highest contradictions from men than disobey God by contradicting the light of their own conscience. In this it is I stand with so much comfort and boldness before you all this day, and upon this occasion, being assured that I shall at last sit down in glory with Christ at his right hand. I stand here this day to resign up my spirit into the hands of that God that gave it me. Death is but a little word, but 'tis a great work to die; it is to be but once done, and after this cometh the judgment, even the judgment of the great God, which it concerns us all to prepare for. And by this act I do receive a discharge once for all out of prison, even the prison of the mortal body also, which to a true Christian is a burdensome weight.

"In all respects, where I have been concerned and engaged as to the public, my design hath been to accomplish good things for these nations." Then lifting up his eyes, and spreading his hands, he said, "I do here appeal to the great God of heaven, and all this assembly, or any other persons, to show wherein I have defiled my hands with any man's blood or estate, or that I have sought myself in any public capacity or place I have been in.

"The cause was three times stated.

"*First*, In the remonstrance of the House of Commons.

"*Secondly*, In the Covenant—the solemn

* "And if, either in his directions or decisions, the judge misstates the law by ignorance, inadvertence, or design, the counsel on either side may require him publicly to seal a *bill of exceptions*; stating the point wherein he is supposed to err; and this he is obliged to seal by statute, Westw. 2, 13 Edw. I. c. 31."—Blackstone's Commentaries, B. iii., c. 23.

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League and Covenant——" Upon this the trumpets sounded, the Sheriff catched at the paper in his hand, and Sir John Robinson, who at first had acknowledged that he had nothing to do there, wishing the Sheriff to see to it, yet found himself something to do now, furiously calling for the writers' books, and saying, "He treats of rebellion, and you write it." Hereupon six note-books were delivered up. The prisoner was very patient and composed under all these injuries, and soundings of the trumpet several times in his face—only saying that it was hard he must not be suffered to speak; "but," added he, "my usage from man is no harder than was my Lord and Master's; and all that will live his life this day must expect hard dealing from the worldly spirit." Here the trumpets sounded again to prevent his being heard. Then Robinson, and two or three others, endeavored to snatch the paper out of Sir Henry's hand; but he kept it for some time, now and then reading part of it; afterwards, tearing it in pieces, he delivered it to a friend behind him, who was presently forced to deliver it up to the Sheriff. Then they put their hands into his pockets for papers (as was pretended), which occasioned great confusion and dissatisfaction among the spectators. It was very remarkable that, during all this disorder, the prisoner himself was observed to be of the most constant, composed spirit and countenance, which he preserved so admirably throughout, that a Royalist swore "*he died like a prince.*"

Before the stroke, he spake to this effect —"I bless the Lord, who hath accounted me worthy to suffer for his name. Blessed be the Lord that I have kept a conscience void of offence to this day. I bless the Lord, I have not deserted the righteous cause for which I suffer."

But his last words, when he had laid his neck on the block, were these: "Father, glorify thy servant in the sight of men, that he may glorify thee in the discharge of his duty to thee, and to his country." Upon which the executioner did his office.*

"It was observed," says the account of his trial and execution, published immediately after his death, "that no signs of inward fear appeared by any trembling or shaking of his hands, or any other part of his body, all along on the scaffold. Yea, an ancient traveller, and curious observer of the demeanor of persons in such public executions, did narrowly eye his countenance to the last breath, and his head immediately after the separation; he observed that his countenance did not in the least change: and whereas the heads of all he had before seen did some way or other move after leaving, which argued some reluctancy and unwillingness to that parting blow, the head of this sufferer lay perfectly still immediately upon the separation: on which he said to this purpose, that his death was by the free consent and act of his mind, which animadversion notably accords with what the sufferer himself had before expressed, in differencing a death by rational choice, from that by sickness, which is with constraint upon the body. He desired to be dissolved and to be with Christ."*

* Tryal, p. 95, State Trials, vol. ii., fol. 464.

In Vane's countenance, though not particularly handsome, there was something remarkable that seemed to denote he was no ordinary man.

"Sir Henry Vane left only one son, named Christopher, who was knighted by King Charles II., and advanced by King William, July 8, 1699, to the title of Lord Bernard of Bernard Castle. By his wife Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Gilbert Holles, Earl of Clare, he left two sons, Gilbert and William. Gilbert succeeded to his titles and estates, and, dying April 27, 1753, left, among many other children, Henry, his eldest son, who was created April 3, 1754, Viscount Bernard and Earl of Darlington. William was advanced, June, 1720, to the titles of Viscount Vane, and Baron of Duncannon in the county of Tyrone in Ireland."†

Of Vane's merits as a statesman we may say a few words, taking Milton's sonnet as our text, which was sent him July 3, 1652.

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, nor arms, repell'd
The fierce Epirote and the African bold.

Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd,
Then to advise how war may best upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,

In all her equipage: besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learned, which few have done:

The bounds of either sword to thee we owe,
Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

In the beginning of these verses mention is made of that intuitive sagacity for which he was distinguished, in penetrating and

* Tryal, p. 95. † Biog. Brit. art. Vane.

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laying open the crafty designs of hollow-hearted states, however "hard to be spelled"—however disguised under false and deceitful appearances. A statesman of such a spirit—one who can penetrate the designs of a rival or hostile power, even as if he led her councils and commanded her armies, might advise and contrive things with best advantage to his country, not only more effectually but more economically; or, as has been well, though somewhat quaintly, observed, by a contemporary writer, "without such a company of chargeable waste pipes of spials at home, or correspondents abroad, as is usual."*

As regards the next qualification to advise, viz. how war may be best maintained, and move by her two main nerves, iron and gold, the merits of Vane as a statesman are recorded on the page of history. "So frugal," says Ludlow, "had he and his colleagues been of the public purse, that upon the usurpation of Cromwell, a vast sum was found in the Treasury, and yet their fleets and armies had been fully paid, and their magazines plentifully furnished with stores." In order fully to appreciate their great merits in this way, it is only necessary to compare them with what may be taken as a frugal Government for a monarchical one—we mean Cromwell's. At the return of the Parliament to the exercise of their authority, in the place of those vast sums they had left in the public coffers, they found a debt of two millions and four hundred thousand pounds contracted by those who had taken upon them the management of affairs. And yet, along with this economy, when had the affairs of any nation been conducted with more energy and more wisdom, than those of England under the Parliament? Charles, even, with his oppressive and unjust tax of ship-money, had been unable to afford commerce the most common protection. But where was the nation on the face of the earth that dared to insult the flag of the Commonwealth of England? Hume, with his usual candor, ascribes the success in the war with Holland to the use made by Charles of the tax of ship-money, whereas the reverse of this is notorious; those successes being solely attributable to the energy and wisdom displayed by Vane and his colleagues in the management of the navy.

The latter part of the sonnet refers to his skill in distinguishing the two "swords," or power, spiritual and temporal, and setting proper bounds to each. He held that the magistrate ought to keep within the proper sphere of civil jurisdiction, and not to intermeddle with men's consciences in matters of religion and divine worship. In order fully to appreciate Vane's merits in this particular, it is necessary to throw back our minds two centuries, and reflect how rare was that spirit of toleration in those days, aye, how still more rare in one, who was no lukewarm, indifferent Gallio, who "cared for none of these things," but himself the warmest of enthusiasts. When all this is considered, surely his greatest enemy must confess that Vane was no ordinary man—that his was no common mind.

During the Long Parliament, Vane was usually so occupied with the public business in the House, and several committees, from early in the morning to very late at night, that he had scarcely leisure to take the necessary refreshment, converse with his nearest relations, or at all to mind his family affairs. In his solemn appeal on the scaffold to God and men, he declared that he had never defiled his hands with any man's blood or estate, or sought himself in any public place or capacity; and in his case this was no empty boast; for such was the opinion entertained of his abilities for the despatch of a business, if good, or the hindrance of it, if evil, that, had his hand been as open to receive as those of others to offer, he might have treasured up gold as dust. Many hundreds a year had been offered to some about him, in case they could but prevail with him only *not* to appear *against* a proposal. On the least intimation of such a thing to him, he would conclude it to be some corrupt, self-interested design, and set himself more vigilantly and industriously to oppose and quash it.*

* The Life and Death of Sir Henry Vane, London, 1662, p. 95.

* Life and Death, pp. 97–8.

Trait of Handel.—Dr. Morell, who furnished Handel with the poetry of many of his oratorios, related to Mr. Taylor, that one fine summer morning, he (Dr. Morell) was aroused out of bed at five o'clock by Handel, who came in his carriage a short distance from London. The doctor went to the window, and spoke to Handel, who would not leave his carriage; Handel was at that time composing an oratorio. When the doctor asked him what he wanted, he said: "What is de meaning of de vord billow?" (which was in the oratorio the doctor had written for him). The doctor, after laughing at so ludicrous a reason for disturbing him, told him that billow meant a wave—a wave of the sea. "Oh, de wave!" said Handel, and bade his coachman return without addressing another word to the doctor.

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From Tait's Magazine.

THE TWO MILLIONAIRES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE, BY SARAH FRY.

When I was a young man completing my studies at Jena (ah, woe is me! many and many a year has passed in tears and sunshine since) one of my most agreeable acquaintance was old Forest Counsellor *Von Rödern*, and some of my pleasantest hours were spent in his house. We used to assemble once or twice a week, a tolerably large circle, consisting partly of men like himself in the service of the State "angesteltle"—though when, and where, and how two-thirds of these served I never could make out, nor how the State could want such an army of them, for truly of those "angesteltle" in most German States their name is legion—and partly of such of the students as were less addicted to the uproarious merriment then and now in fashion among the Bürseken. Even some of the "roaring boys" would now and then like a quiet evening at the Counsellor's, by way of relief to their wilder carousals, though somewhat in the proportion of Falstaff's bread to his sack. The Counsellor was a kind-hearted, cheerful old man, at peace with himself and all the world, perhaps because the world had gone well with him, or, perhaps, that from a natural felicity of temperament he had gone well with the world, never raising his expectations too high either of himself or others, and, therefore, escaping the ossifying and acidulating process so actively at work with those who have tasted too often of hope deceived, whether with or without any fault of their own. He never pretended to give entertainments; the refreshments, besides the glass or two of punch offered at parting, were limited to a cup of coffee, or of the anomalous beverage so innocently accepted by our kinsfolk the Germans, under the name of tea, and concocted in the proportion of a spoonful of the herb to a gallon of water. Many of the guests used to qualify the mixture with lemon, wine, or vanilla, which I wondered at till I tasted it in its primitive state, and then I held all means lawful which should make it taste of something. There was no want of amusement, though we neither declaimed tragedies, slandered our neighbors, nor played at cards. There was difference enough of age, temper, condition, and character, among us, to give variety to the conversation on whatever subject it chanced to fall; and when the discussion threatened to become too warm, the amenity of our host acted as a kind of general dulcifier of all acerbities, and brought about, if not an agreement of principle, an agreement to differ. One of the most successful means of producing this desirable result was the Counsellor's reminiscences of his earlier life. He possessed much of the talents "*de conteur*," so highly valued as an accomplishment of society by our neighbors. Some of his narratives I thought worth while transcribing, though I have small expectation of rendering them as agreeable to a reader as they were to a hearer.

The conversation fell one evening on Rousseau's writings, and his own character—his morbid susceptibility—his scorn, whether real or affected, of the rich and great—his proud poverty—and the contradiction between his misanthropy and his zeal for the reformation of society.

Some defended the unhappy philosopher, whose whole life was a continual warfare with himself and others, and blamed the friends who had not understood him. Others justified the friends, and asked which of his champions could honestly assert he could have kept on good terms with him for a month. The effects of opulence and indigence on the minds of gifted and right-minded men came incidentally under discussion. What would Rousseau have been had he been born to purple and fine linen—to be served instead of serving? "I remember a story, or rather a couple of stories," said the Counsellor, "which have some reference to the subject of your dispute. I will not say they will settle it, but they may furnish some further argument. Both are singular in their way. One was the best-executed practical joke I ever heard of. The heroes of both were friends of my youth, and one of them is still one of my best and dearest." Listen if you like—learn if you can!

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CHAPTER I.

THE BANKER AND THE GROCER.

Among my intimates at the University of Tubingen, Casimir Morn was the most distinguished by nature and fortune; one had given him a handsome person, considerable talents, and an excellent heart; the other a rich banker for a father, that the value of the diamond might not be impaired for want of a fit setting. Before entering the University he had travelled through the greater part of Germany, France, and Italy. His mind, already cultivated and enlarged, preserved him from contamination by the coarser excesses of the wilder part of his fellow students; while the succoring hand held out to the more necessitous, attested that his temperance was the result not of prudence only, but of choice.

Half a year before he left the University, I accompanied him in the vacation to his father's house. The elder Morn was banker to the Court, and lived in great splendor in the electoral city of Cassel, where he was visited by what are called the first people in the city.

Near Morn's house, or rather palace, stood an old, dilapidated, gloomy-looking house, the abode of one Romanus, a grocer—a miserly old curmudgeon, who had the reputation of possessing the best-filled coffers and the prettiest daughter in the city. He was said to be a millionaire; yet he continued to weigh out coffee, pepper, cheese, and treacle, with his own hand—nay, if he were disabled, the fair fingers of the fair Caroline were pressed into the service, for a shopman had never been admitted behind the counter of Herr Romanus.

Casimir Morn and the pretty groceress had played together as neighbors' children, and seemed by no means inclined to drop the acquaintance, now that they had ceased to be children. The banker, however, began to make somewhat of a wry face at the familiar tone of the young people towards each other. He was aspiring in his views, and thought of purchasing a patent of nobility; and then, with the magic *Von* before his name, and his own handsome face and figure, his son might look for a better quartering in his escutcheon than a sugar loaf and Swiss cheese parted per pale. The grocer, on the other hand, might perhaps have held it expedient to keep the flies from buzzing too near his sweets; and, no doubt, it was with this view that he always charged Casimir treble the usual price, whenever he made the purchase of any of the other's wares the pretence for entering the shop. But Casimir, who was honestly and seriously in love, had no intention that affairs should remain on this ambiguous footing. On the contrary, he gravely assured his father that if ever he brought home a wife it must be Caroline Romanus, and Caroline assured *her* father that no young man was endurable to her eyes saving and excepting Casimir Morn. The banker loved his only son. He had nothing personally to object to the roses and the lilies, forget-me-not eyes and raven curls of Caroline, and saw something greatly to admire in her father's million. Finding his son resolute, he was inclined to give way. Herr Romanus had, on his side, nothing to say against the banker's son. His father carried on the first business in the electorate; and when, to these considerations, was added, that the lovers had already sworn fidelity to all eternity and beyond, it must be confessed that the marriage was highly expedient. Who would have guessed that we were all reckoning without our host?

The unlooked-for obstacle arose in the shape of a grave proposal of Herr Romanus, that his future son-in-law—the handsome, graceful Casimir, the darling of the fair, with all his university honors blushing thick upon him—should forthwith renounce the flowery paths of literature, forsake the thornier crown awaiting the successful pursuit of severer science, and, donning a white apron, serve sugar and snuff for the remainder of his days! Herr Romanus had no faith in any pursuit above or below a counter. Learning was nothing in his eyes; "the service," no better than legalized thieving; banking, gambling according to law.

The banker was furious. His son, to whom his natural and acquired advantages, and his own connexions with the Court, opened the way to the first employments in the State, who had already been named Referendary to the High Court of something or other—for the first six months without salary certainly, but with the positive assurance of speedy advancement;—and now came this ridiculous old grocer, with the preposterous demand that he should renounce all these splendid prospects (the patent of nobility included), and sell treacle and herrings at three farthings a-piece to the worthy burghers of ——. Was ever a lover reduced to such an absurd dilemma

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before! At three-and-twenty it is hard to say what would not be undertaken for a fair and beloved maiden; batteries might be stormed, wounds and death defied, a desert held as a paradise, Satan himself dared to mortal combat; all might be borne;—but to sink from a minister of state in expectation, to a seller of tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff, was worse than battery, desert, death, and the duel!

It struck me as somewhat odd, that instead of breaking off at once with the absurd old humorist, the proud banker should in private counsel his son to capitulate. Caroline, however, opposed her father's whim. It was agreed that Casimir should return to the University for half a year; and, in the meantime, every engine should be set to work to soften the heart of Herr Romanus, including tears, fainting, and threats of going into a consumption.

CHAPTER II.

THE GROCER RISES IN THE SCALE—THE BANKER KICKS THE BEAM.

Caroline Romanus was a diligent correspondent. Casimir was informed of everything that happened in the good city of ——, except what he most desired to know —viz. that Herr Romanus had changed his mind. But no; the old man was immovable as the wooden negro at his own door. His son-in-law must be a grocer: he had said it, and he stuck to it. The only consolatory part of Caroline's letter was the concluding paragraph—"After all, we can wait a little; I am only sixteen, and you three-and-twenty."

Four months had thus passed away, when one morning Casimir burst into my room with an open letter in his hand, and consternation in his countenance. It was from the banker Morn, and contained this laconic and astounding information:—"I am a bankrupt and a fugitive: I must leave —— directly. I am going to England, and thence to the West Indies. The ten thousand florins, secured to you by the enclosed paper, you will receive on application. It is all I have been able to save for you from the wreck."

Very naturally, such an unexpected blow of fate had a tendency to lengthen the visage even of a lover of three-and-twenty. The sum transmitted was not a third part of his mother's fortune, which had been secured to Casimir. I attempted some words of consolation. He made a sign to me to be silent, and passing his hand rapidly over his brow—"Do not you mistake me," said he, faltering; "it is not the poverty I feel, but the disgrace. And do not attempt to console me for either: for one there is no consolation, and for the other no need of it. I should despise myself if the mere loss of wealth could sadden the future to me. Help to divert my thoughts for to-day, if you can; to-morrow I shall not need your help."

On the morrow, I had invited a few of our common friends to drink a glass of punch in my rooms: Casimir was of the party; and one of the most cheerful. He related his misfortune himself; and if pity and vows of friendship till death could console one for unmerited ill-luck, he had plenty of it. Only one of the company, Engelbert, one of the best heads amongst us, came up to him, laughing. "You are all fools together," said he. "For my part, I congratulate you that you are rid of your cumbersome money. You will find out now what you are really good for, which you never would have done had you remained the rich banker's son; and I know you are sterling! A millionaire, a prince, and a pretty girl, are three things of which one can never say whether, setting aside the strong box, the tinsel, and the fair face, they have any intrinsic value or not."

There was a general outcry against Engelbert's opinions. I myself saw only a sort of crazy enthusiasm in the doctrine he here advanced, particularly when he went on to say—

"If I had the formation of society, only born blockheads, those crippled in body or in mind, and old people, should receive money from the State; and when they died, it should return to the State. On the other hand, those young and vigorous in mind and in body should not have a farthing. They should feed themselves by the sweat of their brow. We should then see real greatness, instead of the tawdry trumpery that goes by the name amongst us. The servants of the State—generals, priests, and the rest—should be simply clad, live on simple food, and dwell in modest houses, that the real value of the men might be understood, and the people no longer misled by the tags and frippery now used to disguise their moral poverty. The wisest, the bravest, the most active, the most virtuous,

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should be called the richest, for they *are* so. In my Utopia, the poor in spirit should be the millionaires. But we live in a perverted world. It is said that Fortune is blind in her gifts. But I say that what we call her blindness is Divine wisdom: to the blockhead is given wealth; to talent and merit, the beggar's staff—only as a due adjustment of the balance."

"What," cried one of the auditors, "shall I then labor for nothing? I rejoice in my powers of mind and body, because, by their exertion, I may acquire power and wealth."

"That," replied Engelbert, "is to dig for sand with a spade of pure gold. You will end by sending a bullet through your own head."

"I care little for power or wealth," said Casimir. "I am quite of Engelbert's opinion. I will be of some worth by myself, and am content if my merit be acknowledged."

"You are not at all of my opinion," cried Engelbert. "How acknowledged? What is it to me if I shine like the sun, and the world maintain I am as black as a coal? Men are self-seekers through feebleness of mind; and none troubles himself really much about the other. We must love them but out of compassion."

"No, no," exclaimed Casimir; "man is naturally good and noble, and, therefore, my fellow-men are dear to me. I should not like to live in a world, such as it appears to you."

"Poor Casimir Morn, you are born to misanthropy," was Engelbert's reply.

"You are all dreaming together," said I, interposing. "The world is neither so good nor so evil as you make it out. Everything has its light and dark side; rain to-day, sunshine to-morrow. Take, like reasonable people, the life as it is, not as you wish it to be, and learn moderation in all things. The middle path is the best."

Engelbert laughed, and patted me on the cheek, as one does to a child who talks with an affectation of prudence unsuited to its years, raised his glass, and, clinking it against mine, "Rodern," said he, "you are a capital fellow; you will get on famously with your moderate plan, and always swim with the tide; rejoice in clean swaddling clothes, and cry over broken soap bubbles. You will find things neither too right nor too wrong."

I relate this conversation because the result made it remarkable. Engelbert, as it turned out, had spoken like one inspired, and prophesied to us all round.

Casimir returned to ———. His father's splendid house, with all belonging to it, had been already sold. The whole city cried out upon the runaway banker, and pitied the son, except the old grocer. He had lost eight thousand dollars by Morn's bankruptcy. At first, he had comforted himself with the hope that Casimir would be able to make it up to him out of his mother's fortune; but, when the young man frankly confessed that the same cause had deprived him of the greater part of this fortune, the old man laughed deridingly. "Whistle me another tune from that, young man," said he, twirling his queer-looking wig round and round upon his head, as he was wont on similar occasions. "Your father, Herr Casimir, is a clever fellow! He would make a capital Finance Minister! What would you wager, now, that he has brought his sheep to dry land in time?" and here Romanus dropped the fingers of his right hand into the hollow of his left, with a significant look, as if counting money. "How long is it to be before he makes his appearance amongst us again as a rich man?"

Casimir colored deeply. "His father," he said, "had been unfortunate—thoughtless, perhaps—but he was no deliberate deceiver."

When Romanus saw that Casimir was really unable to pay the eight thousand dollars, he demanded, without ceremony, all he had, in part payment at least.

"How, then, am I to live?" asked the young man. "As yet I receive no salary from my appointment."

"My heavens!" whined the miser, "you are a learned man, Herr Casimir. You may be secretary to somebody; but what is to become of me? Oh! I am a poor, ruined old man, driven out of house and home. If I am to lose all this monstrous sum, I and my poor child must beg from door to door."

"Indeed, are you really poor?" cried Morn. "No, you shall not beg. Take my little capital into your trade, and give me Caroline's hand. Make of me what you will. Industry and economy will soon make up for the past. We shall be the happiest people in the world."

Casimir said this with so much warmth and evident sincerity, that the old grocer was, to use a homely phrase, fairly dumbfoundered.

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"What," said he at length in his harshest tone, "is it a matter of rejoicing that your honorable papa then has cheated me out of my whole property? And, to reward such honest dealing, I shall give you my daughter, shall I? Your humble servant! If your worthy father has made me a beggar, I will hold no beggar's wedding in my house, I promise you. Be so good as to take yourself off, will you? And, if I may be so bold as to ask a favor, I would beg that you may never darken my doors again. I wash my hands of you. I have not brought up my girl to fling her into the arms of the first fellow without a penny in his pocket that has the impudence to ask her."

And this was the result of poor Casimir's interview with Herr Romanus.

CHAPTER III.

HOPE AND CONSOLATION.

Whichever way the unfortunate young man turned, he heard execrations on his father's name. Those who, during the banker's prosperity, had been his basest flatterers, now distinguished themselves by the bitterness and violence of their reproaches. In consequence, the news of his father's death, which reached Casimir a few months after, brought with it a kind of melancholy consolation, notwithstanding his unfeigned sorrow. The unfortunate banker died at Antwerp of inflammation of the lungs, which had been neglected probably in the overwhelming griefs and vexations consequent on his bankruptcy. The death of Morn at least put an end to the storm of hostility, and the worthy people of —— even found some expressions of pity for the son at last.

Casimir's courage rose again, after the first stunning effects of the blow, with that elastic vigor natural to his age. When the storm had somewhat blown over, he addressed himself for employment to some former friends of his family, and met with a civil reception from all. His appointment as Referendary to the Electoral Chamber was confirmed.

"You may study at the law, Roman and financial," said the Minister, "and I will think of you in time. Of course, as youngest in the office, you must work without salary. But, in a year or two, I hope we shall be able to do something for you. You are still very young; one cannot expect much at four-and-twenty!"

Morn was well contented for the time. He fixed himself in a respectable citizen's house, right opposite the once splendid dwelling of his family—less haunted by the memory of former magnificence than allured by the vision of Caroline's blue eyes and rose-tinted cheek; for, although the old chandler had prohibited him from crossing his threshold, he could not prevent eyes from visiting as they listed.

Casimir's sitting-room and that used by Caroline Romanus were, by good fortune, exactly opposite, and when the sun shone, not a corner of either was invisible to the other. Each knew when the other came in or went out, how they were employed, when they were glad, when they were sorry. After the fashion of maidens of her class in Germany, Caroline's constant seat, when not employed in household duties, was perched at the window; so there was nothing very remarkable in her preferring her knitting needles to all other employment. Never, even among her country-women, was there such an indefatigable knitter.

Within a year's time, the language of looks and signs had been brought to such perfection that all they thought, wished, hoped, or feared, was mutually understood, without exchanging a word.

Cheered by the glad eye and radiant smile of the fair and faithful Caroline, young Morn labored with unwearied diligence, not only in his own peculiar vocation, but was always ready to assist the superiors in office, who having easier employment and more pay, found, of course, less leisure, with their accounts, memorials, minutes, &c. &c. He stood, therefore, high in the good graces of his colleagues, every one eulogised his talents and acquirements, asked his advice, and accepted his services; and, in return, no one in the city received more invitations to balls, soirées, and pic-nics.

The fathers praised his ready head and ready hand, the daughters declared that he sang admirably, waltzed divinely, and declaimed like an angel, in their private theatricals; but alas! in spite of this universal favor, Casimir Morn remained, at six-and-twenty, the generally-esteemed but unpaid junior Referendary of the Electoral Chamber of ——.

"Never mind," was Caroline's unfailing topic of consolation; "you are *but* six-and-twenty, and I am just nineteen." The lovely Caroline was now in the full bloom,

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and beyond dispute the fairest maiden in the city. The fame of her beauty and her probable wealth even reached the Court. Princes and Counts, with unimpeachable quarterings, condescended to press with their noble feet the very dirty pavement before the low, dark, strong-flavored shop of grocer Romanus; and what was more, to shed the light of their countenance on the cunning, miserly, old curmudgeon himself. A beauty like Caroline, and the heiress of a million, was well worth the sacrifice of all the genealogies, orders, and diplomas in ——. Yet, neither counts, barons, knights, state, war, court, chamber, justice (civil and criminal), finance, police, church, or public instruction—privy or public counsellor, could touch the heart of the old grocer, or his charming heiress. On the one hand, Herr Romanus adhered with the obstinacy of a whole herd of mules to his resolution of finding or making his future son-in-law a grocer; and on the other, the damsel herself was as indifferent to the galaxy of stars in the Court firmament as if they had been so many farthing rushlights in her papa's shop.

All her pretty coquetries, her winning glances, and gracious smiles—for which counts and counsellors looked and sighed in vain—were lavished, unasked for and by the dozen, on the honorary junior Referendary of the Electoral Chamber.

This ought to have been consolation enough; but, when two more years had passed over his head, without bringing any alteration in his prospects, Casimir's brow began to cloud sometimes, and other sighs than those of love to steal from his bosom. Old Romanus was as immovable as a rock to lovers' entreaties, and the Minister seemed to have forgotten him altogether. Morn was an admirable laborer in the official vineyard, a man of the strictest honor, of the clearest head—these were facts that no one ventured to gainsay—and yet, when a place became vacant, no one thought any more of the untainted honor, the clear head, and gratuitous labors of the unpaid Referendary, Casimir Morn, than if there had been no such merits in existence, or no need of them in the electoral city of ——. People had their sons, or their nephews, or their cousins thirty times removed, to provide for; young men, who had neither served half so long nor deserved half so well, were continually put over his head; and if he made any complaint, he was answered by a silent shrug, or a head-shaking at the nepotism of some brother-official, or grave exclamations at the ingratitude of great men, sweetened, perhaps, by a vague assurance that although the omission of his name had been unavoidable *this time*, another he might depend, &c., &c.

No sooner, however, was the complainant's back turned, than the *complainee* was amazed at the assurance with which such claims were advanced, as if Mr. Casimir Morn really looked on himself as their equal, as if his pretensions admitted of any comparison with those of Von this, and Von the other! If people of *that class* were wanted they would be called for, and so forth. With all his clear-headedness, Morn was of those thoroughly good-hearted people who forgive as easily as they are injured. In the blind-man's buff game of fortune, somehow they are always buff—are paid for real hard service by a friendly pressure of the hand or a cordial word—and run through fire and water for their friends, to get nothing but the singeing and the sousing for their pains. They cannot comprehend such a thing as smiling treachery; and the astonishing readiness with which some will be guilty of the basest compliances, for the meanest objects, is absolutely incredible to them. Morn looked willingly on the bright side of human life, and would gladly have ignored the existence of the shadow altogether. The belief in the moral purity of his fellow-men was a positive necessity for him.

He bore his lot, therefore, with patience, if not with pleasure—at least so he said himself, "his merit was acknowledged and loved." That it should be so often and so oddly passed over in the distribution of the loaves and fishes of office, did certainly appear to him unjust; yet in his own heart he doubted whether, after all, the fault might not be his own. He thought his services ought to speak for him instead of his lips; he was not fond of showing himself in a great man's antechamber, which, indeed, he seldom or never entered, unless business called him there. Courteous and obliging by nature and habit, he was yet more frank in the exposition of his opinions than beseemed an expectant; and, more than all, he had an honorable reserve in speaking of his circumstances; and if he allowed his acquaintance to think him, or to pretend they thought him much richer than he was, the weakness had its origin in a pardonable, if not a praiseworthy motive. Perhaps others were esteemed more in need

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of advancement than himself, and *therefore* he was passed over.—Poor Morn!

He still lived opposite Romanus's house, and the blue heaven of Caroline's eyes still rained on him light and life. One morning in March—it was his birth-day—and she made her appearance early at the window, wearing in her bosom the nosegay of snow-drops, of which she made a yearly imaginary offering to her lover. To-day you are eight and twenty, and I twenty, she telegraphed—the pretty fingers lingered in tracing the last word. Twenty is not a desperate age, certainly; but yet, when a girl has not only made up her mind for the last four years to be married, but actually fixed on the man, to turn her back upon the "teens" is a step in a maiden's life, particularly when we consider that another twenty might pass before Krämer Romanus would alter his mind. In the meantime, Caroline's beauty was at its height; by a necessary deduction, the next step must be downwards, and "I am growing an old bachelor," sighed Casimir. He turned from the window, and sat down on the sofa with his back to the light.

BETTER PROSPECTS.

Some one knocked at the door. It was a servant of Privy Counsellor Count Von Bitterblolt, &c., &c., &c., who brought a gracious intimation that his lord wished to say a few words in private to Referendary Casimir Morn. "A few words in private" from Count Von Bitterblolt, the confidential minister of his Highness the Elector, was no small honor. Casimir flew to him on the wings of curiosity and expectation. He was received by the favorite with extraordinary graciousness. The Count had the gift of appearing excessively amiable and condescending towards his inferiors when he wanted to gain a point by them, and as outrageously insolent and arrogant when his point was gained; he not only, like another great man, his countryman, threw away the peel when he had sucked the orange, but kicked it into the gutter.

"It is his Highness's wish, my dear young friend," began Count Von Bitterblolt, "that his newly acquired territory should as much as possible be principally assimilated to the old. In pursuance of this object, there must be a new survey made of the old domain with all its regalities, rights, and privileges, and a certain conformity of administration introduced, and projects for a new system of taxation, suitable to the nature of the acquired lands, and the exigencies of the State, be drawn up. His Highness has already appointed an extraordinary commission. The affair, my dear Mr. Morn, is a delicate and a difficult one. The two Chamber Counsellors at the head of it, are men advanced in life. They will never bring the business to an end. I have said as much to his Highness. But they are old and faithful servants of the State, and cannot be passed over; though, between ourselves, my dear young friend," in a charming tone of confidence added the Count, "two more unfit men could scarcely be found. To give perhaps a little more vivacity to their proceedings, it has also pleased his Highness to join my son to the commission, though, I give you my honor, I really opposed the appointment. I thought it my duty to do so. But princes, you know, my dear Sir, do not love contradiction, and our excellent Elector is no exception. Unfortunately, my son's health is exceedingly delicate. I foresee the business will be horribly spun out, and that must not be. I have, therefore, thought of associating you, my dear Referendary, as secretary to the commission. Your expenses, of course, will be paid; and if my son, with your assistance, accomplishes his task, as I have no doubt he will, to the satisfaction of his Highness, it will create a most admirable opportunity for bringing your uncommon merit to the observation of his Highness. I have already proposed to myself the pleasure of conferring on you the first vacant office in the newly-acquired domain."

Morn, as may well be supposed, readily closed with the offer, the motives of which he perceived easily enough. The two elderly gentlemen were a couple of superannuated old blockheads, only thrust in to give a color to the appointment of the young Von Bitterblolt, a raw youth not long from the University, totally ignorant of that or any other business. From these premises might be deduced the very obvious conclusion, that the whole weight of the employment must fall on the shoulders of Mr. Secretary Morn. No matter, he was not afraid of labor; no doubt the Minister must feel the weight of his services, and would reward them accordingly! The exceeding liberality of the Count in paying his expenses, was not at present a matter of indifference to him. As he had served the State for four years without fee or reward, the interest of his little capital had been insufficient even for

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his moderate expenses. Every year saw consequently a portion of the capital itself sunk, which again diminished the interest, which tended further to the impoverishment of Mr. Casimir Morn.

He took a tender leave of his Caroline, and left ——— with the noble Commissioners, full of the most animating hopes. It will be taken for granted that he had previously arranged a plan of correspondence with his beloved, and even this was not so simple a matter as it may at first appear, since the cunning old millionaire, by way of teaching his daughter the right value of money, had hit upon the admirable plan of never giving her a farthing; consequently, the cost of the correspondence fell wholly upon Morn. Casimir's life in the capital of the new province was pretty much what it had been at the Electoral. He labored hard at his vocation, made few acquaintances, that he might avoid useless expense, refreshed himself by a walk in the evening, and finished the day by reading a letter from, or writing one to his second self.

An accidental circumstance procured him another amusement shortly after. The rooms next to his in the hotel where he had taken up his abode, were occupied by a foreigner, whom he usually encountered at the *table d'hôte*, where he never spoke; and after retiring for the night, Casimir used to hear him walking up and down his bedchamber for hours together. The stranger was a pale, elegant young man, apparently about Morn's own age, was attended by two servants, and had lived nearly three weeks in the town, where, however, he seemed neither to know nor to wish to know a single individual. He bore the name of Devereux—an Englishman, therefore, Morn concluded, and, one fine day, addressed him in his native language, partly out of a good desire to enliven the melancholy-looking stranger, and partly because he was glad of an opportunity to practise his English.

The Briton looked at him with surprise and some appearance of pleasure, and answered courteously but briefly, and then fell back into his former silence. During the dinner, Casimir observed the stranger casting penetrating glances towards him, and, when it was over, he came suddenly up to him, saying, "Will you allow me to speak with you a moment alone?"

Casimir took him immediately to his own room.

"I am about to make a very odd request to a stranger," began the Englishman, abruptly; "but it will not be mended by circumlocution. A letter of credit I expected to find here, has been delayed by some strange accident. I have a pressing necessity to set out immediately for Amsterdam, and I am without money. Can you, or will you, lend a hundred louis d'ors? On my arrival at Amsterdam, you shall receive it again directly, with what interest you please."

Casimir was taken somewhat by surprise. He expressed none, however; but, after a short pause, said—"I have not so much about me; but I could procure it within fourteen days."

"You will oblige me more than I can express; you save me from a most unpleasant embarrassment," returned the Englishman, who shook Morn heartily by the hand, and left him. The whole affair had scarcely occupied five minutes. When he was alone, Casimir began to feel he had been a little over-hasty in his promise. A hundred louis d'ors were neither more nor less than the fourth part of his whole property. He shook his head. The Englishman's face announced honesty; he looked like anything but an adventurer; still, a hundred louis were the fourth part of his capital, and to put it at once in the power of a total stranger, on the strength of a pleasing countenance, was rather a thoughtless proceeding.—"Well," was the conclusion of Morn's soliloquy, "well, my opinion is that he will *not* deceive me; and if he should?—well, it is the first time in my life, and the last."

Apparently this was not the only grief the stranger had on his mind; for, notwithstanding the promised assistance, Morn heard him at night again pacing his chamber in the same unquiet manner, and uttering heavy sighs, almost groans.

"The man is very unhappy; he must be worse off than I am," thought Morn. "A mere money embarrassment can never cause such heavy sorrow. He shall have the louis, however."

The next day, Devereux appeared at table as usual, his countenance overshadowed with a yet deeper melancholy, and he was as silent as before. Morn, who felt unaccountably attached to him, endeavored, by everything in his power, to enliven him. When he could be induced to talk, Devereux seemed quite a different person—his features brightened, his whole deportment became attractive in no common degree. The two young men went out after dinner to walk together, and Morn was still more

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charmed with his new acquaintance. Devereux was more than an agreeable companion; his mental powers, considerable in themselves, had received every advantage from cultivation. The stores of ancient and modern literature were familiar to both, and formed, with the fate and laws of nations, their chief topics of discourse. When Casimir had finished his day's task, Devereux came constantly to his room, and remained, till deep in the night, in conversation with him. Of the promised loan, not a syllable was said on either side. Morn spoke openly of himself, of his past and present hopes and prospects. His companion was less communicative; but he learned so much, in return, that Devereux had left his native land in consequence of a tragical occurrence, deeply affecting his future life, and was travelling in the hope of dissipating a heavy sorrow!

The intercourse of the two young men taught Morn, for the first time, the value of a friend. His letters to the fair Romanus were almost as full of praises of his Devereux as of love for herself. His pretty mistress was half jealous of the agreeable stranger. In the meantime, Morn's louis d'ors came to hand, and were immediately carried by him into Devereux's room. The latter gave him, in return, a written acknowledgment of the obligation, and the address of his family in England.

"If I die before I can repay you," said he, "that is, within a few weeks, forward the paper, with this letter, directly."

He put a sealed letter into Morn's hands as he spoke, and then turned the conversation to some indifferent subject. They parted shortly after, almost in silence, with a fervent pressure of the hand, and carrying with them remembrances and feelings beneficial alike to both.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ELECTORAL BIRTH-DAY.

The loss of Devereux's society was more felt by Morn than he thought possible after so short an acquaintance. He had parted with a companion whom he really loved—a friend, whose views and sentiments harmonized so admirably with his own, that in losing him he seemed to lose the better half of himself. His official labors became more than ever a necessity to him; they served to divert and calm his thoughts. Devereux and Caroline filled his heart entirely. "I am really a most fortunate man," cried he, in his enthusiasm of love and friendship. "I love, and am loved by two of the noblest beings in the world."

After the lapse of seven busy months, the report of Cabinet and Privy Counsellor Von Bitterblolt, was ended, and the Commissioners returned to the electoral residence. His Highness, the Elector, was so well content with the work that he bestowed heaven knows what order on the young Count Heinrich Von Bitterblolt, and made an addition to the pension of the two reverend seniors who had served as ballast to the official vessel. Secretary Morn was the only person forgotten; he had done nothing for a recompense, but deserved it. The Counts of Bitterblolt, indeed, father and son, were profuse in expressions of gratitude, and to prove it, invited him to dinner. Fraülein Von Bitterblolt also found the Secretary exceedingly agreeable; if he had been of noble, instead of plebeian origin, he might, perhaps, have found the daughter more grateful than the father. So soon, however, as the Cabinet Counsellor remarked the interest the young lady took in the handsome Secretary, he held it advisable to invite him seldomer, and gradually not at all. Morn found it necessary to put the Minister modestly in mind of his promise of an appointment in the newly-acquired province, whereupon his Excellency clapped him on the shoulder in the most friendly manner in the world, and assured him he would take care of him.

"I have spoken of your talents and services more than once to his Highness," said he. "Wait till the birth-day, when the greatest number of advancements are made; I make no doubt your name will stand first on the list."

How could Morn feel less than satisfied? He looked upon his patent as good as made out, particularly when the Minister proceeded to ask him what kind of place would be most agreeable to him. He thought of Caroline, and replied with great frankness that he would certainly prefer remaining in the residence. "It shall be thought further of," said his Excellency. "I should gladly have seen a man like you, my dear Mr. Morn, in one of the first posts in the new province; but if you prefer remaining with us, I am afraid it will be rather more difficult to provide for you suitably in the capital. However, we shall see. The

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old Chamber Counsellor, Balder, might, indeed, be pensioned off. Would that suit you?"

"I would not wish for more," returned Morn, his face glowing with pleasure.

"Excellent," said the Minister, and dismissed him with the best grace in the world.

Gilded by such hopes, the winter glided away. Caroline was as faithful and fair as ever; and if ever mistrust found entrance in Casimir's heart, a look or smile from the opposite window made it summer again. At length came March, the long-looked-for month that had given his Highness, the Elector, to an admiring world. The list of promotions was published; patents for new appointments made out; the streets were full of people riding and driving about to congratulate or be congratulated. Morn made a point of remaining at home, that he might not miss the messenger from the Electoral Chancery. The customary "compliment" for the bearer of the princely graces lay wrapt in paper ready on the table. Noon, evening; still no messenger. His servant was dispatched to the court printer for the list—no such name as Morn was to be found, and no messenger came to correct an error of the press. Dinners and balls in honor of the day were given in all parts of the city; the streets were gay with lights and music; nobody troubled themselves about poor Morn and his frustrated hopes. He sat down in the pouting corner of his sofa, and groaned from the bottom of his heart.

Morn had not passed a more unhappy night since his father's death. Six long years had he served the State faithfully and diligently, fed only on the thinnest of all diets, hope; through his silent help, others, with not half his talents or acquirements, had gained credit and substantial reward; young Von Bitterblolt had been made Chamber President for the very service Morn had performed. He saw that his industry, his talents, his knowledge, availed him nothing. Men who were not only ignorant and incapable, but known to be so, passed him everywhere in the race, if they had "connexions," or had found some surer way of recommending themselves than by merit and service.

To Caroline's hand he must renounce all pretension. By the perversest of all destinies, her constancy and unswerving faith but added to his sorrow. His social creed had received a cruel shock. The egotism of the greater part of mankind, the want of integrity in their relations with each other, appeared in their full hatefulness. The recollection of all the promises made but to be broken, the hollow professions, the false smiles, all the spoken and acted lies of the last six years, made him sick at heart. All that he had hitherto labored to excuse in others—their prejudice, their rapacity, their paltry pride, their envy, their shameful blackening all better and purer than themselves, now shone out in all their native ugliness. He could no longer deceive himself; the greater part of the employés of —— looked on their offices and emoluments but as the means of indulging their arrogance, their ambition, and animal excesses.

With respect to his plans for the future, all was uncertainty. Even had he been so inclined, it was no longer in his power, with his diminished resources, to labor gratuitously in his present employment; and it was repugnant to him to seek any other in this city. He longed to flee far away to seek some distant village, where none knew him, and earn a living by the labor of his hands. It was sweet to dream of shunning all mankind as long as life should last, and think only of Devereux and Caroline, as of two nobler spirits among thousands of miserable creatures, all so many willing sacrifices to the meanest passions. According to the custom of the place, and the people amongst whom he had lived, Morn ought to have put a good, or at least a smiling face, upon his disappointment, congratulated others on their better fortune, and tried to knit up again the ravelled skein of his claims and expectations; instead of this, he wrote a laconic note to the head of his department to signify his renunciation of the office he held in the service of his Highness, the Elector of ——, endorsed all the documents relating to it in his possession, and then went to bed and slept soundly.

The next morning, the servant of the house brought him two notes and a bouquet of snow-drops. He now recollected that it was his birth-day, and breathed a heavy sigh. One of the notes was from Caroline, the other from President Von Bitterblolt. Morn knew the handwriting of both. "First for the bitters," said he, and opened the President's billet. Almost unconsciously to himself, a secret hope had found a corner of his breast to nestle in, that his loss would be regretted, that he would be

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entreated to do nothing hastily, that he would try to retain him by giving new and surer expectations: he had half forgiven him already. Nothing of the sort. His Excellency the President "regretted, in courteous terms, that Mr. Morn had taken such a resolution, acknowledged the receipt of the documents, and remained his humble servant." "So that is the reward of six years' gratuitous service," said he, bitterly, and he flung the President's official verbiage aside. Caroline's note accompanying the bouquet was kind as ever, but there was a tone of sadness in it. The same topic of consolation had been so often repeated! He went to the window, Caroline was already at hers: Casimir pressed the flowers to his lips and his heart, and retreated to his musing corner again. This city he must, and would leave, and try his fortune elsewhere. Many were the projects he revolved in his mind. His only grief would be the parting from the angel of his childhood—the tenderly-beloved Caroline. He was still engaged in a long and most touching conversation with her in imagination, when a loud knock at his door, and the voices of several persons without, aroused him from his reverie. The door opened, and four men stumbled in, bearing between them two large and apparently very heavy chests. To the question of where were they to put down their burden, Morn answered by another—where did they get it from? It belonged to the gentleman who had just come post to ——. Morn's first thought was of Devereux; and Devereux himself it was, who entered in his travelling dress, just as the porters left the room.

"I have been long enough away to learn your full value," was Devereux's exclamation, when the first greetings were over; "let me take up my abode with you at once; you will find room for a friend."

Devereux's sudden appearance was balm to the wounded heart of Casimir: joy almost deprived him of speech. "I have but this room and a bed-room," said he; "if you can find accommodation on so small a scale, I shall be but too happy to share them with you."

"But how is it you confine yourself within such narrow limits?" asked the Englishman, greatly astonished.

"They are quite as extensive as my means permit," answered Morn, smiling.

"But I have been greatly deceived. I thought you must be rich, as you parted so readily with a hundred Louis d'ors."

"A friendly heart is always rich to a friend. It was a fourth of my whole property. If you had asked for more you should have had it. You wanted it."

Devereux looked at him for some time in silence, and then advancing, grasped his hand with an earnest cordiality more expressive than words. "My servants I will dispatch to the next house," said he, "but I remain with you in any corner you can spare. Had I been aware how you were situated, I should not have come upon you so suddenly."

The matter was soon arranged, a bed prepared by the side of Morn's, and a supper bespoken from the next tavern. Before the night was passed, the hearts of both were freely poured out to each other. Devereux related his own history. He had been passionately in love with a young lady who returned his love, but whose family, from some causes too long to explain here, were on the worst terms with his own. A mutual friend of the families, Devereux's oldest and best beloved companion, had offered his mediation; and Devereux himself, in the unsuspicious confidence of friendship, had done everything in his power to facilitate his meetings with his mistress. The lady's charms had proved too powerful for the friend's faith; he sought her for himself, and won so far upon her relations, that the unhappy girl had only escaped their persecutions by her sudden death. Whisper of suicide got about. The betrayed and wretched lover forced his treacherous friend into a duel; they fought at Calais, where Devereux had been left for dead upon the field. Many months elapsed before his outward wounds were healed; those of the mind were incurable. His physicians had recommended travelling; all places had become alike to him; and, unable to find rest in any, he had wandered almost all over Europe, when an accidental delay in his remittances had detained him in the town where he had encountered Morn.

It was now Casimir's turn to relate what had befallen him since their meeting, and he had now, at least, the satisfaction of detailing his wrongs to a sympathizing ear.

"You have been deceived only by the common herd of egotists, the rabble of humanity, but I by the friend of my infancy. Your beloved yet lives, and lives for you—the silent grave hides mine; you may find a remedy, I never can. You would gladly renounce the world you say—do so, but let

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me share your solitude. But, I repeat, your case admits of remedy."

"Remedy, what remedy?" echoed Morn. "Good heaven, my dear Devereux, how little you know of people in this country!"

"The people in this country are very like the people in every other country," replied Devereux. "I can put it in your power to take a revenge worthy of them at least," added he, after a pause, and with a bitter smile.

"How so?"

"Only give me your word to throw no obstacle in my way, and I will bring the whole pack on all fours in a very short time. The old miser shall give you his daughter, the Minister shall offer you all the ribbons and trumpery in his gift, and that without witchcraft. Fair and virtuous maidens may be won by other qualifications than beauty or honesty; honors and dignities are not always, or often, the reward of talents, or knowledge, or industry."

"But explain yourself a little—what is it you propose to do?"

"Oh, the means will be very simple. Come, your word that you will not thwart me in my project of making fools of the dignitaries in this good and electoral city. I will use no dishonest means."

"Well, be it as you will, I have little reason to spare them, heaven knows! What is your plan of operations?"

"I must first know my men. Let me become acquainted with the field before I show my line of battle. As a preliminary, however, you will do me the favor to make use of my new carriage; I shall put another pair of horses to it to-morrow; you must drive about, while I keep in the background, and draw the public attention on you as much as possible. As to your lovely neighbor, give her to understand that you have had a large sum bequeathed to you in England."

Morn shook his head, not altogether pleased, and yet unable to restrain his laughter. He had given his word to humor Devereux's whim, and as to the sentence of the "residence," when the hoax should be known, he troubled himself little about that. Whatever were the results, he had made up his mind to leave the dominions of his Highness the Elector. Perhaps the punch, which had served as a supplement to their repast, might have had something to do, both with the proposal, and its acceptance.

THE EQUIPAGE.

On the following morning Devereux was up early and dressed.

"We will begin operations this morning," said he. "Ah, Morn, you may be happy again, but I"—his brow clouded, and he was silent for some minutes. "Well, I must look for consolation in the happiness of my friends henceforth. With you and your Caroline I will hope at least for peace."

Morn would have obtained some further explanation of his strange freak, but Devereux was immovable—vanished, he knew not whither, shortly after, and appeared no more for the greater part of the day. Instead of Devereux came his German servant, Felix, to present himself to his new master, and set forth his new qualifications.

"Do not forget the principles, faith and honesty," said Morn, when he had listened to the enunciation of his valet's capabilities.

"Honesty, I can promise you, Sir," was the answer, "and fidelity you will inspire me with."

The answer pleased, and Felix was installed with Morn under the same conditions as those agreed upon with Devereaux.

Towards noon Count Von Krebs's name was announced. The young courtier advanced to Morn with open arms. "My dear fellow, how are you?—It is a whole century since we met. First let me congratulate you on your acquisition, though it is my own loss. Ah! my two glorious bays. But your Homme d'Affaires is a clever fellow—up to every point about a horse; you have a glorious purchase. Upon my soul I loved these two creatures as my heart's blood; if I had not outrun my income confoundedly of late, the Elector himself should not have had them for his whole stud."

"Have you been paid, my lord count," stammered Morn, his face flushing scarlet, "or must I—"

"All right, my dear friend, not a word of that," cried the count; "I came with a very different purpose. Baron Von Wolpern would insist upon my recommending his place, Dreileben, to you, as your agent there says you are on the look out for an investment; but, on my honor, though I could not refuse one friend, it goes against my conscience to palm off such a desert on another. It will not bring one-and-a-

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half per cent., and he asks a hundred and fifty thousand guilders for it. Do you know the place at all?"

"No," said Morn, curious to hear what would come next.

"I entreat you, then, by all that is sacred, to go and look at the wilderness; not a hamlet to be seen for some miles round, nothing under your windows in front but the Rhine, nothing behind but mountain and forest. One look will be enough to frighten you off the bargain, unless you have a mind to send a bullet through your head from sheer ennui, before you have lived there a month; then, indeed, you could not do better than buy Dreileben. Now, with the property dame Fortune has flung into your lap, you are entitled to look for something better. There is my estate, for instance, a real principality you must admit—a splendid locale, in the midst of corn fields, a soil like a garden, right of forest, vineyards, meadows, territorial jurisdiction, and you shall have it for a hundred and ninety thousand, cash down. Just reflect a little, and only three quarters of an hour's drive from the residence. Heavens, what sums it has cost me in improvements! I have an account here—ah, no, confound it, I have the worst memory, I must have left it in my desk; but, my dear fellow, why not come and see for yourself—come, give me your promise—name your time."

Much in the same style did the noble count run on for some time longer. Morn perceived that Devereux had really commenced operations, as he said. He promised gravely to come and look at the estate at his earliest convenience, and Count Krebs took leave with the most lavish assurances of regard. At dinner time, Devereux made his appearance, evidently extremely diverted with the farce he was acting. Morn, on the contrary, was more depressed. "You will make mankind yet more contemptible in my eyes," said he. "Not a week ago, this very Count Krebs held me unworthy of a look. I was never more surprised than when I saw him enter my room."

"If men seem more contemptible to you, my friend," answered Devereux, "the fault is theirs, not mine. The witty count was pointed out to me by the master of the hotel where I sent my servants, as having horses which he was desirous of parting with, and the animals are really worth what I gave for them. When the hotel-keeper heard that they were for you, and that you had become a rich man, he praised you up to the skies. When I inquired about an estate, a broker made his bow in less than a quarter of an hour, and offered me ten, at least, every one being, as he swore, a perfect paradise. Count Krebs swore, by all his gods, that you were neither more nor less than a saint; that you deserved, years ago, to be made Prime Minister; that things would have looked very different in the Electorate, and nobody knows what besides. It is long since I have been so much amused. Come, my friend, cheer up, and play out the play. We must make all the puppets dance to the same tune."

In due time, Devereux's splendid new equipage drove up to the door, with Felix behind, in a rich livery. Count Krebs's horses really merited his eulogium; they were superb animals. The whole street was in commotion, almost every inhabitant loitering about the causeway, or standing at their windows, to discover the owner of so magnificent a "turn-out." But, when Morn appeared, and was assisted in by his gaily-attired servant, there was no end of the conjectures and inquiries. It will be easily supposed that the fair Caroline was neither the least anxious nor the least interested.

"I'd give these six kreutzers, aye, that I would, the whole six, to know whom that carriage belongs to," said old Romanus, jingling in his hand the kreutzers he had just received for a red herring.

"That is easily learnt," replied his daughter. "Frau Weber (Morn's landlady) must know."

"To be sure she must, my child," said the old gentleman, buttoning up his coin in a great hurry, as if he feared to be taken at his word,—"and I'll go and ask her—that costs nothing."

"O, my heavens, who should it belong to but to the Referendary! Well, I don't begrudge it him, for he is really an angel of a man, and has just got a whole wagonful of gold from England. They say he's now the richest man in the dominions of our gracious Elector. His servant told me so himself, and he had it from the English merchant who is stopping in the house."

The old miser stared with leaden eye and open mouth, as if suddenly afflicted with lock-jaw, and without another word, went home again, and sat himself down in silence in the grimy leather-bottomed chair in the back of his shop. Caroline came dancing down to hear the news. For a long time,

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her father gave her no answer. He had made it a law to himself never to mention Morn's name.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned he, at last, "to think of such a piece of luck befalling a paltry, lounging, good-for-nothing son of a good-for-nothing father, who has cheated me out of my whole property; while a poor old honest man like me must toil and moil night and day to scrape a few pence together. Is that justice, is that the reward of honesty?" and he looked ready to cry.

"But who knows whether it's true or no?" said the worthy elder, brightening with the thought. "Wagon full of money? pooh!—from England? pooh!—by a lucky speculation? pooh, pooh, pooh! I was not born yesterday, Frau Weba." And Herr Romanus plucked off his queer-looking little jasey, twirled it about, as in great mental agitation he was wont, and rubbed his hands together till the dry, withered members threatened to ignite.

Many were the conjectures and remarks to which Morn's gay equipage gave rise that day. It had even excited the notice of the Elector, as Morn drove past the palace. On the two succeeding days, the "excitement" increased. Devereux had given out that his friend had gained a considerable sum in England; and when he began to inquire about an estate, the word considerable acquired a more "considerable" meaning. Count Krebs, who always dealt in superlatives, swore by all the saints in the calendar, that Morn was become the richest individual in that part of Germany; he played with his hundred thousands; he must own whole provinces in the East and West Indies, &c., &c. There is nothing to which people like better to give credit than to the incredible. It is no uncommon thing to see an upright, simple-minded man, held very cheap; but to take a fool or lunatic for a saint, is the easiest thing in the world. People can find absurdity in the wisest man, with all the facility imaginable; but let a Cagliostro undertake to work a miracle, and he is run after by high and low. If it had been said Morn had got a hundred thousand guilders, people would have doubted—but millions, that produced conviction at once.

"It is intelligible enough now why Morn gave up his place as Referendary," said the President Von Bitterblolt, to his father, the Privy Counsellor. "I thought at first that he had taken offence at the omission of his name among the promotions."

"In fact, it is awkward enough that he was passed over," returned the Privy Counsellor; "but who can always tell how things may turn out? We might have made room for him well enough. There's your sister too. I really think the girl has taken a fancy to him, and, as the matter now stands, she could hardly do better for herself."

"Nor for any of us, papa. Could we not find some excuse for the past?"

The father and son laid their heads together. The Privy Counsellor took the first opportunity of praising the rare talents and services of the ex-Referendary to his Highness the Elector. Such a man must, by all means, remain in the service of the state, particularly as Morn had lately gained a large fortune by some fortunate speculations in England. It would be a shame if so much wealth should be squandered out of the country, &c., &c.

"Hum," said the Elector, "I was wondering what made you all so suddenly zealous in Morn's favor. The Finance Minister, Rabe, was quite eloquent in his praise but a little while ago."

This speech went like an arrow to the Privy Counsellor's heart; for the Baron Von Rabe had also a daughter to marry, and he, too, wanted money.

"Rabe even maintained," continued his Highness, "that Morn, as secretary to the commission of survey in the new territory, had done the whole work, while others pocketed the reward and the credit."

The Privy Counsellor smiled with affected indifference, while turning sick with fear and rage; and swore in his heart of hearts, war to the knife to the Finance Minister Von Rabe. Morn, in the meantime, had received an invitation to pay the Finance Minister a visit.

"I am delighted, my dear sir, that my heartfelt wishes for your advantage seem likely at last to be fulfilled," said the Minister, with his most gracious smile. "There was a strong opposition *somewhere*. I was never more surprised than when I heard you had been so unaccountably passed over. I felt it my duty to make a representation on the subject to his Highness the Elector himself; in fact, I told him frankly that the post of President of the Chamber, which Von Bitterblolt contrived to appropriate to himself, was yours by every rule of justice. In consequence of my remonstrance, his Highness has been graciously pleased to fix you in my department; and

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I have now the honor to present Privy Finance Counsellor Morn with the diploma of his appointment."

Morn laid the diploma on a table near him without opening it; thanked the Minister for his condescension; and with a smile, that was bitter in spite of himself, begged leave respectfully to decline all and every appointment of the kind.

He was scarcely at home again before the carriage of Count Von Bitterblolt stopped at his door.

"You see I have come in search of you myself at last," said the Count, bestowing a paternal embrace on Casimir. "Where have you hidden yourself this century? We must not forget each other in this way. Von Rabe has played me a shameful trick in getting you appointed in his department instead of mine. I shall never forgive him for it. Apropos, my daughter will never forgive *me*, if I forget her message. She gives a ball on Wednesday, and charged me to give you a special invitation. You will not fail her, I hope; ladies, you know, will not hear of disappointments on these occasions."

Countess Ida Von Bitterblolt met with one this time, however. Casimir Morn met the Privy Counsellor's superabundant courtesies with cold politeness; and his Excellency was beaten out of the field for the present, though not absolutely deprived of hope for the future. Morn's misanthropy was on the increase: he despised alike their present flattery, and their former scorn; of the two, the flattery was the more offensive, and the more his would-be friends endeavored to exalt him, the more deeply humiliated he felt. He longed for nothing so much as for solitude, that he might escape the sight and hearing of their sickening baseness.

"The miserable wretches," he exclaimed, "do they take me for one of themselves? My six years' service availed me nothing, but the mere report of wealth brings them about me like crows scenting at a carrion. I might be a fool—a villain—no matter, I am supposed to be a millionaire, and there is not a quality of heart or mind which they are not willing to give me credit for The comedy is too disgusting, Devereux."

"It is capital sport," replied Devereux. "But the master stroke is still to be played. The conquest of the fair Romanus is yet to be achieved."

CHAPTER V.

THE VICTORY.

The conquest was already half made before the friends began the attack. Old Romanus, who had hitherto made it a rule to avoid all mention of Morn's name, had it now on his lips from morning till night. There could be no doubt of the million any longer; the whole city rung with the news—he had refused an appointment in the Ministry, and the Minister of Finance, von Rabe, and his Excellency Count von Bitterblolt, were ready politely to cut each other's throats, to obtain Casimir Morn for a son-in-law.

"They say he will choose Countess Ida," said Caroline, slily affecting an air of dejection, and glancing her bright blue eyes on her father.

The old gentleman made no answer, but nodded his head with a cunning look, and reckoned some imaginary sum with his fingers. "Pah, pah, all stuff—nonsense—what has she got, I ask; what has she got? Nothing! a ruined family, root and branch! How that pleases me in the lad Morn; he has got his money by honest trade, but his father was a rogue, an arrant rogue, and has made *me* as poor as Job, my girl. I shall never get a penny of all he owed me."

There was a knock at the door, and the well-known stranger, the Englishman Devereux, entered. Caroline blushed like a carnation, and Herr Romanus opened his eyes and mouth.

"I have a little business to transact with you, Herr Romanus, if you have no objection," said the stranger, with a courteous bow. "You might find it highly advantageous."

"Business; I am at your Lordship's service. Do me the great honor to sit down."

"Mr. Casimir Morn, whose affairs in England I have had the honor of managing, wishing to retire from business, as he finds his income amply sufficient ('So, so, so,' muttered Romanus), has been to view the estate of Dreileben, which is understood to be for sale; he seems inclined to purchase it."

"How, he indeed!—Dreileben!—but why Dreileben?—it's a large purchase, ticklish speculation, very: they will ask a confounded price, eh?"

"Mr. Morn has taken a fancy to it, and

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the name pleases him. He has often said it would be a Paradise for two, or perhaps three friends, who would desire to pass their lives together. By the three he means himself, his future wife, and one esteemed friend, under which appellation he is good enough to understand me."

Caroline's blood mounted again to her temples; what could be the matter with her?

"But you are perfectly right about the price, Mr. Romanus. Baron Von Wolpern demands no less a sum than a hundred and fifty thousand guilders; or, ready money, a hundred and thirty thousand. Mr. Morn will pay ready money, but,"—

"Ready money, a hundred and thirty thousand! so, so! an excellent young—an *excellent* young man."

"Still the price seems enormous. He wishes that the bargain should be concluded by some one who understands the business better than he does. He would be willing to reward the trouble of any person inclined to act as his agent in this matter, by a gratification of a hundred guilders for every thousand abated in the purchase-money. Now, he maintains that there is not a man in the city so well qualified to transact business of this nature as Mr. Romanus."

"Your humble servant," said the old man, glancing suspiciously at his visitor. He could not understand any one *giving* away even civility for nothing.

"Now, if you would have the goodness to take this commission on yourself."

"Hundred for every thousand: I am at your Lordship's command."

"It is a matter of extreme vexation to Mr. Morn that he has not been on such good terms with you of late years as formerly."

"Trifles, tut—mere trifles, mere trifles."

"He told me, that at first it was his intention to have put his little capital in your hands instead of employing it in England; and indeed, after that he would have proposed a speculation in the English funds, but your coldness towards him—"

"Trifles, I tell you, thunder and lightning!—mere trifles; and how should I know what he meant?" said the old man, half crying. "Why was he so hard-hearted to a poor man like me, as not to say a word about it when he was rolling in gold?"

"But, to return to this affair of Dreileben; are you inclined to undertake it?"

Romanus walked up and down the room with his hands behind him, muttering and grumbling to himself for some minutes. "I'll do it," said he, at length; "the profit is small, very small, but times are bad, very bad: an honest tradesman must not let anything slip through his fingers."

In eight days the purchase was completed. Herr Romanus made a snug little profit of a thousand guilders, and went quite cheerfully to Casimir to announce the conclusion of the business, and congratulate him on his acquisition.

"And we may be good friends again, my worthy Mr. Casimir," said the old man with a smile, yet somewhat embarrassed.

"I desire nothing more earnestly, Mr. Romanus," said Casimir, warmly. "Grant me but one favor—make me and your daughter happy at once."

"It can't be, Mr. Morn. Haven't I told you over and over again, that the money I lost through your father has made me as poor as a church mouse."

"Not so very poor, I should hope," said Morn, smiling.

"A beggar, Sir; I tell you, a downright beggar. Ah, worthy Mr. Casimir, you are a rich man now, and you are an honorable man; you wont let a poor old man like me suffer; you'll make up my loss to me?"

"Well, and if I do—then?"

"Then I'll thank you on my knees."

"But, your daughter?"

"And the interest for seven years?"

"Well, and the interest—then?

"Then the whole city will say, what a worthy, honest, excellent, upright man you are."

"But Caroline?"

"And you must not forget that I gave your father the eight thousand dollars in gold. Oh, Mr. Casimir, louis d'ors and carolines, all gold, all full weight. If you had seen them. Heaven forgive me my sins! I would not swear, Mr. Casimir, but it makes my old eyes run over to think of it!"

"But if I give you fifteen hundred carolines for one Caroline? For your daughter, Caroline?"

"I beg your pardon, but, with the interest, it would be above two thousand!"

"And if I did not hesitate to give you the two thousand, as soon as your daughter"—

"You are jesting with me, Mr. Morn. You see what little I have I want myself. I have been obliged to run in debt. Your

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father's bankruptcy was the ruin of me. I can give the girl nothing but what she carries on her back."

"Be it so, I will take her on your own terms."

"Why then I—I must ask the girl herself."

Herr Romanus betook himself to his daughter. Morn was ready to dance for joy. He flew like one beside himself to Devereux, to relate his success, and ask his sympathy, and Devereux gave it heartily.

Within eight days, the marriage contract was drawn out and signed, and the lovely Caroline Romanus became a yet lovelier Caroline Morn. Till Dreileben was ready for their reception, Devereux had taken care to provide a suitable residence in the town.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

"The joke must be carried through," said the Englishman. "The whole city bows down before you, dear Morn; even the Court itself courts your friendship. We will turn over a new leaf now. I shall give you out for poor, and see what sort of a grimace your dear friends will make then. And when the contemptible crew have sunk themselves as low as possible, we will turn our backs upon them for ever. I have let Baron Von Wolpern into the secret, for I must chastise the old curmudgeon, your father-in-law, for the Jew's bargain he has driven with you. No remonstrance—he deserves it."

Devereux told the simple truth. The whole town were bowing to the ground before the supposed Millionaire. And how should people, accustomed from their very childhood to value wealth, show, luxury, above all other earthly good, do otherwise? —how feel anything but admiration and reverence for the amiable young man, who possessed the prettiest wife, the finest estate in the territory, and a million? The noblest and stiffest backs in the city bent in homage to this new luminary. Every one was solicitous for the notice of Herr Von Morn; every lip instinctively uttered the noble prefix, without asking for the patent. Ministers, Grand everythings, and Count everybodies, loaded him with invitations. At some of the fêtes where he was most pressingly invited, the electoral family were present; the noble hosts were solicitous to present Herr Von Morn to their Highness, and their Highnesses' reception was most gracious; but, strange to say, the object of all these flattering attentions felt anything but flattered. Not for what he *was*, but for what he *had*, were all these caresses lavished; and it was with no small violence to his feelings that he constrained himself to go through the disgusting farce.

"I can bear it no longer," said Morn on one occasion, when a stronger dose of incense than ordinary had been offered up; and Devereux in reply said, "We must carry it through; I shall give you out for poor."

Towards the latter end of March, Devereux had gone about with a look of affected anxiety, and dropped mysterious hints of bad news from England. He spoke of certain speculations being subject to enormous losses, as well as enormous gains. "It was fortunate he had so many powerful friends in ——," and so forth. Baron Von Wolpern was seen to shake his head and look thoughtful, when the sale of Dreileben was talked of—"the purchase-money was not *yet* paid down." It was whispered that Morn's splendid new equipage would be disposed of *privately*: the town-house was announced to be let. The news flew like wildfire through the town, with a thousand additions. On the *first of April* the matter was placed beyond a doubt, by Morn's driving about to all his new friends, among whom it became known with wonderful rapidity, that from some he had requested *loans*, from others securities, or their good offices with the Elector for an appointment, &c. All those who, but four and twenty hours before, had overwhelmed him with offers of service, and half-stifled him with embraces, were in consternation at this new state of affairs. Some were "grieved beyond measure," in proper courtly phrase, others excused themselves coldly—"they made it a rule never to be surety for any one;" they had no interest; some smiled with scarcely concealed malicious pleasure at the sudden vanishing of the fairy treasure. One thing was evident, there was neither credit, money, nor interest, left in the whole city.

A splendid ball and supper at the house of his Excellency Count Von Bitterblolt, at which Herr and Frau Von Morn were to have been present, was, for some unexplained cause, adjourned *sine die*. With

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old Romanus the result of all this was rather more serious than was intended. To him came Baron Von Wolpern one fine morning, accompanied by a lawyer of eminence, and politely requested of him, as negotiator in the purchase of Dreileben, security for the payment of the sum agreed on.

Romanus had certainly given no written surety for his son-in-law; but in his eagerness to gripe the proffered gain, he had verbally, and pretty plainly given it to be understood, that to hasten the purchase, he was ready to make advances; but nothing was further from his thoughts than to be taken at his word. The evil reports that had been before flying about town had sorely disquieted him, and Morn's evasive answers to the questions he put to him had by no means tended to still the perturbation of his spirit. But when the Baron and his lawyer made their appearance, he was driven well-nigh crazy! In a few hours after the Baron's visit, he had a fit of apoplexy—the very mention of a physician made him furious, and the evening saw the end of his cares and his life together.

CHAPTER VII.

DREILEBEN.

This sudden death changed the whole aspect of affairs. Romanus left enormous wealth behind him, much more than had been expected. Casimir Morn had now really become the Millionaire for which his rich and whimsical friend had compelled him to pass. Dreileben had been bought in Morn's name, but the money had been furnished by Devereux, to whom, by an agreement between him and Morn, it had been immediately conveyed. Almost as much disgusted with the world as his friend, Devereux had resolved to end his days in some agreeable solitude. The charge of overlooking the estate was to be Morn's; he had positively refused to accept any gift from his English friend. Both were now nearly equally wealthy, but their plan of life remained the same. On the other hand, the worthy citizens of —— faced about with as much rapidity as if struck by a conjuror's wand:—"It was the first of April when we heard of this sudden loss; ah! the arch jester, it was really too bad, but admirably done too!" High and low enjoyed the joke alike; Morn's doors were again besieged with visitors; wealth and credit returned in a wonderfully short time; the acceptance of securities and recommendations was pressed as the greatest possible favour to the givers; and as to dinners, balls, concerts, &c., &c., there was no end of them.

"I am heart-sick at all this," said Morn. "Come, Caroline, come, Devereux, let us to Dreileben, and forget these whited mockeries. I have been long enough a dupe. What more have I to do in the world, as it is called? Why should I be any longer a witness of these hollow juggleries, the sport of their false smiles? Be wise as Solomon; pure as an angel; sacrifice yourself for society; be a model of disinterestedness and beneficence—but poor in this world's goods, and you are nothing, or worse than nothing! Every blockhead will be exalted above you—every cold-hearted egotist sneer you down—every, even acknowledged scoundrel, be honored and caressed before you, if he but possess that mightest of talismans—wealth."

As soon as the business of the inheritance was arranged, and the house and business of old Romanus disposed of, Morn left the city in company with his wife and his friend, and has never since been known to enter it.

About six years after these occurrences, I had occasion to pay a visit to the electoral city. I knew that my old university friend, Casimir Morn, had formerly held some appointment there, and was rejoicing in the prospect of renewing my acquaintance with him. My earliest inquiries were concerning him. Few knew anything about him; at last I learnt that he was living at Dreileben, brooding over his money-bags, as his father-in-law had done before him, and keeping up no intercourse whatever with his neighbors. As soon as I had gathered these particulars, I got into a chaise one fine morning, and drove to Dreileben, musing and lamenting by the way on the perverse accident that could have changed my open-hearted, open-handed school friend, into that most pitiful of created beings—a miser.

The road lay through a succession of richly-cultivated fields to a forest, where, as the peasants informed us, the mansion was situated—on the banks of the Rhine. When I entered the forest, however, I found it no forest, but a delightful compromise between park and garden, adorned on every

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side with graceful temples, the rarest plants, and exquisite groups of statuary in the purest marble. The expense of creating such a place must have been enormous. A spacious and magnificent house, with extensive out-buildings for agricultural purposes, stood before me, approached over a wide lawn smooth as velvet, and skirted by a magnificent orangery. Everywhere I saw traces of an almost royal outlay; guided, however, by a noble taste: none whatever of the avarice attributed to the possessor.

As I was getting out of the carriage a servant in a rich livery advanced to meet me, and, in answer to my inquiries for his master, was—"Very sorry, but the family had left Dreileben that morning early, and were not expected back for some days." As there was no help for it I returned to town; in another week I repeated the attempt, but with no better success; the family were still absent. As my stay in the city was limited, I felt greatly vexed at my failure, and could not help expressing it in the circle I joined in the evening. I was answered by a general laugh.

"If you were to go twenty times to Dreileben," said one of the party to me, "you would get the same reception. You might have been spared the trouble of going if you had mentioned your intention beforehand. No one, be he who he may, is ever admitted within their doors. They have telescopes planted at certain points commanding the road, so that they are never to be taken by surprise. All the servants are previously instructed, and as soon as any one of them spies a visitor he runs in to warn his misanthropical masters."

Thus informed I wrote to Morn, expressing my desire to see him once more, and entreating that he would make me an exception to his general rule. I received a courteous answer, and the assurance that for me he would be at home; the day and hour when I should be expected were punctually named.

When I came within sight of the house, Morn advanced to meet me, with his beautiful wife on his arm. Both received me with a kindness and cordiality I had little expected after all I had heard, and presented me to their friend Devereux; he was a young man about Morn's own age, of a graceful and highly prepossessing exterior, and anything but *cynical* in appearance. In a quarter of an hour we were the best friends in the world. I was entertained with a magnificence that I have not always found even in princely palaces. The interior of the house corresponded with the costliness of the arrangements without. The library was splendid; the walls of all the larger rooms adorned with masterpieces of the greatest painters; and a music-room furnished with the finest instruments. In my honor there was a concert such as I have seldom heard from amateurs. The upper servants were all musical, and the heads of the family performers of no ordinary pretensions.

Morn had two lovely children; Devereux was still a bachelor, and announced his determination of dying one. "And you are really happy here in your beautiful retirement?" said I, inquiringly, when we were sitting in a pavilion in the garden, overlooking the lordly Rhine.

Morn smiled. "Why not? We form our own world here, and it is our happiness to know nothing of the other by experience. If we feel any curiosity about the proceedings of the fools, there are the newspapers to inform us. We prefer, however, to learn what the nobler spirits of other times have thought, or invented, or done; to learn it in the immortal legacy of works they have bequeathed us. All that Nature, Art, and Science afford of fairest and noblest surrounds us here. What is wanting to our Heaven? Intercourse with the rapacious, mentally crippled, corrupt, self-seeking herd without, would sully its purity, and make us partakers in their well-deserved misery. Well is it for those who can free themselves from the coil, and living with and for themselves, look on the sayings and doings of what you call the world, as on a theatrical spectacle, in which they are spectators, not actors."

These expressions led to a conversation on the true social relations of the wise; and it was then that Morn related his own and Devereux's stories, as I have repeated them to you.

"But with such ample means as you possess," said I, "what beneficent influence might you not exercise within your sphere! Would it not be a nobler happiness to use the abundance of your wealth in creating a paradise for others, instead of lavishing it on your own?"

Morn's brow clouded, and he shook his head. "What would you have?" said he. "Men are to be rendered happy by thought and action, not by money; but how many seek happiness thus? who honor the search in others? Did I not waste the fairest years of my life in the vain hope of thus

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winning men's love and respect? Are not voluptuousness, avarice, vanity, and vulgar riot, alike predominant, from the palace to the cottage? In great or in little states, is it the ablest, the most honest, that are found at the head of affairs, or the richest, or best connected, as it is called? Are not the highest offices, affecting the weal or woe of millions, invariably the apanage of the latter, or the prey of the vilest intrigantes? Does not the history of all times and nations teach us that hatred and persecution have been the invariable portion dealt out to the most virtuous and disinterested, by the rabble, in purple and fine linen, who rule the destinies of nations? And is it for such miserable wretches as these you would have me sacrifice my peace, and give up my tranquil bliss for the vain dream of making them wiser or better? No! I can love a *man*, but I despise *men* with my whole heart and soul."

Morn was evidently highly excited on this subject. His wife and Devereux joined chorus.

What could I do against this triple alliance, but—hold my tongue? The good people were not altogether in the wrong, and hence made the not very uncommon mistake of fancying themselves entirely in the right. I saw that by debating the point, though I might chagrin, I should not convert them. The trio were extremely susceptible by nature, and the life they were leading tended to nourish the defect. If Rousseau had been a Millionaire like Morn, with his lacerated heart and his gloomy views of life, he would have led the same life in France as Morn did on the banks of the Rhine; and opulence would have been, in his hands, but a means of indulging his egotistical dreams on a larger scale.

When the Counsellor had concluded the history of his first Millionaire, Morn's conduct was warmly discussed and variously commented on. All agreed that his scorn of the world and absolute seclusion must be looked upon as a *revenge* taken for its previous neglect, when the chances turned in his favor; but, while some of the circle held him perfectly justifiable, if not praiseworthy, in such indulgence of his feelings, others censured him loudly; had his circumstances been different, he might have been excused; but the withdrawal from all intercourse with his fellows, pardonable as self-defence in a poor man, was sheer egotism and narrow-heartedness in a rich one."

"Rich or poor," said one, "every man has a right to seek his own happiness in his own way, provided he injure no one in the means selected."

"Will you tell us how a man, gifted alike by nature and fortune, can withdraw himself from the active duties of life, *without* injuring a great many?" retorted an anti-Mornite.

"It is easy to be philanthropic in theory," said another, "but, honestly speaking, which of us would be inclined to sacrifice himself for the good of society, supposing his own views of happiness to consist in the renunciation of it? Would you; or you; or you?"

"Besides, Morn did not reject the world till the world rejected him," added the first speaker.

"That is, he was cheated by a few knaves, from whom no one in their senses would have expected anything else, and he did not find everybody ready to make prompt acknowledgment of his merits and services, some of them being, by the by, known only to those interested in concealing them."

THE FATHER OF COLERIDGE, THE POET.—Coleridge used to relate many instances of his father's absence of mind, one or two of which we may quote. On one occasion, having to breakfast with his bishop, he went, as was the practice of that day, into a barber's shop to have his head shaved, wigs being then in common use. Just as the operation was completed, the clock struck nine, the hour at which the bishop punctually breakfasted. Roused as from a reverie, he instantly left the barber's shop, and in his haste forgetting his wig, appeared at the breakfast table, where the bishop and his party had assembled. The bishop, well acquainted with his absent manners, courteously and playfully requested him to walk into an adjoining room, and give his opinion of a mirror which had arrived from London a few days previously, and which disclosed to his astonished guest the consequence of his haste and forgetfulness. The old gentleman, Coleridge also related, had to take a journey on some professional business, which would detain him from home for three or four days; his good wife, in her care and watchfulness, had packed a few things in a small trunk, and gave them in charge to her husband, with strong injunctions that he was to put on a clean shirt every day. On his return home, his wife went to search for his linen, when, to her dismay, it was not in the trunk. A closer search, however, discovered that the vicar had strictly obeyed her injunctions, and had daily put on a clean shirt, but had forgotten to remove the one underneath. This might have been the most pleasant and portable way of carrying half a dozen shirts in winter, but not so in the dog-days.

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From the Court Journal.

LIFE AND PROFESSIONAL CAREER OF JENNY LIND.

"That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."—SHAKSPEARE.

JENNY LIND was born at Stockholm on the 6th of October, 1821. Her mother had established a preparatory school there, in which her father, skilled in languages, assisted. As her parents possessed no independent property, they were compelled to exercise unremitting industry in their profession.

The childhood of Jenny, passed amidst the dry routine of serious studies, received no impulse from surrounding circumstances to the early development of her taste for music, which displayed itself in her third year. Whenever by chance a melody attracted her attention, she repeated it with such precision as to astonish and excite general admiration. This musical talent increased with her years, and unconsciously to herself, or parents, her future destiny declared itself in every action of life. She performed no task without the outpouring of her clear and melodious voice; no sickness afflicted the oft-suffering being so completely as to stop her occasional warbling. Song was the solace of an otherwise joyless existence. Naturally reserved and thoughtful, music seemed the only means Providence had bestowed on the pale, plain child, to attract the sympathy of her fellow creatures. Thus, Jenny attained her ninth year; precocious in mind, and far beyond her age in observation and sensibility, but backward in physical growth.

A Swedish actress, the late Madame Lundberg, accidentally heard the extraordinary child. Astonished at the voice, execution, and taste of the embryo artiste, she called on Jenny's parents to awaken them to a sense of her vocation, and to conjure them not to neglect the treasure in their possession, but to dedicate her to the stage. Like many citizens' wives, the mother was governed by a prejudice against anything theatrical, and was at first shocked at the idea; but the resolute actress combated every objection on the part of the parents, and finally induced them to trust to the sharp intellect and early decision of character in the child for the choice of her future career. The actress, however, doubted whether the quiet and reserved little maiden had energy and courage sufficient to devote herself to the task. Jenny listened to the proposal eagerly, and declared her willingness to be brought up to the stage. Madame Lundberg, whose penetration thus paved the way to Jenny's fortune, took her to Croelius, an old man, famous as a music-master in Stockholm. Delighted at the wonderful facility she displayed in learning, he took her to Count Pucke, then director of the Court Theatre, and requested him to hear her, and, if approved of, to bring her out. The Count regarded the insignificant, almost awkward little creature with surprise, and asked Croelius drily, what he expected him to do with such a child, who appeared not to possess a single requisite for the stage? The worthy teacher was not to be deterred; he begged the Count would at least hear her, and if he found her unworthy his consideration, he himself would instruct her at his own expense, for he held it a sin, where genius manifested itself so distinctly, not to foster and protect it. This induced the Count at length to hear the child, whose voice possessed then the peculiar charm and heart-winning sweetness now matured in its fascination. He listened attentively, and all his prejudices vanished; scarcely had she finished, when he exclaimed, with delight, "She shall have all the advantages of the pupils in the Stockholm Academy."

Shortly after, Jenny appeared in juvenile parts at the theatre, and produced an enthusiasm similar to the sensation Leontine Fay once excited at Paris. Vaudevilles were written for the genial little actress; her rich humor, fresh conception, and surprising originality, constituted a youthful prodigy well deserving the title. In about a year, the aged Croelius resigned his pupil to the care of the more vigorous Berg, who undertook Jenny's instructions with equal zeal, and to those excellent elementary studies may be attributed the perfection of her peculiar style. Restlessly striving forward, borne up by the applause lavished on her representations, welcomed

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in the first society for the unpretending amiability of her character, Jenny reached her twelfth year, and with it, alas, expired the rosy dream of youth, and she awoke to the sad reality that she had grown out of her juvenile parts, and was not yet considered fit for the higher ones. In addition to this chagrin, she suddenly lost her delightful upper notes; the voice that remained was tuneless; her worthy master strove in vain to revive the silver tones of his favorite; apparently they had departed for ever; the hope of preparing her for the Grand Opera was abandoned. She appeared but seldom in trifling soubrette parts, and as it often occurs with infant phenomena, the public soon forgot the impression previously made, and regretted only that such expectations had been blighted.

The maiden, whose light of life was song, bore her sudden deprivation with silent resignation. To appear as *Agatha* in Weber's "Freischütz" had been the ideal of her youthful ambition, the crowning point to which her soul aspired—it vanished from her ardent gaze into the heavy clouds of despair—she remained hopeless, the elevation of her spirit fled—*she sang no more*, though continuing her musical studies. Four long years passed so, when it happened, at a concert in which the fourth act of Meyerbeer's "Robert the Devil" was announced, a singer for the part of Alice was required, who has only a solo in the act, at that time little known in Germany. No one would accept the unimportant solo, when Berg thought of his unhappy pupil as a "*pis aller*," and determined to hazard its total failure in her hands.

Jenny undertook it with anxious heart, and devoted her powers to the accomplishment of the seemingly insurmountable task.

On the evening of the performance, to the astonishment of all, the long-departed voice returned. The wonder-stricken public hailed at once the almost miraculous recovery, and enthusiastic applause pealed and repealed at the conclusion of the solo, which the established vocalists had refused with contempt. Who can describe the emotions, the thrilling sensation of genius so long depressed—restored to hope—the grateful joy of the patient pupil, when the delighted master told her to get ready the part of Agatha, for an early appearance in opera—her oft dreamed of, despaired of Agatha! There was a bright flash of the expressive eye, extinguished by a twinkling pearly drop. Eureka! she had gained it, and the quiet maiden resumed her usual tranquil demeanor.

She had not yet performed any parts of a serious description, or received any instructions for tragic impersonations, and consequently betrayed at rehearsals all the ignorance of the novice in what is professionally termed "stage business." At first, she stood motionless, without any attempt at action, paying deep attention to the directions, however, of what should be done in the different scenes. By degrees, she entered a little into the acting of the part, and the evening at length arrived, her friends almost hopeless, and trembling for the result.

Jenny Lind's first appearance as *Agatha* was one of those extraordinary exhibitions of the power of genius in surmounting ordinary difficulties—she surprised the best actors by her exquisite acting, astonished her friends by the perfect ease with which she went through the part, and drew the refractory orchestra, who had commenced the allegro too slowly, into her own time. There was a general buzz of amazement behind the scenes (possibly like that which rose at the conclusion of the celebrated scene in the third act of the "Merchant of Venice," when Edmund Kean made his *début* at Drury Lane), and a tumult of rapturous delight before the curtain. Universal approbation crowned the entrance of the talented girl of sixteen on her career of fame.

Jenny Lind speaks of Weber's 'Agatha' at the present day with unaffected veneration as the foundation-stone of her fortune. She was immediately engaged for the principal parts;—opera succeeded opera with increased attraction—*Alice*, *Euryanthe*, the *Vestal*, were great efforts at her age! Become now the darling of her native city, something whispered that all was not achieved—she felt that her excellent master had done all in his power, yet the finishing hand to the work was wanting, if she meant to ascend the lofty professional height an innate sense pointed out as her sphere. Garcia had been long considered the best singing-master in Europe, and an uncontrollable desire impelled her to seek him out at Paris. But how to accomplish it?—where the means, on resigning her engagement, to live one or two years in a foreign country? She treasured the sweet aspiration in her heart—the means should be provided by her own exertions. Turn-

ing to account the vacation at the theatre, she travelled with her father through all the great and small towns of Norway and Sweden, arranged concerts with indefatigable energy, gaining everywhere admiration and the pecuniary supplies for the completion of her project. On returning to Stockholm, she made known to the management her determination, enforcing it with such good reasons, that they could not refuse the request; and the resolute girl obtained the required leave of absence. Her parents did not attempt to dissuade her from the step —they knew the purity and strength of her character, and resigned her to the stirring impulse of her genius. They could not accompany her during this long absence without abandoning their own means of existence, and so, though scarcely eighteen years old, she set out alone for the great city with no protector, but an exalted love for her art, and an incessant watchfulness over her self-respect. Arrived at Paris, she hastened to Garcia, to whom she had brought the most earnest and favorable recommendation. The long journey, the separation from those who till now had been her protectors and companions, the engrossing thought of home which preyed upon her, like the agony of the Swiss, "when far away from his snow canopy of cliffs and clouds," did not delay the important visit; with feverish anxiety, she passed the threshold of his door, and stood before the master, upon whose decision her future prosperity rested. Garcia received her kindly, and listened to her singing without any sign of approbation or disapproval; when she had finished, he said, calmly, "My child, you have no voice! or you had a voice, and are on the point of losing it; you have sung too much, or too early, for the organ is thoroughly worn out. I can give you no instructions at present; do not sing a note for three months, and then come and see me again." With this overwhelming farewell, the humiliated aspirant left the man on whom she had set all her hopes of future pre-eminence.

Jenny Lind passed three months in deep retirement, counting the tedious days, till the period of the second probation arrived. Garcia again listened with deep interest and attention; on concluding the piece, he replied to the expressive look bent on him for judgment in these words, "My child, you can begin your lessons immediately." Jenny returned from the second visit with a bright eye and elastic step—she might sing again; and anon, the sweet tones of her native melodies came carolling forth upon the raptured heart and ear. Time galloped now; the genius exulted in her growing strength, overcoming, daily, deficiencies pointed out and eradicated by the consummate experience of Garcia. After remaining a year at Paris, absorbed in unremitting study and improvement, one of her countrymen, a talented composer, came to remind her of the promised return to Stockholm, and took the opportunity of introducing her to Meyerbeer, then at Paris, whose experienced ear caught the magic sweetness of her voice with delight. To try its strength, he appointed a rehearsal with full orchestra at the Opera House, and Jenny Lind sang, and performed three of the principal scenes from "Robert," "Norma," and "Der Freischütz" with such complete success, that Meyerbeer immediately offered her an engagement for Berlin; but she had given her word to return to Stockholm, and shortly after, re-appeared there with immense success. The favorite had now become the pride of her native city, enthusiastically admired for brilliant talents, and respected by all for her spotless character.

In the following spring, Meyerbeer renewed his offers for the opening of the new Opera House at Berlin, and after some hesitation, arising from reluctance to quit her native city, she accepted the conditions, with the understanding that she might return to Stockholm for the celebration of the King's coronation. In August, Jenny Lind left for Dresden, where Meyerbeer then was, partly to conclude the necessary arrangements, and also to acquire a requisite knowledge of the German language.

In the latter part of October, 1844, she arrived at Berlin, and on her appearance in public fully realized the expectations of the great composer, creating at once the same enthusiasm as in her native land, which continued unabated till her departure in March. Before returning home, she visited several of the cities and larger towns of Germany with triumphant success; at Hamburg, a superb silver laurel wreath was presented at her departure. In the summer of this year, 1845, she was invited by the King of Prussia to sing at the festival prepared on the banks of the Rhine, in honor of the Queen of England, on which occasion she appeared also at Frankfort, and

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Cologne, when the Countess Rossi (Henrietta Sontag) named her the first vocal actress of the day.

From November, 1845, to the end of March, 1846, she fulfilled another engagement at Berlin, and on the 22d April made her first appearance at Vienna in "Norma." The expectations of a critical public were raised to an extraordinary pitch. Seats were sought for at any price; every nook and cranny of the largest theatre of Vienna was occupied, and from each and all, one unanimous salvo of applause greeted the magnificent execution of the first aria, the acclamations increasing, if possible, to the end of the opera. She appeared eleven times at the theatre and twice at concerts for charitable purposes, when she sang her enchanting melodies. Jenny Lind left Vienna to assist at the musical festival of Aix la Chapelle, from thence to Hanover, then to Bremen, Hamburg, Stutgardt, Munich, and thence again to Vienna, where she re-appeared on Thursday, 7th Jan., 1847, in Donizetti's opera, of the "Daughter of the Regiment," which has been repeated several times to overflowing houses.

No portrait can give an accurate idea of Jenny Lind, the whole expression of the features changing at the control of a lofty genius. In *Norma*, the wildly flashing eye strikes the spectator with awe; as *Amina*, in the "Somnambulist," it beams with tenderness and love. The impersonation of opposite characters presents a refined delicacy of conception, seconded by an indescribable grace.

From the Literary Gazette.

MADAGASCAR AND ITS QUEEN.

MADAGASCAR, PAST AND PRESENT. BY A RESIDENT.

By his own account, a residency in Madagascar is no very enviable or desirable position; for the author paints the island and its sovereign queen in most horrible colors. The object of the work is to evoke the interference of England—we do not see clearly by what right or title—with the barbarous despotism of the usurping successor of Radama; and he says:

"No more fitting opportunity can ever await the mother-country to insist upon an interference in the present scheme of government in Madagascar than now presents itself. Whilst we refuse to suffer France to aggrandize herself by the occupation of that island, let us meet her more than half way in endeavoring to remove Ranavalona and her chiefs from the authority which they have usurped, and in substituting such an one in her place as shall be a guarantee for the future interests and protection of the people; and which, above all, shall engage to receive an accredited British agent at the capital, together with a missionary body proportioned in extent to the capabilities of the island. Whether the British government will be ready to avail itself of the present opening to render this measure of good to the country, we have yet to learn; and whether, in the case of her willingness to do so, that of France will consent to sink those pretensions so speciously set forth by Laverdant for an object so praiseworthy, is a question of still greater moment to determine. But, be the issue of the present crisis what it may, no indirect interference in the affairs of Madagascar can be productive of any benefit beyond the moment, unless it be based on the primary removal of Ranavalona and her party from power."

And again:

"If Great Britain should now feel determined to enter in earnest upon the task of rescuing the Malagasy people from their present deplorable condition, the first step of such a policy must be the removal of Ranavalona and her satellites from power, and the reorganization of authority upon a new and more natural basis. That such an undertaking would be attended by no extraordinary difficulties, may, we think, be presumed from the fact, that many thousands of her subjects prefer to drag on a precarious existence in the forests (to which they have fled, with a view to escaping the terrible feudal service she has imposed upon them), rather than continue to live under her yoke, and who would hail the appearance of any foreign power which offered them protection and support. To this fact may be added another, that the extensive Sakalave tribes, which people the western coast of the island, are at open war with the Hova power; and, it is generally believed, would welcome an European armament, if only that it afforded them the means of beridding themselves of the presence of such an enemy; a fact sufficiently proved by the good understanding they have al-

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ways kept up with the French at Nos-Beh and St. Mary's Island. Let France only drop her tinsel pretensions to the possession of Madagascar, and co-operate, on principles of humanity alone, with Great Britain for the realization of this great end, and the attainment of the object before us will not be difficult. On the other hand, should M. Guizot be overruled in the line of policy to which he has hitherto expressed himself determined to adhere in connexion with Madagascar, and have to witness France's appropriation of what, in the French Chambers, has been well defined as 'une Algérie à quatre mille lieues,' adieu, then, to the prospects of Madagascar, for the present century at least; although the exchange from a native to a French government would at least give them the advantage of a greater security to life, whilst their present feudal servitude would probably undergo an amelioration by passing into the form of Gallic slavery.

"Should the Malagasy people be fortunate enough to excite in Europe an active and disinterested sympathy in their future condition, we earnestly hope that the feeling will not be allowed to cool before a demonstration be made by England or France, or by both, in their favor. We do not pretend to dictate to those powers the line of conduct to be pursued towards Ranavalona and her supporters; but we may venture to intrude an opinion, that the marching an army to the seat of government, although perhaps the most expeditious, would by no means constitute a necessary step for the accomplishment of the object they had in view. By occupying Tamatave and Foule-Pointe ourselves, or by replacing the present Hova authorities at those ports by such other native officers as would consent to govern the people (under European influence) with equity and kindness, we should strike a serious blow at the very spring of Ranavalona's resources; whilst these ports themselves might be held by a comparatively insignificant land-force, provided they were supported by a man-of-war, so situated as to command the shore. In addition to the above, it would be necessary to blockade the few remaining points on the coast at which supplies are occasionally received from without. By organizing, in the next place, a native soldiery for the protection of the several points we might decide upon occupying, we should be enabled to withdraw our European land-forces, and leave them after a while to the protection of their own hearths, with the strongest incentives by which men can be actuated to defend themselves, viz. the preservation of liberty and life. By such a line of policy (cementing it yet more strongly by an offer of protection and employment to all who might resort to us with a view to escape the iron yoke of Ranavalona), the Hova power would quickly, we are convinced, decline; and if her sceptre were not speedily torn from her by such united agency, it would fall of itself at length from her enervated grasp, and await the occupation of such power as we might determine to invest with it."

To this scheme her Malay Majesty replies:

"Madagascar and its productions are mine; and I am as much the Sovereign of that island as Victoria is of England. I do not interfere with what the Queen of England chooses to do in her country; and on the same principle I will not suffer any foreign interference with my policy or actions!"

Like Japan, she is resolute in excluding foreigners; and, to say the truth, we do not wonder at it.

But to leave the political bearings of the book,—which press most upon the necessity of Protestant proselytism by means of Missionary labors, upon the loss to the Mauritius from our being shut out from Madagascar trade and supplies of provisions, and upon the expediency of England proceeding at least on equal steps with France* in extending her influence in these seas,—we will run through the volume, in order to draw some examples from it (premising that the style is very indifferent) which may possess novelty and interest after the histories by Ellis and Copland, and other writers who have published their remarks on this quarter of the globe.

It appears that the island of Madagascar is occupied by two distinct races of inhabitants, the one Malay and the other African, of the Caffre and not of the Negro species. Some of its districts are so unhealthy that a few hours spent in them is almost certain death. Idolatry, Superstition, and Infanticide of the most atrocious nature, pervade the land; and the author says:

"The *sikidy*, or divination, is unceasingly in requisition, and is regarded as infallible amongst the miserable dupes upon whom it is practised; and the belief in its infallibility is the more incomprehensible, inasmuch as the several impotent contrivances which are resorted to, in order to the working of it, are so indifferently disguised, that it seems as though a child might detect the fact, that the materials are designedly disposed in order to bring about the result which the diviner himself desires But our surprise at this seeming incongruity is lessened when we revert to the celebrated sikidy of one of the most wonderful people of an-

* Of the projects of this power, it is stated: "Already have they opened an active commerce along the Mozambique and Zanguebar coasts, and have located a resident, or envoy, in Abyssinia; and that their occupation of Nosibé and Mayotta are but preparatory measures to their possessing themselves of 'la grande ile Africaine'—Madagascar, appears to have been openly asserted by more than one of the French ministry itself, and strongly advanced besides by the most recent French writer upon Madagascar." Their late occupation of Islands is also inveighed against.

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tiquity, the Delphian Apollo, a specimen of imposture which supported its reputation so uninterruptedly through ages, and with such unquestioned success. The worthies in Madagascar who practise the thriving trade of divination and astrology, contribute, as we above remarked, in a fearful degree to the destruction of life. Some check had begun to be put upon this wholesale system of murder by Radama; nay, that prince had, we believe, successfully put a stop to it in the immediate vicinity of the seat of government; but it has since been re-introduced, and is now, perhaps, resorted to even more than at any former period; for her majesty Ranavalona is, in her own person, wedded to the particular species of superstition we are speaking of, namely, that of soothsaying and divination.*

"The contrivances resorted to for the destruction of infants,† when once doomed by the astrologers to die, are not the least atrocious features distinguishing this dark page in the history of the people under our notice. Thus a common *modus operandi* for the attainment of this end is that of exposing the unconscious babe in a narrow passage, through which a herd of cattle is furiously driven, and by the feet of which it is scarcely possible to avoid being mangled and tortured by a gradual death; at other times it is suspended by the heels, whilst its face is held downwards in a pan of water until suffocation ensues!—or, still more horrible to relate, it is sometimes buried alive, with the head downwards, in a pit especially dug for the occasion. And this atrocious murder is in regular order commanded under the Queen's authority to be perpetrated by the *father* or *nearest relative* of the infant!"

According to the same authority, it appears that, on succeeding to the throne, the Queen resolved to rid the island of all foreign presence, and especially of the missionaries, against whom she proceeded with intense vigor and cruelty, in 1835–6, till she drove the last out. Other acts of violence brought on the united French and English attack, which destroyed Tamatave and other places on the coast. On the negotiation preparatory to this rupture, we have an amusing anecdote:—

"We cannot (says the writer) resist acquainting the reader with a ludicrous illustration of the advances which the Hova army have effected in the European science of 'soldiering.' Upon Captain Kelly's approaching the guard of honor, the officer in command vociferated, in broken English, 'Rear rank, taken open order!' We have remarked in the text that the guard consisted but of a single line! Some other equally laughable words of command were issued in English, which the very organization of the force rendered it incapable of obeying, had the same commands been even understood."

A fierce tirade against the Romish Church is added to illustrate this story; for it is said:—

"This system of manœuvring might be likened to the tactics of the Roman Church, one admirable manœuvre of which is, the inculcation of their blasphemous mummery through a language which is about as intelligible to four-fifths of its disciples as though their pastors were to address them in Cherokee."

Let us pass, however, from such indecorous and irrelevant matter to two further quotations of a more appropriate description. The first is a great fact, namely, that "already in Mauritius have many of the necessaries of life been *trebled* in cost since Madagascar closed her ports against us."

The next is an historical passage belonging to the recent annals of Madagascar; for the exact truth of which the writer, however, does not seem disposed to vouch. We give it as we find it:—

"Here, we think, it will not be out of place with such a view of the subject, if we put the reader in possession of one of the most recent instances of the Queen of Madagascar's sanguinary exploits, that is to say, recent in comparison of any others which have made their way to our knowledge; although it is not to be supposed that the cravings of such an appetite for blood could be long sated by the extent even of the present sacrifice. Occupying the entire western side of Madagascar, we meet with a race quite distinct in themselves, and between whom and the Hovas there has ever existed a reciprocal hatred. This people are well known to those acquainted with the modern history of Madagascar, under the name of the Sakalava or Sakalave tribe; or, as some early writers (Copland, for instance) denominate them, the Seclave tribe. 'They are pastoral tribes (to take our account from the source alluded to), living on the milk and flesh of their domestic herds, and on the chase of the blue or wild cattle, and wild hogs; on arrowroot, arum, and many other roots and esculents of spontaneous growth. They are an athletic, bold, and hardy race, and numerous compared with any other tribe of common origin in Madagascar; although few compared with the vast territory they occupy, extending full 900 miles in length, and on an average 100 in

* "The divination seems to be in constant requisition by the Queen. She could scarcely venture to take even an ordinary meal of rice without having it worked ten or a dozen times."—*Note to Narrative of Persecutions in Madagascar*, p. 60.

† "In Williams's 'Narrative of Missionary Enterprise,' it is stated, that on questioning three native women at the Tahitian and Society Islands as to the number of infants which they had respectively murdered, the first said, 'I have destroyed *nine*;' the second, 'I have destroyed *seven*;' and a third admitted that she had destroyed '*five*.' Thus three individuals, casually selected, had killed one-and-twenty children!"

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breadth. In the opinion of the best informed French authorities, they are destined to become, sooner or later, the dominant power in the island. The eastern coast, in about three-fourths of its length, from the north point, where the widely spread Sakalaves are found lying westward, to within a few hundred miles of the southern extremity, is occupied by the Betsimisaraka (the inseparable multitude, or united people), the only tribe with which we are acquainted at Mauritius. They are an agricultural people, cultivating rice extensively for exportation as well as consumption; notwithstanding which, they also during a part of the year subsist on bananas, yams, and such spontaneous roots and fruits as the herds of wild hogs, monkeys, squirrels, and lemurs, think proper to leave for the human aborigines. They are an inoffensive and unwarlike people, great part of them having submitted to the Hova government without a blow about twenty-five years ago; and to this they have proved useful, and indeed indispensable auxiliaries. A large tribe which formerly occupied the north-east shore of Antongil Bay, refused to submit; and have been exterminated by devastating wars, selling about 300,000 of them into slavery, and destroying an equal number by outlawry, rewards offered for their heads, and such other diabolical means as the Hovas could devise. At length the Hova government, wasted in its limited resources by the death of its soldiers, is unable to defend the eastern provinces against the more vigorous Sakalavas, who, nevertheless, prior to the Hova dominion, were always kept off by the Betsimaraka themselves. For about five years past annual invasions have been carried on by the north-west Sakalavas against the north-east districts of the Betsimisaraka, destroying the Hova fortresses, and carrying off as booty the cattle of the Betsimisaraka for food, and their mothers, wives, and children, into slavery. Before last year they had destroyed every fortress of the Hovas, and devastated the whole country from Diego Saurez to Angontsy, excepting the impregnable peninsula of Diego. They have repeatedly declared their intention of not ceasing these invasions till Tamatave, the last port of the Hova Queen, is destroyed.

"'Last year they invested Angontsy with a large army, when the Hova troops, throwing up the best defence they could, and pointing several cannons at the enemy, shut themselves up in the village and fortress with their cattle and property. The Sakalavas beat the Queen's troops, boldly approached the fortifications, and seized and spiked the cannon. Affairs now went very hard against the Hovas, and they expected to be all cut off. But when they drove out the rich booty of cattle to the assailants, the Sakalava were content with such an acquisition, and took their leave, promising to repeat their visit the following season. During this period, the native Betsimisaraka, not being allowed to keep fire-arms, with which the Sakalavas were well provided, had fled with their wives and children into the woods, to seek a refuge amongst the serpents and other denizens of the forest. The way being again clear, they now began to creep back into their villages. The Hova officers, mortified at their disgraceful defeat and dishonorable capitulation, and fearing the consequences of their Queen's anger, determined to cloak their disgrace by wreaking their cowardly fury upon the defenceless Betsimisaraka, the *éclat* of which should serve to eclipse the infamy of their defeat. They, therefore, collected as many of the returning villagers as they could at Angontsy, and formally accused them of cowardice and treason for not coming to the help of the Queen's troops. Accusations of this nature are soon ended in Madagascar. The wretched people were all seized and handcuffed, including the women and the circumcised boys, comprehending generally all above seven years of age.'

"The preceding explanatory detail we have deemed necessary, in order both to make the particular circumstances (giving rise to this transaction) intelligible to the reader, as well as that he may be able to form an idea of the sort of motives which are sufficient at the present day in Madagascar to instigate those in authority to the wholesale destruction of life. We now come to the very gist of the matter, which the writer of the preceding narrative informs us he has published in the unadulterated language of the native who (through an almost miraculous incident) has been preserved to put on record what we are about to transcribe, and who cannot but be looked upon with a degree of additional interest from the *quorum pars magna fui* associations which attend him.

"'I was amongst the number,' says the individual in question, 'who were seized and handcuffed. We were all ordered to be slaughtered in a general massacre, beginning with the women and children. I was sitting on the ground by the side of my brother. The soldiers came and cut down and pierced the victims with swords and spears. I saw eighty-nine women slaughtered, and a great number of men; I cannot tell how many. At length it came to our turn. I and my brother stood up, when he being killed with a sword fell dead on the ground, knocking me down in his fall. I lay a few seconds, when a Hova officer pulled me up by the arm to be killed; but, looking at me, said, 'This is a good-looking youngster, I will take him for my slave, and pay his redemption-money.' Thus I alone was saved from death, and went home to the officer's premises.' (The poor fellow's lament reminds one of the language of Job's messengers on recounting the successive calamities of the patriarch, 'And I only am escaped alone to tell thee.') 'I took an early opportunity of running away, having the fear of death continually before me; and reaching a near port, I contrived to get on board a ship and escape. After the horrible massacre was completed, the heads of the victims were all cut off and put into canoes, the men's heads being below and the women's and children's above. They completely filled seven large canoes! They were sent coastwise, north and south, to be stuck on poles along the shore. The line of human heads extends as far as from Port Louis to Pamplemousses, about seven miles. They are now bleached by the sun and rain, and present to the ships which

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approach the coast of Angontay the appearance of lumps of chalk or lime, glistening in the rays of the sun as far as the eye can reach!"

With this tragedy we conclude. We regret to add, that the tone in which the work is penned is not of the kind to inspire us with perfect confidence; but still we trust our extracts will show that it is not without interesting points to attract readers, and perhaps merit the attention of the British Government.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LITERARY LEGISLATORS.—No. IV.

LORD MAHON.

To whom to intrust power has always been the great difficulty in the science of government. It is a problem that has never been solved, and one, the solution of which becomes still more difficult the more our experience becomes enlarged. Society has ever been prone to run into extremes in its delegation of political power. Sometimes, it has exhibited a weak and rash abandonment of its natural privileges; at others, a jealousy equally unwise and inexplicable. Alternately, the despot by divine right, the military despot, the oligarchy, the democracy, the constitutional monarch, has assumed power for the best objects, and perverted it to the basest purposes. Mankind have passed through successive cycles of disappointment, until from having had, at one time or another, faith in every principle of government, they have at last been reduced to the condition of fully relying on none. The worst result, next to this constant disappointment, is the mutual jealousy which it has engendered, —jealousy by the people towards their natural rulers, fear and suspicion on the part of those upper, and, except in moral force, weaker classes towards the people.

Here, in England, after having passed through every phase of this drama of fatality, we have been, for some century and a half, striving to effect a compromise. Purposely blind to the theoretical inconsistencies of our system, we have consoled ourselves with its practical benefits. From the history of mankind's disappointments, we have drawn the moral neither to hope too much from human virtue, nor to rely too much on human reason. Facts have been our laws, whilst our laws have stood as facts. We have abstained from striving after much that might, perhaps, have been attainable, because we were content with that for the possession of which no one would quarrel with us. We could afford to be laughed at by theorists and political philosophers for being, constitutionally speaking, a sort of mongrel—neither monarchical, oligarchical, nor democratic—because we contrived to secure many of the advantages of each form of government, while we avoided that great evil of all, the depositing of power without responsibility. It is true that, until within a comparatively recent period, our representative system was, in some of its most essential respects, a fiction. But it was a fiction to which the people, by long use, had become reconciled. Until they experienced evils which the abuse of even the best institutions will produce, that fiction was to them a reality, and as it appeared to bring them benefits, they regarded it as a blessing. At length, however, they swept away the fiction, and replaced it by a reality; but by a reality which appeared at the time so formidable an innovation, that even the most sanguine regarded it as a desperate plunge into an unfathomable future, while the timid and the forecasting did not hesitate to denounce it as the precursor of struggles in which even mighty England would fall. It was supposed that the political world would be revolutionized; that the conditions of society would be disregarded, and its position reversed; that the mere delegates of mob influence would obtain substantial power; and that all those who had held influence by their talents and social position, would in future be superseded It was said that, in spite of the lessons of experience, we were committing the fault against which history warned us—that of giving to a democracy too much unchecked power.

And, indeed, if we forget the present, and transport ourselves again into the past

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of fifteen years ago, even the most sanguine of optimists must admit that there existed ample justification for such fears. That they have not been realized does not prove that they were groundless. It only proves that the character of the British people was not then sufficiently understood. The prophets of evil, whose warnings cast a shadow over the future at the era of the Reform-bill, were perhaps justified in supposing that those who had been in their own belief wrongfully deprived of power would, when they obtained it, run riot in its exercise. They could not be blamed for preferring the certainties of the past to the promises of the future; and it is due to them to say, that those among them (and they are the vast majority) who have since discovered the error into which they were led by their exaggerated fear, have done their utmost to make atonement to the objects of their censure. They have hastened to place themselves again in relations with their fellow-subjects—too much despised in a moral point view, politically, too much dreaded. Yet it did seem at that time almost impossible to reconcile the possible future with the past. How were those who were promised absolute electoral power to be induced to abstain from making what seemed so natural a use of it? how were they to be restrained from displacing the natural heads of society in the political world? how was a parallel to be kept up between the political and social state? how were those gradations of rank, which are so necessary in private life, to be kept up in public life? what was to prevent the delegate of a popular constituency, elected to express the popular will, from superseding the recognised leaders of parties? in short, what natural reason was there why the new political power, which was supposed to have been created, should not take its natural place in public affairs, and thus a revolution in men as well as in policy be effected? At the present day, when the danger is seen to have been exaggerated, we can afford to smile at these fears and prophecies of evil. But a very slight consideration will suffice to remind the reader that the forebodings which we have selected, because they bear on our present purpose, are amongst the least serious of those in which the alarmists of that day dealt.

The non-fulfilment of these prophecies may be attributed to many causes—all more or less connected with the solid virtues and qualifications for citizenship inherent in the English character. That we are experiencing serious evils in the paralysis of legislative power caused by the unwieldy organization of our governmental system, even the most uncompromising supporter of the Reform-bill must be ready to admit. But in one most essential respect the expectations of those who were terrified at the prospect of sweeping change have been falsified. We do not find, as they predicted we should, that the dregs of society have come uppermost; that the leading men of the day have been displaced by mob delegates; or that education, experience, historical association, or high cultivation of intellect, have any less weight now in either branch of the senate than they had before the passing of the Reform-bill. On the contrary, it is to be regarded as one of the great guarantees of constitutional liberty in this country, that such a leading part is taken in public affairs by the young nobility, and more especially by those whose ancestors, from time to time, have been engaged in the service of the State. It is not in the fact of their being nobles that the advantage consists, any more than that it is an advantage to the people to be represented by men of plebeian origin because they are plebeians. On the contrary, nothing can be more dangerous than government by a privileged order, who have no claims to take the lead but their privileges. The advantage we ascribe to our system consists in the free choice by which these men of rank are selected for the posts which they fill, not merely because they are men of rank, but because they are men of superior talents also. There is no reason why we should look with suspicion upon a public servant because he happens to be a lord; nay, there are reasons why we should be more ready to cherish talent and public spirit, when they spring up spontaneously among the nobility, than even when they are developed in those to whom life is a struggle. But it were well if we could guard against the superiority of rank being used to afford to young noblemen too great a priority of opportunity.

It is not surprising that we should have so many noblemen taking a distinguished part in public affairs, because, from the very nature of things, they have better opportunities; but it is a strong proof of the healthy condition of our institutions that they should take the lead, not by accident of birth alone, but also by intellectual superiority, and that, coming into contact as they do with the selected men of other

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classes of society, including the professions, they should, when placed in competition with them, show to such positive advantage. We are so accustomed to recognise them at the head of affairs, that we forget to notice by what a singular coincidence it is that the living scions of those noble houses that have most figured in our history should, in these days of greater freedom and equality, in like manner eclipse their contemporaries. So long as such men as Lord Stanley, Lord John Russell, Lord George Bentinck, Lord Grey, and a host of others of less renown, are found, in virtue of their talents alone, eclipsing their political contemporaries, we need not fear any of that social disorganization which the opponents of the Reform-bill so lavishly predicted. We know that all their acts and all their words are subjected to the most rigid scrutiny by every rank and grade of their countrymen, and that when they are allowed to hold, by common consent, the leadership, on whichever side of politics it may be, there is provided as complete a check against oligarchical ascendency on the one hand, as there is against democratic dictation on the other.

Lord Mahon is one of those whom we would signalize as noblemen who voluntarily deny themselves the exclusive advantage given to them by their birth, and who enter the arena, face to face, and foot to foot, with the general competitors for fame and power. Fortunately for society, the day is gone by when any exclusive class or section can confer either the one or the other. He who would be great must, like him who would be famous, appeal to the public, to mankind at large, for the sources of his influence and the credentials of his success. Some thinkers—those who violently force an association between the merits or demerits of an individual and the principles he professes—who praise or blame, not according to his personal deserts, but in proportion as his opinions square with theirs—will dispute this assumption, and declare that Lord Mahon, from his first entrance upon public life, has been engaged in a crusade against liberal principles; that he has been a too consistent, if not a bigoted worshipper of the past, and has always arrayed himself against the political, and therefore, as they believe, the social advancement of the people. But this is not the question. We are considering, not the particular opinions which a man advocates, but the circumstances of his advocacy; and must concede to the advocate of absolutism, or divine right, or spiritual supremacy, the same fair freedom to express his opinions, the same respectful consideration of them, that we would willingly grant to the most enthusiastic apostle of popular rights. So, therefore, in dealing with Lord Mahon, we shall not adopt the enmities or the predilections of any political party, but shall deal with him as a nobleman who has done his utmost to divest himself of any unfair advantages of position, and has come forward in the literary, as well as in the political world, resting solely on his own personal powers, and achieving his success solely by his own personal merits. He is one of a large and yearly increasing class who, by breaking down factitious distinctions, and mixing ranks by making pursuits common to all, are doing much to guard us, hereafter, against those evils which the growing power of the middle and lower classes might produce, were they placed in antagonism with the aristocracy.

Lord Mahon entered parliament at a time which was unfavorable to the attainment of distinction by a man holding his opinions. It was at the commencement of that period of excitement in which we approached, as nearly as it seems likely this country ever will, to civil commotion; when, in the violent struggle to wrest from the aristocracy the power of controlling the representation, the people lost for a time all moderation, all sense of justice, all respect for authority, all veneration for constitutional forms. He was himself returned for a rotten borough at the election which followed the accession of William the Fourth to the throne; and he was in his political principles, from sincere conviction, and as much reflection as is given to a young man of twenty-five, a Tory. Inheriting from his father an ardent temperament, and inspired by the example of his sincerity and moral earnestness, he plunged at once into the great contest which soon afterwards commenced, with a passionate vehemence scarcely surpassed by any advocate of the old system. And yet, his was not the blind, unreasoning opposition of a Winchelsea, nor the more elaborately sophisticated advocacy of a Croker. He rather took a high constitutional view of the question. He was no insane enemy of popular rights. He was prepared to admit that, in the working out of the old system of representation by nomination, great

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abuses had crept in; that, on the other hand, there were great and glaring instances of popular rights withheld without adequate reason. But the sweeping nature of Lord John Russell's bill filled him with alarm. He could not see by what agency the government was to be carried on. He thought he perceived in the future only a perpetual and hopeless effort to unite the governing power with an irresponsible dictatorship by the popular will. He believed, also, that the Whig party, having enjoyed so large a proportion of power from the Revolution of 1688 until the reign of George the Third, had determined to recover by this grand *coup d'état* what from that date had been wrenched from them. He therefore suspected the intention of the new measure as much as he deprecated its tendency, and his indignation at what he conceived to be an innovation of the most dangerous kind, attempted for factious purposes—an innovation not merely against his own order (for of such narrow views we believe Lord Mahon to have been incapable) but also against the best and most substantial privileges of the whole people—the most sacred guarantees of general liberty—broke out on various occasions in a manner that drew upon him considerable attention, even among the distinguished men of that time. But, on the other hand, he would have been prepared from the first, unlike most of his party, to assent to a measure of moderate and, at the same time, effectual reform. It was what he believed to be the unnecessary violence and magnitude of the Reform-bill that so frightened him. Accordingly, he offered a manful and persevering resistance to the bill; and when, on the introduction of the final measure, others who had opposed the former ones gave way, he, although the friend of moderate reform, stepped forward and moved the negative to the third reading in a speech of lofty and concentrated indignation, which drew upon him the regards, and almost secured the admiration, even of his political opponents. One passage in his maiden speech embodied a general prediction which has since been remarkably fulfilled. He foresaw that the representative influence given to particular interests in the community would be used for mutual conflict, and, therefore, for general injury. Those who were elected under the close-borough system formed, he considered, a useful counterpoise in the management of separate interests. But that advantage would be lost when members became more directly the representatives of class interests. For instance, "the agricultural members would strive to retain the Corn-laws; the Newcastle members would be for protecting the coal interest; the Kidderminster members would call for a high duty on Turkey carpets; and the representatives of Brighton would protest against the introduction of medicated vapor-baths. All interests would be alike active against each other; and each having its representatives, there would be much contention and confusion, much difficulty in obtaining a harmonious action." Of course this illustration was put ironically; but it embodied one of the strongest arguments against the bill, and it certainly, also, had a prophetic truth; for the great complaint now made by statesmen of the working of our system is, that the power is so divided as to render it impossible to secure a general or harmonious action in favor of any disputed proposition, without a resort to agitation. Lord Mahon's political life was soon after brought to a rather abrupt termination by an event which, in those days, was not uncommon. Those who had protested in vain against the greater infusion of the popular principle in the representation, now sought to neutralize its influence by various means which wealth and organization have at command. Lord Mahon, like many other zealous champions of the old system, was again returned to parliament; but this time it was for Hertford. A petition was presented against his return, and the result of a Committee of Inquiry was, that his election was declared void by bribery and intimidation. In those days the decision of an election committee was anything but proof; and therefore it does not follow that the noble lord was really guilty of the offences ascribed to him. But still, happily for public morals, the stigma of such proceedings is always sufficient to cast a shadow over even the most unsullied reputation. Lord Mahon remained out of parliament for nearly two years. Previously, however, to his being deprived of his seat, he spoke and voted on the first great measure introduced into the Reformed Parliament. In speaking on the Whig Coercion-bill for Ireland, he put the pith of his argument very tersely in a sentence, where he said, that military law was bad, but mob law was worse. Maxims and apothegms are frequently to be found scattered through his speeches; as his eminently thoughtful

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and philosophical mind pauses from time to time in his consideration of a subject, and drops reflections, the result of great insight and sagacity.

The interval during which Lord Mahon suspended his political activity affords us a convenient opportunity, although it may be somewhat out of the order of dates, for briefly noticing his literary productions. Of course, we do not attempt here any critical analysis of those works. They are open to all, and every well-informed reader is able to draw conclusions as to their merits. They have attracted so much attention from their intrinsic value, that any extended notice of them here is the more unnecessary. We merely glance at them as bearing upon the character and position of Lord Mahon as a statesman. No one who has read either his *History of the War of the Succession in Spain*, or his *History of England, from the Treaty of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle*, but must have been struck with his dignity as a historian, and the extent of his knowledge and research. Not satisfied to take those traditionary facts and views which are the common stock of historians, he sought out his materials from unaccustomed sources; and his labors, dictated by a strict impartiality, and animated by a noble loftiness of sentiment, have resulted in an originality and truthful insight into the characters that pass under his pen, rare, indeed, in these days of hasty and superficial judgment. His books tell what he is better than his public life, which has been more or less distorted by political passion, and a disposition to exaggerate the moral evils of such legislation as he disliked. They are pregnant with enlarged and sagacious views of individual character as well as of human nature in the abstract, and he shows, throughout, a power of weighing the value of the little springs of action, without compromising the importance or the dignity of the great facts and movements in his history. Not a little weight attaches to his deductions, from the resources placed at his command by the records of his family; nor should we despise that species of tradition which becomes transmitted, almost insensibly, from generation to generation of distinguished men in any family; which is often the very essence of contemporary experience, and which only finds its way to the knowledge of the world when, by a happy union between rank and intellect, the pen of the historian is wielded by him who is also the depository of the secrets of history. Lord Mahon is the living link of a long ancestral chain, and each great deed his pen records awakens the noblest sympathies and sentiments, till his own predecessors and their contemporaries seem to live again under his pen.

One fault has been found with his style, which is said to be too flat and unpretending. But there is a quiet, unassuming dignity about it, which, to our mind, compensates for the want of brilliancy and luminous effect; and it is certain that his characters and portraits of distinguished men of past times are remarkable for their power and verisimilitude. Besides these historical works, Lord Mahon wrote a life of Belisarius. This was a very early production, and it brought its author much praise, and a consideration disproportioned to its pretensions, on account of the extensive learning and research it exhibited, and the critical ability with which he exposed some errors of Gibbon.

Lord Mahon returned to parliament in 1835, and such was the reputation he had in the interval acquired, that Sir Robert Peel at once made him Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In all his official displays that were more especially connected with foreign policy, he shone to great advantage, more especially as the leading topics of that day happened to be those with which he was most intimately connected. Always the advocate of legitimacy, he did not scruple to persist in that advocacy, even while under the responsibilities of office; and this involved him in some difficulties and inconsistencies. It was unlucky for him, that almost his first official duty in parliament was to defend the appointment of the Marquis of Londonderry as Ambassador to St. Petersburg—a task which the peculiar prejudices of the English people rendered an invidious one. But, generally speaking, Lord Mahon was not an efficient organ of the government in parliament. He was not a "safe" man. There was always a risk that he might say too much. Of too high an order of mind to condescend to be a hack, he had not, as yet, learned that self-command and abstinence from personal feeling which would have raised him above his office. He was not a good subordinate, yet lacked the qualities of a leader. A constitutional warmth of temperament, and a seeming techiness and irritability, involved him in some unworthy squabbles. The dignity which so impresses you in his

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historical writings, you looked for in vain in his parliamentary career. Some passages in his public conduct while in office were almost incomprehensible, when the elevation of his general character was considered. On one occasion, Mr. Ward, the present Secretary to the Admiralty, had alluded to him as the author of a particular pamphlet, in which some views were expressed differing from those he usually avowed. This was taken by Lord Mahon to be intended as an attack on his consistency and character. He spoke intemperately in resenting it, and finished by reminding Mr. Ward that a former mission of his to Mexico in the public service had given rise to serious charges against him. This was altogether undignified as well as wrong. Mr. Ward repelled the insinuation indignantly, and declared that Mr. Canning, immediately before his death, had expressly absolved him from all blame with respect to the matter in question. The end of it was, that Lord Mahon, as a gentleman who had been betrayed into passion, was placed in the position, very embarrassing to a minister, of having to apologise for introducing such a subject. Several times in the course of his public life he has betrayed the same infirmity of temper. His father, Earl Stanhope, has the same failing; but Lord Mahon has of late years acquired more self-possession and self-command. His later speeches have been chiefly on the subject of Foreign policy, which he thoroughly understands, although his legitimist predilections cause him to take a one-sided view. He had so far advanced in the opinion of the House of Commons, and in self-training, that in July, 1845, when Sir Robert Peel meditated his final step with respect to free trade, he appointed Lord Mahon to the office of Secretary to the Board of Control, as being a nobleman of high Conservative principles, and yet the avowed supporter of a repeal of the Corn-laws.

Upon one question, Lord Mahon has established an unassailable character—has earned the gratitude of all whose high mission it is to instruct mankind. All true friends of literature had witnessed with shame the conduct of shopkeeping England towards men of acknowledged genius. They saw that every kind of property which could protect itself met with protection from the law, but that the only property which could have no protection, from the very conditions of its existence, was abandoned to chance. He saw that the greatest productions of human genius had, by this perversion of the functions of the legislature, enriched all but those who were entitled to derive profit from them—that princely fortunes had been made by the sale of works whose authors and their descendants had been steeped in poverty and degradation. This was just the theme to enlist all the generous sympathies of his noble nature. Here enthusiasm, intemperance even, would be a virtue; because what was wanted was a tocsin to the slumbering justice of the British nation. It was not surprising that he threw himself, with all the ardor of an interested party, into the great struggle which was so long, to the disgrace of the House of Commons, carried on by the advocates of unprotected genius against the apologist of ungenerous capital. Not all the eloquent fervor of a Talfourd, nor the brilliant rhetoric of a Macaulay, stirred that impassible audience as did the simple, manly, dignified appeals of Lord Mahon. It was felt that his very position, by showing his support to be disinterested, lent it weight and impressiveness. Indignant at the low, calculating arguments of Mr. Warburton, who, like too many of his class, would sacrifice the dearest interests of humanity to get a yard of cloth a shilling cheaper, or a book, enshrining the thoughts of genius, for the price of a pint of wine, Lord Mahon broke out in a strain of eloquence worthy of his race. He found himself, he said, born to an inheritance, while he saw others below him in the gifts of fortune, although men immeasurably his superiors in industry, merit, and reputation. This he could not endure. The injustice of the legislature to men of genius in literature was the more striking, from the lavishness of its rewards to genius when developed in other more favored pursuits. He instanced the case of Marlborough, rewarded with princely honors and a still more princely fortune; of Arkwright, founding a new power in the State—the first of a dynasty of manufacturing kings; of Canning, rewarded, by the posthumous gratitude of his countrymen, with both honor and wealth. And then he drew a parallel between their position and their rewards, and those of men of the highest genius in literature—men who were as much conquerors in the field of mind as Marlborough in the field of glory—who were as much the founders of new states of things as an Arkwright—who were as completely the rulers of their fellow-men as a Canning—but who yet were

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denied that right to property in their own absolute creation which would at once have elevated them to a rank with the world's other heroes, while, at the same time, it would have provided them with the means, to a still greater extent, of instructing and delighting their fellow-creatures. His speech was ably argued, as well as high-toned, and he rested his case, not merely on the private interests involved, but also on the most liberal and public grounds. He called upon the House to pass the bill, not only that they might reward by-gone laborers, but also that they might foster future genius. Nothing could exceed the eloquence and perseverance of his advocacy of this question. He had already taken that position in literature which entitled him to speak with authority; and his social rank lent a weight to his support with those who would have been dead to every higher influence.

Lord Mahon is more fitted to be of service in council than to shine in debate. The tendency to intemperance we have complained of has become diminished as years have passed over him. His appearance generally impresses one with the belief that he is a very grave, thoughtful man; but appearances often deceive, when there is great earnestness of disposition. He has reached the mature age of two-and-forty, and has therefore no longer the excuse of youthful ardor. Now, however, it is not required; for there are few men in the House more sedate than he, or who have accumulated so much of that store of silent respect which, as with such men as Lord John Russell or Sir Robert Inglis, so outweighs mere popular applause. His mind is of a superior and very valuable order. Without being bigoted in his admiration of the past, he never forgets to bring the light of history to his view of the present. And he is at the same time sufficiently liberal in his views to form rational, and sometimes enthusiastic, expectations for the future. He looks at politics with the eye of an historian, not through the distorted medium of a partisan. His mind is eminently philosophical; and although, as must always be the case with men of high principle, he has fixed ideas on some of the greatest questions that can agitate mankind, yet he is sufficiently practical, sufficiently in active relation with the immediate events of the hour, to be able to give them a consideration such as is not ordinarily bestowed on them by those whose passions alone are mixed up in the strife, and whose limited experience disentitles them, while it disables them, from forming a philosophical opinion. On the foreign policy of the country he frequently addresses the House. He is one of those who, on that subject, are "expected" to speak. His speeches are brief, high-toned, full of facts and historical illustrations, but, at the same time, modest and unpretending. He carries the more weight because he does not affect to speak with authority.

As a speaker, Lord Mahon does not take high rank. His speeches, delivered by a man of greater oratorical power, would be highly effective. They always read much better than they tell when heard. Yet, at times, the fervor and enthusiasm of his nature has enabled Lord Mahon to conquer his natural disadvantages; and he has risen to the height of that eloquence which at once communicates itself from the soul of the speaker to the sympathies of his audience, and which is above all forms, all artificial graces. But this is not the general characteristic of Lord Mahon's parliamentary speaking. Nature has not specially designed him to shine as an orator. He wants dignity of manner; his mode of delivery is feeble, confused, unemphatic; his voice wants tone and pliability; and there is a slight indistinctness in his utterance which impairs the effect of the most dignified sentiments, of the most choice language. The expression of his face is deeply thoughtful, and he has a student-like air and manner. But the countenance is not in his case a faithful index to the character; for you do not see any traits of that loftiness of sentiment and generosity of spirit which we have seen are the characteristics of his mind, as developed in his works and his public career. In his gait and general bearing he reminds one of Mr. Gladstone; but there is no resemblance in the face, which is sharp in features. His being near-sighted also prevents the full play of his countenance.

Sir Robert Peel, as we have seen, long since recognised Lord Mahon's value as a minister. Uniting, as he does, an admirably organized mind with the most liberal spirit, he is eminently adapted for a period when the object of statesmen is to effect substantial reforms, without increasing the popular power. He will no doubt fill much higher posts than any he has yet held.

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From the Quarterly Review.

PRIVATE LIFE OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS.

1. *Gallus, oder Römische Scenen aus der Zeit Augusts Zur Erläuterung der wesentlichsten Gegenstände aus dem häuslichen Leben der Römer.* Von Wilh. Adolph Becker, Prof. a. d. U. Leipzig. 2 t. 8vo. Leipzig. 1838.
2. *Charikles: Bilder altgriechischer Sitte. Zur genaueren Kenntniss des Griechischen Privatlebens.* Von W. A. Becker. 2 t. 8vo. Leipzig. 1840.
3. *Gallus; or Roman Scenes in the Time of Augustus. With Notes and Excursus, illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the Romans.* Translated from the German by Frederick Metcalfe, B. A., late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. 12mo. London. 1845.
4. *Charicles; or Illustrations of the Private Life of the Ancient Greeks. With Notes and Excursus.* Translated from the German by the Rev. F. Metcalfe, M. A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. 12mo. London. 1846.

From very childhood we have been accustomed to look up with admiring wonder at the mighty nations of Greece and Rome, as exhibited in pages of history or blazoned by the poet. We there behold the hero in his battle-field or his triumphal procession; the statesman in the senate; the orator in the forum; the philosopher in his school, his portico, or his garden. But in these volumes we track the actors home—get a pleasant peep into their retired vales of life—where every one alike is engaged in that round of small concerns which, with some curious modifications and varieties, constitute the every-day existence of us all. We may hope here to contemplate *the People* generally in their domestic habits, their social circles, their private amusements; to find materials for judging of the individual relations of man to man, and how woman fared among them.

Through such scenes we could not have a more agreeable or more faithful guide than Professor Becker. To a very extensive research he has brought the most patient industry and minute observation; compelling every collateral matter and every incidental expression to converge for the elucidation of any given point—

"Nec desinit unquam
Secum Graïa loqui, secum Latina vetustas."

But he has by no means contented himself with the written records of antiquity. He has ransacked the ruins of empires, and rummaged the museums of existing governments; where monumental inscriptions and bas-reliefs, statues, paintings, fictile vases with their encaustic figures, coins, gems, and medals, are often made to speak more plainly than the most luminous descriptions found in books.

Others, from the like sources, had endeavored to investigate similar subjects; and their labors are noticed in the preface, and occasionally, in elaborate discussion, throughout the notes: sometimes with merited commendation—but often also with unmerited censure. For it is admitted, as a reason for undertaking the work—we consider *Gallus* and *Charicles* as parts of one production—that its object has not been made the especial purpose of any preceding author. Those, therefore, whose professed design embraced only a part of M. Becker's—and those again of whose professed design *his* only included a portion—should not be rudely censured for deficiency, where completeness was never pretended. And such strictures are less excusable in one who, professing at the outset to give a complete view of his subject, yet acknowledges having left some matters imperfectly treated, because elaborately discussed by former writers; and confesses to have omitted altogether, as of too wide a scope for his undertaking, the public games and festivals of Greece—the shows, circus, and amphitheatre of Rome—and the theatres and drama of both countries—though these respectively exercised, in each, the most powerful influence on their moral and physical condition; no small part in the "*private life*" of a people. M. Becker, in short, has as much need, as any whom he censures, of Columella's very pertinent apology:—"Neque enim est ulla disciplina aut ars quæ singulari consummata sit ingenio: quapropter, ut in magnâ silvâ boni venatoris est feras quamplurimas capere,

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nec cuiquam culpæ fuit non omnes cepisse: ita nobis satis abundeque est tam diffusæ materiæ quam suscepimus maximam partem tradidisse, quippe cum in eâ velut omissa desiderentur quæ non sunt propria nostræ professionis."—*De Re Rust.*, 5, 1, *ap. init.*

In the plan of the Professor all idea of a romance is anxiously disclaimed: only so much fiction being employed as to give a pleasant personal interest to details which, as isolated facts, would weary any but the most dogged antiquary. Both stories are simple in their structure; but ingeniously devised to collect in clusters, like crystals round salient points, the particulars required for illustration; which is effected with considerable elegance both of fancy and expression; forming as his preface to Gallus characterizes it, a piece of marquetry [Zusammensetzung eines Mosaikgemäldes], the fiction being the plain ground, serving to connect and give relief to the colored pieces of the picture. This is said of what may be called the text of the work, independent of the multitudinous and proportionately voluminous digressions; which prove the impracticability of involving in a narration—without smothering its interest and deforming its beauty—the mass of minutiæ required for critical disquisition. Readers, therefore, who seek only amusement, must fix their eyes on what we have called the text of the tales, and never advert to the notes or the digressions (excursus, as they are somewhat pedantically called): and this the German reader will more easily do than the English; for the translator has placed the notes in the same page with the text.

For the purpose of the author, Gallus is a personage well selected. There is a halo of celebrity about his name, which gives the interest of reality; whilst there is an obscurity with regard to the details of his life, leaving a license to fiction without the risk of historic incongruity. Gallus was a favorite of Augustus, and one in that poetical constellation which illustrated his reign; but, like one of those stars whose disappearance from the firmament puzzles philosophers, his splendor is now only heard of; his works have perished. He was the admired friend of Virgil (whose celebrated Eclogue bears his name); noticed with honor by Horace, Cicero, Pollio, Propertius; and Ovid, in allusion probably to his military and political importance as well as to his poetical fame, thus characterizes him and his mistress:—

"Gallus et Hesperiis et Gallus notus Eöis,
Et sua cum Gallo nota Lycoris erit."

These lines have furnished an appropriate motto to the German edition of the Gallus; but the few words of Plutarch prefixed to Charicles would have served equally well for either story:—"A slight circumstance, or expression, or joke even, will often convey a clearer idea of national character and manners, than the account of a battle where ten thousand men have perished."*

The Roman narrative opens with Gallus (such as we have described him) returning home late at night from a party. Of his family, his was only the third generation who enjoyed the honor of Roman citizenship, and they had, according to usual practice, assumed the name of Cornelius, as that of the patron to whose influence they were indebted for the franchise. Yet his mansion exhibits all the external insignia and internal decoration that would seem to indicate an ancient and illustrious descent: just as we see our upstarts assuming the armorial bearings of any noble family whose patronymic happens in whatever way to be also theirs. Gallus, however, has distinguished himself both in warfare and civil administration; and in these, and especially in his prefecture of Egypt, had amassed a princely property.

This minion of fortune was attended, as usual, by a train of adulatory friends and envious maligners; as usual, too, in this latter class the bitterest was a brother poet.

Τεκτόνων θ' ἕμνοισι ἐργάτειν δοοιν
Ἔριν μοῦσαι φιλοῦσι κραίνειν. (*Eurip. Androm.*, 475.)

This man, Largus,† observing some interchange of tart expressions between Augustus and Gallus, conspired with others to excite the despot to further proofs of displeasure; and aware of Gallus' impatience of injustice, of the generous impetuosity of his character, and especially of the failing which Ovid imputes to him—

"Linguam nimio non tenuisse mero" (*Trist.* ii., 446)—

cunningly draws him on at a festive board to a treasonable defiance, and even menacing, of Augustus. Gallus is condemned by the servile Senate, and dies what is called a "Roman death;"—that is, one in

* Ποῦγμα βραχὺ πολλάκις καὶ ῥῆμα καὶ παιδιὰ τὶς ἐμφαίνει ἤθους ἐνοίησε μᾶλλον ἢ μάχαι μυριόνεκροι.—*Plutarch, Alexand. ap. init.*

† Celebrated by Ovid, Epist. Pont., iv 16, 17

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which a pusillanimous anticipation of prolonged suffering inspires the coward with a momentary courage.

Such is the tragedy of Gallus; which is followed by Charicles, we will not say like the farce, but like the "entertainment" in a modern theatre; for the story is of the very simplest construction. That period is chosen when, Greece being under Macedonian domination, and men less occupied in public affairs, the characteristics of domestic life became more prominently distinguishable: and this forms the author's very sufficient reason for selecting a private individual to give name and personality to his work. The hero is introduced as travelling (about midsummer of the year 329 B.C.) from Argos to Corinth, on his way, after six years' absence, to Athens for claiming his inheritance there. He has just emerged from the class of ephebi, and attained his legal majority of twenty years. He is of powerfully active form, of gallant bearing, with amiable and refined physiognomy. He is mounted on a noble steed, and followed by a running footman,—a slave of about thirty years of age, sweating under a carpet-bag (στρωματεύς), supplementary to the horseman's portmanteau (πήρα). They stop at a pleasant spot (pleasantly described) to breakfast; and are joined by an unattended pedestrian traveller who recognises Charicles as an old schoolfellow—if fellows they could be called, one of whom was the son of a high-born burgher, while the other earned his instruction in the school by performing menial offices for keeping it in order. Charicles, however, by what Sir Thomas Browne calls "reminiscential evocations," is delighted to acknowledge Ctesiphon, the friend of his boyhood; who, though by two years his senior, had been a good-natured playmate and often assisted him in his lessons.

The friends proceed to Corinth, where they part for a while; Ctesiphon going to a friend's house and Charicles to that of Sotades, to whom he had been recommended as a respectable person willing to accept money for accommodating a stranger.

Venus, as all know, had one of her grandest temples at Corinth; and the city, so lauded by lascivious poets, became in plain English the brothel of Greece. Hence, M. Becker represents the elder of the youths as cautioning the younger in what some construe the true sense of the proverb—

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthon."*

But the character of Corinth does not depend on the construction of a proverb: it is wrought into the very language of Greece, in which the debauched were said Κορινθιάζεσθαι. Here, then, Charicles finds his "respectable" host is the pander to his own daughters, by whose wiles the youth is snared, and from whose bullies he is rescued by Ctesiphon. They proceed by sea to Athens, where Charicles finds Phorion, his father's friend and depositary, faithfully ready to surrender his trust: and the young Athenian citizen is soon established in his family mansion. He falls in love at first sight with a lady dabbling her feet in a brook, and grows very moody on discovering her to be married. Polycles, an old friend of his father, has been struck by apoplexy on the very day of his nuptials with Cleobule, a beautiful girl of sixteen: hearing, however, that the son of his old friend had arrived in Athens, he wishes for an interview before he dies. Charicles finds him nursed by the lovely bride, whom, at the first glance, he recognises as his nymph of the brook; and her present perturbation convinces him that she had been no less impressed than himself at their former meeting. The husband leaves his wealth to the virgin widow. In the meantime, by the common trick of tokens left with an exposed infant, Charicles is discovered to have been a supposititious child, palmed by a barren wife on a credulous husband. The real father, as the executor of Polycles, has the disposal in marriage of Cleobule, and, of course, bestows her on Charicles.

* Strabo, 8. 6. 20, is here cited by M. Becker. Some, however, apply the proverb to elucidate the difficulty of attaining any object, in allusion to the notorious difficulty noticed by Suidas of navigating the approaches to Corinth. So Horace in Epist. i., 17, 36—for the whole epistle is a lesson to Scævola how to work his way into the harbour of court favour. Gellius, on the contrary, says the proverb originated in the price at which Lais, the Corinthian courtezan, sold her favours. Others, again, derive the proverb from the general luxury and extravagance of Corinthian life. It is odd that Erasmus, in his Adagia, has not noticed the proverb at all. Luxury and effeminacy, however, were the general character of the Greeks, long before they came into national contact with the Romans, except from acquaintance with the Sybarites and other Greek colonies in Southern Italy. And the reproach continued long after the Romans were only less refined, and not less luxurious, than the Greeks—'Dies noctesque bibite, pergræcamini,' &c. Plut. Most., i. 1. 21; and Cic. Ver. 1. 26, 'Invitatio ut Græco more biberetur.'

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The reader will readily imagine that the circumstances constituting even this very general outline of the two stories must afford many opportunities of exhibiting the private life of the respective nations: and the ingenuity of the Professor is most successfully exerted in filling up the pictures with various and interesting details, dexterously dovetailed into the narratives. After all, however, we do not become acquainted with the *national* private life of either Greeks or Romans, but with that only of their higher classes. Nor is the author at all in fault. The remains of classical antiquity, literary, numismatic, or monumental, reflect hardly a gleam of light into that deep obscurity, where unheeded millions, from generation to generation, passed away; whether in comfort or in misery excited no inquiry. Philanthropy, in its extended sense, formed no part of heathen virtue—and no question in the schools of heathen philosophy. The Christian revelation was required to teach men that all are fellow creatures of one God—all children of one father. The heathen substitute for this sublime principle was patriotism; a contracted kind of virtue at best, and upon which (especially with regard to classical ages) a most undue meed has been conferred. It is quite true that our active duties are first required for those with whom the laws of nature and of society have more immediately connected us: for if *we* do not serve them, *who* will? and, besides, we can in that limited sphere best judge of the requirements for good, and of the means of effecting them; therefore true patriotism, where selfish interest is sacrificed to public weal, is a noble virtue. But the question arises, what is the good contemplated? Is it the happiness of the general mass of the society, or only the prosperity of that dominant portion of it which monopolizes political power?

The patriotism of antiquity was exclusively of this latter description—and though, by gusts in the same direction, modern patriots may be warped from the right track, still they have a star in Heaven, by which all are agreed they *ought* to steer: even self-interest, therefore, will prevent a total aberration.

How wide the occasional divergence may be, is seen in the long prevalence and unquestioned toleration, in modern times, of public and domestic slavery. But the principle of Christianity, not based like heathenism on the shifting sand of tradition, but on imperishable Scripture, proclaiming the filial equality of men in the sight of God, gradually wrought upon the human heart, till slavery became first modified, and at length, in the most enlightened part of Christendom, wholly abolished.

Various have been the definitions given of slavery, and Cicero's has been often cited as the best. "Servitude," he says, "is the subjection of a broken-down and abject spirit deprived of the exercise of its own will." The feeling with which this is obviously written seems to have procured it acceptance.* But it is a mere euphemismus for heathen slavery, where the master could with impunity torture or kill, or, in his tenderest mercy, sell the slave at his pleasure:—in brief, that state of social relation in which a man became the *chattel* of his owner, who might use or abuse, sell or destroy his property, and exclaim without any to gainsay him, "I do as I will with my own." The amount of misery which under such license furious or malignant tempers might produce, cannot be calculated, but imagination can hardly overrate it; and even the indirect influence of habitually unbridled passions must have been painfully felt in all the relations of domestic life and of social intercourse.

The system, however, was considerably modified by the characters and institutions of different nations, or peoples (like the Grecian states) of the same nation. In barbarous countries, as in the barbarous times of the Greeks themselves, slavery generally prevailed with all its atrocities; and these were exhibited in the most exaggerated form at Sparta, where Lycurgus (or the system bearing that name) had strained every string of human nature to the utmost, and had succeeded in denaturalizing the people to a degree which, but for the consentient voice of history, would have been deemed an incredible fiction. Under this happily anomalous system a whole race—men, women, and children—were reduced to a slavery unequalled even

* Servitus est obedientia fracti animi et abjecti, et arbitrio carentis suo. (*Parad.* 5. 1. *ap. fin.*) It may be well to take this early opportunity of stating that we shall cite, especially, any authority on which we found our own observations or assertions: but for the authorities cited by Becker we must refer to his work, for they are far too numerous to be adduced here. Whenever we have tracked him, we have found him truthful—though occasionally differing from us on the value of the evidence for establishing the point in question.

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by that of Israel in Goshen. They who had the charge of Spartan youth, in order to initiate them in stratagem and to flesh them for slaughter, sent them forth to lie hid during day and at night to waylay and murder every Helot they could find. But this was a double policy;* for they not only gave a finish to educational accomplishment, but kept down the numbers of those whom they at once dreaded and despised. The same base principle led to the perpetration of an act exhibiting so flagitious a combination of dastard treachery, of ingratitude, and of cruelty, as is unparalleled even in the polluted pages of history. Thucydides, a contemporary witness, thus records the transaction:—

"The Lacedemonians, dreading the strength and numbers of the Helot youth (for in all times the Helots were to the Lacedemonians a subject of the most anxious apprehension), made a proclamation, that *such as should be deemed to have rendered, during the late extremities of the state, most service in the war, should be made free;* thus obtaining a knowledge of those who, being the most forward to claim the distinction, would be the most likely to be leaders in a revolt. Some two thousand were thus led about to the temples with crowns of liberty; but in a short time all these disappeared, and no one knew how they perished."†

And Plutarch, near 600 years after, confessing that he knew no more, might well add the common saying—"In Lacedemon the freeman is most free, and the slave most a slave." (*Lycurg.*, t. i., p. 57.)

Strange that neither of these impressively characteristic circumstances should be noticed by M. Becker, in any of those elaborate notes and excursus, which prove that he by no means intended his work to give a mere description of chairs and tables, of chitons and togas.

Athenian slavery was in the opposite extreme to that of Lacedemon; the other states of Greece probably partaking more or less in the character of the two dominant powers.

The most important advantages of the Athenian slave were, that his life, at least, could be forfeited only by sentence of law; that when cruelly treated he might take refuge in the sanctuary of certain temples; and that then, if his complaint were found just, his master was compelled to sell him. For this, and other extreme cases, there appear to have been judges appointed, similar to our protectors of slaves in the West Indies and of natives in Australia. Still, however, even the Athenian slave was in a wretched condition. The pillory (*πεντεσυρίγγῳ ξύλῳ*), scourging, and branding on the forehead, which were the punishments for *crimes* in the free, were the corrections for common faults in the slave. As preventives, too, of the most frequent fault, that of running away, fetters were imposed, especially on those employed in cultivating the farms and in working the mines; and in Athens as well as in Rome the porter who opened the doors for the admission or retirement of festive parties—such, perhaps, as he had been accustomed to frequent in his own country—was often chained to his cell on one side, as the house-dog to his kennel on the other. M. Becker ridicules Wüstemann and Böttiger for supposing that female slaves were sometimes employed as porters (*Gal.* 1, pp. 34, 35), and perhaps their authorities (*Tibul.* 1. 8, 76, and 1, 6, 61, with *Plaut. Curc.* 1, 1, 76) may admit of some doubt; but that such was the practice in the heroic ages, at least, was certainly the opinion of Euripides and his audiences; for he introduces the captured Hecuba as anticipating, among other probable events, that she might be destined to keep the outer door:—*Παρὰ προθύροις φυλακὰν κατέχουσα* (*Troad.*, 194); and again, *Ἡ θυρῶν λάτριν κλῆδας φυλάσσειν τὴν τεκοῦσαν Ἕκτορα* (*Id.*, 492):—though without the previous passage this might have been construed as alluding only to her becoming keeper of the household stores (*ταμία*). How long such barbarities continued is not known; but it is pleasant to contrast with these the chivalrous conduct of Alexander towards the captive widow and daughters of Darius.

How prone slaves were to abscond may be gathered from their being made to precede their master, when attending him in public. Yet, under the much harsher rule of Roman masters, this precaution does not appear to have been taken, as the term *pedissequus* shows; and though that is used as the correlative of *ἀκόλουθος*, this bears no such *etymological* evidence of sequence to the person it designates.*

* *Vide* Plutarch's account of the *Κρυπτία* or Spartan ambushments, in Lycurg., 1, 56 E.

† Thucyd. (Dukeri), 4. 80.

* There is a curious etymological indication of an intermediate state of servitude in our olden time, when personal attendants, in public, were called *henchmen*, men at the *haunch*, or side; in the Scotch dialect lackeys are still called *flunkies*—"And flunkies shall tend you wherever you gae" [*Auld Robin Gray*]—which is from old French, *flanchier*.

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M. Becker observes (*Charicles;* t. ii., 51) that no appeal seems to have been made to a sense of disgrace in the punishment of slaves. But this is not consistent with the admission (p. 53) of branding being deemed such, for the hair was arranged to conceal it when on the forehead. The pillory, also, must be considered as adding a painful sense of shame to corporal suffering. And if there were no punishment of a merely ignominious character, like the furca of the Romans, what are we to understand by the χλοιὸς—which, in the next page, he admits to have been occasionally used simply as a collar round the neck?

M. Becker's observation, too, is hardly consistent with the studied ignominy which various customs stamped on the whole class. Their testimony (except in urgent cases of murder, where other witnesses could not be had) was wholly disregarded, unless extorted on the rack; and the utter worthlessness of such a test of truth, if not suggested by the humanity of the Athenians, was detected by the shrewdness of their lawyers, who, when their case required, often exposed the absurdity of trusting to such evidence, though, on contrary occasions, availing themselves of popular prejudice, they were not ashamed of appealing to it as the most infallible exponent of truth. Nor have we reason to plume ourselves on more enlightened views. The experience of above two thousand years, and the benign influence of Christianity for above seventeen hundred years, were required to abolish the torture in all but some of the benighted nooks of Christendom. And the abolition might have been much longer delayed but for the publication of one little volume, and perhaps of one little sentence in that volume, combining the most mathematically logical precision with the most biting sarcasm:—"Given the strength of the muscles, and the sensibility of the nerves of an innocent person, it is required to find the degree of pain which shall make him confess himself guilty of a given crime."*

Slaves were excluded from some of the most venerated temples, as profaning such by their presence. The natural right even of self-defence was denied to the slave, who might not resist personal violence from a stranger. The master could prosecute for the damage done to his property.

There was, however, in the slavery of Athens, a modifying circumstance highly creditable to the character of her legislation, which, though unnoticed by M. Becker, must materially have influenced "private life." The slave was allowed to acquire a *peculium*, or personal property, paying an annual per centage to the master. His savings were principally collected from the allowances which we call board wages; and when the amount was sufficient for the payment of the regulated sum, he could demand his freedom.* Yet still the *lord* kept up an indefinite kind of claim for presents on the birth or marriage of children, &c., like the beggarly "*incidental* prerogatives" in the old feudal seigniories, or the beggarly "Repeal Rent" of modern days extorted from the clutch of the starving Irish peasant—like these, too, called, no doubt, "free gifts," though accompanied, no doubt also, with the same feeling which Terence's Davus expresses with such just bitterness:—

"Nam herilem filium ejus duxisse audio
Uxorem: ei, credo, munus hoc conraditur.
Quam iniquè comparatum est, ii qui minus habent
Ut semper aliquid addant divitioribus!
Quod ille, unciatim, vix de demenso suo
(Suum defraudans genium), comparsit miser,
Id illa universum abripiet; haud existumans
Quanto labore partum. Porro autem Geta
Ferietur alio munere ubi hera pepererit;
Porrò alio autem ubi erit puero natalis dies:
Ubi initiabunt: omne hoc mater auferet:
Puer caussa erit mittundi."—(*Phorm.* l. i.)

What a list of mean exactions is here!—and the *Phormio* is a Grecian story.

* "Data la forza dei muscoli, e la sensibilita delle fibre d' un innocente, trovare il grado di dolore che lo farà confessar reo di un dato delitto." [Beccaria, dei Delitti e delle Pene, sec. 16] The seed fell on good ground, warmed and enlightened by the fostering rays of Gospel benignity. The first edition was printed at Milan [though professedly from the Republican press at Lucca]; and that here cited is the sixth, printed at Harlem, but sold in Paris in 1766, with a commentary by Voltaire. Seventeen hundred years before, the same sentiment had been announced, though not in the same pithy form, by Quintilian: "In tormentis———cum pars altera quæstionem vera fatendi necessitatem vocat, altera sæpe etiam causam falsa dicendi; quòd aliis patientia facile mendacium faciat, aliis infirmitas necessarium." [Instit. 5. 4. ap. init]. But this fell on stony ground. The effect of Beccaria's book exhibits in a remarkable degree not only the direct but the reflex influence of Christianity. The arch-infidel of France was its first eulogistic commentator; and the first sovereigns adopting its principles, in the reform of their criminal codes, were Frederick of Prussia and Catherine of Russia: two of the least Christianized characters that ever sat upon a Christian throne—and that is saying much.

* *Plaut. Cas.*, 25, 5—for the prologue professes it to be taken from a Grecian drama: vid. also Dion. Chrysost., Orat. 15.

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The influence of the "wolf's milk" in the moral constitution of the Romans is nowhere more apparent than in the authorized treatment of their slaves and of their children; for these, in fact, were but a class in the slave family—all might be alike sold, lacerated, tortured, killed, at the caprice of the domestic despot. Such a barbarous power was taken from the Athenian parent as early as the time of Solon, by whose code children were considered the property of the state, and a daughter and a sister could only be sold when convicted of incontinence. But the lapse of near six centuries, and the Christian influence of more than one century, were required before Hadrian interposed the shield of the law between the Roman master and the life of his slave.* And still it was only actual murder that was prohibited. After a long course of labor and cruel inflictions had rendered the slave unsalable and unprofitable to keep, his master might turn him adrift—and such was the practice of the elder Cato, the vaunted *censor* of heathen morality.†

The apology made for the dreadful oppression of slaves was that of self-defence from their general vicious character, and their especial malignity towards their masters. But, as the Wife of Bath asks—"Who peinteth the lion?—tell me who?"

And who goaded the lion?—The real cause of the cruelty was its ordinary concominant, cowardice. The proud indolence, the luxury, and the ostentation of wealth produced in both Greece and Rome such a numerical superiority of the bond over the free, that every man, living in apprehension both of domestic conspiracy and of public revolt, sought to soothe his own fears by inspiring greater. Thus, on the domestic murder of Pedanius Secundus, a man of consular rank, Tacitus tells us 400 of his slaves were executed.—(*Annal.* 14, 43.)

In the archonship of Demetrius Phalereus (B.C. 317–327) the slaves in Attica amounted to 400,000; the free only to 31,000. Corinth had 460,000; Ægina 470,000 slaves. Among the Romans the disproportion of bond and free was probably still greater, as the numbers in the possession of opulent individuals certainly were. Pliny tells us that Isidorus, though reduced in circumstances by the civil war, left at his death 4116 slaves. This greater excess proceeded from more extensive conquests, and the opportunities for individuals to accumulate enormous wealth. But in both nations every family at all above indigence had numbers of slaves; and in the more opulent the difficulty seems to have been how, even with the nicest subdivision of labor, to contrive employment for all. We find the same propensity to be surrounded by supernumerary attendants, whenever, as in some of our colonial possessions, any numbers may be had at the cost of a scanty maintenance. The slaves of antiquity, however, were not the mere appendages of luxury; they were also cultivators of the soil and laborers in the manufacture of its produce—but with this distinction: the Greek proprietor often manufactured for sale—the Roman only for domestic consumption. M. Becker states the difference without observation on the probable cause of it (*Charicles*, t. ii., p. 356). This, perhaps, may be traced, firstly, to the pride of the Roman grandee, not designing to have it supposed that "Ars illi sua census erat"—or to be numbered among those who "sedem animæ in extremis digitis habent"—those who, as Bacon expresses it, "requiring rather the finger than the arm, have in their nature a contrariety to a military disposition." "Nam ubi cupido divitiarum invasit, neque disciplina, neque artes bonæ, neque ingenium ullum satispollet, quin animus, magis aut minus maturè, postremo tamen succumbit." (*Sallust. de Repub. Ordinand.*) The Roman historian had here, no doubt, Tyre and Carthage in his mind, as old John Perin had when he exclaimed with better reason than rhythm:

"England, take heade! To thee such chaunce may come;
Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*

Another reason for the difference may have been, that strangers exercising trades or manufactures in Athens were subjected to a tax, which whosoever failed to pay was sold as a slave—and the exemption from which operated as a premium to encourage industry in the citizen; whilst Rome was a mart open to the competition of all comers—"Mundi fæce repleta"—and these dregs of foreigners were contented, like our mediæval Jews, from love of lucre, to suffer numerous indignities and even occasional temporary expulsion.†

* Ælius Spartanus, Hadrian, 18.
† Plutarch, Cato Maj. t. i., 338, F.

* Serpent of Division, by J. Perin. London, 1590.
† By the Junian law, A.U.C. 627; the Papian, 688 (exceptis medicis et præceptoribus); even so late as Augustus. *Sueton Aug.*, 42.

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Becker's assertion, however, that the Roman grandees did not manufacture for sale, should have been qualified by one singular exception. Crassus (one of the wealthiest unthroned individuals on record) owed his greatest riches to his *manufacture* of highly accomplished slaves, to whose education in various arts he sedulously and even personally attended (*Plutarch*, Crass. ap. init., t. i., 543-4); and such, we find, were sold at enormous prices. Seneca tells us of a pretender to literature keeping many learned slaves, for each of which he had given above 800*l.**—the cost of a mere laborer varying from about 3*l.* to 32*l.* Suetonius says Cæsar gave prices of which himself was ashamed. (*Jul.* 47.) But the Greeks were much less extravagant in this, as in other articles of luxury: for (as we have before observed) in their small States, individuals had no opportunity of amassing inordinate wealth.

The influence of this was apparent in the uses to which slaves were applied in the respective countries. During their early intercourse the Romans were as much imitators of the Greeks, as the Greeks afterwards became of them. The delicate plants of literature and of the fine arts were not indigenous to the Latian soil: but its inhabitants soon learned to covet the fruit; and Rome became a mart for the books, the pictures, the statues, and the educated slaves of Greece, literate and artistic. Yet for a length of time the wealthy Roman aspired to the possession of these, only in deference to the taste of the distinguished few, and as insignia of emulative opulence; but with an ignorantly latent contempt for the accomplishments of what he deemed an inferior people—somewhat in the spirit of Lord Chesterfield's instruction to his son: "If you are fond of music, it is all well; get a Frenchman or Italian to twang and whistle to you; but never let me see you with a pipe in your mouth or a fiddle under your chin." Accordingly the Roman host provided hireling ministers for the gratification of his guests, and so exhibited

"a modish feast,
With amorous song and wanton dances graced;"

—whereas the Grecian entertainer would have been thought inferior in accomplishments, if, however eminent as a warrior and a statesman, he could not take a distinguished part in the exercise of those festive arts which at once animated and graced society. Epaminondas, in Cicero's opinion the most illustrious character in Greece,

"Where every power benign
Conspired to blow the flower of human kind,"

was celebrated for singing and playing on the harp (*Tusc. Quæst.*, 1, 2). Pelopidas was distinguished by his elegance in dancing and his skill as a musician; and when Themistocles was ridiculed, even in maturity of life and fame, for his deficiency in such points, he thought it necessary to urge as a compensating talent, his ability to render great and celebrated the state which at first had come under his administration small and inglorious.*

In the festive parties of Rome money commanded alike the exertion of talents exquisitely refined, or grossly lascivious—in these respects the pupils rivalled the masters; but according to the inborn ferocity of the Roman character, they surpassed them by the introduction of gladiatorial fights at private banquets.†

In their public games the Romans followed the Greeks in a like apish spirit; in a like vicarious exhibition, a like savage rage for witnessing dangers and sufferings which they did not share. And when corruption had reduced the Roman populace to a rabble retaining all the blood-thirstiness without the courage of the wild beast which had always been its type, this vile passion was pandered (as all vile passions ever are) by the sycophantic meanness of political ambition. Hence, in the public shows multitudes of beasts and men were mutilated and murdered by each other, for "a rascal rout" of dastardly spectators to gloat upon. The extent of these enormities may be imagined from the single fact, that they continued one hundred and twenty-three days on the celebration of Trajan's triumph over the Daci, during which 11,000 beasts were killed, and 10,000 gladiators were engaged in mutual wounds and slaughter (Dio. 48, 15). Well might the historian ascribe to the witnessing of

* Centenis millibus sibi constare singulos servos. (*Epist.* 27.) This expensive pretension to literature reminds us of having seen an order to a London bookseller, sent by a West Indian proprietor, who had fitted book-cases to his apartment and only wanted books to possess a library. The order, therefore, specified folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos; on divinity, history, philosophy, and the belles-lettres; so many feet and inches, of each size, for each class.

* Plutarch, Themist., t. i., p. 112, C.

† Capitolin, in Ver. 4, fin., and Max. Tyr., 12.

such exhibitions the perversion to barbarity of the natural mansuetude of the first Claudius (40. 14).

The mania for such shows raged as much in the highest ranks as in the very *quisquiliæ* of Rome. Senators, and their wives too, even without the apology of a despot's command, "nullo cogente Nerone,"* merely from low ambition, or the still baser love of lucre, incurred the defilement of the arena: "per arenam fœdati sunt" (*Tacit.* An. 15. 32). Yet such may be deemed only the foibles of individuals, compared with the horribly depraved state of the public mind, when the thousands and tens of thousands assembled in their vast amphitheatres compelled, by their clamors, the wretched prostitutes performing in the arena to be stripped naked for their brutal gaze. This is heathen civilization in its most polished age. Even Cato, though aware of the practice, could enter the theatre, and being told the people, out of reverence for him, abstained from their wonted demand, he left the assembly; upon which Martial, with shrewd propriety, asks,

"Knowing the usage of the bestial rout,
Why did you come there?—only to go out?"†

It is to be hoped, as much respect as for Cato was shown to the Roman ladies, for whom Augustus provided seats at the public shows (*Sueton.* Aug. 44). But perhaps they had the decency to absent themselves from the Floralia and Saturnalia, when lasciviousness was thought more peculiarly acceptable to their obscene deities, and all kinds of riotous luxury and debauchery had the sanction of the laws.‡

Our readers will remember those terrible lines in *The Castle of Indolence*—

"Now must I mark the villany we found;
But, ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven they languish'd there:
Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only nurses were."

Close by the amphitheatre was the place called Spoliarium, whither were dragged by hooks the bodies of the slaughtered; and where those who were only desperately wounded had their throats cut.* It might be thought that the door leading from the arena to this charnel-house would operate as the skeleton was intended to do at an Egyptian feast; but with the gay Greek and the sensually savage Roman it only strengthened the voluptuary's maxim—and they shouted the louder "Dum vivimus vivamus."

The Greeks, however, in *their* own national games, though thoughtless, were not cruel; and since the foremost men, in every department of life, frequently appeared as competitors, a certain dignity was imparted, and moderation and propriety imposed: somewhat in degree, and from like causes, as in the tournaments of our days of chivalry.

One remarkable exception occurs: the shameless nudity of the contending parties in the common gymnasia and the public shows. Such a practice originated with the Lacedemonians†—who in this as in so many of their customs outbarbarized barbarians: for these, and the Romans, and the early Greeks, had the decency in their gymnasia to wear a kind of napkin answering the purpose of drawers‡—whilst the Spartan *virgins* ("Prosit mihi vos dixisse puellas"), "armed cap-à-pie in nakedness," sang and danced in rings formed by the young men, as spectators.§

* Juvenal, viii., 193, and vi., 257, and Tacit. An. xiv., 14: Exhibuit autem *ad ferrum etiam* 400 Senatores, 600 [quære 40 and 60] equites Romanos, &c. *Sueton. Nero*, 12.

† Epig., i., 3, Ad Catonem: to which title "*nimis severum*" is added in the edition "Jussu *Christianissimi Regis* in usum Serenissimi Delphini."

‡ Jus luxuriæ publicè datum est ebrio ac vomitanti populo. *Senec. Epist.* 18. It is mortifying to remark a kindred spirit of irreverence in the celebration of Christian festivals. Such seasons, it is true, are eminently calculated to excite a gratefully cheerful remembrance of benefits conferred and of hopes assured; and therefore are fitting occasions for a moderate enjoyment, that may animate our thankfulness for the blessings we possess. But how grossly are such occasions perverted into apology for every species of excess, and oblivion of all reverential feelings! Too often the riotous festivities of a Protestant Christmas are only exceeded by the licentiousness of a Popish Carnival.

* Senec., Epistle 93, ap. fin.; and Lamprid. Commod., 18.

† Thucyd. i., 6, ap. fin.

‡ S. August. de Civitate Dei, l. xiv., c. 17, ap. fin. With regard to the Romans "a vetere disciplina," consult Cicero de Off., i., 35, ap. fin.

§ Plutarch, Lycurg., i., 47 F., 48 A.; and Plato (de Repub., l. v.), near 500 years afterwards, in the most refined period of Grecian society, could imagine nothing more excellent for his Utopian Republic—happily still the "*Kennaquhair*" of modern geography.

This humorous and accurate translation of *Utopia* by Scott, reminds us of a mistaken one in Richardson's admirable addition to our lexicography, his "New Dictionary of the English Language;" new, indeed, and supplying a great desideratum—as ex-

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Compared with the lash of the heathen satirist, how light is that which the Christian is called upon to wield, notwithstanding the standard of purity to which modern manners must be referred! It was this standard which directed public *opinion* at least, and thereby preventing the open exhibition of indecencies, made even such flagitious courts as those of Charles the Second and Louis the Fifteenth lazarhouses, where the lepers were confined, while the nations were saved from universal pollution. Instead of any such control in the heathen world, every iniquity had a god or goddess to sanction it by example and protect it by patronage, till the most refined societies of both Greece and Rome not only tolerated but gloried in abominations which we cannot even execrate by name.

Vice, therefore, revelled, in Greece at least, without restraint divine or human; for moral satire never dignified *her* muse, from the personal invectives of Archilochus to the farcical lampoons of Aristophanes. But Rome, it is urged, had her satirists for two hundred and fifty years (from Lucilius to Juvenal), and what was her moral superiority to Greece? This is like inferring the inutility of medicine from the continued existence of disease. Though the prevention of crime may not be distinctly traceable to satire, there can be no doubt that public opinion restrains vice; or that a satire, by its popularity, proves that it has influenced public opinion.

The comparative *general* decency of the actors in the Roman games probably originated in the more advanced stage of society at the period of their institution: for assuredly, the regal times of Rome were much more civilized than those of the wandering "Giant Killers" of primeval Greece. The indecencies and cruelties subsequently introduced at Rome were the result of that public profligacy which ensued on political corruption. The violation of decorum was long, no doubt, repressed by the presence of women in the theatres; as that custom had at first been favored by decency in the exhibitions, and by that general indulgence and reverence towards the sex which constituted so remarkable a contrast with the harsh seclusion and almost servile state to which the Grecian women were condemned.

In the actual formation, as well as in the estimate when formed, of the private life and character of a nation, the most important element is the relation which woman bears to man, both in her strictly domestic connexion, and in general social intercourse. The contrast between Greece and Rome on this head may, perhaps, be traceable to the *immediately* aboriginal sources of the respective populations, their eastern and northern ancestry. We use the word "immediately," because the inferences drawn from Scriptural narration have now by philological investigation and historical research been sufficiently established; and northern Europe and Asia Minor must be considered as alike *originally* deriving their population from the regions on the south and west of the Caspian. But the streams of emigration early overflowed, and settled on the rich soil of that long and far-famed Asiatic peninsula, the western shores of which abut on the Mediterranean. Here atmospherical amenity fostered the sensual passions, and the fertility of the land required little labor in its culture; so that women were sought, and considered, only as objects of luxurious indulgence, and guarded as such in a monopolizing spirit—of little account in domestic companionship, and wholly excluded from general society. In the rude spirit of early ages (which with Oriental nations has been continued to all times), the affections of woman were never sought to be conciliated: sufficient to the petty autocrat of every domicile, if he could coerce her will, and confine her person. The same influences of soil and climate operated on the political condition of the people, producing a general listless inactivity; whilst the strong incentives of ambition urged a despot and his minions to avail themselves of this—and the multitude were driven to war, as beasts to slaughter, by the dread of imminent suffering and the habit of servile obedience.

Very different was the result where the streams of early emigration were directed to the northern parts of Europe. The grosser passions were less excited by the climate; and, for the support of life, more labor was required in the cultivation of

hibiting the biography of each word, its birth, parentage, and education, the changes that have befallen it, the company it has kept, and the connexions it has formed, by a rich series of citations—all in *chronological order*. As to the word Utopia, however, he, in common with Johnson and Todd, begins with a mistake; deriving it from οὐ and τόπος, as instead of εὖ and τόπος, as explained by Plato himself at the conclusion of his ninth book; and as Sir Thomas More says of his Utopia, "Regio quæ *nusquam* est." Plato's Utopia was probably taken from Homer's venerable conceit in the Odyssey [ix. 366, &c.].

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the soil and the manufacture of its produce. Woman therefore became not merely the toy but the helpmate of man; and as such acquired a proportionate respect and influence both in domestic and general society. Under such circumstances corporeal activity and mental energy were fostered; the many were indisposed to submit to the domination of the few; political liberty was asserted, a spirit of patriotism generated, and national independence maintained.*

It may seem indeed at first sight like a paradox to say that in countries where the hardest labor is required, the weaker sex shall be most valued; but on looking to the circumstances this will be found to be the natural result. Where virtue thrives best, woman will be most cherished; and industry is the nurse of virtue. So clearly was this seen by the most clear-sighted of all politicians, that he suggests the planting of colonies preferably in sterile situations: "Perche gli huomini operano ò per necessità ò per elettione, et perche si vede quivi essere maggiore virtù dove la elettione hà meno auttorita, e da considerare se sarebbe meglio eleggere per la edificatione della cittadi, *luoghi sterili*, acciò che gli huomini, costretti ad industriarsi, meno occupati dall' otio, vivessino più uniti."—Machiavelli, *Discorsi*, l. i., c. 1. If there be added to sterility of soil the element of a moderately severe winter, the influence over the character of a race will be found to be still more favorable both as regards morality and respect for woman. For it is winter which teaches a people foresight and frugality, and the sacrifice of present indulgence to future need; and along with winter and these its attendants comes the importance of household virtues and in-door life, and of woman as thereto ministering. And hence we may learn, what Machivael was not likely to teach, the wisdom of that Divine ordinance which imposed on fallen man the necessity of labor, as the best means for fostering those virtues which would produce in him the nearest approach to the pristine perfection of his nature. Thus, in the justice of the punishment, is conspicuous the mercy of rendering even that instrumental to ultimate earthly blessings, and to the making man a fit recipient for future happiness.

Greece, holding an intermediate position between the northern and Oriental nations, partook of the characteristics of both. Hence, with the republican spirit, the patriotism, and national rivalry which distinguished its states, was combined (in the historic ages at least) an almost Asiatic jealousy, and confinement of their women to the gynæcea—apartments communicating with the rest of the house only by a single guarded door. Here the unmarried were strictly immured; and though the matron passed to other rooms for the superintendence of her household, hither *she* also retired when her husband's visitors were announced; and whenever either matrons or virgins went beyond their own precincts, they walked, never unattended, closely veiled, or were carried in curtained litters. The only public exhibitions which they were permitted to witness were religious processions, and the tragic drama: from the comic they, and generally the youths, were most properly excluded. With such trifling exceptions, female life, from infancy to age, was little removed from mere animal existence. They could not fail, therefore, to be insipid companions, and man fled from domestic dullness of his own creating, to the Agora, or public places commercial and political (for in Athens every citizen was at once statesman and legislator), to the gymnasia, the theatres, the tavern-party, or the private banquet. But all these could not fill up the vacuity which man must ever experience in the absence of female society: and the supply, as in most markets, met the demand. For the cravings of the higher ranks a venal class of women were provided, in whom had been sedulously cultivated precisely those talents and accomplishments which were wanting in the gynæcea of a Grecian's home. Thus educated, they affected the name of friends, companions (Ἑταῖραι) anything, in fact, but their proper appellation of harlots; and, as in modern times, the euphemismus was adopted by their visitor, partly in compliment to them, and partly as some kind of apology for himself. But indeed much apology was not required where the laxity of morals was such, that even a married man who refrained from fre-

* The excess to which Montesquieu carried his doctrine on the moral and political influence of climate, has brought the consideration of it into unmerited neglect. He did not sufficiently reflect on the composite nature of moral and political influences; whereby each of the constituent agencies is fostered, or controlled, by its concomitants, as circumstances may favor or repress their powers. Thus, though the temperature at any given latitude may be generally stated as proportioned to the distance from the equator, yet that general influence is modified by various circumstances, as exhibited in the Isothermal Lines of modern geography.

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quenting such society was remarked as a rare pattern of purity; and Socrates himself disdained not to seek wisdom in schools where venal beauty was the presiding genius, and a circle of voluptuaries were his fellow auditors.*

Such estrangement from domestic society, and such hindrance to the contraction of domestic ties, by extrinsic inducements to selfish enjoyment, might suggest the consideration of certain unhappy consequences from a rapidly increasing order of establishments among ourselves; not anything so morally offensive, it is true, as the conversazione of a Grecian courtezan; nor yet of so gross a character as those professedly for festive enjoyment—"The Calf's-Head Club," the "Beef-Steak," the "Pork and Peas Club," the "*Daily*," a title assumed originally to signify every-day assemblages, though, from the result, ascribed to the members being every day drunk. But what we mean are the *club-houses* with their ever open doors—

"Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis,"

combining the allurements of the book-club, the news-room, and the gossiping shop—like that of the barber in "*Old* England," the κουρεῖον of the Greeks, and the Roman tonstrina—but not what Theophrastus calls these "wineless symposia" (ἄοινα συμπόσια); for here, too, were found ever ready all appliances of luxurious living: choicest wines, viands delicately prepared, obsequious attendance, every elegant accommodation. Such are the modern temptations that reconcile youth to celibacy, and too often seduce the married from their homes, without the Athenian's apology of want of congenial society.†

The same causes did not operate in Rome, as in Greece, to produce domestic estrangement and eclectic prostitution. Women were allowed to participate in the intercourse of advancing civilization: the accomplished courtezan was known only as a Grecian import, and the Roman matrons by their conduct justified, and by their influence on society, private and public, made ample return for the homage they received. The mother of Coriolanus saved Rome: the daughter of Scipio was not only the mother but the *educator* of the Gracchi; the daughter of Cato was not merely the wife but the honored confidante of Brutus—"Fœmina fœmineæ nil levitatis habens."* The Grecian wife, on the contrary, is described in the language of Quinctilian:—"Uxor est quam jungit, quam diducit utilitas; cujus hæc sola reverentia est, quod videtur inventa caussa liberorum" (*Declamat.* 2), or as Shakspeare describes her:—

"She was a wight, if ever such wight were,
To suckle fools and chronicle small beer:"

for fools the Greeks (with all their wisdom) were in the treatment of their women.

We have already noticed the wholesome influence exerted by the presence of women in Roman exhibitions; which, till the last stages of political and moral corruption, continued to preserve decency at least, if not decorum; and in dramatic compositions of a comic character, the contrast between Greeks and Romans (comparing respectively the best ages of each) was very striking.

It was in the very meridian blaze of Attic refinement that Aristophanes carried ribaldry, scurrility, and buffoonery, as well as wit, to the acmé, and was unrivalled in popularity on the stage. From a very early period the Roman imitators of the Greek Comedy drew not from the school of Aristophanes, but from that of the chaster Menander; for that he was, comparatively at least, pure and delicate, we have the unexceptionable testimony of Quinctilian (*Instit.* 5. 1.), and of his follower Plutarch (*Comparat. Menand. et Aristophan.*, t. ii., 853); and, better still, we have real translations from him by Terence, to counteract whatever coarser impressions might have been derived from Plautus, who borrowed indeed his plots and characters, but evidently modified both sentiment and expression in accordance with the manners and tastes of his Roman audience.

The proportion of Roman and of Grecian elements in Plautus is a curious question, not yet sufficiently examined: but, if we except him, hardly anything remains to us of the Roman drama that may not be referred distinctly to Greek fountains. Terence is wholly Greek; and the like may be said of the fragmentary comedies. Of the elder tragic authors, Andronicus, Ennius, Nævius, Pacuvius, Accius, &c., mere scraps survive. But these and the titles of the

* Maximus Tyr., Dissert. 22; Xenoph. Mem. ii., 6; Plato, Menexen., pp. 235 and 277, Bipont.

† We need not praise the shrewdness and humor of Mr. Thackeray's papers on *Club-Snobs* in the *Punch* of January and February, 1847.

* Laurent. V. et N. Testament, l. 3.

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pieces to which they belong (with the titles of many more, of which shadowy names only flit about without voice or substance) prove all to have been of Grecian fabric. Of unmutilated Roman tragedies we possess only ten, those by Seneca (whoever that Seneca was)—and of these one only (Octavia) has the scene in Rome and the *dramatis personæ* Roman.

That men of genius, such as the Roman Comic Poets indubitably were, would submit to be (with apparently such trivial exceptions) borrowers only, must be accounted for on the general principle, that persons of all classes of intellect are glad to have their wishes gratified with the least possible trouble to themselves: and it was found that the plaudits of audiences, and popular celebrity with the emoluments attending these, could equally be commanded, among a people wholly illiterate, by the translator as by the original poet. A rival of Plautus, or of Terence (and there were many in their own department), or the jealous master of gladiators and rope-dancers, might suggest to an applauder in the theatre, "this poet-fellow is merely giving you a Latin translation of the original Greek author," and would be answered in the spirit of old Barnaby—

"Suavis odor lucri tenet,
Nullum curo unde venit."

Another cause of a person of genius not being at the trouble of original composition was the degrading uncertainty of success, after all his efforts, from the caprice of a Roman audience: not the ordinary caprice only, common to all audiences, of all nations, in all times, but from their decided preference for exhibitions that could excite childish wonder by the display of physical strength and dexterity, or gratify cowardly ferocity,—delighting in the spectacle of physical danger and suffering.* Poor Terence relates that, on the first presentation of one of his best pieces, it had proceeded with applause to the end of the first act, when a rumor spread, that a company of rope-dancers and gladiators was coming: suddenly all was tumult and uproar, and crowds of men and clamoring women drove author and actors from the stage, which was immediately occupied by the popular favorites. (*Hecyra, Prol.* i., 1—5: *and Prol.* ii. 29—42.)

Men of liberal education and independent circumstances naturally shrank from exposing themselves to such vulgar insult and ridicule. They could not appeal to the press in behalf of an ill-used comedy, like our modern dramatists; they could not "shame the fools and print it," like Pope's friends; or like Ben Jonson, in the case of "The New Inn," when he revenged himself in a title-page by publishing it "As it was never acted, but most negligently played, by some the King's idle servants, and more squeamishly beheld and censured by others the King's foolish subjects." Accordingly the supply of plays fell into the hands of persons of a lower order; and we find, at the extremes of the dramatic list, Livius Andronicus and Terence, who were both freedmen,—that is, just escaped from the class of slaves; whilst Plautus, the next in celebrity to Terence, was son of a freedman, and obliged to support himself by the lowest drudgery. To men so situated (but in whom no poverty could repress the promptings of genius), temptations to try their powers were supplied by high prices offered for any new means of public amusement, by which the ædiles, on their road to the consulship, might court popularity; and such dramatists, in their haste to produce and multiply their pieces, found more than ordinary inducements for having recourse to translation, instead of the slow labor of original composition.

One of the consequences of this imitation, or rather adoption, of the Grecian comedy, was a lamentable poverty and wearysome sameness in the construction of their plots. The principal *dramatis personæ* of the new, or reformed comedy, are summed up by Ovid in two lines (*Amor.* i., 15, 57):—

"Dum fallax Servus, durus Pater, improba Lena
Vivet, dum Meretrix blanda, Menander erit."

But he has omitted (his verse refused to admit) one important personage, the "*Adolescens*," the scapegrace son; for one of which class Terence has found (probably in Menander) the appropriate name Æschinus (Αἰσχύνη = opprobrium). The interesting young gentleman is generally desperately in love with some captivating damsel (the meretrix blanda), whom to support in luxury with her *chaperon* (the

* Some brutalities not unlike these in character were recently exhibited in England. An American gladiator entered the cages of the lions and tigers, and fought or wrestled with them; and persons of the highest station in this country dishonoured their country and station by attending the spectacle.

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lena), by the help of his clever rascally slave (the fallax servus), he plays all manner of tricks to cheat his father (the durus pater), who is at last compelled to consent to the union of the amiable couple. Such is the general staple of the *reformed* Grecian and Roman comedy, with which was now and then interwoven the pattern of a gluttonous parasite, or a braggart soldier.*

This want of variety in fable, where the scene is laid in every-day life, cannot be attributed to poverty of invention in a people so eminently imaginative as the Greeks, but to paucity of elements for the combining powers of imagination to work upon. If comedy be considered as a representation of private life, Lycurgus's prohibition of it† might have been spared; for his code left no private life to the Spartans, except when men stole an interview with their wives, and youths stole occasions for their thieveries.

Of the rest of Greece we must take Athens as the type; and for doing so we have the authority of Plautus:—

"Atque hoc poetæ faciunt in comœdiis;
Omnes res gestas esse Athenis autumant,
Quo illud vobis Græcum videatur magis."—*Menæc. Prolog.* 7.

We have, in fact, no detailed records of any other place. In Athens, then, the grand cause of a want of diversity in social life was the banishment of women: "it was like taking the spring from the year;" beauty, grace, with all the various passions and emotions which these are formed to excite, and with all the modifications which their influence produces in the characters of others, and consequently on the everyday incidents of life—which form the main materials for comedy—all were banished, with the women, from Athenian society; and are miserably missed therefore in Athenian comedy; in which nothing is represented but the dry hard intercourse of man with man—and that too under a political constitution which, giving every man the same political privilege, engaged every man in the same pursuit. And all the varieties of other occupations, producing an infinite diversity of circumstances and characters, humors and manners, were merged in the class of slaves, that like dregs sank to the bottom, and produced only slight changes by partial ebullition on the surface.

One additional element there was in the incidents of private life, which the dramatist could compound with his scanty ingredients, so as to produce some variety of interest and affection: but from what a horrible source is this derived!—from exposure of infants; and that a substitute, by *refined* heathenism, for knocking their brains out, sanctioned by law, and immemorial usage. Among Greeks, the Lacedemonians took the lead in this, as in every other practice that violated the feelings of humanity. Every child that was born was to be carried to a committee of old men, who, if on inspection they thought it likely to repay the state for its maintenance, ordered it to be taken care of: if otherwise, to be thrown into a public pit provided for the nonce. (*Plutarch, Lycurg.*, t. 1, 49, D & E.) Fortunately for the dramatists, and their successors the Greek romancers (Heliodorus, Achilles Statius, Longus, &c.), this was not the general practice. The amiable sensibility of the polished Athenian merely exposed his new-born infant to perish by cold and hunger, or to be worried by wolves.* A chance indeed there was that some childless stranger might light on the forlorn one to cherish as his own; or some barren wife might rejoice in the treasure-trove, to console a repining husband by imposing on his fond credulity. Occasionally, too, a retributive providence bereaved the selfish parent of his other children, on whom he had relied for present happiness, and through whom he had expected to transmit his property and his name to future times. In anticipation of such possibilities, and perhaps to silence the low whisperings of conscience in the father, or to soothe with faint hope the unsubdued instinct of maternal fondness, the little wretch was frequently wrapped in a mantle of some peculiar description, or a trinket hung round its

* If any of our readers are unacquainted with the series of articles on the ancient dramatists in the "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology" now publishing under the care of Dr. William Smith, we are now sure they will thank us for thus calling their attention to those elaborate and most interesting performances.

† Plutarch, Instit. Lacon., t. ii., 239, B.; and Tragedy, too—Κωμῳδίας καὶ Τραγῳδίας οὐκ ἠρεσκοντο.

* The Theban law formed an honorable contrast to such barbarity. They are the first on record, who established a kind of Foundling Hospital; and however politically erroneous such institutions may be considered, the benevolence of the founders cannot be disputed even by the sternest economist. Ælian tells us, that when the indigence of a Theban citizen was such, that he could not maintain his infant, he was required to carry it to the magistrates, who were bound to provide for its nurture, the cost of which was repaid by the child becoming a slave of the state.—(Var. Hist., ii., 7.)

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neck as means of future recognition. These, and any particular mark on the body with which the child might have been born, were registered as family memorandums; and in some extraordinary cases did actually conduct to the slenderly anticipated recovery. One such authenticated casualty, however, was quite sufficient for letting loose to a thousand wild inventions the fancies of dramatists and romancers; and their hearers and readers were quite ready to receive possibilities for facts; their high improbability only gratifying the more the prurience of imagination, wearied with the general flatness and sameness of fictitious characters and incidents representing ordinary life in Greece.

The tragedian had less occasion to recur to this source of variety. His range was through every region of space and time: and when earth was exhausted, he could evoke the powers of heaven and hell; and "they would come when he did call for them."

We now recur to M. Becker, whom we had not forgotten; but as he professedly omits any discussion on the public games and theatres of the ancients, we wished, as our space would allow, to supply, in some degree, the deficiency; considering these as importantly influencing, and being modified by, the private life and character of a nation.

We regret to revert to the learned Professor for the purpose of expressing dissent from his opinion. In his cursory notice of the Grecian tragedies (*Chariel.* ii., 252), he has eloquently eulogised their sublimity, their beauty, their purity and general morality: and in all this we cordially concur; but we dissent (with more than ordinary emphasis—"*toto cœlo*") when he tells us that the grand truth impressed by the Grecian tragedians was the utter vanity of all mortal concerns and the omnipotence of the Deity—die Nichtigkeit des Sterblichen und die Macht der Gottheit). Nothing can be more certain than that they do inculcate the doctrine of *an* overruling power, before which it behooves all human creatures submissively to crouch: but this included no idea of a first intelligent cause,—a *causa causarum*,—the creator, governor, providential and retributory, for time, for eternity. All the lesson they taught (and a wise one too), was a patient submission to *a* power, before which men and gods were nullities alike: an undefined, mysterious agency, without personality or attributes, and consequently without any idea of providence—merely fate, destiny (*Μοῖρα*, *Εἱμαρμένη*)—in short, what Cicero has so accurately defined it to be: 'Fieri igitur omnia Fato, ratio cogit fateri. Fatum, autem, id appello, quod Græci *Εἱμαρμένην*, id est, ordinem seriemque causarum, cum causa causæ nexa rem ex se gignat: ea est ex omni æternitate fluens veritas sempiterna.'* (*Divin.* i., 55.) What is this but anonymous atheism? considering universal existence as the result of an infinite succession of material causes and effects, with the agency of an originating, sustaining, and directing intelligence. And never did the dreams of philosophers imagine anything more contrary to their own great maxim, enounced by their own Grand Master: 'Natural effects of the same kind have the same cause.'† Now, in every instance, without one single exception, wherever effects are produced by an obvious adaptation of means to ends, *there* is an obvious intervention of mind, as the originating, sustaining, and directing cause. What then but an all-wise and almighty Mind can have devised, and imposed, and maintained the laws which regulate the complicated motions of the spheres (as expounded by one wonderful human mind); together with the multitudinously grand and minute adaptations (obvious to all) for beauty and utility; for adorning and fructifying this earth; and by which all that it inhabit 'do live and move, and have their being?' And what but shipwreck can attend the men, who call themselves philosophers, and welter in a wild sea of conjecture, without any such consultation of the compass below, and without any observation of the heavens?

The gravely chaste, and generally austere character of the great Grecian tragedians, presents a remarkable contrast with the gay wit, the farcical buffoonery, and gross ribaldry of the contemporary favorite comedian. But this was quite in accordance with the singularly mercurial character of the Athenians: sensitive, imaginative, equally alive to the pathetic, the ridiculous, and the witty; to the refined and the sensual. If we sought a personal type of that people, our Sterne would form one. He could exhibit, on the same stage, the finest feelings of our nature, the most deli-

* This is an abstract of the doctrine of the *Stoics*, derived by them from Democritus and Heraclitus.

† Effectuum Naturalium ejusdem generis eædem sunt causæ. *Newton, Princip.*, l. 3, *ap. init. De Mundi Systemate.*

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cate sentiments, and the most pathetic situations; with, at the very same time, a studied lewdness, and a coarse, though witty, buffoonery. He could ascend the pulpit, as was well said, "in a harlequin's jacket," and he could write bawdry to his daughter.

It might have been expected that the austerer character of the Romans would have led them to transfer to their own stage more of the tragic, than of the comic compositions of the Greeks. And such was the case in earlier and purer times; but during the interval between Livius Andronicus and Plautus, an ominous change was progressing. Ambitious rivals for popular favor had pampered the savage rage for exhibitions of violence and bloodshed; and that superseded all sympathy for mental suffering and moral heroism: and even the milder feelings of surprise and admiration were engrossed by the production of monstrous wild beasts, dragged from the deserts of Africa to worry each other for the amusement of the kindred rabble of Rome. Even comedy, as we have seen, could not always keep the stage against the irruptions of gladiators and mountebanks. Such audiences heeded not the victims of adversity or the voice of profound sympathy; and understood not the language of mental heroism or of exalted sentiment. Hence tragedy ceased to be written; and the productions of previous writers fell into such total neglect that nothing remains of them but numerous titles and scraps; and of these latter, a large portion are not citations met with in the works of philosophers and rhetoricians, or even in the babbling common-place-books of Aulus Gellius, but in the dull tomes of grammarians, quoting passages, not to elucidate a sentiment, but to explain a word.

We have already said that the Tragedy of Rome, like her Comedy, was not only formed of Grecian subjects, but drawn from Grecian dramatists. No doubt indolence, as with the other class of writers, conduced to this practice; but another cause probably operated in preventing their recourse to the rich store of striking events and interesting characters recorded in their own annals, and of which modern masters have so successfully availed themselves. Their annalists, at that period, were little more than the chroniclers of the rival septs into which the ancient nobility were divided. A dramatist, therefore, exhibiting some splendid action of some heroic ancestor of one sept, would doubtless be well supported by the clansmen of that one; but as probably overborne by the envious jealousy of all the rest. The safe plan, therefore, was to take neutral ground in the history of another nation, and introduce only heroes and gods, who were objects of reverence and adoration to all.

Half a century after the age of Gallus, some tragedies were composed, and their unimpassioned, didactic, and aphoristic style seems to sanction the general opinion which ascribes them to Seneca the philosopher. And though adapted rather for the closet than the stage, so inveterate was the habit of reference to Grecian story, that, as we have before noticed, only one of the ten is of Roman mould. Perhaps recurrence to the grand events of republican Rome would not have been very popular in the Imperial court.

With these rhythmical dialogues (for they are little more) the curtain drops upon the Roman stage. And it is curious to observe within what narrow limits, in the annals of nations, is confined the appearance of great dramatic masters. Like a constellation they rise and set together, preceded and followed only by some scattered stars of inferior magnitude and lustre. Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, were strictly contemporaries; about half a century later, a reformed comedy arose, of which the only great masters were the rival contemporaries Menander and Philemon. At Rome the drama flourished from Livius Andronicus to Accius, about fourscore years, during which, with these, were Ennius, Nævius, Pacuvius, Plautus, and Terence, not strictly all contemporaries, but living in uninterrupted succession. So in the respective ages of our Elizabeth, of Louis XIV. in France, of Charles V. and Philip II. in Spain, and Italy, there arose dramatic writers with a splendor, through which their predecessors and successors are seen "dark with excessive bright."

If the reasons for this partial exhibition of dramatic talent be inquired, it may be remarked that the periods in each country were times of great public excitement, from the character of the sovereigns, the vicissitudes of war, and the momentous changes that were taking place both in politics and religion. In such excitement men of poetic temperament would strongly participate, and have their minds forcibly recalled to the heroic characters, deeds, and sufferings

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in the romantic histories of former ages. Dramatic fiction then suggested itself as a mode of presenting to others the stirring scenes which their own beautiful imaginations had conjured up. These productions elicited enthusiastic admiration, and their success excited emulative ambition in kindred minds. But a like ambition being felt by inferior intellects, they swarmed to a trial of their strength, where a comparatively short effort was required, instead of the life-long labor of a historian, an epic poet, or a philosopher. Hence the public became cloyed with theatrical exhibitions; and productions, even of the highest class, fell into temporary neglect.

And this explains another peculiarity in the history of the drama, namely, the multiplicity of productions in that department, and the proportion of them (compared with other classes of literature) which perished before the blessed art of printing; and accounts also for the number of unedited pieces yet buried in those cemeteries called public libraries. Of the Grecian dramatists, Æschylus composed 90 pieces (40 of which were crowned), and we possess but 7. Of Sophocles, also, we have but 7 out of 120. Euripides composed 75 tragedies, of which 19 have come down. The 54 comedies of Aristophanes are reduced to 11. Of Menander's 108 comedies we have only a few fragments, and of Philemon no more. Philemon's son wrote 54 comedies, of which "etiam periêre ruinæ." Of all the innumerable productions of the old Roman tragedians, not one entire scene is left. Plautus has been more fortunate—of his 25 but 5 have perished; but of Terence's 108 only 6 survive.

To the charge of neglect, in modern times, the Italians are obnoxious, from the imperfect collections of their numerous dramatists; but the Spaniards must chiefly plead guilty. Their great boast of the transcendant genius of Lope de Vega and Calderon, and of their unrivalled fecundity in dramatic productions, is in sad contrast with the fact that no complete edition of either of these poets has appeared;—not one either of the 1500 ascribed to Calderon, or of the 2000 ascribed to Lope. The apology for this is that, however brilliant these emanations of genius, they are accompanied with such extravagant coruscations of fancy, and such wild improbabilities of fiction, as would not be tolerated in our age. And this may be so with respect to general acceptance; but the true worshippers of genius will ever lament that they are not permitted to pay their homage to it even in its aberrations—the effluence of the comet is still a celestial light, and should not be hid under a bushel. These powerful spirits had thrown off the Grecian yoke which Castillejo, De la Cueva, and Cervantes, had sought to impose; and like the German and modern French schools, and like all slaves who have burst their fetters, their liberty became licentiousness. Let the Germans, and the French, take a warning from *their* fate. Let the French especially not exempt themselves from the control of a sober, yet liberal criticism; but let them rend the bonds of a wretched versification, necessitating a mincing gait, incompatible alike with the simplicities and the sublimities of Nature. Let them take courage from the felicitous result of Trissino's first boldly introducing the "verso sciolto" into Italian tragedy. Future bards hailed and rallied round his example, as the standard of liberty, and the Italian drama became the admiration of Europe.

Once more we revert to M. Becker, for considering some important particulars influencing, or proceeding from, the private life and character of the two great nations, which constitute the subject of his very curious works. But we are obliged to leave unnoticed the multiplicity of minute objects, to which he applies a microscopic investigation, and which, though we cannot imitate, we by no means intend to censure. It was his purpose not merely to suggest matter of reflection to the philosopher, but also to aid the researches of the antiquary; and both classes will find in him a guide possessing great critical acumen, enlightened by extensive and profound erudition.

Of all the relations influencing the private life and character of a people, the most important are those immediate and contingent on marriage. We have already noticed the slavish condition of the Grecian wife, and the liberal terms on which the Roman matron lived in her family, and in general intercourse. The Greek maintained a lordly distance of manner, and a dignity, which he was careful not to impair by any violation of decorum in the presence of his wife; whilst, abroad, he indemnified himself by frequenting the most dissolute society, and indulged in conjugal infidelities without scruple, and with but slight diminution of public respect.

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"Hoc vitium longæ jam consuetudinis usus
Comprobat, et magnum non sinit esse scelus."*

It was otherwise in Rome, where licentiousness, being less common, was less tolerated.

In both nations, the men being the legislators took especial care that the crimes which in them were deemed venial should be made highly penal in their wives. In Greece, everything but death might be inflicted; divorce, with forfeiture of dower, public infamy, even to exclusion from the temples and all religious rites; and whoever married the offender partook of her degradation (ἀτιμία). If she appeared with ornaments of dress, any that met her might tear them off, and drive her away with blows, only not kill or maim her. With respect to her paramour, he might, as by English law, be killed by the husband if detected *flagrante delicto;* or he might be beaten, and the most ignominious corporal punishment inflicted, from which, however, the wealthy might purchase exemption; thus fostering licentiousness in the rich and venality in all:—"quod erat publice privatimque dolendum, parcentes potioribus qui tamquam peccatis indultâ licentiâ ad labem delictorum immanium consurgebant." (Ammian., xxvii., 9.)

Adultery became, as was reasonable, an all-sufficient plea for divorce; at least it was admitted as such on the part of the husband; and so, after some experience, was barrenness. The wife, also, had her plea for dissolving the marriage contract; and if her plea was admitted she carried her dower with her; a rich wife, therefore, possessed powerful influence, often haughtily asserted, and as bitterly complained of. Thus poor Demetrius in Plautus:—

"Argentum accepi, dote imperium vendidi."—*Asin.* i., 1, 74.

And again the old man in Menæchmus (v., 2, 15):—

"Credo cum viro litigium natum esse aliquod;
Ita istæc solent quæ viros subservire
Sibi postulant, dote fretæ, feroces."

Divorces, however, in Greece, were not left to the discretion of the parties, or even, as in Rome, to the arbitration of friends; but were adjudicated by the Thesmothetæ, or supreme magistrates; and, hence, never arrived at that scandalous frequency which in the corrupt ages of Rome (as of late in the raving times of the French Revolution) made the nuptial rite a mere cobweb-bond—

"Sic crescit numerus, sic fiunt octo mariti
Quinque per autumnos; titulo res digna sepulcri."
Juv. vi., 228.

This abuse was attempted to be reformed by Augustus (*Sueton.*, 34); but with a bad grace; for he himself violated one betrothment, repudiated two wives, and married a third when pregnant by the husband whom he had compelled to divorce her.—(*Ibid.*, 64.)

As to the Roman boast that, in their elder purity, divorces had been unknown for more than 500 years, it is only in consonance with the mythic tone of all their early history; according to which Sp. Carvelius Ruga considered himself bound to divorce a wife, of whom he was very fond, because of the oath required by the censors, that he should marry a wife in order to beget children for the state, and his beloved wife was barren (*Aul. Gel.*, 4, 3). But how happens it, that, according to the same veritable history, the Law of the Twelve Tables (promulgated seventy years before) prescribed the exact form of words, which should give legal effect to what was evidently the common process of divorce? The formula, whether founded in law or usage, is remarkable, not only as expressing the rude and peremptory spirit of an early age, but as combining with it a not ungenerous respect for the proprietary rights of the wife: "Tuas res tibi habeto, res tuas tibi agito; exi ocius, ocius; vade foras; i foras, Mulier, cede domo."

If the Roman boast was an empty one, in like manner the vaunt of Geradas—that an adulterer might be found in Sparta, when a bull should be found with a neck long enough for him to reach over the mountain Taygetus and drink of the river Eurotas on the other side—must be regarded as the rhodomontade of a people who lied less neatly than they stole.* But the

* Dedekindus. Grobianus et Grobiana de Morum Simplicitate Præfat. Dedekindus was one of the swarm of Latin poets, celebrated in the 16th and 17th centuries, now seldom heard of. The first edition of this work was published in 1565; and the author became the Castiglione della Casa of the Dutch. But he tried to teach his countrymen politeness by ironically recommending, in all his details, the very reverse. And this poem, we little doubt, suggested to Swift the design of his 'Advice to Servants,' whereby he labours in vain to make them to be as nasty as himself. The Dutch book was still fresh in fame during Sir William Temple's residence in the Low Countries, and likely therefore to be found in his library when Swift was domesticated with him.

* Plutarch, Lycurg., t. i., 49 c.

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Greeks indemnified themselves for the difficulties of divorce by an occasional interchange of wives, for the purpose, they alleged, of improving the breed—as we send a favorite cow to a high-bred bull. This was not a mere Spartan grossness, but an Athenian refinement, sanctioned by Socrates' lending the amiable Xantippe to Alcibiades, the most dissolute man of his time. (*Tertullian*, Apolog., 59.)

And something of the same kind was effected by the Roman facility of divorce. Thus Hortensius, in his ardent desire to be allied to his friend Cato, earnestly pressed to have his daughter Portia in marriage, or to borrow her for a time; but she, happening to be the wife of Bibulus, her father, though having a great regard for Hortensius, declined interference with another man's wife, upon which Hortensius changed his suit, and begged to have Cato's own wife; urging that Cato had already a sufficiently numerous family by Martia, and that she was again pregnant. Cato made no objection, but very politely thought her father should be consulted (Martia herself seems never to have been referred to); and all being amicably arranged, the dowerless Martia was married to Hortensius, who dying early, and leaving her a richly endowed widow, Cato again married her: and Cato "was an honorable man." So was Hortensius—and so Philippus the lady's father—"all honorable men." What then must have been the gross state of general society—what the laxity of domestic relations, the coldness of domestic affections?*

Nor was this all; the Romans were not content with even such facility of divorce. For notwithstanding the censors exacting an oath from men, that they would marry to raise citizens for the state, a concubinage was sanctioned by law, which yet did not acknowledge the issue to be citizens. Such are the contradictions which are forced on society, by direct popular legislation in times of public corruption.†

Whether such licentious customs would, on the whole, increase human fecundity, may be reasonably doubted: but that fecundity exceeded, certainly, the tolerance of a savage selfishness, which sought exemption from parental labors and solicitudes by child-murder—or the more euphemistic process of exposure, devised to salve the lacerated feelings, which nature refused to make entirely callous. This more than brutal practice prevailed from the times of the humane She-Wolf to the acmé of heathen civilization in the age of Augustus, who, in the serenity and security of his latter years, commanded the murder of his grandaughter's infant:—"*infantem agnosci alicui vetuit*," is the diluted phrase of Suetonius. (2, 65.)

We have now discussed (however cursorily) the most important topics which our limits will allow us to embrace; and proceed to notice some minor particulars, selecting only those that may interest from some analogy with institutions or customs of our own. But in these, as in much that has gone before, we cannot always avail ourselves of M. Becker's deep research and learned perspicacity, which are more employed in the investigation of curiously minute points of criticism.

In the account of nations celebrated for warlike achievements, their military discipline would form a subject of most important inquiry; but our present concern with it is only in so far as it influenced the private life and character of individuals. That influence, however, in ancient times, extended over the whole mass of free citizens; for every free man, during a large portion of his life, was engaged in warlike operations or preparing himself for them. Hence the military system of rewards and punishments, and the economical administration of armies, had much connexion with the moral character and physical comforts of a very large portion of society: and the phalanx and the legion not being composed entirely of the lowest orders, but comprising all classes, the rewards were less exclusively pecuniary, the punishments less exclusively corporeal, and with more appeal to the sense of shame. Desertion, indeed, after enrolment, and refusal to enlist, seem sometimes (from the arbitrary will of a commander) to have been punished by death, even in Greece, where the discipline (in accordance with the character of the respective nations) was much less harsh than in the Roman armies. Even the savage Spartans did not, by law, inflict death on fugitives or recusants; but their virago matrons sometimes undertook to eke out the short-comings of the laws by assassinating their own sons.* The law, however, did heap indignities on such offenders, that might have satisfied any but such avengers. They were incapable of honors or office; they might be beaten with impunity whenever they came abroad; and were made the public

* Plutarch, Cato M., t. i., 770 F.; and 784, 2.
† Lex Julia Papia Poppea, A. U. C., 762.

* Anthology, l. i., C. 5, 12.

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butt, by being compelled to appear only half-shaven and in a sordid party-colored garment.* In the Athenian colony of Thurium, their legislator, Charondas, devised for such offenders a punishment which might seem to be as deterrent as it was strange:—the culprits were exposed in the public place for three successive days in female attire.† A still stranger punishment was used in the Roman armies, but of which the rationale cannot be so easily discovered—that of phlebotomy. *A. Gellius* (10, 8) confesses he has met with no account of its origin; but conjectures it had become gradually a general punishment from having been first adopted as a cure for lazy overgrown fellows—"non tam pœna quam medicina." The conjecture seems as odd as the custom.

The Romans had divers degrading punishments, left in a great measure to the discretion of the commanders, and of course as various as their tempers and caprices; but, unlike the Greeks, death was their favorite infliction, which they exercised their ingenuity in rendering as cruel as possible for the sufferer, and as brutalizing as possible for his comrades, who were employed as executioners. Tacitus, in his wonted pithy style, describes at once the mode of punishment and its effect. The soldiers were assembled round the tribunal with their swords drawn: the leaders of the general sedition were placed on a stage, from which, when convicted, each was thrown headlong:—"Præceps datus trucidabatur: et gaudebat cædibus miles, tanquam semet absolveret. . . . . Castris trucibus adhuc non minus asperitate remedii quam sceleris memoriâ.'—(*Annal.* i., 44.) In like manner, deserters and thieves underwent the fustuarium, or death by cudgels, and stoning (*Polyb.* vi., 35), and overwhelming with hurdles (*Liv.* iv., 50), and various torments, "acerbis quæstionibus, crudelibus suppliciis." Hurdles, probably, next to stones, were the most ready weapons, and more effectually impeded escape—

"Sub cratim uti jubeas sese supponi, atque eo
Lapides imponi multos, ut sesè neces."—(*Pœn.*, v. 2.)

Yet amidst these savage cruelties, characteristic of the nation, there is, what Bacon calls, "a wild kind of justice," observable in their treatment of deserters at the close of the second Punic war: "De perfugie gravius quam de fugitivis consultum. Nominis Latini qui erant, securi percussi: Romani in crucem sublati:" (*Liv.* xxx., 43) —anticipating the distinction made long after by Cicero: "Neque tam fugitivi illi a dominis quam tu a jure et legibus."—(6 *Ver.*, c. 50.)

This merciful decapitation, this crucifixion, and the decimation of whole armies, were in the arbitrament of the commander, without appeal (*Polyb.* vi., 36). Compared with such dreadful severities, and individual despotism, what are the much vituperated floggings, authorized by Acts of Parliament, and limited, in their application, by courts-martial? Not that we at all wish for the continuance of such a punishment. We trust that the public repugnance to it may lead to its gradual abolition, through a gradual amelioration in the moral character of militants both by sea and land—of which the schools now extensively established in our ships of war and regiments afford a cheering prospect; and, as a step to this, we may hope to see the late merciful limitation of fifty stripes, at one infliction, soon reduced to the Mosaic maximum of forty, or the more cautious Jewish practice of "forty save one."

Another part of the Roman military administration well deserves to be noted. Vegetius (ii., 20) designates it as "a *divine* institution." The soldier having his food, clothing, and arms provided for him, his regulated pay was small; but supplementary gratuities, called donatives, were bestowed occasionally by the commander-in-chief; and, of these, one half of each soldier's share was deposited with the standard-bearer of his company, that it might not be squandered. This was, in fact, forming a compulsory deposit in Savings' Bank, which, in the case of prize money at least, might be advantageously imitated both in our army and navy:—we believe something very like it has been long adopted in a few regiments—the Scots Greys for example—and with the best results. Besides its other manifest benefits, the plan is extolled by Vegetius as confirming the fidelity of the troops to their standard, and exalting their courage in its defence. And may we not hope for some repugnance to popular tumult, some loyalty to a constitution, under the protection of which above a million of our inferior classes have deposited their little hoards, exceeding in the aggregate thirty millions sterling?

* Plutarch, Agesilaus, t. i., 612:—a curious coincidence with the disgraceful infliction recorded in Samuel, x., 4.

† Diodor. Sicul.

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Again: Vegetius states that in every tent of ten men, with their *decanus*, a coffer was provided to receive their portion of the legionary contribution to a fund for defraying the expense of burial, and the rite (so all-important in the heathen estimation) was superintended by the survivors of the contubernium. And herein our "Burial Clubs" may take a lesson. For their managers, instead of themselves conducting the funeral, pay a sum (often a foolishly extravagant sum) to the family, who expend that, and generally much of their own, in absurd parade and indecent junketing. And would this were all! But we have lately had the horrid experience, judicially authenticated, of parents murdering their children in order to have the disposal of the "death-money." We are no advocates for petty legislation, but surely such enormities do call for some control.

Yet another salutary lesson may be derived from the practice of the ancients in disposing of their dead. Both Greeks and Romans, with some rare exceptions, permitted no sculpture within the walls of cities. The XII. Tables specifically prohibited it:—"Hominem mortuum in Urbe ne sepelito neque urito." And in Greece, instead of desecrating their temples, as we our churches, by the inhumation of dead bodies, no sepulture was allowed in *sight* of the temple of Delos, or, in later times, on the island. But Lycurgus, as usual, opposing himself to all custom and natural feeling, *enjoined* sepulture within Sparta, in order to familiarize his people with images of death. In Rome, too, there was one singular inconsistency with the general practice, which seemed to imply (as with the Jews and many other nations) a fear of contamination from the dead. Even down to the time of Augustus,* one of the seven hills, the Esquiline (but still on the *outside* of the Esquiline gate) was appropriated to the interment of slaves and other the lowest of the people; and there were left, *unburied*, the bodies of the malefactors—just as now in many of the Oriental cities (Jerusalem for example) the slaughter-houses are in the midst of the place, and dogs and vultures are the only scavengers. The Esquiline was the most unhealthy spot in Rome till Mæcenas, obtaining a grant of the ground, cleared away the nuisances; and, the custom being abolished, the place and gardens which he constructed there became the most salubrious residence in the city; so that Augustus and Tiberius resorted to it for recruiting their health (Sueton., *Aug.* 72; *Tib.* 15). Thus have we both "a pattern to imitate, and an example to deter."

* Horat. Sat. i., 8, 10; Varro de Ling. Lat., v. 5.

We must here conclude our observations suggested by M. Becker's highly interesting work: some notice, however, of the translation is due to the English reader. He may, we think, rely on its general fidelity. But the hint, in Mr. Metcalfe's preface, of some "little lopping," and of "two volumes being compressed into one," will hardly convey an idea of the degree in which he has abridged Becker. The English page is smaller than the German, and the type not smaller; yet the English pages altogether are only 792, the German 1779.

The style of the translator is clear, vigorous, and fluent. But, as the different appellations appended to his name in the title-pages of 1845 and 1846 seem to indicate his being a young man, we shall presume to offer him a little advice. Let him not mistake occasional vulgarity of expression for ease, or fashionable slang (the cant of "the great vulgar") for elegance. And, above all, let him not interlard his diction with French phrases, for which any master of English would find ample equivalents at hand. He cannot plead the example of his German author, and such "patched and piebald language" can only expose a silly affectation of familiarity with a foreign tongue, or the command of but a scanty vocabulary in his own.

Death of Professor Napier.—We regret to have to record the death of Macvey Napier, Esq., Professor of Conveyancing in the University of this city, which took place at his house about five o'clock on Thursday morning. For some time past, we understand, Mr. Napier had not fully enjoyed his accustomed health, but his indisposition was not so severe as to prevent him from attending to his official duties. He delivered a lecture on Monday, as usual, to his class; and though he had since that day been taken unwell, yet his friends did not anticipate that his dissolution was so near. Besides the distinguished place which he occupied in our University, Mr. Napier was well known to literary circles, on account of his connexion with the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he was editor for nearly twenty years, and also with that great literary undertaking, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the whole of the seventh edition of that noble work having been issued under his superintendence, as well as the Supplement to the previous one. Mr. Napier was also one of the principal Clerks of the Court of Session. We believe he had attained his seventieth or seventy-first year.

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From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

HELEN WALKER.

THE ORIGINAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S JEANIE DEANS.

It is to be regretted that no fuller account has been preserved of the act of high-minded, persevering courage by which Helen Walker, a simple Scotch maiden, saved her sister from a shameful and unmerited death: voluntarily encountering untold difficulties and dangers rather than speak the one word of untruth, by which she might so easily have gained the same end.

An outline, all that could then be learnt of her adventures, came many years after to the knowledge of a lady, who had the penetration at once to perceive how well fitted was such a history for the powers of the greatest novelist of this or any age. She wrote to the author of Waverley, at first anonymously, recounting the story, and the circumstance through which she had learnt it. Subsequently her name was made known to him as Mrs. Goldie, of Craigmure, near Dumfries.* He entered as warmly as she expected into the beauty and the merits of her history; and, not long after, the world was at once benefited and delighted by perhaps the most interesting of his romances, "The Heart of Mid Lothian," of which this incident forms the groundwork. Helen Walker herself suggested the beautiful character of Jeanie Deans.

Subsequent inquiries have added little that can be depended on to the original account; but we have gratefully to acknowledge the kind and willing exertions of a lady, whose near connexion with Mrs. Goldie best qualifies her for the task, to furnish us with any fresh circumstances which time might have brought to light, correcting, at the same time, the misstatements which others have fallen into from the wish to amplify and enlarge on insufficient data.

Helen Walker was the daughter of a small farmer of Dalwhairn, in the parish of Irongray, in the county of Dumfries, where, after the death of her father, she continued to reside, supporting her widowed mother by her own unremitting labor and privations. On the death of her remaining parent she was left with the charge of her sister Isabella, much younger than herself, and whom she educated and maintained by her own exertions. Attached to her by so many ties, it is not easy to conceive her feelings when she found this sister must be tried by the laws of her country for child-murder, and that she herself was called upon to give evidence against her. In this moment of shame and anguish she was told by the counsel for the prisoner, that, if she could declare that her sister had made any preparations, however slight, or had given her any intimation on the subject, such a statement would save her sister's life, as she was the principal witness against her. Helen's answer was: "It is impossible for me to swear to a falsehood, whatever may be the consequence; I will give my oath according to my conscience."

The trial came on, and Isabella Walker was found guilty and condemned. In removing her from the bar she was heard to say to her sister: "O Nelly, ye have been the cause of my death;" when Helen replied—"Ye ken I bute speak the truth." In Scotland six weeks must elapse between the sentence and the execution; and of this precious interval Helen knew how to avail herself. Whether her scheme had been long and carefully considered, or was the inspiration of a bold and vigorous mind in the moment of its greatest anguish at her sister's reproach, we cannot tell; but the very day of the condemnation she found strength for exertion and for thought. Her first step was to get a petition drawn out, stating the peculiar circumstances of her sister's case; she then borrowed a sum of money necessary for her expenses; and that same night set out on her journey, barefooted and alone, and in due time reached London in safety, having performed the whole distance from Dumfries on foot. Arrived in London, she made her way at once to John, Duke of Argyle. Without introduction or recommendation of any kind, wrapped in her tartan plaid, and carrying her petition in her hand, she succeeded in gaining an audience, and presented herself before him. She was heard afterwards to say, that, by the Almighty's strength, she had been enabled to meet the duke at a most critical moment, which, if

* Wife of Thomas Goldie, Esq., Commissary of Dumfries.

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lost, would have taken away the only chance for her sister's life. There must have been a most convincing air of truth and sincerity about her, for the duke interested himself at once in her cause, and immediately procured the pardon she petitioned for, with which Helen returned to Dumfries on foot just in time to save her sister's life.

Isabella, or Tibby Walker, thus saved from the fate which impended over her, was eventually married by Waugh, the man who had wronged her, and lived happily for a great part of a century, in or near Whitehaven, uniformly acknowledging the extraordinary affection to which she owed her preservation. It may have been previous to her marriage that the following incident happened:—A gentleman who chanced to be travelling in the north of England, on coming to a small inn, was shown into the parlor by a female servant, who after cautiously shutting the door, said, "Sir, I am Nelly Walker's sister;" thus showing her hope that the fame of her sister's heroism had reached further than her own celebrity of a far different nature; or, perhaps, removed as she was from the home and the scenes of her youth, the sight of a face once familiar to her may have impelled her to seek the consolation of naming her sister to one probably acquainted with the circumstances of her history, and of that sister's share in them.

The manner in which Sir Walter Scott became acquainted with Helen Walker's history has been already alluded to. In the notes to the Abbotsford edition of his novels he acknowledges his obligation on this point to Mrs. Goldie, "an amiable and ingenious lady, whose wit and power of remarking and judging character still survive in the memory of her friend." Her communication to him was in these words:

"I had taken for summer lodgings a cottage near the old abbey of Lincluden. It had formerly been inhabited by a lady who had pleasure in embellishing cottages, which she found perhaps homely and poor enough: mine possessed many marks of taste and elegance, unusual in this species of habitation in Scotland, where a cottage is literally what its name declares. From my cottage door I had a partial view of the old abbey before mentioned; some of the highest arches were seen over and some through the trees scattered along a lane which led down to the ruin, and the strange fantastic shapes of almost all those old ashes accorded wonderfully well with the building they at once shaded and ornamented. The abbey itself, from my door, was almost on a level with the cottage; but on coming to the end of the lane it was discovered to be situated on a high perpendicular bank, at the foot of which ran the clear waters of the Cluden, when they hasten to join the sweeping Nith,

'Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.'

As my kitchen and parlor were not very far distant, I one day went in to purchase some chickens from a person I heard offering them for sale. It was a little, rather stout-looking woman, who seemed to be between seventy and eighty years of age; she was almost covered with a tartan plaid, and her cap had over it a black silk hood tied under the chin, a piece of dress still much in use among elderly women of that rank of life in Scotland; her eyes were dark, and remarkably lively and intelligent. I entered into conversation with her, and began by asking how she maintained herself, &c. She said that in winter she footed stockings; that is, knit feet to country people's stockings, which bears about the same relation to stocking-kniting that cobbling does to shoe-making, and is, of course, both less profitable and less dignified; she likewise taught a few children to read; and in summer she 'whiles reared a wheen chickens.'

"I said I would venture to guess from her face she had never married. She laughed heartily at this: 'I maun hae the queerest face that ever was seen, that ye could guess that. Now do tell me, madam, how ye came to think sae?' I told her it was from her cheerful, disengaged countenance. She said: "Mem, have ye na far mair reason to be happy than me, wi' a gude husband, and a fine family o' bairns, and plenty o' everything? For me, I am the puirest of a puir bodies, and can hardly contrive to keep myself alive in a' the wee bit o' ways I hae tell't ye.' After some more conversation, during which I was more and more pleased with the old woman's conversation, and the *naïvété* of her remarks, she rose to go away, when I asked her name. Her countenance suddenly clouded, and she said gravely, rather coloring, 'My name is Helen Walker; but your husband kens weel about me.'

"In the evening I related how much I had been pleased, and inquired what was extraordinary in the history of this poor woman. Mr. ——— said: 'There were perhaps few more remarkable people than Helen Walker;' and he gave me the history which has already been related here."

The writer continues.

"I was so strongly interested by this narrative, that I immediately determined to prosecute my acquaintance with Helen Walker; but, as I was to leave the country next day, I was obliged to defer it till my return home in spring, when the first walk I took was to Helen Walker's cottage. She had died a short time before. My regret was extreme, and I endeavored to obtain some account of her from an old woman who inhabited the other end of her cottage. I inquired if Helen ever spoke of her past history, her journey to London, &c.

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'Na,' the old woman said; 'Helen was a wiley body, and whene'er any o' the neighbors asked anything about it, she aye turned the conversation.' In short, every answer I received only tended to increase my regret, and raise my opinion of Helen Walker, who could unite so much prudence with so much heroic virtue."

This account was enclosed in the following letter to the author of Waverley, without date or signature:—

"Sir,—The occurrence just related happened to me twenty-six years ago. Helen Walker lies buried in the churchyard of Irongray, about six miles from Dumfries. I once purposed that a small monument should have been erected to commemorate so remarkable a character; but I now prefer leaving it to you to perpetuate her memory in a more durable manner."

Mrs. Goldie endeavored to collect further particulars of Helen Walker, particularly concerning her journey to London; but this she found impossible, as the natural dignity of her character and a high sense of family respectability, had made her so indissolubly connect her sister's disgrace with her own exertions, that none of her neighbors durst ever question her upon the subject. One old woman, a distant relation of Helen's, and who was living in 1820, says she worked in harvest with her, but that she never ventured to ask her about her sister's trial, or her journey to London. "Helen," she said, "was a lofty body, and used a high style o' language." The same old woman says, "that every year Helen received a cheese from her sister, who lived at Whitehaven, and that she always sent a liberal portion of it to herself or to her father's family." The old person here spoken of must have been a mere child to our heroine, who died in the year 1791, at the age of eighty-one or eighty-two, and this difference of age may well account for any reserve in speaking on such a subject, making it appear natural and proper, and not the result of any undue "loftiness" of character. All recollections of her are connected with her constant and devout reading of the Bible. A small table, with a large open Bible, invariably occupied one corner of her room; and she was constantly observed stealing a glance, reading a text or a chapter, as her avocations permitted her time: and it was her habit, when it thundered, to take her work and her Bible to the front of the cottage, alleging that the Almighty could smite in the city as well as the field.

An extract from a recent letter says, on the subject of our heroine—"I think I neglected to specify to you that Helen Walker lived in one of those cottages at the Chedar Mills which you and your sisters so much admired; and the Mr. Walker who, as he said himself, 'laid her head in the grave,' lived in that larger two-storied house standing high on the opposite bank; He is since dead, or I might have got the particulars from him that we wanted: he was a respectable farmer."

The memorial which Mrs. Goldie wished to be raised over her grave has since been erected at the expense of Sir Walter Scott. The inscription is as follows:—

This stone was erected
by the Author of Waverley
to the memory of
HELEN WALKER,
who died in the year of God MDCCXCI.
This humble individual
practised in real life
the virtues
with which fiction has invested
the imaginary character of
JEANIE DEANS:
refusing the slightest departure
from veracity,
even to save the life of her sister,
she nevertheless showed her
kindness and fortitude
in rescuing her
from the severity of the law,
at the expense of personal exertions
which the time rendered as difficult
as the motive was laudable.
Respect the grave of poverty,
when combined with the love of truth
and dear affection.

Jeanie Deans is recompensed by her biographer for the trials through which he leads her, with a full measure of earthly comfort; for few novelists dare venture to make virtue its own reward; yet the following reflection shows him to have felt how little the ordinary course of Providence is in accordance with man's natural wishes, and his expectations of a splendid temporal reward of goodness:—"That a character so distinguished for her undaunted love of virtue lived and died in poverty, if not want, serves only to show us how insignificant in the sight of Heaven are our principal objects of ambition upon earth."

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From Howitt's Journal.

PEGASUS AND THE POST-HORSES.—A DIALOGUE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Translated by Mary Howitt.

People have written descriptions of journeys in many ways; yet, I think, never in dialogue.

On the 24th of February, 1841, a travelling carriage with a deal of luggage drove out of Rome, through the *Porta San Giovanni*, drawn by two common post-horses; to these was, however, harnessed a third, which ran before the others, a creature full of fire and mettle—it was Pegasus himself; and there was nothing extraordinary in his having allowed himself to be thus harnessed, because inside the carriage there sate two poets and also a singer of great intellect, full of satisfaction and youthful enjoyment, for he was just come out of a monastery, and was on his way to Naples to study thorough-bass. In Albano he had exchanged the dress of the monk for a regular handsomely cut suit of black, and he might have been taken for a poet. Besides these three, there was a lady, who was an enthusiast for poets and poetry, but could not sit with her back to the horses. It was, as anybody may see, a very respectable party for Pegasus to draw. They took the road to Naples: we will now listen to the dialogue.

FIRST DAY'S JOURNEY.

Pegasus.—The road to Albano runs along classic ground; by the side of aqueducts, miles long, which are decorated like the vestibule of a castle, and by graves overgrown by brushwood. A capuchin monk, with his begging-sack on his back, is the only person whom we have yet met. Now we are approaching the tomb of Ascanius. It towers upward with a gigantic colossus of masonry, overgrown with grass and bushes. Sing of all this, you poets inside there! sing of the Roman Campagna!

The Post-horses.—Take care, and pull your share, you fellow! What is the meaning of all those leaps? Now we are going up hill. In Albano we shall stop two whole hours: they have good oats there, and a roomy stable. Ah! we have a long way to go before we can rest to-night.

Pegasus.—Now we are in Albano. There is a house which we shall pass close by, in the street; it is low, only two stories high, and very small. The door opens at this moment, a man in a hunter's dress comes forth; he has pale cheeks and intensely black eyes; it is Don Miguel, the ex-king of Portugal. Anybody could make a poem about that. Listen, you two poets there in the carriage! But no, they don't hear! One of them is making himself agreeable to the lady, and the other is busying his thoughts about a tragedy.

The Post-horses.—Now we have been fed; let us get ready to set out. It is a long stage up hill and down. Don't stop looking at that stone, it is the grave of the Horatii—but it is an old story. Now, go along!

Pegasus.—What splendid trees! What luxuriant evergreens! The road lies deep between the rocks; the water comes splashing down, and high up above on the mountains, between the tops of the trees, stands the magnificent dome of the church, as if in heaven. The bells sound. There stands a cross by the road-side; handsome girls are walking along, they bend before the cross and repeat their prayers on their rosary. We are approaching Genzano. The two poets alight from the carriage; they are going to see the Nemi lake, which was once the crater of a volcano. Yes, that is a much older story even than the Horatii. Let us canter whilst the poets get into an enthusiasm! They can catch us in Velletri. Let us have a gallop.

The Post-horses.—What is come to the first horse? he is like a mad thing! He can neither stand nor go! And yet one would think he was old enough to have learned both.

Pegasus.—Deep below us lie the green marshes overgrown with grass, and the rocky island of Circe in the sea. We are now in Cisterna, the little city where the Apostle Paul was met by his friends at Rome, when he was on his way to that city. Sing about it, you poets! The evening is beautiful; the stars twinkle. There is a girl lovely enough for sculpture, in the public house at Cisterna; look at her, you poets! And sing about the fire-lily of the marshes!

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SECOND DAY'S JOURNEY.

The Post-horses.—Now do go a little cautiously! not galloping in that way! There is a carriage driving before us, which we are not to pass on the road. Did not you yourself hear that there are German ladies in that carriage, who have no gentlemen with them, and they have, therefore, besought us that they may travel in company with us because they are afraid of banditti? It is not safe here! A year and a day ago we heard the balls hissing past us at this spot.

Pegasus.—The rain falls in torrents! Everything around us stands in water. The huts of reeds seem as if they were about to swim away from the green inundated island. Let us tear away! The road is even. There lies a splendid monastery, but the monks are all gone; the fogs of the marshes have driven them; the walls and marble pillars of the monastery are covered with green mould; the grass grows between the stones of the pavement; the bats fly round about the cupola. We dash through the open cloister gates, right into the church, and there pull up! You should see how the lady we are drawing is horrified into a marble statue! You should hear our chapel-master singing here! his voice is beautiful; he sings hymns on account of his preservation, and the two poets will tell the whole world of their life-emperilled adventures in the Pontine Marshes.

The Post-horses.—Take care you don't get a taste of the lash! Do keep the middle of the road! We shall soon be in Terracina, where we shall rest; and on the frontiers we shall rest; and at the Custom-house we shall rest. That is the best thing in the whole journey.

Pegasus.—The sunlight falls on the yellow-red cliffs; the marshes lie behind us. Three tall palm trees stand close by the road; we are in Terracina. What is become of our company? One of them ascends the rocks between tall cactuses; on each side are gardens full of lemon and orange trees, every branch of which bends under the load of yellow, glittering fruit. He climbs the ruins of Theodoricksburg; from there he looks over the marshes to the north; and his heart sings—

My wife,
My lovely, fragrant rose!
And thou, my child, my joy, my life,
My all that makes earth dear to me,
—Thou bud upon my rose!

But the other poet sits down below by the sea: yes, out there by the sea upon a huge mass of rock. He wets his lips with salt water, and says with exultation, "Thou heaving, wind-lulled sea! Thou embracest, like me, the whole world; she is thy bride; she is thy nurse. Thou singest of her in the storm! In thy repose thou dreamest of heaven! Thou bright, transparent sea!"

The Post-horses.—Of a truth those were capital oats we had in Terracina. It was a good road there also; and we stopped such a charming long time in Fondi. See! now again it goes up hill. Of what good are the hills? First up and then down again! A fine pleasure that is!

Pegasus.—The weeping willows tremble in the wind. How like a snake the road winds along the hill-side, by ruinous mounds and olive woods, all illuminated by the red evening sunlight. A picturesque little town lies below us, and the peasants, full of life, are thronging the road. There is poetry in these hills! Come hither, thou who canst sing of it! Place thyself upon my back! My poets in the carriage there sit and are quite lazy. We career onward in this still starlight night, past cyclopean masses of brickwork, where ivy hangs like a garment over caves where lurks a bandit—onwards, past the confused mass of groves where Cicero fell by the dagger of an assassin. Between hedges of laurel and glittering lemon trees we approach his villa: to-night we shall dream in Mola di Gaeta.

The Post-horses.—That has been a bad bit of road! How we will eat, how we will drink, if the oats are but good! We will hope they may have fresh water there, and that we may each find an empty stall!

THIRD DAY'S JOURNEY.

Pegasus.—Beneath the foliage roof of the orange trees sat the beautiful lady, and one of the poets read aloud to her Italian poetry; glorious, melodious poetry! The chapel-master leaned against the tall lemon tree, and looked at the same time between the tall cypresses out upon the sea, where the sunshine caught the white sails of the ships. The other poet ran about in the fields, gathered red anemones, wove garlands, plucked first one and then another glowing orange; and they leaped, like golden apples, into the clear air. There was holiday in his heart; there was song

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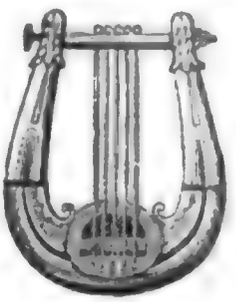
upon his lips! He felt, "I am once more in Italy!"

The horses stood in the stable, each with his head in the manger; they also were well off. But where I stood, I, Pegasus, there was a door in the wall, and the door was open. I stretched out my head, and saw above the tops of the lemon trees and the dark cypresses, the white town upon the isthmus in the sea; and I neighed so, that I fancy the poets recognised my voice.

The Post-horses.—Now we are going on again to Santa Agatha! There provender is excellent. Then again on to Capua, where there is the strong fortress and the bad water; but then the journey is soon at an end.

Pegasus.—How blue the mountains are, though! How blue the sea is, and the sky, also, has its beaming blue; it is three shades of one color! It is love expressed in three languages. See, how bright the stars are! See, how the city before us is spangled with lights! It is Naples, the beautiful city, the gay city, Naples! Naples!

And we were in Naples.



THE YOUTH AND FAME.

A Dialogue in Verse.

BY GOODWYN BRAMBY.

WITHIN a study small and dimly lighted,
Like a faint, tapering torch, burnt low and blighted,
Sat a fair youth in ancient lore benighted.

To him a vision, radiant as fresh flame
In a new kindled, burning rose blush came—
She named herself not, but a voice cried FAME!

"Why art thou here? poor sleeping one!" she said,
"Why use the pillow of another's head?
Awake! poor sleeper! slumbering on the dead!"

"I am awake!" to her the youth replied,
"I slumber not—my soul is open-eyed,
Morning is ever, and night's sleep denied.

"I pillow not upon another's head,
I am no sleeper slumbering on the dead;—
Those books are living souls with lustre red."

"If so," said she, "why borrow from another?
The light is given to thee as to thy brother;
Thou sleep'st in day, and dost thy day dreams smother.

"Behold my answer!" said the youth, "behold
Those radiant reams which unto me are gold,
To others dross; can'st thou their leaves unfold?"

"I can," said Fame, "for unto me is given
St. Peter's key when genius seeks for heaven;
But thee I know but with the Sleepers Seven."

"But yet my dream," said he, "hath wings, and flies
Over the heads of thousands, to whose eyes
The eagle flight hath often auguries."

"How know I that?" said she, "a yellow bill
May be that bird's who gives thee not a quill.
Thou soarest not, but peckest the blind worm still.

"The eagle, launching from its mountain dun,
Spreads its own wings like sails the air upon,
Breasts cloud and storm, and looks in the face the sun.

"Its eyes are dazed not by its fiery beam,
It sees the earth, a speck on which men dream,
It flaps its wings, and shrieks a long shrill scream.

"Then through a flight of clouds it sees in the breeze
A hillock white—the Alps and Pyrenees—
And a blue lake—the breathless, waveless seas.

"Then swooping downward like a blast of wind,
Or seer from heaven sent unto mankind,
Men stare—all eye, and God restores the blind.

"But thou, poor sleeper! hast no eagle flight,
Thy pinions are the webs of dreams by night,
Than rainbow woof of gossamer more light."

"Said'st thou awake?" the dreaming poet said—
"I will arise, nor slumber with the dead—
The sun is blushing, and the east is red."

"Up! then!" said she, "the Will can ever claim
The birth of Deed. Rise heavenward like flame!"
She said, and all the air resounded FAME.

"Oh, Mighty One!" exclaimed the youth, "I think!
I soar above the world's tenebrious brink;
And of the Eternal ocean's waters drink!

"I feel wings grow! I feel the powers of flight!
I rise! I float! and with a glorious might
Sail over clouds to where there is no night.

"Thy words have blown me breezes swift and strong;
I mount the spheres, and breathing free and long,
I soar thus to the sunny realms of song."

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From the Literary Gazette.

THE LOST.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The lost! oh, what are they, the dead?
Alas, there *is* a grave
To which the many Lost have fled,
We might, yet would not save!
Lost time, which never more can be;
Lost joys, whose sun hath set;
Lost friends, whose tomb is Memory,
Whose memory is regret!

How like a churchyard is the heart
By buried relics crossed;
The *dead* are but a tithe, a part
Of what the heart hath lost!
The dead have an immortal dower
O'er which the soul may muse;
But, oh, the Lost! there's not an hour
We live yet nothing lose!

Ah, me! the mystery of fate,
The sorrow and the thrall,
How quick we learn to estimate
What we can ne'er recall!
Lost hope, that, like an arkless dove,
Hath fled this world of care;
Lost peace, lost happiness, lost love,
Dispers'd, like things of air!

Yon sphere that shines from earth so far
Finds yet some earthly trace;
How many a bright and glorious star
Hath perished from its face!
Oh, stars of heaven? and can *ye* fall?
Can ye by storms be tossed?
Alas for hope! alas for all
We loved, and we have lost!

E'en Nature for her Woods deplores
Earth for her Cities gone,
Ocean for empires, and for shores
O'er which her tides sweep on!
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor man escapes,
Nor element, nor clime;
All bow before that Hand which shapes
The destinies of time.

TO FANNY ANN.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

As the flower bloweth,
As the stream floweth,
Daughter of beauty,
Do thou thy duty!
What, though thy morrow
May darken with sorrow?
E'en as Light hasteth,
Darkness, too, wasteth;
Morn then discloses
Raindrops on roses!
Daughter of beauty,
What, then, is duty?
Time says, "Death knoweth!"
Death says, "Time showeth!"

COMING SPRING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

In all the years which have been,
The spring hath greened the bough—
The gladsome, hopeful spring-time!—
Keep heart! it comes e'en now.

The winter time departeth;
The early flowers expand;
The blackbird and the turtle-dove
Are heard throughout the land.

The sadness of the winter,
Which gloomed our hearts, is gone;
A thousand signs betoken
That spring-time comes anon!

'Tis spring-time in our bosoms;
All strife aside we cast;
The storms were for the winter-days,
But they are gone and past.

Before us lies the spring-time—
Thank God! the time of mirth—
When birds are singing in the trees,
And flowers gem all the earth;

When a thousand busy hands upturn
The bounteous, fruitful mould,
And the heart of every poet feels
More love than it can hold.

In all the years which have been,
The spring-time greened the bough—
The gentle, gracious spring-time!—
Rejoice!—it comes e'en now!

THE SONG OF FAMINE.

Gaunt stealthy Famine, the brother of Death,
My night-black wings o'er the nations I spread,
I burden the air with my blood-chilling breath,
And the graves are filled with dead.

The fields are deserted, the plough is at rest,
Echo sleeps on the hushed wind's breast,
Even the birds are afraid to sing—
To waken the silence with carolling.
No infant voices, blithesome and clear,
With halloo and laughter break on the ear,—
No more they race round the now ruined cot,
The games and the merriments all are forgot;
For spectre-like cold,
On the bare earth they lie:
Their minutes are told,
They are wailing to die.

Pale mothers kiss their children at night—
The children are orphans ere morning light;
Sinewy limbs grow weak and sunken,
Merry eyes grow dim,—deep-sunken,
Brother in brother's eyes gaze deep,—
Eyes which have not even tears to weep,—
And with numbed crushed heart,
Too dead to smart,
Reckons when either must fall to sleep.
All, all is desolate, vacant, and still,—
All, all is blighted, and withered with woe,—
All, all is deathly, and pallid, and chill,
Wherever my wing's low'ring shadow I throw.
I ripen the corn for my pale brother's scythe
Long, ere Nature can:
Man cannot wrest food from the hard giftless earth,
So I fatten the earth with man!

Fred. F. Greenwood.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Fairest and loveliest flow'r of the vale
That peacefully deckest each lonely dale
With thy soft and gentle bloom,
Thou seem'st as some spirit of light and love
From the pure ethereal realms above,
Had made thy fair breast its home;

Had tinted thy leaves with the azure hue
That spreads o'er the boundless robe of blue,
Which the air and the sunbeams weave,
Even as the blushing rose would seem
To borrow the cloud's quick-fading beam
When the sun sinks down at eve.

That the sunbeam then with his brilliant ray
Unfolding thy breast to the birth of day
That was closed in sable night;
Gazed with such love on thy bosom fair,
That his own bright image was centred there
In a pool of golden light.

Thus, when the bright morning dawns from afar,
When grey twilight flies in her misty car
From Aurora's beams above,
Thy leaflets quiver and wave in the air,
As though the warm pulse of a heart were there,
That beat high with ardent love.

Each crystalline drop of the morning's dew,
That seems like the tear of affection true
Of a heart that knows no guile,
He gently removes in his warm embrace,
As he sports on thy half unveiled face
With a fond endearing smile.

Fresh beauties burst forth as thy leaflets part
To welcome the sov'reign lord of thy heart
In thy bosom's golden throne.
Thus, though all should be false on earth below,
In the morn's bright beams and the noontide's glow
Thou livest for him alone.

And when, as he sinks to his ev'ning rest,
Thou claspest his image within thy breast;
Though absent, he's not forgot.
So, as thou guardest the treasures of light,
Most safe in the darkest dangers of night,
Thou'rt called the Forget-me-Not.

Sappho.

From Howitt's Journal.

SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

I.

Birds find their lodgings in the eaves;
Rats have their homes in sewer and drain;
Torpid, beneath the last year's leaves,
The unmolested snakes remain;
The little dormouse in her cell,
Dug deep in root of forest oak,
Has slept since first the snow-flakes fell,—
Secure,—and has not once awoke.
But Women and Men, i' the frozen street,
Are houseless—houseless every night;
And children, till the cold, grey light,
Trample the town with weary feet.

II.

Deeper than frost, beneath the mould,
Pierces its way the garden worm;
The snail withdraws its horns from the cold;
The ant in her nest keeps winter-term;
Green-backed kettle, and slimy slug,
And speckled eft, have quarters warm;
The woodlouse under the bark is snug;
The earwig takes no wintry harm.
But Women and Men, i' the frozen street,
Are houseless——houseless every night;
And children, till the cold, grey light,
Trample the town with weary feet.

III.

Many-legged creatures, and those with wings,—
Hum-drum hornet, and toiling bee,—
All the rare and beautiful things,
Of insect-life, that on earth we see,—
All the repulsive shapes that creep,—
All the rejoicing things that fly,—
Are laid in warm rest, fast asleep:
None are exposed to the cutting sky.
But Women and Men, i' the frozen street,
Are houseless——houseless every night;
And children, till the cold, grey light,
Trample the town with weary feet.

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The Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh. (Select Writings of Robert Chambers.)—The literary career of the Brothers Chambers is so honorable to them, has had so much influence on popular reading, and has been attended with such extraordinary success, that we trust a few remarks upon this publication may not be deemed amiss from our pen. Few wayfarers on the thorny path of literature and especially of literature in a serial form, have deserved to fare better; and very few indeed have fared so well. Sir Walter Scott, with all his genius; Mr. Charles Knight, with all his talent and irrepressible zeal, sustained by a powerful combination; Mr. Loudon, with indefatigable industry, and a vast amount of useful knowledge, are examples that

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,'"

however highly their merits may deserve the triumph. We allude, of course, to such a degree of success as ought to crown such exertions, were all rewarded by equal fortunes, and without disparagement to our much esteemed Edinburgh friends. They have exercised their abilities judiciously; they have fulfilled their functions prudently and honestly; they have performed their duties to the public not only irreproachably, but most beneficially, pandering to no false appetite, but mingling instruction with entertainment, and information with almost every species of social improvement, till the limits of their enterprise have extended to a truly gigantic sphere. It is marvellous to imagine how much the writer who dissipates himself in constant periodical publication does actually produce. On an estimate it would seem as if his every breath had been a printed sentence; as if his mouth never opened but to deposit types, as the gifted fairy-favorite princess dropped diamonds [and by the way, there are types called both pearl and diamond]. The many years which Robert Chambers, in particular, has devoted to literary production, have accumulated a mass which, we believe, would astonish, were it placed in a ms. heap before his eyes, even himself. And when we reflect on the character of the whole,—how good it has been, how free from objection, how well calculated to attract and benefit the popular mind in the very humblest circles where the art of reading is taught; yet often addressing the highest and most ultivated,—we cannot but consider the writer to have been a marked benefactor to his country and kind. He has displayed great judgment in the choice of his many designs, and great talent in his original contributions to their far and wide acceptation, as guides to the useful and pleasant pastimes to the recreative. His *nullum quod non ornavit tetigit* is of a prodigious calibre; and Scotland has reason to be proud of his and his brother's labors. The influence they have had, nationally, is incalculable; and the seed they have sown must bear an inestimable harvest for many a future year, and tens of thousands yet unborn.

One of the circumstances in the career of these writers ought not to be passed over in silence. They have throughout been self-supported. They were never trammelled with other alliances. Whilst yet young and trying their first lowly efforts, they were content to struggle on unaided by extrinsic help. They, by industry and ability, made their position; and then they could, with better effect, gradually carry out their enlarged plans, and seek no assistance. As they rose, their views were extended; till they took, indeed, a very universal publishing survey and occupation of Great Britain. We will venture to surmise that if ever, at any period, they had departed from this course, they would never have been what they are.

It is with feelings of sincere pleasure that we take up the first volume of this collection, and seize the occasion, not merely to commend its varied contents, but to offer this tribute of applause to contemporaries so truly deserving. In productions almost as fertile as M. Alexandre Dumas we can discover no tones of silly vanity, no diffusion of bad principles, no traces of ill-nature. Their sympathies with the million are not mingled with poisons for the million; their addresses are paid to truth, utility, or harmless entertainment, and not to irritate dangerous passions, nor feed like carrion vultures on the sores they create, and the corruption their base appetites lead them to prefer to the fresh and sound in letters and the social system. To them pleasant fields and beauties have appeared more welcome than miry ways, and deformities detected on the right and the left as they passed along. Thus their vehicles have been convenient or handsome carriages, and not mud-carts with offal and offence. Must not the wise and good therefore rejoice in the prosperity which has attended their efforts; feeling that they have been directed to improve and humanize the public mind? We believe that such is the unanimous opinion of the world—an opinion with which upon the best of grounds, on very attentive examination, we most cordially agree.

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Extraordinary Literary Enterprise. — In March, 1845, M. Dumas, the celebrated French novelist, contracted literary obligations to the amount of eighty volumes, to be paid in a few months, including "Le Conde de Monte Christo," "Le Fils de Milady," "Le Viconte de Cragelonne," "Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge," "La Fille du Regent," "Histoire de la Peinture," "Siècle de Louis XV.," "La Guerre des Femmes," &c. These works, it is true, bear some analogy to the copyrights enumerated by Swift in Mr. Edward Curll's catalogue, as "several taking title-pages, which only wanted treatises written to them." Yet the payments of M. Dumas must necessarily have been heavy. He owed 225,000 lines. He wrote five *feuilletons* for five different journals, and had "three horses, three servants, and the railway continually waiting for copy."

To conduct the monetary department of this immense establishment, M. Dumas had no cashier—a deficiency the more deplorable, from his own avowed inability to perform any operation in arithmetic. The trial was stopped for some minutes, while he vainly endeavored to ascertain the sum of 12+26+6, an amount which the President at length kindly informed him was 44. It seems, however, that at this period of his liabilities, the editors of the *Presse* and the *Constitutionnel* determined to buy up, monopolize, and keep in bond the entire produce of his genius for five years to come, so that through the medium of their columns alone could he be put in *rapport* with the civilized world. Two treaties were accordingly signed, on the 28th and 30th of March, by which M. Dumas bound himself to write no more than eighteen volumes of romances *per annum* for the five ensuing years, whereof nine were to go to the *Constitutionnel*, and nine for the *Presse*, and for which he was to receive the respectable consideration of 63,000f. a year. The fate of these greedy speculators may serve as a warning to all forestallers and regraters. The artificial scarcity which they projected affected none but themselves. *They* got nothing, while M. Dumas still distributed himself over the field of literature and philanthropy in a thousand fertilizing rills.

"Vehemens et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni
Fudit opes, Latiumque beavit divite lingua.

Inasmuch, however, as M. Dumas took the money, though he withheld the goods, the patience and pockets of the editors began to sink, and they at length summoned him before the Civil Tribunal. M. Dumas attended in person to plead his own cause, in the presence of such an audience as had never been seen. The charge against him was twofold—that he had written where he ought not, and had not written where he ought; and his defence accordingly assumed a similar division. His plea to the first count was rather embarrassed. M. Dumas could hardly tell what he had written, received, or paid. One "poor little thing of 11,000 lines he might have given away—the Tribunal would easily believe he might forget it." In a single point only at this stage of the trial was his refutation triumphant. The plaintiffs had rashly charged him with writing for the *Mode* a romance called "Elizabeth."

"What!" he burst forth, "is it supposed that I could write a romance called 'Elizabeth,' when I hate the name? I ask pardon of any lady here present who may be named 'Elizabeth.' (Varied movement.) But I am forced to avow that the name is one of my antipathies. (Sensation.) I have published 300 volumes—I have written twenty-five dramas; and I will defy any person to discover in any one of my romances, or in any one of my dramas, the word 'Elizabeth.' (Explosion.)"

Then came the second count. Admitting that the previous mortgages on M. Alexandre's genius necessitated some pacification of these outlying claimants, there remained the question why did he not write for his legitimate owners during the whole of last summer and autumn? Nothing could be more simple than the plaintiffs' case. M. Dumas had contracted to supply their papers with romances; he had taken the money for so doing, and had then done nothing of the sort, but had disported himself in Spain and Africa, hunting wild beasts, and ransoming prisoners. The repose of a French author is really terrific. The active life of a man who rests himself by lion-hunting in Barbary must be incomprehensibly grand. To these pleas, however, that he had taken his money and run away from his work, M. Dumas replied as follows:

"I went to Spain. I accompanied the Duke of Montpensier to Madrid. I alone, of all the Frenchmen, was invited to the marriage. I alone received the Grand Cross of Charles III. I went to Tunis. There I was received still better. There reigns a Prince who, though a Tunisian, is not a savage, and who knows our worth. He gave me the Grand Cross of the Order of Nichan. It was I who went into the interior of Africa to save twelve Frenchmen. It was I who rescued them. It was I who had a steam frigate of 220 horse power placed at my disposal—a vessel which had been never given but to me and to a Prince. It was I who conveyed the prisoners to Djemma-Ghazaouat, where I was received by 3000 persons, who offered me a *bouquet*, the remembrance of which consoles me for the insults I have this day received."

The engagements of M. Dumas required that he should be in Paris; the historical policy of France required that he should be in Spain. It is, of course, needless to inquire which of these considerations should give way. When the trial was proceeding, M. Dumas was "escorted to his carriage by an immense crowd, who returned his salutes with enthusiastic plaudits." It is clear that he carries with him the sentiments of the nation. The niggardly and mean-spirited complainants, who would fetter genius to the terms of a bargain, and set the vulgar consideration of a few thousand francs against the grandeur of their country, meet with no compassion, excepting from the Court. M. Dumas "represented literature" throughout Spain and Africa; six persons in the suite represented painting and the drama; he carried the glory of France to an unexampled height in two quarters of the globe, and he thought he had earned the unquestioned right of pocketing his salary and repudiating his engagements.—*Court Journal.*

Hungarian Language Proscribed.—A prohibition has just been issued at Leipsic against the publication for the future of any works whatsoever in the Hungarian language. The reasons assigned are, 1st, that the printing-offices are not furnished with all that is necessary for such undertakings; and, 2dly, that there are no censors acquainted with the language, and consequently, they would be unable to report on their contents; as if this were the author's fault, or as if he ought to suffer on that account. How any government can, in the 19th century, have the—shall we call it courage or hardihood?—to enforce such laws, is to us perfectly incomprehensible.

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Lord Morpeth and Cricketing.—It may not be known to many, and we had the happiness of being one of the few who had become acquainted with the fact, that during the last three years—indeed ever since the noble viscount returned to his native shores—Lord Morpeth had been constant and unceasing in his efforts to cultivate cricket amongst all classes of society, but especially amongst those who are engaged in agricultural and manufacturing pursuits. It has not been an uncommon thing, in the progress of the period we have alluded to, to see his Lordship scoring throughout a match which has been played by the servants of his noble family against another club or a different parish; and his Lordship has been often heard to say that whenever the opportunity was afforded to him of furthering the practice or the interests of so national and healthful a sport, he would not permit it to escape. It is gratifying, therefore, to find that one of his high and proud birth should carry into office the opinions and intentions which were expressed when holding the simple position of a private gentleman. Lord Morpeth, when merely the son of an earl, patronized, by his pocket and cheering presence and personal assistance, the first of England's pastimes. Lord Morpeth, now a Minister of the Crown, and consequently with increased power, has, in his official character, given instructions, or permission, that nine acres of a park, which is even yet in the course of formation, the Victoria park, situated somewhere below Whitechapel, shall be reserved and prepared as a cricket ground for the inhabitants of the district. It is but fair to infer that the results which Lord Morpeth witnessed in Northumberland, from the constant commingling of classes in the practice of the game upon all who were engaged in the matches, or, indeed, in the pastime, has led to this step—one, too, which, in the present rage for building, is the more acceptable, setting aside the peculiar circumstances of this particular case, because even the small number of grounds which have been hitherto applied to the purpose of cricket are, we lament to hear, being considerably diminished. This proceeding of the noble lord comes with increased benefits and claims upon the sympathies of the public. It is a boon of vastly enhanced value, and in proportion is his Lordship entitled to the thanks of the world at large. We earnestly trust we may hear of further grants of land for the recreation of the people. A park is to be laid out in Battersea-fields; could not a portion be set aside for cricket?—*Sheffield Iris.*

Extraordinary. — Rabbi-Hirsch-Daennemark, whose wonderful memory and sight have produced a great sensation in Russia, France, and Germany, and puzzled the most eminent men of the faculty, made his appearance at the Sussex-hall, on Thursday, the 30th ultimo. At a mere glance he exactly told the number of lines on a page, in manuscript or print. In any Hebrew book, or in any other language interspersed with Hebrew words, the rabbi told, without looking in, the words occurring on the line and page being named. A pin being stuck through ever so many leaves, he tells the exact word to which the point of the pin penetrates. This he accomplished in books which some of the audience brought from home. Being rather an uneducated man, and not able to read any other language than Hebrew, his extraordinary powers cannot be brought to bear upon any other language. He wears a diamond ring, presented to him by the Emperor of Russia, and a gold watch, by Prince Metternich. The Germans call him "Der Wunder Man" (the man of wonder), and no one yet has been able to explain his remarkable but undeniable ability of telling that which he does not see, and never has seen before. His demeanor is wild and incoherent, and indicates not the usual soundness of mind.

Charles Lever, the Novelist.—A great many writers have already distinguished themselves by narrative of military adventure. Of these, by far the best and most spirited, is Charles Lever. I don't know whether he ever was in the army, or bore the banner of the Enniskillens; but I say deliberately, that he has taken the shine out of all military writers from the days of Julius Cæsar downwards. There is a rollicking buoyancy about his battles which to me is perfectly irresistible. In one chapter you have the lads of the fighting Fifty-first bivouacking under the cork trees of Spain, with no end of spatchcocks and sherry—telling numerous anecdotes of their early loves, none the worse because the gentleman is invariably disappointed in his pursuit of the well jointured widow—or arranging for a speedy duel with that ogre of the army, the saturnine and heavy dragoon. In the next, you have them raging like lions in the very thickest of the fight, pouring withering volleys into the shattered columns of the Frenchmen—engaged in single-handed combats with the most famous marshals of the empire, and not unfrequently leaving marks of their prowess upon the persons of Massena or Murat. Lever, in fact, sticks at nothing. His heroes indiscriminately hob-a-nob with Wellington, or perform somersets at leap-frog over the shoulders of the astonished Bonaparte; and, though somewhat given to miscellaneous flirtation, they all, in the twentieth number, are married to very nice girls,—with lots of money and accommodating papas, who die as soon as they are desired. It may be objected to this delightful writer—and a better never mixed a tumbler—that he is, if anything, too helter-skelter in his narratives; that the officers of the British army do not, as an invariable rule, go into action in a state of delirium tremens: and that O'Shaughnessy, in particular, is rather too fond of furbishing up, for the entertainment of the mess, certain stories which have been current for the last fifty years in Tipperary. These, however, are very minor points of criticism, and such as need not interfere with our admiration of the light lancer of literature, who always writes like a true and high minded gentleman.—*Blackwood.*

Festival in Honor of Spohr.—On the 22d of last month, Cassel was witness of a truly characteristic festival. On that day, the celebrated composer, Spohr, had been for twenty-five years a resident in the town, and his fellow-citizens determined it should not pass over unnoticed. His royal highness the co-regent gave evidence of the high estimation in which he held his master of the chapel, by naming him general director of music, a rank which gives him the *entrée* to court. The King of Prussia surprised him also by sending him the Order of the Red Eagle. His house and gardens were thronged during the day by those who were anxious to bring him their congratulations, and to testify their esteem. From the town of Cassel, as well as from Göttingen, he received the rights of citizenship. In the evening a piece written for the occasion was represented at the theatre, which was crowded to excess. Favorite scenes from Spohr's operas were given, which were followed by *tableaux.* In the pretty piece which was afterwards given, a deputation of the members of the theatre fetched the composer from his box, and he presently

appeared on the stage, where a chair was placed for him. His appearance was welcomed by the orchestra, and the shouts and applause of all present. One of the ladies then advanced, and after repeating some complimentary verses, placed a wreath of laurel on his brows. The stage was immediately covered with a shower of flowers, wreaths, and pieces of poetry. On the following day his most intimate friends and his family assembled, and many were the testimonies of regard which he received from all those who have had an opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with him.

Mr. Dempster in England.—The United States of America continue to send us over not only cotton and flour, but rich contributions to our means of entertainment. There is something in the character of these contributions that is extremely gratifying;—a native simplicity, a spirit of pure intellect and poetry, which comes like a breeze from a transatlantic forest, like a sudden view of a far-western champaign, or the rolling strength of one of their great rivers. There are those who go to witness the power and passion of Miss Cushman, who complain that she has not softness and finish enough for them; there are those who listened to the Hutchinsons who exclaimed, "Oh, there is no science there!" there will be those who will go to listen to Mr. Dempster, who will make the wonderful discovery that he is not Tamburini, or Lablache. We should be sorry to find that Miss Cushman, or the Hutchinsons, or Mr. Dempster, were anything but what they are. They are representatives of the best portion of American artists. They make no pretensions to the superb accomplishments of Europe; they do not carry coals to Newcastle all the way from the Alleghanies; they do not bring the finest quavers from Alabama, or the most long-drawn or high-soaring flights of song from Buffalo. They know better. They bring us that which we need, and not that which we do not need,—soul, and thought, and simple truth, and a sentiment deep and pure as the springs of their forest hills. We have heard a great deal from our travellers of the conceit, and the 'cute impertinence of Americans; how delightful is it then to find in all the parties just named the very opposite of those qualities; to find, as we do, such true simplicity, such genuine worth, and so natural a possession of the noblest poetic temperament. In them we discover the total absence of that worldly knowingness which so much repels us in actors and singers who have lived too much amongst the crowds and the lamp smoke of London. There is a delightful freshness about them; a love of the beautiful and the noble, which gives a charm to their acting or their singing, which we fail to feel in many others of far higher pretensions. We are becoming fastidious towards art without sentiment; we long for the earnest expression of the true, the beautiful, and the tender.—*Howitt's Journal.*

Poetry of Tennyson.—"I forthwith dived to the bottom of my bag, and eviscerated the first volume of 'Tennyson's Poems,' which, strange to confess, I had never read before, having been deterred by a most villanous prejudice, adopted from some 'false, fleeting' criticism which represented them as replete with poetic power, but wild, irregular, and affected; which I translated into meaning something you are bound to admire, and compelled to dislike. I was therefore no less astonished than delighted with the passionate beauty, the intensity of generous pathos, the felicitous expression of a weight of human experience in few words, which, while they charmed, smote me with remorse for my long neglect of a great, original, deep-hearted poet. And yet it seemed almost impossible to believe that some of the poems were new to me. With so singular a felicity did they touch on some chords of feeling and memory, that they seemed old, but strangely-forgotten things,—strains heard in remote boyhood,—voices breathed with mighty, but homely power, from the depth of years. It seemed to me, as I read, as if I knew what was coming next, as our real life sometimes seems to break on the fragments of a reviving dream;—yet how far beyond all my poor conceptions was the grace and glory with which fragments of my own being seemed invested!"

Danish Scientific Expedition.—A Danish man-of-war, the Galathea, is now on a voyage round the world. We find in our files of China papers, some account of her progress and her visit to China. She is said to have been the first man-of-war that ever visited China from Denmark. The Danes were among the earliest to open a trade with China, but unlike the Portuguese, who led the way to the Celestial Empire with men-of-war and merchantmen together, they went only as merchantmen. Previously to 1745, the Danes had sent to China 32 ships, 22 of which never returned, so difficult and dangerous was the navigation of the Eastern seas in those early times.

The Galathea is a corvette, carrying 26 guns. The object of her cruise is both scientific and diplomatic. She is commanded by Captain Steen Bille, the chamberlain to her Royal Highness the Princess Caroline of Denmark; and she has on board a scientific corps, including zoologists, botanists, mineralogists, painters for the department of natural history, &c., with a crew of 230 men.—She left Copenhagen in June, 1845, and touching at Madeira, Tranquebar, and Madras, reached Calcutta early in November. During her stay at Tranquebar and Calcutta, a formal transfer was made to the British authorities of the Danish possessions on the main land. At Calcutta, the expedition was joined by a commercial agent, appointed by the king of Denmark, and who had arrived by way of Suez. A Steamer was purchased on account of the Danish Government, at Calcutta, and sent to Pulo Penang, to carry a company of Chinese laborers to the Nicobar Islands; where some of the officers and the mineralogists designed to remain, for purposes of exploration.

The Galathea reached the Nicobars early in January, 1846, and remained there several weeks, during which time great pains were taken to explore those long-neglected islands. The search for coal is said to have been successful. Having stopped at Penang, Singapore, Batavia, and Manilla, the Galathea reached Hong Kong in June, just a year from the time of her sailing from Copenhagen. She was at Wampoa in July, and her marines went up to Canton to quell the riot which occurred there on the 25th of that month. She afterwards visited Amoy and Shanghai, and subsequently sailed for the Sandwich Islands, Sydney, and the West coast of America, intending to pass round the Cape to Rio, and thence return to Copenhagen, where she expected to arrive about the present time.

Mr. Grenville's Library.—The late Mr. T. Grenville's Library, consisting of 20,300 volumes, as bequeathed by him, has been moved into the British Museum. It required five days to complete this transfer; and the estimated value of the legacy is at least 100,000*l.*

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PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

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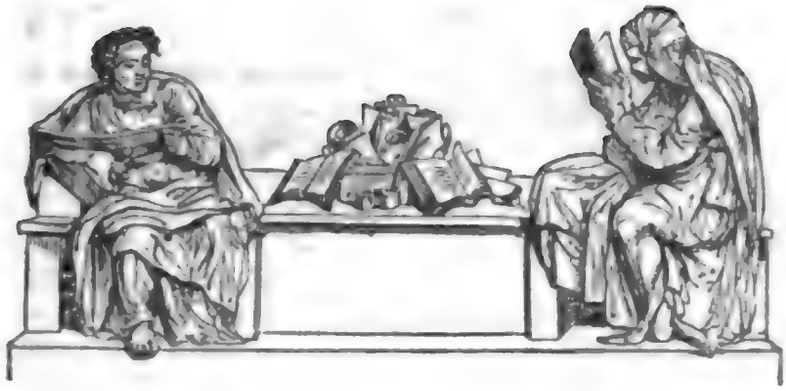

THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JUNE, 1847.

From the Quarterly Review.

ART OF DRESS.

1. *British Costume. A Complete History of the Dress of the Inhabitants of the British Islands.* By J. R. Planché, Esq. With Illustrations. A new Edition. London. 1847.
2. *Costume in England.* By F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. With above six hundred Engravings, drawn on wood by the Author. London. 1846.
3. *The Book of Costumes—or Annals of Fashion.* By a Lady of Rank. With numerous Engravings. London. 1846.

It suited us for centuries to circulate a well-turned set of fallacies respecting woman's incapacity for keeping a secret—the motive being merely thereby to secure an innocent scapegoat, on whom to lay the shame of our own indiscretions. Now we are too happy when one of the sex will condescend to become the confidante of any secrets we may possess, and feel them honored by her acceptance, whether she keeps them or no. For centuries we agreed that education was a dangerous thing for her—only because we felt how much better use she would make of it than ourselves: and Milton taught his daughters to pronounce Greek and Latin so that they might read the classics aloud for his pleasure, but forbade their understanding the meaning of a word for their own—for which he deserved to be blind. Now, we not only make them welcome to help themselves to any of the fruits of science, or flowers of literature, as plentifully as they please, but are too happy, as all editors and publishers will testify, when we can prevail upon them to help us as well.

There is one fallacy, however, still current against woman, which we must take this public opportunity of renouncing. A certain ungallant old Father, soured by the circumstances of his lot, relieved some of his spleen by defining woman ζῶον φιλοκοσμον—*Anglicè*—an animal that delights in finery: and this saying, naturally soothing to disappointed laymen as well as those of the Father's own order, continued an authority even to the time of the amiable Spectator, who was not ashamed to quote it. We had, nevertheless, long ago serious doubts on the venerable *dictum:* and are, therefore, the more obliged to the books now enumerated — especially that which being written by "a Lady of Rank," is not to be questioned—for the accumulated evidence they have produced in favor of our hesitation. We think they have made it pretty clear that in all that appertains to finery in dress, the sex to which the Father himself belonged has not only always kept pace, but frequently outstripped the other: and that whilst our poets, moralists, and

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clergy, have been satirizing and denouncing the extravagances and absurdities of female apparel, we have been flaunting and strutting away, under cover of our own fire, far more extravagant and absurd than they. It results from Mr. Planché's History and the other meritorious works now before us, that in our own favored country at least we cannot point to one single excess or caprice which has appeared on the beautiful person of woman, that has not had its counterpart, as bad or worse, upon the ugly body of man. We have had the same effeminate stuffs—the same fine laces—the same rich furs—the same costly jewels. We have had as much gold and embroidery, and more tinsel and trumpery. We have worn long hair and large sleeves, and tight waists, and full petticoats. We have sported stays and stomachers—muffs, ear-rings, and love-locks. We have rouged, and patched, and padded, and laced. Where they have indulged a little excess in one part, we have broken out ten times worse in another. If they have had head-dresses like the moon's crescent, we have had shoes like a ram's horn. If they have lined their petticoats with whalebone, we have stuffed our trunk-hose with bran. If they have wreathed lace ruffs round their lovely throats, we have buttoned them about our clumsy legs. If they carried a little mirror openly on their fans, we have concealed one slily in our pockets. In short, wherever we look into the history of mankind, whether through the annals of courtiers, the evidence of painters, or, as now, through the condescending researches of a Lady of Rank, we find two animals equally fond of dress; but only one worth bestowing it on:—which the Greek Father doubtless knew as well as we.

In this age, however, it would be difficult to impugn us for any over-indulgence of this propensity—the male costume being reduced to a mysterious combination of the inconvenient and the unpicturesque, which, except in the light of a retribution, it is puzzling to account for. Hot in summer—cold in winter—useless for either keeping off rain or sun—stiff but not plain—bare without being simple—not durable, not becoming, and not cheap. Man is like a corrupt borough: the only way to stop the evil has been to deprive him of his franchise. He—we mean the man of civil life—the military are not at present in question—the *pekin* is no longer even allowed the option of making himself ridiculous. Not a single article is left in his wardrobe with which he can even make what is called an impression—a conquest is out of the question. Each taken separately is as absurd as the emptiest fop could have devised, and as ugly as the staunchest Puritan could have desired. The hat is a machine which an impartial stranger might impute a variety of useful culinary purposes to, but would never dream of putting on his head. His stock looks like a manacle with which he has escaped from prison, or his cravat like a lasso, with which he has been caught in the act. His shirt-collars may be entitled to their name of *vater-mordern* (or father-murderers) in Germany,* but certainly never did any other execution there or elsewhere. His coat is a contrivance which covers only half his person, and does not fit that; while his waistcoat, if a strait one, would be an excellent restraint for one who can contentedly wear the rest of the costume. Each article, in addition, being under such strict laws, that whoever attempts to alter or embellish, only gets credit for more vanity than his fellows, and not for more taste.

Not that the exercise of taste in such matters is by any means forbidden, or even restrained, by us. It would be dreadful if it were, being, as it is, a powerful instinct in our nature. The only mistake has been, and nothing surely but the most egregious conceit could have led us into it, in imagining it was ever intended to be exercised on ourselves! Even if woman had been made as ugly as we, she would still, no doubt, have been the object of our highest intellectual devotion; but woman was made "exceedingly fair," a creature not only fitted for all the deference and homage our minds could bestow, but obviously intended for the most elegant wardrobes and brilliant trousseaus our pockets could furnish; entitled on every principle of reason as well as the Bridgewater Treatises to the very handsomest Allowances that the parental or conjugal purse can possibly afford.

It is very true that our liberality is by no means in all cases what it should be: but let no woman, therefore, suppose that any man can be really indifferent to her appearance. The instinct may have been deadened in his mind by a slatternly negligent mother, or by plain, maiden, low-church sisters; but she may be sure it is *there*, and, with a little adroitness, capable of revival. Of course the immediate effect

* From the legend of a student who returned from the university with such a stiff pair that on embracing his governor they cut his throat.

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of a well-chosen feminine toilet operates differently in different minds. In some it causes a sense of actual pleasure; in others a consciousness of passive enjoyment. In some it is intensely felt while present; in others only missed when gone. None can deny its power over them, more or less; or, for their own sakes, had better not be believed if they do.

Such being the case, the responsibilities of a wife in this department are very serious. In point of fact she dresses for two, and in neglecting herself, virtually defrauds her neighbor. Nature has expressly assigned her as the only safe investment for his vanities; and she who wantonly throws them back from their natural course deserves either to see them break out on his own person, or appear in that of another.

But, independent of the plain law of instinct, there is one for the promotion of dress among ladies which may be plainer still to some—and this is the law of self-interest. It is all very well for bachelors to be restricted to a costume which expresses nothing beyond a general sense of their own unfitness to be seen—since they can be safely trusted for publishing their characters to the world with that forwardness which is their chief element—but heaven forbid that the spinsters should ever take to the same outward neutrality. With their habitual delicacy of mind, and reserve of manner, dress becomes a sort of symbolical language—a kind of personal glossary—a species of body phrenology, the study of which it would be madness to neglect. Will Honeycomb says that he can tell the humor a woman is in by the color of her hood. We go further, and maintain that, to a proficient in the science, every woman walks about with a placard on which her leading qualities are advertised.

If, for instance, you meet one, no matter whether pale or rosy, fat or thin, who is always noticeable for something singular and *outré* in her dress—a hat with all the colors of the rainbow, or of a new color never imagined before—a gown so trimmed that she cannot lean back upon it—a cloak so cut that she cannot walk upright in it—a new kind of quilling which scratches her and catches everybody else—a new pattern, which blinds the eyes to look at—a *berthe* strung of beads from Nova Zembla—a boa woven of feathers from New Zealand—and if, further, she wears them all with a piteous dejected look, as if she were a martyr to the service, you may be sure that this is a shy, timid, weak soul, who, while she is attracting all eyes to her costume, has no other thought than how she may best escape observation. The truth is, the very fear that would keep others back is the spell to draw her on. She is so afraid of being out of the pale of the Mode, that she plunges into the most singular extreme to be perfectly sure she is in it. At the same time she looks upon Fashion as a sort of awful power, whom it is impossible to serve with any comfort or convenience to one's self, and is accordingly never satisfied that she is perfectly fashionable unless she feels herself perfectly miserable, too. This is a prize to the milliners, whose insight into human nature, through the garb it wears, is all for our argument, and who, seeing immediately that she has neither taste nor judgment of her own, can always persuade her to lead some forlorn hope, called "the very last fashion," but which no one else would have courage to be first in.

Again, if after this unfortunate has passed on her way you meet another equally as extravagant in her style, only with this difference, that she has opinions of her own, and those of a most *prononcé* kind:—if she wear the largest pattern and the gaudiest colors upon the most ordinary material—or the highest flounces upon the richest;—if, being poor, she has a quantity of sham lace, mock fur, or false jewelry—showing that her object is not economy but display:—or if, being rich, she mixes up the best together—pearls on head, cameos on neck, and diamonds on stomacher:—if she disposes her hair in inordinate long curls, or extraordinarily curious braids;—and if beneath a skirt which covers an incredible circumference of ground, or beneath a body which hardly covers any space at all, you catch glimpses of subtextures neither neat, clean, nor fine—you may guess that this is a very vain and vulgar ζῶον, and probably a bold one too.

Thirdly, if another confronts you, more decided still in her outward language than either of the foregoing—who seems to have no rule of fashion except that of departing from the prevailing one—who has her gowns always short when other people's are long, or *vice versâ*—goes about holding them up above the highest water-mark in fine weather, and is sure to be always drabbled in wet—has the vanity to sport a black velvet clasped across her forehead—the sluttery to leave her gloves unbuttoned—or the audacity to brave dingy black or dull green

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next her skin—wears her hair in a crop, being forty years of age, or no cap, being bald or grey—puts on a turban to drink tea with two people, or an innocent white frock for a party of two hundred—she is what is called a woman of "strong mind," in other words, of very coarse manners—probably a radical, certainly a dissenter, very likely somewhat of a sceptic.

But now a female of a very different character crosses our path—we follow it with some uncertainty. A powerful straw bonnet—or a massive black velvet one. A knitted shawl of coarse materials, or what was once a black scarf, with a deep frill added to make it a mantilla. A gown of no describable type, which hangs emptily, and slopes in towards the feet—a stiff squirrel boa and cotton gloves. This figure is puzzling. It is not a maid-servant, for the clothes are more expensive, less tasty, and better put on. It is not an old woman, for the step, though demure, is elastic. It is not a vulgar woman, for though indescribably dowdy, she is scrupulously neat. It is not otherwise than a lady, though there is not the slightest wish evident of being thought one. We look in her face this once, though we shall never require to do so again; and there, at the very bottom of that hat, we discover the cold mild eye and headachy complexion, indicative of the lady of Puritan or Evangelical principles. What her in-doors morning garb is we do not know, but should think she has none, for she never stays at home; nor her evening dress, for we are not admitted to those circles, but understand that it consists in a rather showy but truly hideous silk dress, very much cut and carved about the body, and with the same tendency to contract towards the base—with the same squirrel boa on her shoulders, and her hair very ill got up behind. Still there are some recommendations to this dress which we cannot pass over. It may make a woman look gloomy and unattractive; but never, what is much worse, pleased and vulgar. There is also a consoling consideration associated with it in the mind. You feel that there has been no rating or scolding of the dress-maker; but that when the dress was put into her hands, the order was simply given—"Make it as you will—don't ask me—if it be but unbecoming I shall be satisfied." Becoming, however, in one sense will that garb ever be in which charity attireth herself. We could wish certainly that this class of excellent ladies would either dissent entirely from the established mode, or else conform with better grace. Still, be it what it may, now that we know to whom the costume belongs, we shall ever look upon it with respect.

Far different from all we have hitherto reviewed, are the dress doctrines of her who next follows—though not so easily exemplified in details as in generals. The first study seems to be the becoming—her second the good—the third the fashionable—which, if it be both good and becoming, always is or may be. You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen, and the recommendations of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever laws fashion dictates, she follows laws of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or at least made by a French milliner, but which as often as not are bought at the nearest town, and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is always either rich or new—on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors—nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she either refreshes you with a spirited contrast, or composes you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cordings. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh, and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so as that which is. After all, there is no great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and—her own points! And no woman can dress well who does not. After this we need not say, that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome, nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even tempered, well informed, thoroughly sensible, and a complete lady.

We need not pursue our illustrations further. The student who has accompanied us will soon find out that he who

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lounges may read. In some dresses he may safely invest his vanities, or any other better thing he may happen to have disengaged—with others we would hardly insure his purse.

Of course there are a number of the sex, especially among very young ladies, who, from one reason or another, deficiencies in the pocket, or the tyranny or tastelessness of those put in authority over them, are prevented from doing justice to their own talents in this line. "But then," as Burns says—

> "There's something in their gait
> Gars ony claes look weel."

Upon the whole, a prudent and sensible man, desirous of "looking before he leaps," may safely predicate of the inner lining from the outer garment, and be thankful that he has this, at least, to go by. That there are such things as female pirates who hang out false lights to entrap unwary mariners, we do not deny. It is only to be hoped that sooner or later they may catch a Tartar on their coasts. For of all the various denominations of swindlers who practise on the goodness or the weakness of mankind, that woman is the basest who is a dandy during courtship and a dowdy after marriage.

As regards an affectation not unfrequent in the sex—that of apathy towards the affairs of the toilet, we can only assure them for their own sakes, that there is not a worse kind of affectation going. We should doubt, in the first place, whether the woman who is indifferent to her own appearance be a woman at all. At all events, she must be either a hardened character, or an immense heiress, or a first-rate beauty,—or think herself one. There might be instances, like the fair Elgiva, of women having been tyrannically disfigured on purpose to alienate the affections of those they loved; but what history can cite the woman who could voluntarily disfigure herself to alienate the affections even of one she loathed? Elfrida would not dress herself ill even to save her husband Athelstane's life; and though Miss Strickland sticks to the old story that the Countess of Salisbury put on a negligent attire to divert the attentions of Edward III.; yet, if the truth were known, we make no doubt it was a becoming one.

Another foolish habit, which we have remarked ladies to indulge in, is that of stigmatizing fashion as a thing of whims and caprices; which works in a blind random helter-skelter way, and drags its votaries along much in the same manner. Even the "Lady of Rank" has passed this fallacy without examination, and talks of "the usual absurdities of Fashion,"—"of the capricious Goddess,"—"of Fashion's amusing itself at the expense of her votaries," &c., &c., with a frequency which in a legislatrix of no rank might be tiresome. Now, far from this being the case, the attentive student will soon discover that Fashion, like the animal or vegetable or mineral kingdom, has laws and boundaries of her own, deep seated in the nature of things; and that if she be a goddess at all, she is one of very regular habits. He will find that she always preserves certain balances and proportions; that when they had great farthingales they had enormous ruffs; when they had short waists they had low foreheads; when they had wide sleeves they had wide coiffures; when they had tight sleeves they had small heads—and so on. Of course, in the time of transition, when a struggle is taking place between the plumage that is casting off and that which is coming on, some apparent confusion may occur—as all birds are shabby in their moulting season. But the worst discrepancies are occasioned by one class of foolish women who have not the sense to be off with the old love before they are on with the new, and try to combine both the old chrysalis and the new wings:—or by another class, female Nashes, who ignorantly mix up all styles of architecture, and put an antique portico on to a modern body. We merely throw out hints; but the subject is worth a systematic investigation. That there should be such a thing as fashion in dress at all, does not enter into our argument, and would indeed be unworthy the consideration of any rational being. With fashion in thought, speech, arts and sciences, law, physic, politics, and religion, the world would be strangely out of fashion indeed, if there were none in dress.

But to return to our immediate subject. Having thus explained the final cause of dress as an instinct implanted in man, and exercised by woman solely for his good, let us endeavor with all due humility to say something about the experimental department.

We are inclined to think that the female attire of the present day is, upon the whole, in as favorable a state as the most vehement advocates for what is called Nature and simplicity could desire. It is a costume

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in which they can dress quickly, walk nimbly, eat plentifully, stoop easily, loll gracefully; and, in short, perform all the duties of life without let or hindrance. The head is left to its natural size—the skin to its native purity—the waist at its proper region—the heels at their real level. The dress is one calculated to bring out the natural beauties of the person, and each of them has, as far as we see, fair play. In former days, what was known of a woman's hair in the cap of Henry VIII.'s time,—or of her forehead under her hair in George III.'s time,—or of the slenderness of her throat in a gorget of Edward I.'s time,—or of the fall of her shoulders in a welt or wing in Queen Elizabeth's time,—or of the shape of her arm in a great bishop-sleeve even in our time? Nowadays, all these points receive full satisfaction for past neglect, and a woman breaks upon us in such a plenitude of charms that we hardly know where to begin the catalogue. Hair light as silk in floating curls, or massive as marble in shining coils. Forehead bright and smooth as mother-of-pearl, and arched in matchless symmetry by its own beautiful drapery. Ear, which for centuries had lain concealed, set on the side of the head like a delicate shell. Throat, a lovely stalk, leading the eye upwards to a lovelier flower, and downwards along a fair sloping ridge, undulating in the true line of beauty, to the polished precipice of the shoulder; whence, from the pendant calyx of the shortest possible sleeve, hangs a lovely branch, smooth and glittering like pale, pink coral, slightly curved towards the figure, and terminating in five taper petals, pinker still, folding and unfolding "at their own sweet will," and especially contrived by Nature to pick your heart clean to the bone before you know what they are about.

And plenty more of similar charms, "dealing destruction's devastating doom" to all who are fireproof. Nor need you even despair of seeing the feet, which at this our happy era lie in ambuscade only the more securely to wound, and "like little mice peep in and out" beneath the skirt's deep and plentiful folds. Nor is the ankle even hopeless, if you are sufficiently attentive, and if it be worth showing.

The present dress has some features worth dwelling on more minutely. The gown is a good thing, both in its morning and evening form, and contains all necessary elements for showing off a fine figure and a graceful movement. Till lately it was cut down in a sharp angle low in front, with the collar running down it, which made the throat look long; now it is closed up quite high with the collar sprouting round it, which makes the throat look round. There is something especially beautiful too in the expanse of breast and shoulder, as seen in a tight plain-colored high dress—merino or silk—like a fair sloping sunny bank—with the long taper arms, and the slender waist so tempting and convenient between them, that it is a wonder they are not perpetually embracing it themselves. Nor is this effect lost in the evening-dress; but on the contrary increased, by the *berthe's* carrying out that fair sunny bank still deeper, or rather environing it with a rich ring fence, of which we admire the delicacy and beauty, though it impedes our view of what is beyond. Far be from us to attempt to describe the mystery of the *berthe*—except as the *cestus* of Venus transferred from the waist to the shoulders. We men have worn almost every part of a woman's dress, so that scarcely one sex has been known from the other; but thank Heaven, this at all events has remained sacred. No man ever wore a *berthe*.

And then, to let our eyes fall lower, if they will, the long full folds of the skirt, which lie all close together above, like the flutings of an Ionic column, as if loath to quit that sweet waist, but expand gradually below as if fearing to fetter those fairy feet—and the gentle swinging of the robe from side to side, like a vessel in calmest motion, and the silver whisper of the trailing silk as that dear one slowly approaches, the hem of whose garment we long to kiss. Low that hem and close to the ground, but we would not have it higher. Let the foliage sweep the earth, rather than grow, as with a grazing line above it. And if there be portions of this vile world—streets, and squares, and crossings—too impure for the drapery to touch, are they not doubly so for those feet?

Flounces are a nice question. We like them when they wave and flow, as in a very light material—muslin, or gauze, or *barège*—when a lady has no outline and no mass, but looks like a receding angel, or a "dissolving view;" but we do not like them in a rich material where they flop, or in a stiff one where they bristle; and where they break the flowing lines of the petticoat, and throw light and shade where you don't expect them. In short, we like the gown that

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can do without flounces, as Josephine liked a face that could do without whiskers; but in either case it must be a good one.

The plain black scarf is come of too graceful a parentage—namely, from the Spanish and Flemish mantilla—not to constitute one of the best features of the present costume. It serves to join the two parts of the figure together, enclosing the back and shoulders in a firm defined outline of their own, and flowing down gracefully in front, or on each side, to mix with that of the skirt. That man must be a monster who could be impertinent to a woman in any dress, but especially to a woman in a black scarf. It carries an air of self-respect with it which is in itself a protection. A woman thus attired glides on her way like a small close-reefed vessel—tight and trim—seeking no encounter, but prepared for one. Much, however, depends upon the wearing indeed, no article of dress is such a revealer of the wearer's character. Some women will drag it tight up their shoulders, and stick out their elbows (which ought not to be known to exist) in defiance at you—beneath. Such are of the independent class we described, with strong sectarian opinions. Others let it hang loose and listless like an idle sail, losing all the beauty of the outline both moral and physical. Such ladies have usually no opinions at all, but none the less a very obstinate will of their own.

Some few of what are nowadays called mantillas, which are the cardinals or the capucins of a century ago, are pleasing and blameless. A black velvet one, turned up with a broad dull black lace, like bright metal chased with dead, is very good. Also, when made of plain silk, black or light-colored, with no other trimmings than, in milliner's language, "the own." But too often these articles, of which an endless variety exists, are merely made the vehicle for indulging in a weakness for fringe, gimp, and other such trumpery, with which they are overloaded. Armholes too are a part of them to which we particularly object. The lady behind them looks as if she was sitting in the stocks for a public misdemeanor, or seeking a customer, and offering her hand through.

Nor is a shawl a recommendable article. We mean a common square one. Some are beautiful in quality, and others too unpretending in pattern to be criticised. But whatever piece of dress conceals a woman's figure, is bound in justice to do so in a picturesque way. This a shawl can never do, with its strict uniformity of pattern—each shoulder alike—and its stiff three-cornered shape behind, with a scroll of pattern standing straight up the centre of the back. If a lady sports a shawl at all, and only very falling shoulders should venture, we should recommend it to be always either falling off or putting on, which produces pretty action, or she should wear it up one shoulder and down the other, or in some way drawn irregularly, so as to break the uniformity. One of the faults of the present costume, as every real artist knows, is, that it offers too few diagonal lines. Nothing is more picturesque than a line across the bust, like the broad ribbon of the garter across our graceful Queen, or the loose girdle sloping across the hips, in the costume of the early Plantagenets. On this very account the long scarf-shawl is as picturesque a thing as a lady can wear. With the broad pattern sweeping over one shoulder, and a narrow one, or none at all on the other, it supplies the eye with that irregularity which drapery requires; while the slanting form and colors of the border lying carelessly round the figure, give that Eastern idea, which every shawl more or less implies. What oriental would ever wear one straight up and down, and uniform on both sides, as our ladies often do?

The female hat of the present day is one of the only very artificial features, and will puzzle future costume-hunters to account for, both in its construction and its use, more than any other article now worn—if, indeed, any memento of it survive, for it is unfit either for painting or sculpture. It is come of a bad race—having nothing to do with the large Spanish beaver—or the picturesque *chapeau de paille* (which, by the way, is not a straw hat at all)—or the celebrated Churchills of the last century, in which the beautiful sister Gunnings turned all heads—but from a combination of the frightful machine invented to cover the high *toupee*, of which the Quakeress hat is a living relic, and the squat, flat, projecting *caps* of silk or gauze, trimmed with bows and feathers, which accompanied the low *coiffure* and short waist of the commencement of this century; from which latter arose the confusion of terms between the French *bonnet* and the English bonnet. Not but what a hat of the present day is becoming enough to some, as any framework filled with laces, ribbons, and flowers round a pretty face must be—but it is at

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best an unmeaning thing, without any character of its own, and never becoming to any face that has much.

There is one of the race, however, for which we must make special exception—not for its native beauties alone, its polished glistening circles, and delicate neutral tints, but for a deep mysterious spell, exercised both over wearer and spectator, in which it stands unrivalled by any other article of female attire; we mean the *plain straw hat*. From the highest to the lowest there is not a single style of beauty with which this hat is not upon the best understanding. It refines the homeliest and composes the wildest; it gives the coquettish young lady a little dash of demureness, and the demure one a slight touch of coquetry; it makes the blooming beauty look more fresh, and the pale one more interesting; it makes the plain woman look, at all events, a lady, and the lady more lady-like still. A vulgar woman never puts on a straw bonnet, or at least not *the* straw bonnet we have in our eye: while the higher the style of carriage, and the richer the accompanying costume, the more does it seem in its native element; so much so, that the most aristocratic beauty in the land, adorned in every other respect with all that wealth can purchase, taste select, or delicacy of person enhance, may not only hide her lofty head with perfect propriety in a plain straw hat, but in one plainer and coarser still than a lower style of woman would venture to wear. Then all the sweet associations that throng about it! pictures of happy childhood, and unconscious girlhood; thoughts of blissful bridal tours, and of healthy country life! and of childhood, girlhood, tours and life such as our own sweet country can alone give. For the crowning association of all consists perhaps in this: that the genuine straw bonnet stamps the genuine Englishwoman; no other country can produce either the hat or the wearer.

But, after all, in these important matters of dress, however recommendable some of these details may separately be, it is a lady's own sense on which their proper application depends. She did not choose her own face and figure, but she does choose her own dress, and it should be ordered according to them. Attention to a few general rules would prevent a great many anomalous appearances: for instance, a woman should never be dressed too little, nor a girl too much; nor should a stumpy figure attempt large patterns, nor a bad walker flounces; nor a short throat carry feathers, nor high shoulders a shawl; and so on. But, as we have just said, every woman in the world may wear a plain straw hat.

Enough has been said now to show that the general elements of female costume were, upon the whole, never more free from the reproach of artificiality or disguise, or more adapted to give full scope to the natural charms of youth and beauty. Still, before quitting the subject, there remains something to be said on the other side: for our arguments, in similar phraseology, "can bear turning," being of that peculiarly immoral texture which they coolly designate as having "neither wrong side nor right."

Of course, to the inward eye of the imagination the mere name of woman presents a vision clothed in perpetual youth and loveliness, or floating in a region too far above us to know precisely how she is clothed at all. But to the outward eye of the senses, which acts as man of business to the inner, bothering it with particulars it never wants to know, it is not to be denied that there are some of these visions which appear not beautiful, and many by no means young. This being the case, a costume expressly adapted for the display of natural charms, is hard upon those who never had any to begin with, or who have parted company with them some time ago. It is like setting a fine stone and an ordinary one both equally transparent—forgetting that what tests the beauty of the one only betrays the defects of the other, which a little dexterous foil might hide. Every jeweller will tell you that it is the inferior stones which depend most on the setting—first-rate ones may stand on their own merits. We have seen, for instance, some *grey* pearls produce a most beautiful effect in a brilliant setting of red and green enamel, which, strung plainly like the Salisbury necklace, would have been frightful. Dress, by the same rule, is the setting of our sweet human pearl:—each delicate and precious, and but increasing in beauty and value the longer and the closer they are worn; though not all valuable or beautiful alike to that same vulgar outward eye which knows nothing of a jewel but its market-price. For the young and the lovely dress is of no importance: they may wear what they please, and the less perhaps the better. The tappa girdle of the nymphs of the Marquesas would be enough for them—but a tappa girdle itself would hardly embarrass

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the old and the plain more than a style of dress which presumes them to be neither one nor the other. 'Tis for them, then, alone, that dress should be *studied*. Where is the advantage of a natural coiffure where there are neither curls like silk, nor coils like marble to display? where is the policy of a plain simple gown exhibiting the whole contour of the figure, when there are only angles to be seen instead of undulations, and shady hollows instead of sunny banks?—or the advantage of uncovering an ear which is less like a delicate shell than some poisonous fungus?—or of showing an arm which may be like a stick, but certainly not of pink coral?

Far more wisdom is there in concealing natural deficiencies than in bringing them to light; and some of the old costumes, however absurd and unnatural they may now appear, not only possessed this merit, but likewise developed much beauty and character in faces which nowadays are thought to have none. The old head-dresses were particularly recommendable for this. The reticulated head-dress, or *crespine*—a gold caul in which the hair was inclosed, sometimes with a fillet round the forehead and under the chin, or a veil hanging from the back—was far more becoming to a majority of faces than the scanty hair which in this country the bad management of a former generation has too generally bequeathed to the present. The enormous horned structures, too, which towered upon a woman's head from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century—some of them starting straight from the forehead, and outlining the upper part of the face firmly, with the drapery pendent on each side—for instance, as seen in the fine effigy of Lady de Thorpe, Ashwellthorpe Church, Norfolk—these, too, gave a grandeur and dignity to countenances which in their present self-dependent state look mean or peculiar. The hair, it is true, was turned to no account except on bridal or coronation-days; but because a few ladies have fine hair, must all be compelled to uncover? Every fancy-ball brings out some striking or interesting face, generally in some such head-dresses as these, which the day before, seen in its own scanty native suit, was overlooked as plain. And such faces are usually of far higher character than those which attract by mere prettiness of complexion or brightness of eye. Take, for instance, a grand Italian contadina, strip her of her *tavaglia* and *spilla*, and put her into an English abigail's costume. An artist may discover some latent beauty, but the majority would condemn her as heavy, dingy, and decidedly plain. Or look nearer home at the New Haven fisherwoman, who, seen "every lawful day" in her cap of Norman extraction, with a bright coarse handkerchief thrown carelessly at the back of it, exhibits always a fine strongly-marked countenance, and often a very handsome one: and see the same woman on Sunday, in a silk or velvet hat, with all due appurtenance of blonde lappets and artificial flowers, and you no longer recognise the common unmeaning face, which has lost all its real character in the attempt to assume one utterly foreign to it.

Certain it is there is no greater mistake or more serious loss to art than in habiting all classes in one and the same costume, as now done in England. How is it possible that the same form of garment which is adapted to the rich and delicate materials, and the slight figure of the woman who lives at ease, should suit the rough textures and clumsy make of the woman who lives by labor! The very association of ideas would alone destroy all possibility. It is this which defrauds our lower class of women of all style of beauty peculiar to themselves, and the world of an incalculable number of fine living pictures. In point of fact, an English peasant woman in her best garb, however comely she may be, only reminds us of a coarser-featured, worse-dressed lady. She ought not to remind us of a lady at all.

But neither the plain woman nor the poor woman suffer so severely by this state of things as another class to whom we have slightly alluded—those advanced and advancing in life. The present style of dress is worse even than your economist's *beau ideal* of a Poor Law, for it makes no provision at all for the infirmities of age. An old woman, nowadays, literally does not know how to dress herself; and many we have the honor of meeting in society display in their appearance symptoms of perplexity of mind on this point which at their time of life must be very bad for them. Altogether they are very hardly dealt with. Of course it can be no pleasure to them to exhibit the empty nests of charms which have long taken wing—for the attenuated to reveal an outline which has lost all roundness—or for the corpulent to uncover a surface which has lost all freshness; and it is doubly distressing to think how very little pleasure the world has in seeing either. Instead of

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being the most welcome sitter that can enter his studio, an old woman is now too often one the cleverest artist does not know what to do with. How is he to treat a subject which appears before him with December in her face and May in her costume—with faded eyes and eyebrows, and dark glossy tresses above them—fallen colorless cheeks, and bright roses beside them—withered throat and neck covered only with a necklace or a velvet band, which calls aloud for stout silk above and good flannel below it—a figure either shrunk and mummified, or heavy and unwieldy, but all scrupulously shown! If he paints her exactly as she is, he paints a monstrously absurd thing: if he suits the face to the roses, and the neck to the necklace, he does not paint her at all. In either case he makes no picture of what might be the most picturesque thing in the world. Lady Mary Wortley says that age and ugliness are inseparable —being arrogant herself with youth and beauty, and everything else that could heighten either; but we deny the proposition *in toto*. Some women are never good looking at all till they are old—all have a right divine to the picturesque by the very nature of old age—and a few, whom we have been privileged to know, have been the loveliest objects mind or eye could dwell upon.

Let us look for a moment at the portrait of the old woman who is an old woman indeed. See the plaited border, or the full ruche of the cap, white as snow, circling close round the face, as if jealous to preserve the oval that age has lost; the hair peeping from beneath, finer and more silken than ever, but white as that border, or grey as the shadow thrown by it; the complexion withered and faded, yet being relieved, as Nature has appointed it to be, by the still more faded tints of the hair, in a certain degree delicate and fresh; the eyes with most of their former fire extinguished, still, surrounded only with the chastened hues of age, brighter than anything else in the face; the face itself, lined with deep wrinkles, but not one that the painter would spare; the full handkerchief, or rich bustling laces scrupulously covering neck and throat, reminding us that the modesty of her youth has survived, though not its charms; some deep sober shawl or scarf, which the French rightly call "*le drapeau de vieille femme*," carefully concealing the outline of the figure, though not its general feminine proportions—all violent contrasts, as all violent passions, banished from the picture, but a harmony in their place which is worth them all.

Think also of the moral charm exercised by such a face and figure over the circle where it belongs—the hallowing influence of one who, having performed all her active part in this world, now takes a passive, but a nobler one than any, and shows us *how to grow old*:—who, having gone through all the progressive periods of life, and their accompanying rank in the estimation of mankind—the palmy days of youth and admiration—the working time of cares and consequence—the honorable maturity of experience and authority—now casts them all aside, and asserts a far higher claim to our respect, namely, the simple fact of her age;—who knows that to all who have eyes to see and hearts to feel, her silver locks are more precious than the most golden tresses money could purchase—her pale cheek more interesting than the finest bloom art could simulate—her modest coverings more attractive than the most wonderfully preserved remains of beauty she could exhibit—her whole venerable aspect of age more lovely than the very best imitation of youth she could possibly get up;—who not only makes old age respectable and honorable, but even enviable in the eyes of those who are still toiling in the heat and burden of the day.

Why is so sweet a picture and so edifying a lesson not oftener seen in our circles? —why are we tried with the unbecoming appearance of those who won't be old and can't be young, and who forfeit the respect it is so painful to withhold? There is something preposterous in the mere idea of any rational being studiously denying what it is her highest interest to assert: as well might a banker not wish for credit, or a poet for fame, or a preacher for belief, or an heir for his inheritance, or a statesman for place, as age not wish for reverence. Doubtless if there were any way of making old people young, either in looks or anything else, it would be a delightful invention; but, meanwhile, juvenile dressing is the last road we should recommend them to take. She who is ashamed to wear a costume as old as herself, may rely upon it she only looks older than her costume.

Of course there are many who belong to this class more from necessity than choice, and who simply do as others do, whatever the fashion may be—also many, or most,

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we would hope, who are irreproachable on the score of propriety, however they may fall short of our standard of the picturesque. But why should they not unite both? It is so obvious that the walls of an old hall should be hung with fine heavy tapestry, instead of being covered with flimsy paper, or faced with modern scagliola.

The French, we must say, are much cunninger than we in this matter. Indeed they know how to unite the very highest effect of *fashion* with a religious observance of the decorum due to years. Whenever one does see in an English assembly an ancient lady who makes no attempt to disguise her time of life, and yet pleases as a *splendid* picture, ten to one but your neighbor whispers—"How like the *Faubourg!*"*

If all ages are to dance to one tune, it should be a minuet and not a jig. If there is to be but one standard of garb, we are bound in duty to consider the grandmother first. The grand-daughter will not look so ill in her close kerchief as she in the girl's low dress. It is so invidious, too, to fix any time for drawing the line between them. No one likes to tell their years, except the impertinently young, or the wonderfully old, and no one need if they do not belie them in other respects. The *certain age*, too, which is the true Rubicon, requires the most courage of all to avow. The conventual dresses of the old Catholic times, which were assumed equally by those who remained in the world as by those who quitted it, were an admirable assistance in settling this point. A total change is easier than a partial; and when a lady of the olden time found her secular garment no longer so becoming to her as it had been, she threw it off altogether, and suffered no mortification in assuming a garb which was no positive blazon of age, though the greatest accommodation to it.

Let no one think we exaggerate the importance of dress. As far as we see, there is nothing that can be proved to be half so important. Whether we visit old countries, or discover new, or read history, or study mankind under this aspect or that, but one and the same result invariably presents itself, viz. that human nature, in all times and in all latitudes, is found, has been found, and will ever be found with the same wants and wishes, passions, and propensities, promises and disappointments—only in a different dress:—that, as the author of *Sartor Resartus* would say, Man is the same clothes-horse, whether painted in the high ruff of Zucchero, or in the low collar of Sir Joshua.

In a portrait painter this is especially apparent. Difference of costume is to him what difference of scenery is to the landscape-painter. It is not all, but it is a great portion of that which makes a Gainsborough not a Holbein, and a Cuyp not a Claude. It is as much, and more perhaps, the rigid stuffs which made Holbein stiff, and the flowing draperies which made Vandyke graceful, or *vice versâ*. The portrait-painter, too, is after all the only real authority for the true spirit of a costume. Missals and monuments, and the Bayeux tapestry, and the Harleian manuscripts will furnish curious details for the antiquary, and such a satirist as Hogarth absurd extremes for the critic; but it is the general portrait-artist that can alone steer between the hobby of an individual, or the fashion of a season, and give us that prevailing effect under which the costume of a period should be viewed.

Holbein is our earliest authority for the real every-day aspect of English society. In his time that principle of deference for age was in vogue which we have been endeavoring to recommend. People started with the supposition that fifty years and upwards was the only sensible time of a woman's life; and those who had the misfortune to be younger had to make the best of it, being probably assisted by some suspicion that the greater the disparity between themselves and their costume the better they looked. The dress of the majority of Holbein's portraits is of all others best adapted to secure an honorable retreat for waning charms. Beneath the stern buckler of the deep stomacher it mattered

* We must nevertheless leave the very worst aspect of female old age to the iron pen of a French authoress;—"Aux esclaves de la mode, quand toute jouissance d'amour-propre est enlevée, quand tout intérêt de passion est ravi, il reste pour plaisirs le mouvement, la clarté des lustres, le bourdonnement de la foule. Après tous les rêves de l'amour ou de l'ambition, subsiste encore le besoin de bruire, de veiller, de dire: *j'y étais hier, j'y serai demain.* C'est un triste spectacle que celui de ces femmes flétries qui cachent leurs rides sous des fleurs, et couronnent leurs fronts hâves de diamans et de plumes. Chez elles tout est faux—la taille, le teint, les cheveux, le sourire. Chez elles tout est triste—la parure, le fard, la gaieté. Spectres échappés aux saturnales d'une autre époque, elles viennent s'asseoir aux banquets d'aujourd hui, comme pour donner à a jeunesse une triste leçon de philosophie—comme pour lui dire: *c'est ainsi que vous passerez.*"

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not what kind of shape lay concealed, for all were reduced to the same level. Beneath the stiff diamond-shaped cap—closed carefully between the edge and the temples with gold tissue—it was all one whether the hair was thick or thin, black, red, or white, for none at all was seen. The high make of the dress on back and shoulders covered what might be very beautiful in the bride, but prevented a deal of rheumatism in the matron. The modest and becoming partlet—a kind of habit-shirt made of good stout *opake* materials—filled up all the space the gown left bare, and buttoned high up the throat with embroidered collar or frill. The handkerchief fastened upon the back of the cap in odd clumsy folds which puzzle costume hunters to account for, could be let down, as it had been generally worn in the previous reign, snug and warm round the shoulders, and kept out many a draught. The sleeves were full and close down to the wrists, with a ruffle half covering the hand, while all telltale outline was effectually stopped, as in Holbein's drawing of the buxom old Lady Butts, by a short mantle edged with fur. The cap more especially favored those whom, nowadays, we consider the worst treated. The decided colors of its materials, the jewels along the border, and the gold tissue often interwoven with scarlet threads, enlivened the duskiest complexion, while the stiff angular forms relieved the hardest features. The mask of the face stood out sharply defined, but well supported. The profile told nobly. The side of the cap descending along the cheek assisted to give the perfect oval in the young, and to conceal that junction between the throat and jaw-bone on which time is most legible. Altogether it was a head-dress too old in itself for any one to look very old in it. In this costume we see much to account for that peculiar truthfulness in Holbein which, to our view, so amply compensates for the absence of the laxer graces of a later period. With forms so settled and rigid no latitude was left to a painter. All ages looked stiff and decorous alike, or, if they did not, it was no fault of the dress.

But lest this should be thought too hard upon the young, it is evident that some choice was left to them, especially in the way of head-dress. This is seen in the drawings of Catherine Howard, of the Lady Audley, and of the exquisite Lady of Richmond with her downcast eyes, where a small circlet with drapery pendent from it fits on about half-way of the head, advancing over the ears, and fastening under the chin; the hair being divided down the centre, and laid in simple bands low on the cheeks. This is a head-dress which the youngest beauty would find it no hardship to adopt, while, to show how much the costume makes the painter, Holbein's pencil is as graceful here as if it had been guided by Eastlake. The partlet too was made to come off on dress occasions, as we see in Anne Boleyn's and Jane Seymour's pictures—the square form of the stomacher showing the bust to advantage; and even when on, a button or two left unfastened answered the same purpose.

Queen Catherine Parr by Holbein is a good model also for those ladies who, though not precisely in the yellow leaf, are somewhat on the turn, Catherine herself not being above thirty years of age at the time. Her dress is black, in ample folds about the person; the throat seen, though the bust is covered; a slender border of hair visible beneath the close-sitting matronly hood; while the drapery pendent from it, and the large bustling sleeves, get rid of all that precision of outline which no one has any occasion to show or see.

From Holbein to Vandyke we may reckon a century; for the one died in 1554, and the other in 1641; and no century in English history shows such a complete revolution in female costume. In Queen Elizabeth, about half way between them, with her enormous ruffs, hideous wigs, allegorical garments, and equally overladen and exposed person, we see the representative of all that was extravagant, tasteless, and indelicate; and in the Queen of Scots, with her sweet hood, small lawn ruff, high sombre dress, and transparent veil over it, the model of all that was simple, graceful, and decorous: Each the head of a fashion of which our galleries afford us plenty of specimens; the elder and the plainer portion of the community, perhaps, oftener imitating the follies of her spinster Majesty than the proprieties of the widowed Mary, and *vice versâ*; a circumstance, we understand, especially observable at some late Fancy-Balls.

Still there remains no general picture on the mind; for the diversities of form were endless. Vandyke, like Holbein, seemed to lock the wheels of fashion for a time, and has bequeathed a distinct type. The great-grandchildren of those who had sat for Holbein now sat to him, but as differ-

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ently apparelled as can well be imagined. Hair playing, drapery flowing, dropping laces, delicate linens, glossy silks—the stiff, wide, standing petticoat supplanted by a slender lengthened train—the head, the throat, the bust, the arms all bare—the contour of the figure all given, except where some rich drapery, secure in its own strength and glittering in its own light, wandered apparently at random across the figure, and was either caught up by a massive aigrette, or fell in ponderous folds below—a costume of apparent ease, but of infinite care—graceful, natural, withal a little indecorous—one which Vandyke alone seems to have been entitled to paint, and the young and the lovely to wear. Instead of the mean average of a lady's age being now rated at fifty and upwards, it fell to fifteen and under; for some of Vandyke's female portraits have even almost an infantine appearance, and with their playful hair curling all over the head, their short waists, tight pearl necklaces, thin transparent skins, and wandering artless eyes, and their full fair busts with only a rose by way of a tucker, they remind us of some round-chested child who has outgrown her frock, or of those waxen dolls, with expansive pink necks, which lie about without shame and without chemisettes in the open shops.

But, as we have explained before, a costume which is the special friend of youth and beauty, is a terrible tyrant to old age and homeliness. Any covering of Nature is better than any imitation of her, and imitations there will be when Nature herself is the Fashion. All whom she refused to help now did as they do still and ever will do—they helped themselves. Those who had neither fine hair nor fine complexions wore false; and what they could not mend they did not cover the more for that. We hardly remember any very old woman by Vandyke, except such as his Infantas of Spain and his Margaret of Parma, who are painted in their conventual garments; but there are plenty of specimens of a time of life for which such a costume as this was desperately out of season. His Alathea Talbot is an example. She had evidently always been ugly, and apparently never been young. Nevertheless she is represented with her hair curling all over her head, and low on to her eyebrows—a decided wig—her cheeks doubly painted, first by herself, and then by Vandyke—a heavy double chin—a dress sedulously open, and all deterioration of quality carefully made up for by a proportionate increase of quantity. Doubtless a fine Vandyke, but, for all that, a quiz! Even the heroic Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby, whose young and graceful picture by Jansen was one of the greatest attractions at the British Gallery last summer, appears, when sitting to Vandyke, with at least ten years thrown off her dress, and many more than that added to her age.

It must be admitted, too, that the airy ringletty style of coiffure, which is one of the distinctive marks of this painter, was only becoming, even in the young, to the most evanescent species of beauty. To the higher styles of physiognomy it can never have been favorable. It suited small delicate features and waxen complexions, where it played in light golden or chestnut curls, and cast violet shadows on pink foreheads. It became the round pearly Flemish faces, always fair and always fat, of Terburg's and Netscher's ladies, who generally appear in this coiffure. It did well for faces like trim little villas, which may be overgrown with creepers, or overhung with willows; but fine features, like fine mansions, want space around them, and least of all can the smooth expanse of the forehead be spared; and dark complexions require the relief of still darker masses of hair; and dark massive hair is meant to lie languidly in grand easy forms, and not to twist and twirl and stand on tiptoe in trivial and transparent curls. We grudge the fine foreheads that have been frittered away by this coiffure, and long to lift up all that smothering fringe, and throw open the upper lights of the face. Honthorst's picture of the Queen of Bohemia is a specimen of this. She has the finely pronounced features, deep melancholy eyelids, and prophetic expression of Charles I.—a face, when young, to have bound with a classic fillet like a Cassandra—when old, to have swathed in drapery like one of Michael Angelo's Fates—or, at any age, to have crowned with a royal diadem like a Queen as she had been;—but which, as here given, with the dark heavy hair, like a curtain halfway down, hanging in a straight line over her eyebrows, and doubtless truer to reality thus than in Vandyke's lighter forms, looks as if all the real expression of the face were quenched—as if, like herself, it had been deprived of its native rights and inheritance.

This coiffure continues into the time of

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Charles II., only that the little curls hang longer and looser, and seem, like the rest of the costume, to have arrived at their places more by accident than design. As for Lely's pictures, they are neither to be considered as authority for old or for young. His ladies can only be compared to Irish beggars, wandering roofless, without clothes enough to cover them, and what they have all hanging by a single pearl. The contour of the figure, utterly concealed in some parts by a huddled confusion of drapery, in others is not concealed by anything at all—a profusion of gown just about their knees, but a great falling off above, as if it had slipped from their shoulders and tumbled into their laps—a costume they have apparently slept in the night before coming to Sir Peter's studio, or might retire to rest in without change immediately on quitting it—all looking young and fair and merry, but none in the least innocent. As to an old woman by Lely, we might as well expect a young one by Rembrandt, or a refined one by Rubens. Such an anomaly does not exist. Poor Catherine of Braganza, in his second picture of her, painted with a loose scarf over her chemise, is as old a sitter as any he ever attempted, but she looks more like a bloated child cheated of a box of sugar-plums than a corpulent middle-aged ill-used woman.

We pass over Hogarth. Unquestionable as is his authority for portions and details of a woman's dress, we see it rather as subservient to his particular intention, and that intention one of singling out particular characteristics, than as indicative of the average appearance of society. Hogarth dressed his women doubtless strictly in the fashion of the day, but still always strictly for his own purposes. They are always ogling, leering, scolding, or simpering, and the dress doing the same. Neither would we have painted costume, nor the Spectator written upon it, had not that which fell under their notice been rather the novelty than the order of the day. Hogarth dealt in extremes. His costumes can be equally all that is modest, as all that is bold; and of course he was right, for a Hogarth will find both in any age or garb. He would have made Lely's loose undress look modest, or Holbein's rigid covering impudent, if it had suited his purpose; but this does not tell us how far the general character of the dress of that time was expressive of either.

We leap at once to him who has done more than any one else to vindicate the art of portrait-painting as indigenous to our country—who started it afresh from its lethargy, and recovered it from its errors—placed himself at once above all his countrymen who have preceded him, and has remained above all who had followed. Like Holbein and Vandyke, Sir Joshua put his stamp upon the times; or rather, like a true artist and philosopher, he took that aggregate impression which the times gave. Each has doubtless given his sitters a character of his own, but this is not our argument. Each has also made his sitters what the costume of the time contributed to make them. If Vandyke's women are dignified and lofty, it is his doing, for he was dignified and lofty in all his compositions; if they are also childish and trivial, it is the accident of the costume; for he was never either in his other pictures. If Reynolds's sitters are all simple, earnest, and sober, it is because he was the artist, for he was so in all he touched; if they are also stately, refined, and intellectual, it was the effect of the costume, for he was not so in his other conceptions. For instance, Lady St. Asaph, with her infant, lolling on a couch, in a loose tumbled dress, with her feet doubled under her, is sober and respectable looking—in spite of dress and position. Mrs. Hope, in an enormous cabbage of a cap, with her hair over her eyes, is blowsy and vulgar in spite of Reynolds.

To our view the average costume of Sir Joshua was excessively beautiful. We go through a gallery of his portraits with feelings of intense satisfaction, that there should have been a race of women who could dress so decorously, so intellectually, and withal so becomingly. Not a bit of the costume appeals to any of the baser instincts. There is nothing to catch the vulgar or fix the vicious. All is pure, noble, serene, benevolent. They seem as if they would care for nothing we could offer them, if our deepest reverence were not with it. We stand before them like Satan before Eve, "stupidly good," ready to abjure all the fallacies of the Fathers, all the maxims of the moderns—ready to eat their own words if they disapproved them—careless what may have been the name or fame, family or fortune, of such lofty and lovely creatures—yea, careless of their very beauty, for the *soul* that shines through it. And then to think that they are all dead!

The mere inventory is soon given. An enormous pile of powdered hair, rising with

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an easy curve direct from the forehead, and ascending story upon story, with jewels or feathers intermixed, or a scarf carelessly wound round it. The dress fitting close to the figure made high on the shoulders and low in front. The sleeves tight, and finishing at the elbow, with deep double or treble ruffles. The waist long and small, with a rich girdle slung around it. The skirt descending in heavy folds, much the same as in the Vandyke portraits, or tucked up round the waist in coquettish puffs, showing a rich petticoat underneath. Sometimes a graceful upper robe with collar and facings of ermine, entirely open in front, and held on apparently only by the loose sleeves through which the arms are passed. Plenty of rich laces, edge over edge up to the throat for the old, or a frill round the throat for the elderly—no tags or trumpery, or reliance on small manœuvres, but all in good large masses and continuous lines.

But the refined and intellectual side of this costume is not so easily described. This first resides especially in the shoulders and bust, which, owing perhaps to the superincumbent weight of the head, bend slightly forward with ineffable grace, showing us as plain as possible the flat well-shaped back we do not see. Beautifully does the dress sit round this portion of the figure, clinging closely rather than fitting tightly; with none of that stuffed appearance too common in our modern belles—(who seem as if they took the shape of their dresses, and not *vice versâ*—as if they were cast into them like metals into a mould)—but breaking into a thousand easy puckers and folds, as if the dress followed the sweet windings of the form in its own free way, rather than was strained tight to display it—we have said it was long and small—but we should not know where it was at all, but for those easy lines which wrap round it, and for that rich girdle which has slipped down naturally to the smallest part. Then the high make of the dress on the shoulders has a peculiar refinement, giving that vestal-like narrowness to this part of the person which conveys the idea of feminine delicacy and elasticity, rather than of masculine width and strength:—the chest, however, not contracted, but showing its free rise by the graceful oval with which the line of the dress dips across it. Lightly does this portion of the figure rise from the spreading drapery below, like an urn from its pedestal, and lightly does it carry that ponderous head-dress above, as if its action were steadied but not encumbered by the weight.

In this high head-dress lies the intellect of the picture, and a thousand other charms. Wherever we see the upward line of the forehead continued, whether in the grandest specimen of ancient art, or the commonest costume of peasant life, we feel that a mental dignity is given to the whole person. It is the *idea* of elevation in the part where by nature it is most noble which conveys this impression. A woman thus costumed looks a High Priestess, dedicate to noble things. This is more especially the case when it is the hair itself which gives this height to the head. For, of all the weapons of beauty which a woman possesses for good or for evil, it is her hair in which lies most of the expression of either. It is the low head, with loose wandering tresses, more than any other feature of the dress or undress, which, from the days of the syrens of mythology to those of Charles II.'s "glorious gallery," has most undeniably revealed the Delilah. Gather them up, or conceal them under a hood, and the woman is reformed. On this account very long loose flowing hair is only suitable for children or very young girls. A woman with her hair on her shoulders infallibly looks untidy, or something worse.

What countenance is there also which does not improve with the uncovering of the forehead?—not protruding, bare and bald, as when the hair is tightly drawn back from it, which few can stand, but rearing itself up like a grand pillar beneath a lofty parapet, receiving shelter in return for yielding support, and looking firm and stately, as if able to bear that or anything else in the world we might like to put upon it. But it is not so much the forehead alone, as a particular part of it, for which we recommend this coiffure. It is that exquisite line along the roots of the hair—the graceful undulation of the *shores* of the head, thus given to sight, with which we are fascinated. Here the skin is invariably found finer, and the colors tenderer, than in any other part of the human face—like the smooth pure sands where the tide has just retired. This is a portion the more intended to be shown, inasmuch as time seems to make no impression upon it. It is always beautiful, whether peeped at under the sunny locks of childhood, or seen glittering among the snowy hairs of age.

Nor can there be a greater mistake than to condemn this style of head-dress, as

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many thoughtlessly do, for the size it gives to the head. It may do this in fact, but it does not in idea, and it is the impression a costume produces on the mind for which we are contending. Wherever the face and forehead are left totally free, as in Sir Joshua's pictures, we feel the head-dress above them to be a distinct thing. They are not part of it, they only support it, and that most lightly, too. We should as soon think of calling Rubens' female figures in his "Abraham offering bread and wine to Melchizedek" at Lord Westminster's, large headed, because they are carrying great baskets of fruit. But the moment the face is covered in any way by the hair, or both face and hair are covered by anything else, as in the case of Mrs. Hope, with her loose coiffure and immense cap, the distinction ceases—head and head-dress become one, and the impression left is no longer of a head carrying a load with ease and freedom, but of one overpowered beneath it. This rule does not apply when such a cap or coiffure is seen on a child, as in Sir Joshua's picture of little Lady Caroline Clinton feeding her cocks and hens; for children by nature have large heads, and the intellectual expression produced by the bare forehead and face is out of character with them.

Even with the high coiffure we have been commending, it will not do to have any portion of the hair upon the forehead. We see this in the Duchess of Marlborough's picture, who, though with her hair raised up in the usual style of the day, has a part of it falling in loose boughs on the forehead, by which the whole lightness of the effect is destroyed. Conceal any part of the support, and that which is supported will instantly look top-heavy. Show the whole face, and you may put what you will upon it. This may have been partly owing, we admit, to the absence of powder in this instance—for, in no respect was the wisdom of our grandmothers more apparent than in the use of this ingredient. There may have been a thousand objections to powder—upon which all these books of costume are very eloquent—but those ladies knew that it heightened their complexions, brightened their eyes, and lightened their whole general aspect; and, like sensible women, were satisfied that such reasons for, were worth all that could be brought against it. At all events, let these have been what they may, we cannot help thinking our grandmothers quite as justifiable in imitating grey hair when young, as their grand-daughters in buying Jew-black or Barber's-brown tresses when old.

It is true, perhaps, as respects the domestic habits of life, that the dress of Sir Joshua's portraits was not adapted for any very active utilitarian feats. It was not made for walking fast or far, for running, jumping, climbing, or any such extraordinary movement, but it was one in which, if a lady condescended to move at all, she did it with infinite grandeur and grace, and danced a minuet to perfection. The head-dress also did not precisely admit of a lady's nodding, or giggling, or romping—or of being forward, flighty, boisterous, or passionate—or awfully enthusiastic, lively, and bustling; but it was one in which she might smile bewitching, or frowning deadly—be graciously interested, or sovereignly indifferent—be sweet, feminine, earnest, and confiding—capricious, arch, sly, and even saucy to the greatest possible advantage.

From that time to this we consider there has not been a costume fit for a woman to wear; and how so many have condescended to live and die in the unbecoming absurdities which fill the fashion books and encumber our walls, we must leave for some "Lady of Rank" to solve. We have encroached long enough upon a subject which our fair readers may perhaps contend was no affair of ours from the beginning, but which they will remember we did not venture upon till we had most distinctly proved so to be.

Some interesting observations might be further made, if they would allow us, on the subject of English women's dressing as compared with that of the French and Germans; and in both cases we would venture to promise to bring them off triumphant. Against the Germans this would be no great victory, for we should philosophically define them, men and women, as the worst dressed nation in the world; but we would not hesitate to assert their general superiority even to the French. That these do excel in one important point of taste—namely, consistency of costume with age—we have freely admitted. They are also better students, in several ways, of position and occasion:—but we think that it might be made pretty clear that, wherever they do excel us, it is less from a superiority of principle than from a happier turn in an intenser vanity.

We adhere, then, to our old creed, that if Nature has given man a strong instinct for dress, it is because she has given him woman as an object for it. Whatever,

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therefore, may be the outward practice of the present day, the moral foundation is right. She dresses herself to please him, and he dresses her to please himself; and this is a distinction between these two animals which will perhaps apply to more subjects than that of *dress*.

From Tait's Magazine.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF A "GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

The subject of the following sketch seems a signal example of the intimate relation which sometimes exists between original genius, and a shrinking, sensitive, and morbid nature. We see in all his writings the struggle of a strong intellect to "turn and wind the fiery Pegasus," of a most capricious, volatile, and dream-driven imagination. Tennyson is a curious combination of impulse, strength, and delicacy approaching to weakness. Could we conceive, not an Eolian harp, but a grand piano, played on by the swift fingers of the blast, it would give us some image of the sweet, subtle, tender, powerful, and changeful movements of his verse, in which are wedded artificial elegance, artistic skill, and wild, impetuous impulse. It is the voice and lute of Ariel; but heard not in a solitary and enchanted island, but in a modern drawing-room, with beautiful women bending round, and moss-roses breathing, in their faint fragrance, through the half-opened windows. Here, indeed, lies the paradox of our author's genius. He is haunted, on the one hand, by images of ideal and colossal grandeur, coming upon him from the isle of the Syrens, the caves of the Kraken, the heights of Ida, the solemn cycles of Cathay, the riches of the Arabian heaven; but, on the other hand, his fancy loves, better than is manly or beseeming, the tricksy elegancies of artificial life—the "white sofas" of his study—the trim walks of his garden—the luxuries of female dress—and all the tiny comforts and beauties which nestle round an English parlor. From the sublime to the snug, and *vice versa*, is with him but a single step. This moment toying on the carpet with his cat, he is the next soaring with a roc over the valley of diamonds. We may liken him to the sea-shell which, sitting complacently and undistinguished amid the commonplace ornaments of the mantel-piece, has only to be lifted to give forth from its smooth ear the far-rugged boom of the ocean breakers. In this union of feminine feebleness and imaginative strength, he much resembles John Keats, who at one time could hew out the vast figure of the dethroned Saturn, "quiet as a stone," with the force of a Michael Angelo, and, again, with all the gusto of a milliner, describe the undressing of his heroine in the "Eve of St. Agnes." Indeed, although we have ascribed, and we think justly, original genius to Tennyson, there is much in his mind, too, of the imitative and the composite. He adds the occasional languor, the luxury of descriptive beauty, the feminine tone, the tender melancholy, the grand aspirations, perpetually checked and chilled by the access of morbid weakness, and the mannerisms of style which distinguish Keats, to much of the simplicity and the philosophic tone of Wordsworth, the peculiar rhythm and obscurity of Coleridge and a portion of the quaintness and allegorizing tendency which were common with the Donnes, Withers, and Quarleses, of the seventeenth century. What is peculiar to himself is a certain carol, light in air and tone, but profound in burden. Hence his little lyrics—such as "Oriana," "Mariana at the Moated Grange," the "Talking Oak," the "May Queen"—are among his most original and striking productions. They tell tales of deep tragedy, or they convey lessons of wide significance, or they paint vivid and complete pictures, in a few lively touches, and by a few airy words, as if caught in dropping from the sky. By sobs of sound, by half hints of meaning, by

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light, hurrying strokes on the ruddy chords of the heart, by a ringing of changes on certain words and phrases, he sways us as if with the united powers of music and poetry. Our readers will, in illustration of this, remember his nameless little song, beginning

> "Break, break, break,
> On thy cold grey crags, O sea!"

which is a mood of his own mind, faithfully rendered into sweet and simple verse. It is in composition no more complicated or elaborate than a house built by a child, but melts you, as that house would, were you to see it after the dear infant's death. But than this he has higher moods, and nobler, though still imperfect aspirations. In his "Two Voices," he approaches the question of all ages—Whence Evil? And if he, no more than other speculators, unties, he casts a soft and mellow light around this Gordian knot. This poem is no fancy piece, but manifestly a transcript from his own personal experience. He has sunk into one of those melancholy moods incident to his order of mind, and has become "aweary of the sun," and of all the sun shines upon—especially of his own miserable idiosyncrasy. There slides in at that dark hour a still small voice: how different from that which thrilled on Elijah's ear in the caves of Horeb! It is the voice of that awful lady whom De Quincey calls *Mater tenebrarum*, our lady of darkness. It hints at suicide as the only remedy for human woes.

> "Thou art so full of misery,
> Were it not better not to be?"

And then there follows an eager and uneasy interlocution between the "dark and barren voice," and the soul of the writer, half spurning, and half holding parley with its suggestions. Seldom, truly, since the speech by which Despair in Spenser enforces the same sad argument, did misanthropy breathe a more withering blight over humanity and human hopes; seldom did unfortunate, by a shorter and readier road, reach the conclusion, "there is one remedy for all," than in the utterances of this voice. Death in it looks lovely; nay, the one lovely thing in the universe. Again and again the poet is ready to yield to the desire of his own heart, thus seconded by the mystic voice, and, in the words of one who often listened to the same accents, to "lie down like a tired child, and weep away this life of care." But again and again the better element of his nature resists the temptation, and beats back the melancholy voice. At length, raising himself from his lethargy, he rises, looks forth—it is the Sabbath morn, and, as he sees the peaceful multitudes moving on to the house of God, and as, like the Anciente Mariner, he "blesses them unaware," straightway the spell is broken, the "dull and bitter voice is gone," and, hark!

> "A second voice is at his ear,
> A little whisper, silver-clear,"

and it gives him a hidden and humble hope, which spreads a quiet heaven within his soul. Now he can go forth into the fields, and

> "Wonder at the bounteous hours,
> The slow result of winter showers,
> *You scarce can see the grass for flowers.*"

All nature calls upon him to rejoice, and to the eye of his heart, at least, the riddle is read. Nay, we put it to every heart if this do not, more than many elaborate argumentations, touch the core of the difficulty. "Look up," said Leigh Hunt to Carlyle, when he had been taking the darker side of the question, and they had both come out under the brilliance of a starry night, "look up, and find your answer there!" And although the reply failed to convince the party addressed, who, looking aloft at the sparkling azure, after a pause, rejoined, with a deep sigh, and in tones we can well imagine, so melancholy and far withdrawn, "Oh! it's a sad sight;" yet, apart from the divine discoveries, it was the true and only answer. The beauty, whether of Tennyson's fields—where we "scarce can see the grass for flowers,"—or of Leigh Hunt's skies, "whose unwithered countenance is young as on creation's day," and where we find an infinite answer to our petty cavils—is enough to soothe, if not to satisfy, to teach us the perfect patience of expectancy, if not the full assurance of faith.

Tennyson, in some of his poems as well as this, reveals in himself a current of thought tending towards very deep and dark subjects. This springs partly from the metaphysical bias of his intellect, and partly from the morbid emotions of his heart. And yet he seems generally to toy and trifle with such tremendous themes, to touch them lightly and hurriedly, as one might hot iron, at once eager and reluctant

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to intermeddle with them. Nevertheless, there is a perilous stuff about his heart, and upon his verse lies a "melancholy compounded of many simples." He is not the poet of hope, or of action, or of passion, but of sentiment, of pensive and prying curiosity, or of simple stationary wonder, in view of the great sights and mysteries of Nature and man. He has never thrown himself amid the heats and hubbub of society, but remained alone, musing with a quiet but observant eye upon the tempestuous pageant which is sweeping past him, and concerning himself little with the political or religious controversies of his age. There are, too, in some of his writings, mild and subdued vestiges of a wounded spirit, of a heart that has been disappointed, of an ambition that has been repressed, of an intellect that has wrestled with doubt, difficulty, and disease.

In Locksley Hall, for instance, he tells a tale of unfortunate passion with a gusto and depth of feeling, which (unless we misconstrue the mark of the branding iron) betray more than a fictitious interest in the theme. It is a poem breathing the spirit, and not much inferior to Byron's "Dream," in all but that clear concentration of misery which bends over it like a bare and burning heaven over a bare and burning desert. Locksley Hall, again, is turbid and obscure in language, wild and distracted in feeling. The wind is down, but the sea still runs high. You see in it the passion pawing like a lion who has newly missed his prey, not fixed as yet in a marble form of still and hopeless disappointment. The lover, after a season of absence, returns to the scene of his early education and hapless love, where of yore he

"Wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time."

A feeling, cognate with, and yet more imperious than those his high aspirations, springs up in his mind. It arises in spring like the crest of a singing bird. It is the feeling of love for Amy his cousin, sole daughter of her father's house and heart. The feeling is mutual, and the current of their true love flows smoothly on, till interrupted by the interference of relatives. Thus far he remembers calmly; but here recollection strikes the fierce chord of disappointment, and he bursts impetuously forth—

"O, my cousin, shallow-hearted. O, my Amy, mine no more.
O, the dreary, dreary moorland. O, the barren, barren shore."

Darting then one hasty and almost vindictive glance down her future history, he predicts that she shall lower to the level of the clown she has wedded, and that he will use his victim a little better than his dog or his horse. Nay, she will become

"Old and formal, suited to her petty part;
With her little hoard of maxims, preaching down a daughter's heart."

But himself, alas! what is to become of him? Live he must—suicide is too base a back door out of existence for his brave spirit. But what to do with this bitter boon of being? There follow some wild and half-insane stanzas expressive of the ambitions and uncertainties of his soul. It is the Cyclops mad with blindness, and groping at the sides of his cave. He will hate and despise all women, or, at least, all British maidens. He will return to the orient land, whose "larger constellations" saw a father die. He will, in his despair, take some savage woman who shall rear his dusky race. But no—the despair is momentary—he may not mate with a squalid savage; he will rather revive old intellectual ambitions, and renew old aspirations, for he feels within him that the "crescent promise of his spirit has not set." It is resolved—but, ere he goes, let every ray of remaining love and misery go forth in one last accusing, avenging look at the scene of his disappointment and the centre of his woe.

"However these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall.
Now, for me, the woods may wither; now, for me, the roof-tree fall.
Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt;
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.
Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain, or hail, or fire, or snow,
For a mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go."

And thus the ballad closes, leaving, however, with us the inevitable impression that the unfortunate lover is not done with Locksley Hall nor its bitter memories, that Doubting Castle is not down, nor giant Despair dead—that the calls of the curlews around it will still resound in his ears, and the pale face of its Amy still unutterably

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beloved, will come back upon his dreams—that the iron has entered into his soul—and that his life and his misery are henceforth commensurate and the same.

Among the more remarkable of Tennyson's poems, besides those already mentioned, are "The Poet," "Dora," "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," "Œnone," "The Lotos Eaters," "Ulysses," "Godiva;" and "The Vision of Sin." "The Poet" was written when the author was young, and when the high ideal of his art was just dawning upon his mind. It is needless to say that his view of the powers and influences of poetry is different from what prevails with many in our era. Poetry is, with him, no glittering foil to be wielded gaily on gala days. It is, or ought to be, a sharp two-edged sword. It is not a baton in the hand of coarse authority—it is a magic rod. It is not a morning flush in the sky of youth, that shall fade in the sun of science—it is a consuming and imperishable fire. It is not a mere amusement for young love-sick men and women—it is as serious as death, and longer than life. It is tuned philosophy—winged science—fact on fire—"truth springing from earth"—high thought—voluntarily moving harmonious numbers. His "Poet" is "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love," and his words "shake the world."

The author, when he wrote "The Poet," was fresh from school, and from Shelley, his early idol. Ere writing "Dora" he had become conversant with the severer charms of Wordsworth; and that poem contains in it not one figure or flower—is bare, literal, and pathetic as the book of Ruth. Its poetry is that which lies in all natural life, which, like a deep quiet pool, has only to be disturbed in the slightest degree to send up in dance those bells and bubbles which give it instantly ideal beauty and interest, and lo! the pool becomes a poem!

His "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" is a poem of that species which connects itself perpetually, in feeling and memory, with the original work, whose quintessence it collects. It speaks out the sentiments of millions of thankful hearts. We feel in it what a noble thing was the Arabian mind—like the Arabian soil, "all the Sun's"—like the Arabian climate, fervid, golden—like the Arabian horse, light, elegant, ethereal, swift as the wind. "O, for the golden prime of good Haroun Alras-chid!" O for one look—though it were the last—of that Persian maid, whom the poet has painted in words vivid as colors, palpable almost as sense. Talk of enchantment! The "Thousand-and-one Nights" is one enchantment—more powerful than the lamp of Aladdin, or the Open Sesame of Ali Baba. The author, were he *one*—not many—is a magician—a genie—greater than Scott, than Cervantes, equal to Shakspeare himself. What poetry, passion, pathos, beauty of sentiment, elegance of costume, ingenuity of contrivance, wit, humor, interest, variety, tact in transition, sunniness of spirit, dream-like wealth of imagination, incidental but precious light cast upon customs, manners, history, religion—everything, in short, that can amuse or amaze, instruct or delight, the human spirit! Like the Pilgrim's Progress—devoured by boys, it is devout study for bearded men.

Tennyson has expressed, especially, the moon-light voluptuousness of tone and spirit which breathes around those delicious productions, as well as the lavish magnificence of dress and decoration, of furniture and architecture, which were worthy of the witch element, the sunny climate, and the early enchanted era, where and when they were written. But we doubt if he mates adequately with that more potent and terrible magic which haunts their higher regions, as in the sublime picture of the Prince's daughter fighting with the Enchanter in mid air, or in the mysterious grandeur which follows all the Adventures of Aboulfaouris. With this, too, indeed, he must have sympathy; for it is evident that he abundantly fulfils Coleridge's test of a genuine lover of the Arabian Nights. "Do you admire," said the author of Kubla Khan to Hazlitt, "the Thousand-and-one Nights?" No; was the answer. "That's because you *don't dream*." But surely, since the "noticeable man, with large grey eyes," awoke in death from his long life-dream, no poet has arisen of whom the word were more true than of Tennyson, whether in reproach or commendation, asleep or awake—"Behold this dreamer cometh."

In "Œnone," we find him up on the heights of Ida, with the large foot-prints of gods and goddesses still upon its sward, and the citadel and town of Troy, as yet unfallen, as yet unassailed, visible from its summit. Here the poet sees a vision of his own—a vision which recorded in verse, forms a high third with Wordsworth's "Laodamia" and Keats's "Hyperion," in a classical style.

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Less austere and magnificent than the poem of Keats, which seems not so much a torso of earthly art as a splinter fallen from some other explored world—less chaste, polished, and spiritual, than Laodamia, that Elgin marble set in Elysian light, it surpasses both in picturesque distinctness and pathetic power. The story is essentially that of "Locksley Hall," but the scene is not the flat and sandy moorland of Lincolnshire, but the green gorges and lawns of Ida. The deceived lover is Œnone, daughter of a River God. She has been deceived by Paris, and her plaint is the poem. Melancholy, her song, as that of a disappointed woman—melodious, as that of an aggrieved goddess. It is to Ida, her mother mountain, that she breathes her sorrow. She tells her of her lover's matchless beauty—of her yielding up her heart to him—of the Deities descending to receive the golden apple from his hands—of his deciding it to Venus, upon the promise of the "fairest and most loving wife in Greece"—of his abandonment of Œnone, and of her despair. Again and again, in her agony, she cries for Death; but the grim shadow, too busy in hewing down the happy, will not turn aside at her miserable bidding. Her despair at last becomes fury; her tears begin to burn; she will arise; she will leave her dreadful solitude—

> "I will rise and go
> Down into Troy, and, ere the stars come forth,
> Talk with the wild Cassandra; for she says
> A fire dances before her, and a sound
> Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
> What this may be I know not; but I know
> That, wheresoe'er I am, by night and day
> All earth and air seems only burning fire."

And fancy follows Œnone to Ilium, and sees the two beautiful broken-hearted maidens meeting, like two melancholy flames, upon one funeral pile, mingling their hot tears, exchanging their sad stories, and joining, in desperate exultation, at the prospect of the ruin which is already darkening, like a tempest, round the towers and temples of Troy. It is pleasant to find from such productions that, after all, the poetry of Greece is not dead—that the oaks of Delphos and Dodona have not shed all their oracular leaves—that the lightnings in Jove's hand are still warm—and the snows of Olympus are yet clear and bright, shining over the waste of years—that Mercury's feet are winged still—and still is Apollo's hair unshorn—that the Mythology of Homer, long dead to belief, is still alive to the airy purposes of poetry—that, though the "dreadful Infant's hand" hath smitten down the gods upon the capitol, it has left them the freedom of the Parnassian Hill; and that a Wordsworth, or a Tennyson, may even now, by inclining the ear of imagination, hear the River God plunging in Scamander—Œnone wailing upon Ida—Old Triton blowing his wreathed horn; for never was a truth more certain than that

> "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

We had intended to say something of his "Lotos-eaters," but are afraid to break in upon its charmed rest—to disturb its sleepy spell—to venture on that land "in which it seemed always afternoon"—or to stir its melancholy, mild-eyed inhabitants. We will pass it by, treading so softly that the "blind mole may not hear a footfall." We must beware of slumbering, and we could hardly but be dull on the enchanted ground.

While the "Lotos-eaters" breathes the very spirit of luxurious repose, and seems, to apply his own words, a perfect poem in "perfect rest," "Ulysses" is the incarnation of restlessness and insatiable activity. Sick of Ithaca, Argus, Telemachus, and (*sub rosa*) of Penelope too, the old much-enduring Mariner King is again panting for untried dangers and undiscovered lands.

> "My purpose holds,
> To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
> Of all the western stars, until I die."

Tennyson, with his fine artistic instinct, saw that the idea of Ulysses at rest was an incongruous thought, and has chosen rather to picture him journeying ever onwards towards Infinity or Death—

> "It may be that the gulphs will wash us down—
> It may be, we shall reach the happy isles,
> And see the great Achilles, whom we know."

And with breathless interest, and a feeling approaching the sublime, we watch the grey-headed Monarch stepping, with his few aged followers, into the bark, which is to be their home till death, and stretching away towards Eternity. And every heart and imagination cry out after him—"Go, and return no more."

"Godiva" is an old story newly told—a delicate business delicately handled—the final and illuminated version of an ancient and world-famous tradition. Its beauty is, that like its heroine, it is "clothed on with chastity." It represses the imagination as gently and effectually as her naked virtue did the eye. We hold our breath, and

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shut every window of our fancy, till the great ride be over. And in this trial and triumph of female resolution and virtue, the poet would have us believe that Nature herself sympathized—that the light was bashful, and the sun ashamed, and the wind hushed, till the great pilgrimage was past—and that, when it ended, a sigh of satisfaction, wide as the circle of earth and heaven, proclaimed Godiva's victory.

The "Vision of Sin" strikes, we think, upon a stronger, though darker, chord than any of his other poems. There are in it impenetrable obscurities, but, like jet black ornaments, some may think them dearer for their darkness. You cannot, says Hazlitt, make "an allegory go on all fours." A vision must be hazy—a ghost should surely be a shadow. Enough, if there be a meaning in the mystery, an oracle speaking through the gloom. The dream is that of a youth, who is seen riding to the gate of a palace, from which

> "Came a child of Sin,
> And took him by the curls, and led him in."

He is lost straightway in mad and wicked revel, tempestuously yet musically described. Meanwhile, unheeded by the revellers, a "vapor, (*the mist of darkness!*) heavy, hueless, formless, cold," is floating slowly on towards the palace. At length it touches the gate, and the dream changes, and such a change!

> "I saw
> A grey and gap-toothed man, as lean as Death,
> Who slowly rode across a withered heath,
> And lighted at a ruined inn."

And lighted there, he utters his bitter and blasted feelings in lines, for which we have not room; but reminding us, from their fierce irony, their misanthropy, their thrice-drugged despair, of Swift's "Legion Club;" and—as in that wicked, wondrous poem—a light sparkle of contemptuous levity glimmers with a ghastly sheen over the putrid pool of malice and misery below, and cannot all disguise the workings of that remorse, which is not repentance. At length this sad evil utterance dies away in the throat of the expiring sinner, and behind his consummated ruin there arises a "mystic mountain range," along which voices are heard lamenting, or seeking to explain the causes of his ruin. One says—

> "Behold, it was a crime
> Of sense avenged by sense, that wove with time."

Another—

> "The crime of sense became
> The crime of malice, and is equal blame."

A third—

> "He had not wholly quenched his power—
> A little grain of conscience made him sour."

And thus at length, in a darkness visible of mystery and grandeur, the "Vision of Sin" closes:—

> "At last I heard a voice upon the slope
> Cry to the summit, Is there any hope?
> To which an answer pealed from that high land,
> But in a tongue no man could understand;
> And on a glimmering limit, far withdrawn,
> God made himself an *awful rose of dawn*."

A reply there is; but whether in the affirmative or negative we do not know. A revelation there is; but whether it be an interference in behalf of the sinner, or a display, in ruddy light, of God's righteousness in his punishment, is left in deep uncertainty. Tennyson, like Addison in his "Vision of Mirza," ventures not to withdraw the veil from the left side of the eternal ocean. He leaves the curtain to be the painting. He permits the imagination of the reader to figure, if it dare, shapes of beauty, or forms of fiery wrath, upon the "awful rose of dawn," as upon a vast background. It is his only to start the thrilling suggestion.

After all, we have considerable misgivings about placing Tennyson—for what he has hitherto done—among our great poets. We cheerfully accord him great powers; but he is, as yet, guiltless of great achievements. His genius is bold, but is waylaid at almost every step by the timidity and weakness of his temperament. His utterance is not proportionate to his vision. He sometimes reminds us of a dumb man with important tidings within, but only able to express them by gestures, starts, sobs, and tears. His works are loopholes, not windows, through which intense glimpses come and go, but no broad, clear, and rounded prospect is commanded. As a thinker, he often seems like one who should perversely pause a hundred feet from the summit of a lofty hill, and refuse to ascend higher. "Up! the breezes call thee—the clouds marshal thy way—the glorious prospect waits thee, as a bride for her husband—angels or gods may meet thee on the top—it may be thy Mountain of Transfiguration." But, no; the pensive or wilful poet chooses to remain below.

Nevertheless, the eye of genius is flashing in Tennyson's head, and his ear is unstopped, whether to the harmonies of nature,

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or to the still sad music of humanity. We care not much in which of the tracks he has already cut out, he may choose to walk; but we would prefer if he were persuaded more frequently to see visions and dream dreams—like his "Vision of Sin"—imbued with high purpose, and forming the Modern Metamorphoses of truth. We have no hope that he will ever be, in the low sense, a popular poet, or that to him the task is allotted of extracting music from the railway train, or of setting in song the "fairy tales of science"—the great astronomical or geological discoveries of the age. Nor is he likely ever to write anything which, like the poems of Burns or Campbell, can go directly to the heart of the entire nation. For no "Song of the Shirt" even, need we look from him. But the imaginativeness of his nature, the deep vein of his moral sentiment, the bias given to his mind by his early reading, the airy charm of his versification, and the seclusion in which he lives, like a flower in its own peculiar jar, all seem to prepare him for becoming a great spiritual dreamer, who might write not only "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," but Arabian Nights themselves, equally graceful in costume, but impressed with a deeper sentiment, chastened into severer taste, and warmed with a holier flame. Success to such pregnant slumbers! soft be the pillow as that of his own "Sleeping Beauty;" may every syrup of strength and sweetness drop upon his eyelids, and may his dreams be such as to banish sleep from many an eye, and to people the hearts of millions with beauty!

On the whole, perhaps Tennyson is less a prophet than an artist. And this alone would serve better to reconcile us to his silence, should it turn out that his poetic career is over. The loss of even the finest artist may be supplied—that of a prophet, who has been cut off in the midst of his mission, or whose words some envious influence or circumstance has snatched from his lips, is irreparable. In the one case, it is but a painter's pencil that is broken; in the other, it is a magic rod shivered. Still, even as an artist, Tennyson has not yet done himself full justice, nor built up any structure so shapely, complete, and living, as may perpetuate his name.

Alfred Tennyson is the son of an English clergyman in Lincolnshire. He is of a retiring disposition, and seldom, though sometimes, emerges from his retirement into the literary coteries of London. And yet welcome is he ever among them—with his eager physiognomy, his dark hair and eyes, and his small, black tobacco pipe. Some years ago, we met a brother of his in Dumfries, who bore, we were told, a marked, though miniature resemblance to him—a beautiful painter and an expert versifier after the style of Alfred.

The particulars of his literary career are familiar to most. His first production was a small volume of poems, published in 1831. Praised in the *Westminster* elaborately, and extravagantly eulogised in the *Englishman's Magazine* (a periodical conducted by William Kennedy, but long since defunct, and which, according to some malicious persons, died of this same article)—it was sadly mangled by less generous critics. *Blackwood's Magazine* doled it out some severely-sifted praise; and the author, in his next volume, rhymed back his ingratitude in the well-known lines to "Rusty, musty, fusty, crusty Christopher," whose blame he forgave but whose praise he could not. Meanwhile he was quietly forming a small but zealous cohort of admirers; and some of his poems, such as "Mariana," &c., were universally read and appreciated. His second production was less successful, and deserved to be less successful, than the first. It was stuffed with wilful impertinencies and affectations His critics told him he wrote ill, and he answered them by writing worse. His third exhibited a very different spirit. It consisted of a selection from his two former volumes, and a number of additional pieces—the principal of which we have already analysed. In his selection, he winnows his former works with a very salutary severity but what has he done with that delectable strain of the "Syrens?" We think he has acted well in stabling and shutting up his "Krakens" in their dim, ocean mangers; but we are not so willing to part with that beautiful sisterhood, and hope to see them again at no distant day, standing in their lovely isle, and singing—

"Come hither, come hither, and be our lords,
For merry brides are we.
We will kiss sweet kisses and speak sweet words.

* * * * *

Ye will not find so happy a shore,
Weary mariners, all the world o'er.
Oh fly, oh fly no more."

The name of Tennyson always suggests to us those of Browning and Bayley. Of the works of Browning, with the exception of his brilliant "Paracelsus," we are shamefully ignorant. But we have read

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"Festus:" and who that has read has ever forgotten that prodigious poem? It is a Giant's Dream—say rather it is the work of a Lunatic Angel. Everything reels around you. As you enter, you find yourself in the centre of a tumultuous dance, in which Comets, Planets, and Stars are confounded. It is the "Faust" dreamed over again—with dread or ludicrous variations, all the poet's own. You find in it all contradictions reconciled—all improbabilities accomplished—all opposites paired—all formulas swallowed—all darings of thought and language attempted. "What can come next?" is your incessant question, as you turn over its prodigious pages. "Is it *we*, or is it the author that is mad?" is another and rather ticklish inquiry, that irresistibly suggests itself; for madness, we feel, there is somewhere. It is, however, the madness of genius. It proclaims a furnace of soul heated seven times hotter than even that of commonly-gifted men. And whether the author lays the scene in Earth, or Hades, or Hell, or "Anywhere;" and whatever monstrous extravagancies of imagery and language he perpetrates (as when he speaks of "*feeding on buttered thunder*"), you feel you have to do with a powerful, capricious, ungovernable, fearless, and original spirit, who has dashed to pieces all the tables of common criticism, and whose only literary law is the great and awful soul within himself.

With Bayley, "silver is of no account." Golden images are even more plentiful than words. His figures rush out impetuously, like the pent breath of a diver, in thick, tumultuous succession. His pictures of nocturnal scenes, of the glories of the stars, are, in our judgment, unsurpassed in the compass of poetry. His soul and song swell up uniformly, and seem to fill the concave of the skies. It is as though a star were to break forth into singing, and proclaim the praises of her sister-orbs. So, with "harp, with harp, and voice of psalms," does Bayley's genius hymn the heavens.

A deep religion there is in "Festus," notwithstanding all his theoretical crotchets, and artistic absurdities. It is a boy of twenty wrestling with the mystery of the universe; and it is our wonder that he wrestles so faithfully and so nobly. We have no sympathy with his sentiments, but every sympathy with the spirit which animates and adds beauty to all.

Still, "Festus" is a perilous pledge—a glove too gigantic for a youth to throw down. If he redeem it fully, he will prove himself to be, as Coleridge said of Shakspeare, "if he had grown to his full height, which he never did, he had not been a man, but a monster." If he do not redeem it, we may be compelled to call him (in another sense) a monstrous, not a man-like, birth; and his greatness may, after all, only be that of a huge hydrocephalic head—the token of powerful disease, and not of vigorous life and health. But we hope better things. We trust that, by stern self-culture, self-denial, and mild strong exercise given to his powers, he may rank—nay, does he not rank already?—with those of whom Keats speaks—

> "But other spirits there do stand apart
> Upon the forehead of the age to come;
> These, these will give the world another heart
> And other pulses.
> Hear ye not the hum
> Of mighty workings?
> Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb."

Mr. Adams, the Astronomer.—The traveller who has come into Cornwall by the north road, must remember a long moorland tract between Launceston and Bodmin. If his journey was performed on the roof of the coach, against a biting south-wester, his memory will not need any refresher. The recollections of such an excursion are not to be effaced even by the consolations of the Jamaica Inn. A more desolate spot can scarcely be found. Yet nature sometimes grows men where she grows nothing else; and on this bleak moor she had produced at least one such man as, with all her tropical magnificence, she never produced within ten degrees of the equator. A few years ago a small farmer, named Adams, resident on the moor, had a boy, if we are correctly informed, who disappointed his father's hope of making a good agriculturist of him. His fits of abstraction and dreamy reverie were held to be very unpropitious. He somehow got a taste for mathematics, and this passion so grew upon him that he was at length abandoned to its impulses, and allowed to take his own way, in despair of a better. It was clear that he would never pick up prizes at a ploughing match or a cattle show—that the lord of the manor or 'squire of the parish would never have to stand up and make a solemn oration over him, showing him to wondering spectators as the man who had improved the breed of rams or fattened bullocks to a distressing obesity. Yet as the path to such fame was closed, there was still some small honor awaiting him. After a school training, he entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, where, at the end of his undergraduateship, he became senior wrangler. He is now one of the mathematical tutors at that college, and the discoverer of the planet Neptune.—*West Briton.*

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RECENT LITERATURE OF FRANCE AND GERMANY.

The literature of France begins to exhibit cheering symptoms of returning health. The quotidian fever of the *Roman feuilleton* is evidently on the decline; and there is good reason to hope, that, ere long, it will become extinct, or at least cease to be epidemic, and figure only among the sporadic items in the literary bills of mortality. The disclosures made on the recent trials, in which Messrs. Dumas and Sue were parties, have damaged not only their personal reputation, but in no less a degree the commercial character of their manufactures. In spite of his numerous and well-organized staff of journeymen, in spite of the exceeding cleverness, fertility, and energy of the great master-manufacturer himself, who has accomplished, in the way of his trade, as he tells the world with becoming pride, "what no man ever did before, and no man will ever do again," in spite of all the unparalleled resources of the Dumas *atelier*, not to mention the relays of three horses always saddled and bridled, and three *jockies*, always booted and spurred, ready to glut the presses of the capital with copy; notwithstanding all this, the great contractor has broken down under the weight of his engagements. He has been forced to confess that literary fiction cannot be turned out of hand in as rapid abundance as cotton cloth, and that not even to him, unique among men, is granted the gift of unlimited production and unfailing success. Now, the system of *Roman feuilleton* presupposes these two impossible conditions. Criticism had demonstrated that truth, and now experience has fully ratified the conclusions of criticism. Monsieur Eugene Sue has tried with even worse success than M. Dumas, the fortune of legal warfare. It has been established in evidence that his "Martin" *does not pay*. Unhappy Monsieur Sue! Why did he venture into court? What infatuation prompted him to let that damning fact be recorded and blazoned to the world? Fatal, irrevocable doom of the *Roman feuilleton!* Worse than the lassitude of the brain-sucked author writing desperately to order,—worse than the utmost malignity of slashing or sneering criticism,—is the impracticable *vis inertiæ* of a public who have ceased to be amused, and will not buy.

The *Roman feuilleton* is dying out. Meanwhile, it will not have been the fault of M. de Balzac if it does not make an end worthy of itself. In his last novel, 'Les Parens Pauvres, La Cousine Bette,' some of the peculiar attributes of this class of literature are carried out to an extraordinary degree of development. It is a downright nasty book, containing an ample assortment of turpitudes, adapted to every variety of vitiated taste. As a critic in the "*National*" has remarked, the work might have been better entitled, "*Guide des femmes entretenues*," or "*Manuel des maris complaisans et spéculateurs*." Among the personages of the novel we have a M. Hulot, a *chef de division* in the ministry of war, married to a handsome and virtuous woman, and father of a most charming daughter. This gentleman, at the age of fifty, plunges, by a strange anachronism, into all sorts of youthful excesses, and leads a merry life with grisettes, lorettes, and actresses. Then there is one M. Crevel, a retired perfumer, and captain in the *Garde Nationale*, a personage delineated in a style of extravagant caricature, exceeding even the ordinary license accorded to a *Roman feuilleton*. He makes certain proposals to Mme. Hulot, and backs them with an offer of three hundred thousand francs, telling her frankly at the same time that he is prompted by no other motive than a desire to be revenged on M. Hulot, who has filched his mistress from him. "Madame," he concludes, "je suis tocqué de vous et vous êtes ma vengeance; c'est comme si j'aimais deux fois." And this is addressed to a lady in whom are combined "la distinction, la noblesse, la grace, la finesse, l'élegance, une chair à part, un tient broyé dans cet atelier inconnu où travaille le Hasard." Then there is the heroine of the story, the *femme entretenue, par excellence*, Mme. Marneffe, the lawful wife of a clerk in M. Hulot's office, mistress of M. Hulot and M. Crevel for lucre; mistress of Winceslas, M. Hulot's son-in-law, from motives of vanity, and mistress of a Brazilian from sensual inclination. She makes each of her four admirers believe that she is pregnant by him, and M. Marneffe, the putative father, calls all the possible fathers, himself included, "the five fathers of the church;" for he is

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a cynical blackguard, this M. Marneffe, who trades openly in his own dishonor.

Mixed up with the doings of all these persons, we have cousin Bette (the poor relation), ugly, envious, and spiteful; she is at the bottom of all the intrigues and rascalities of this odious drama. The diabolical subtlety and malice with which M. de Balzac endows this country girl, suddenly transported to Paris, is surely inconsistent with the fidelity to nature on which he piques himself in his portraits.

Of course there is no such thing as poetical justice in the *dénouement;* that fashion is out of date. Mme. Hulot dies broken-hearted, and if Mme. Marneffe is punished, it is by falling a victim to the crime of another. M. Hulot, junior, a respectable *avocat*, contrives to have her poisoned. We understand that the novel has found many admirers, and that even among woman of great pretensions on the score of refined taste and sentiment. A more disgusting book there is scarcely to be found in the detestable class to which it belongs, or one that more grossly outrages human nature and artistic truth.

Among the re-publications now in progress in Paris, two are deserving of special notice. These are the collected works of Chateaubriand, and an illustrated edition of Béranger, with entirely new designs by Charlet, Johannot, and others, and eight new *chansons* by the inimitable author. Two or three of the latter have appeared, and have acquired instantaneous and sterling popularity, particularly that one entitled "Notre Coq." We can only make room for three of the fourteen stanzas of which it consists; but these will afford no inadequate idea (*ex pede Herculem*) of the saucy military humor and admirable art of the whole composition. We cannot applaud either the religious notions of "Our Cock," who we fear has learned his theology in a bad school, or the moral of his song, which is a plain incentive to war; but we must make allowance for the force of habit in an old campaigner. The *chanson* begins thus:—

"Notre coq, d'humeur active,
Las d'Alger, s'écrie: il faut
Que jusqu' au bon Dieu j' arrive,
Pour voir s'il s'endort là haut.
J'ai response à tout qui vive.
Co, co, coquérico,
France, remets ton schako.
Coquérico, coquérico."

Béranger is always singularly happy in his *refrains:* we need scarcely direct the reader's attention to the curious and startling effectiveness of this one. If the funds did not fall immediately on its publication, the bears were certainly not wide-awake. The cock flies up to heaven, looking in at the stars and planets on his way, and noting the most striking particulars in each of them. Beneath the dome of the sun he encounters the Emperor, who lends him for a guide on his further journey, his own imperial eagle:—*Du ciel il connaît la route.* St. Peter is smoking out of a window when they arrive at the celestial gate, and being no friend to cocks, for reasons of his own, he refuses the traveller admission; but an angel sets all right, and the cock struts in. After a short stay, during which he comports himself in rather a free-and-easy manner, he is ordered back to earth, for there is yet work there for him to do.

"Sous le drapeau tricolore
Vas échauffer cœurs et bras,
De vous j'ai besoin encore.
Coq, bientot tu chanteras
Le reveil avant l'aurore.
Co, co, coquérico,
France, remets ton schako.
Coquérico, coquérico.

"L'oiseau, prompt comme la foudre,
Rentre au quartier général,
Disant: L'on en va découdre;
Dieu fait seller son cheval;
Les anges font de la poudre.
Co, co, coquérico,
France, remets ton schako.
Coquérico, coquérico."

The recent bibliography of France is particularly rich in the department of modern French history: no fewer than five important new works of that class are now before us. These are, a "History of the Two Restorations," by M. de Vaulabelle,* of which three volumes out of the six have appeared; the respective first volumes of two "Histories of the Revolution," the one by Michelet, the other by Louis Blanc; two volumes of Lamartine's "History of the Girondins;" and lastly, De Tocqueville's "Louis XV." complete in two volumes.

The two volumes of M. de Vaulabelle's work already published, comprise the history of the Bourbon princes from the

* 1814, Cent Jours. 1815. *Histoire des Deux Restorations, jusqu' à la chute de Charles X. in* 1830, *précédé d'un Precis Historique sur les Bourbons et le parti royaliste depuis la mort de Louis XVI.* Tomes I., II., III. Par Achille de Vaulabelle.

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emigration down to the embarkation of Napoleon for St. Helena; or rather, they embrace the history of France itself during that interval, notwithstanding that the author has endeavored to restrict himself within the narrower bounds appropriate to his nominal subject.

"Twenty-two years," he says, "divide the 10th of August, 1792, from the 12th of April, 1814, the day on which the Count d'Artois made his entry into Paris. During the first half of that period, the brothers of Louis XVI. had recourse successively to foreign invasion, to civil war, and to plots and conspiracies. The narrative of the efforts then made by the Royalists and the Bourbons belongs to the history of the Republic and the Consulate; the intrigues and the protestations of these princes, after 1804, fall within the province of the historians of the Empire. We will therefore draw upon those two epochs only for such facts as are indispensable towards the perfect understanding of the events that led to the Restoration."

As he goes over ground previously trodden by other historians, M. de Vaulabelle corrects some of their errors, or at least gives his own new reading of certain points. Thus, for instance, the account he gives of the manner in which the Five Hundred were turned out of doors by Bonaparte's brother-in-law, Leclerc, and his soldiers, differs considerably from the commonly received versions of the matter. The soldiers did not drive the deputies before them at the point of the bayonet; they merely marched up the hall, carrying arms, and occupied all the benches, one by one, as the members slowly withdrew from them.

"The Five Hundred made only a passive resistance. There was neither violence nor tumult. The deputies did not jump out of the windows as was stated; they did not run away, leaving their garments sticking to the bushes in the garden, as the story has been falsely told. On leaving the hall they all went and deposited their robes, girdles, and caps in the robing room. The greater number then went away to Paris; some fifty remained in St. Cloud; and it was this fraction that, having almost immediately re-assembled in formal sitting, passed, that evening, in concert with the Council of Ancients, the decree which declared the Directory to be dissolved."

The work is agreeably written, and gives evidence of care and conscientiousness on the part of the author. It is the third and the best which France now possesses on the same subject. The Abbé de Montgaillard's "*Histoire de France*," from the reign of Louis XIV. to 1825, with a continuation to 1830, by his brother, the Count of Montgaillard, is caustic, clever, and curious; it may be consulted with advantage as an exponent of the views of a portion of the royalist party, but that is all. Its statement of facts even is not always correct. M. Capefigue's "*Histoire de la Restoration*," is perhaps the dullest, most insipid, and worthless book he has ever written, and that is saying a great deal.

Louis Blanc's History of the Revolution is to fill ten volumes, the first of which contains 592 pages. We cannot help thinking that he makes rather an excessive claim upon the patience of his readers. He comes too late in the day to be heard at such extreme length, especially since, although generally a very entertaining writer, he is not one whose political or philosophical judgment possesses any weight. His *forte* lies in narrative, and the delineation and dramatic exposition of character. Unfortunately, whilst the nature of his powers is peculiarly adapted to the concrete, his vanity, or some strange bias of his humor, continually urges him towards abstractions. He meets you upon the very threshold of this book, with a spick-and-span new metaphysical system which is to underlie the whole course of the succeeding narrative. Three grand principles, he says, share the world and history between them: viz. authority, individualism, and fraternity. The Catholic Church was the great incarnation of authority until the time of Luther, who introduced individualism, or the principle which gives man an exaggerated notion of his own rights, and no notion of duties, and makes government consist in mere *laisser faire*. Individualism rules the present; it is the soul of things as they are, but it is to be superseded some day by the principle of fraternity, for the future evidently belongs neither to the Pope nor to Luther. What is commonly called the French Revolution was, in fact, two revolutions, quite distinct from each other; namely: that of '89, effected in behalf of individualism; and that "which was only attempted tumultuously in the name of fraternity, and which fell on the 9th Thermidor" (a pretty euphemism for the Reign of Terror).

Out of all this jargon we collect that it is the author's design to prosecute his old feud with the *bourgeoisie* or middle class, the representatives of individualism, and to labor at the apotheosis of Robespierre, the apostle of fraternity. It is allowable to a

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historian to have a theory, or in other words, to embody the meaning of what he relates in some general formula; but it is not allowable to start *à priori* from an arbitrary, narrow, and inflexible set of dogmas, and with a predetermined purpose to find them illustrated and confirmed in every point of historic detail. Now this is the very course pursued by Louis Blanc in his "History of Ten Years," and in his present work he seems bent on following out the same system, with even a greater degree of sophistical rigor.

His first volume is entirely introductory, and treats of the origins and causes of the Revolution; in quest of which he goes as far back as the beginning of the fifteenth century—at the same time remarking, with great truth, that he might have chosen any other still more remote point of departure; since, in ascending from effects to their causes, we are led continually upwards, until our inquiries terminate in the unknown, or in the Great First Cause. But a beginning he must make somewhere, and, as he has a theory to corroborate, he finds it convenient to begin with John Huss and Protestantism, the establishment of which he calls the inauguration of individualism in the Christian world, in politics and philosophy. This forms the subject of the first of the three books into which this preliminary essay is divided. The second book recounts the rise and progress of that middle class, "whose individualism naturally resulted in the establishment of the Empire." The third book is devoted to the eighteenth century, and aims at demonstrating how, "in spite of the efforts of Jean Jacques Rousseau, Mably, and even Necker, individualism became the principle of the *bourgeoisie*, and triumphed—in philosophy, through the school of Voltaire; in politics, through the school of Montesquieu; in industry, through the school of Turgot."

The range of matter comprised within this volume is, as we see, very extensive, and (apart from the writer's crotchety theories) it is treated with much spirit, force, and elegance. The book is particularly well adapted to the habits of a desultory reader; for, in fact, it resolves itself upon analysis into a series of smart magazine articles on Huss, Luther, and Calvin, Montaigne, the League, Feudalism, the Fronde and Jansenism, Louis XIV., the Regency, Voltaire, the Encyclopædists, Rousseau, &c. In justice to the author, of whose philosophy in general we have spoken so disparagingly, we will translate the reflections with which he concludes his essay:—

"What!" he exclaims, "must we have blood, always blood, even when the conflict is for supremacy of ideas in their purely abstract essence? What law is this that to every great progress assigns, as its condition, some great disaster? Revolutions, like the plough, fertilize the soil only by rending its bosom. Wherefore? Whence comes it that duration is but destruction prolonged and self-renovated? Whence has death this power of engendering life? When thousands of persons perish beneath the ruins of the social edifice, 'what does it matter?' we say; the species advances.' But is it just that whole races should be tortured and annihilated, that at some future day, in some undetermined epoch, other races may arise and enjoy the fruits of their predecessors' toils and sufferings? This immense and arbitrary immolation of the beings of yesterday to those of to-day, and of those of to-day to those of to-morrow, is it not of a nature to excite the profoundest repugnance of the conscience? To the wretches slaughtered before the altar of progress, what can progress seem but a sinister idol, an execrable and false divinity!

"These it must be owned would be terrible questions, had we not two principles to rely on for their solution; namely, the corporate unity (*solidarité*) of races, and the immortality of the human race. For, when once we admit that everything is transformed, and nothing is destroyed; when we believe in the impotence of death; when we are persuaded that successive generations are varied modes of one universal life that improves as it goes on; in a word, when we adopt the admirable definition devised by Pascal's genius, 'Humanity is a man who lives on and on, and is ceaselessly learning,' then the spectacle of so many accumulated catastrophes loses the appalling force with which it had oppressed the conscience; we no longer doubt the wisdom of the general laws that govern the world, or the existence of eternal justice; and we can follow, with unflinching gaze, the periods of that long and painful gestation of truth which is called history.

"Good alone is absolute, alone is necessary. Evil in the world! it is an immense accident; and this is why it is its part to be evermore vanquished. Now, whilst the victories of good are definitive, the defeats of evil are irrevocable. Printing will keep its ground; torture will not be re-established, nor will the fires of the Inquisition be lighted again. What do I say? It is becoming manifest, by the course of things, and by the common tendency of serious minds, that henceforth progress will never again be accomplished under violent conditions. Already commerce has demonstrated, in the mutual relations of nations, that war is not requisite for the propagation of ideas; and, in the affairs of civil life, reason proves, with continually increasing clearness, that order may be maintained without the aid of the executioner. Religion has ceased to make martyrs; it is high time that politics should cease to make victims."

The presses of Germany continue, as

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usual, to pour forth abundant floods of printed sheets; the quantity seems even to be on the increase, but the quality declines in still more rapid proportion. The catalogues indicate the accustomed chaos of erudition, laborious technicality, and vapid *belletristik;* but, except in the department of lyric poetry, the dreary, cumbrous mass is scarcely enlightened by a ray of creative genius. Among the prose works, of a purely literary character, that have appeared in Germany within the last few months, one only appears to us to deserve that we should commend it to the attention of English readers. It is a treatise by the illustrious author of the "Village Tales of the Black Forest," on the theory of a subject, of which he has already evinced a practical mastery, scarcely equalled, and certainly unsurpassed, by any living writer in the world.* In this treatise, Auerbach investigates the essential character of what, for want of a better phrase, we must crudely call "Folk literature;" both that which emanates from the people themselves, and that which is composed expressly for their use by more conscious artists. By "people," he means the great multitude of those who derive their notions of things chiefly from their own experience and from the immediate present, mingled with some traditional lore drawn from public and private history. The views and principles of these persons do not assume the form of a logical system, with an orderly sequence of premises and conclusions, but stand side by side promiscuously, and are expressed in proverbs that appeal for warranty of their truth to instinct and intuition rather than to ratiocination. Their feelings likewise find utterance of an equally direct kind; and in the songs and ballads of the untutored people are to be found the most exquisite, because the most natural and unsophisticated, lyric embodiments of human emotion. Poets of the greatest genius, and of the most consummate art, fully acknowledge this unrivalled quality of primitive song, and own that their highest triumph, as regards emotional expression, consists in the nearest possible approach to the simplicity and truth of many a thought enclosed in the rude setting of popular minstrelsy. How came the obscure poets of the people by this prerogative of excellence? They owe it to the training thus described by Auerbach:—

"A village child grows up under primitive and natural circumstances. * * * * * He is a living type of the first stage of the development of our race, the patriarchal condition. His life exhibits the same immediate connexion with nature, with trees, plants, and animals. His yet undeveloped mind feels its close affinity with them; he lives with them; trees and bushes are his comrades, silently he grows as they do. He feels a special attraction towards animals, which stand nearer to him by reason of the individuality of their lives; he ascribes to them his own sensations, and endows them, as well as the inanimate objects around him, with the attributes of human nature. * * * * The village is a little world which the mind of the boy can easily embrace. He knows every person by name, and is acquainted with their condition and circumstances. As it is the custom for people to salute each other when they meet, and to exchange some friendly words—a custom from which even little children are not excluded—the boy does not grow used every hour to pass people whom he does not know, with whom he has no manner of intercourse or relation, and who are as alien to him as the remotest bodies in space. Hence there grows up in the mind of the village child a sort of family feeling of community with those about him. Whoever has been born and bred in a village or a small town, often curiously remembers men and circumstances the most various and peculiar, which come bodily before the mind's eye, though he may never have been long or intimately connected with them.

"In later years this little world can no longer be thus apprehended as a whole; it always reminds the spectator of the greater world, and appears to him as a fragment. The contemplative mind, coming to it from abroad, no longer rests with such self-forgetfulness on outward things. One is too much engrossed with general or personal matters, and must of course pass by a thousand things without heeding or caring for them.

"Hence it comes that teachers, clergymen, and public functionaries, can seldom penetrate so deeply into the ways of village life as a child who has been surrounded by them from his birth. And even if they succeed—which seldom happens—in breaking through the ugly and deformed husk, and getting at the genuine kernel, still they bring with them, for the most part, to the contemplation of the matter, too many extraneous thoughts and reflections of all sorts. They cannot thoroughly understand this way of life because they were never at home in it.

"Hence I am inclined to maintain, that none but a person to the manner born thoroughly comprehends the life, ways, and doings of the common folk.

"The boy, especially in his earliest years, belongs entirely to what directly meets his eye: he stops at every object, loses himself completely in the interest it excites, and makes it wholly his own. With no conventional rules to bias his

* *Schrift und Volk. Grundzüge der volksthümlichen Literatur, angeschlossen an eine Charakteristik J. P. Hebel's.* Von Berthold Auerbach. Leipsig. 1846.

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natural tendencies, or to distort his vision, he seizes the true aspect of things with their perplexing, but, at the same time, characteristic peculiarities. He has a world stored up within him, of which nobody, scarcely even himself, knows anything. By and by, perhaps, he will be astonished to see the apparitions of these things rise up in his mind spontaneously, or in obedience to his call."

The present barrenness of Germany in the field of prose literature, is in some degree redeemed by the better promise of her recent poetry, notwithstanding that the four foremost men in her lyric choir have been scarcely heard, or not at all, for the last two years. Heine has published nothing since his wicked, witty, charming, shocking *Deutschland;* Anastasius Grün is silent; Freiligrath has only followed up his *Glaubensbekenntniss* with half a dozen short, but rather furious pieces,* somewhat prematurely hymning the advent of the revolution so long prophesied for Germany; lastly, the author of the "Poems by a Living Man," gives no sign of life. Far be it from us, however, to object to the temporary silence of Herwegh's overbold and presumptuous muse, if we may venture to hope that he is employing this interval of retirement in such a manner as shall enable him to justify the too rapid success of his early efforts. Inordinate sudden popularity is one of the most dangerous mischances that can befall a young writer, and if Herwegh is wisely preparing himself against the reaction of his own spurious fame, we cannot but applaud his purpose, and wish that his unquestionably vigorous, but hitherto one-sided and misused powers, may yet display themselves in the full development of healthful maturity.

In the absence of the recognised leaders, some of the newer men have been rising into celebrity during the last year or two; among whom, Moritz Hartmann,† Geibel,‡ Leopold Schefer,§ and Karl Beck,‖ are deserving of honorable mention. The ablest and most original of these four is unquestionably Hartmann, whose first volume has been most favorably received by the best judges, and has already attained to the well-merited honors of a second edition. His new volume contains some very striking pieces, but also, it must be confessed, a few which we could freely dispense with, and which seem to serve only as stuffing to swell out the volume to the normal bulk of twenty sheets.

Geibel is a poet of altogether different metal from Hartmann; he has none of the latter's strong conceptions and vivid expression; but he is a pleasing, graceful writer, endowed with a light and joyous fancy, that flies the sombre atmosphere of the North and revels in the sunshine of Greece, Italy, and Spain.

Leopold Schefer's first two works, the "Lay Breviary" and the "Vigils," found many admirers for the fervor and exaltation of their philosophic faith, notwithstanding the poverty and embarrassment of the language in which the poet struggled to express the rich exuberance of his thoughts. His new work has sorely disappointed all his dispassionate friends, all those whose souls are not steeped and dyed to the core in Hegelism. It is in fact a versified treatise, as crabbed and obscure as the great master's *phenomenology*, and as utterly devoid of poetry.

Karl Beck has within him the elements of a genuine poet, but his productions too often resemble those of a mere poetaster. His lyre is seldom in tune. His music is a vulgar termagant, who can utter only turgid platitudes when she would reprove the vices of the age, and flies into a passion when she attempts to console its sorrows.

Rückert still continues his learned labors in the field of Eastern poetry, and has lately added to the list of his admirable translations that of a collection of Arab poetry of the earliest times, entitled *Hamâsa*. This collection, which was made by Abu Temmam, a renowned poet of the court of the Egyptian caliphs in the ninth century, is extremely valuable for the light it sheds directly on the early history of Arabia, and also for that which it casts by reflection on the poetry and the social state of Europe in the middle ages, in which the Arab influence played so important a part. It is a curious coincidence that the *Hamâsa* was put together at the very period when Charlemagne was making his collection, now unhappily lost, of all the old lays and poems of the Germans.

* "*Ca ira! Sechs Gedichte* von Ferdinand Freiligrath. Herisau, 1846.

† "*Kelch und Schwert*" (Cup and Sword), von Moritz Hartmann. Leipsig, 1845. "*Neue Gedichte*," by the same. 1846.

‡ "*Geibel's Gedichte.*" Berlin, 1846.

§ "*Der Welt-priester*" (The Secular Priest), von Leopold Schefer. Nuremberg, 1846.

‖ "*Lieder vom armen Mann*" (Songs of a Poor Man), von Karl Beck. Leipsig, 1846.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE TUDORS, AND THE OLD PALACE OF GREENWICH.

How little can we realize the notion of England, as a subject province, ridden over by the rampant Danes, for instance; or of London, abject under the sway of a semi-barbarian horde, to the descendants of whom we think it a great condescension in the present day if we ask them to dinner, or procure them an introduction to Almack's!

Fancy, if you can, sage matron, or mournful spinster, or soft youth, or staid bachelor, who may peruse these pages, these desperate savages encamping themselves on Blackheath, just above the courtly scenes which afterwards received the gentle name of Placentia. There, on that knoll, adown which roll holiday youths and tittering maidens, and which is now enclosed in Greenwich Park, settled a dark mass of human beings, for our ancient conquerors were always attired in black—it was the national color of the Danish tribes, and even their standard was a raven; for black was not then a funereal hue, and it was not until after the Danes had been converted to Christianity that they assumed scarlet, and purple, and fine hues, and threw their "'nighted color" off. So behold them, like a flock of carrion-crows, settling on the ground; at their head, issuing from his tent, perchance, stalks the great Canute, in his circlet of gold around his brows; his powerful hands garnished with a ring; and his tunic and mantle adorned with cords, and ribands, and tassels; his bare arms enriched with massive bracelets, whilst his long ringlets, the pride of his nation, fell down even to his girdle.

Greenwich, called Grenevic by the poor Saxons, long suffered as the Danish headquarters, whence they ravaged the fair country to the south, east, and west of that station. They penetrated to Canterbury, committed a dreadful massacre there, and carried off an archbishop to their camp. Portray to yourself, my pious layman or zealous churchman, an Archbishop of Canterbury in durance vile. But he behaved like an archbishop. When a large ransom was demanded, he meekly answered, "My poor peasantry would be ruined to raise it." They threatened to kill him; he replied, that his life was not worth so much as that his people should be ruined for his sake. Then ensued a scene of horror. The prelate was brought before the assembly of the Danish chiefs at Greenwich; and there they cried out to him, "Bishop, give gold, or you shall be made a public spectacle!" They were flushed with wine, and on the venerable man refusing to comply, they started from their seats, and struck him with the flat end of their axes, whilst by some he was pelted with stones. At length one of them, secretly a convert to Christianity, move by compassion, gave a final blow. The brave prelate sank to the ground, and died. Horror of the deed quickly followed; the body of the murdered prelate was bought by the citizens of London with a large sum, and buried in St. Paul's, where it rested—graced by a miricle or two, no doubt, over his mangled remains—until Canute interred it with pomp at Canterbury. But mark the sequel, and see what poetical justice achieves in this wicked world. His name, Alphage, was enrolled among the saints of the Church; where his body fell, there was erected a church which, still designated St. Alphage, is the parish church of Greenwich. And where are his murderers? Where the "black soldiers," as the hating Saxons called them? Where their long, fair, silken hair, and their bracelets, and their rings? Away with them, carrion-crows, to the drear north!

The wild range of Blackheath was cleared of the monsters, and the peaceful shores of Greenwich were calm, and the waves of the flowing river no longer were tinged with blood; when—conceive the impertinence!—the manor of East Greenwich was given by Alfred the Great to the Abbey of St. Peter at Ghent; and to Ghent it appertained, until bold King Henry V. suppressed the alien monasteries, and granted Greenwich, with Lewisham, to the Carthusian monastery at Shene. It was the principal manor of Greenwich which was thus disposed of; but there was a subordinate one, in which that compound of oppression and piety, Edward I., made an offering of seven shillings at each of the crosses of the Virgin Mary, and then he gave this smaller manor to Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter; at his death Humphrey—our well-known friend, Duke Humphrey, of dining

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out-memory—was presented with the manor, and also with a license to fortify and embattle his manor-house, and to make a park of 300 acres. There had been some kind of a palace on this favored spot, and this Duke Humphrey rebuilt; he enclosed the Park, and erected a moated tower on the very spot where the Observatory now stands: nay, more, he caused to be bestowed upon it the graceful name of Placentia, or "the Manor of Pleasaunce;" but dying in 1447, the place, now extremely beautiful and commodious, reverted to that cormorant, the Crown.

Henceforth Placentia was a royal abode; the barges borne on the wave seldom brought anything lower than a prince of the blood-royal to become its inmate, and queenly ladies chose it for their *accouchemens;* for it was retired, yet cheerful, the very scene for dalliance and for sport, and for a nursery. Let us see if we can bring its chief characteristics to mind, far-famed Placentia.

It stood close to the water's edge, having a brick front, battlemented and turreted; raised on a long terrace, in the centre of which a flight of steps led to the river. From the prints taken of it before its destruction in the time of Cromwell, it appears to have resembled an old manorial residence of the fifteenth century rather than a palace; but within the process of time the splendors of royalty were manifested, and the house was adapted for courtly festivities. Eltham, which had long been the favorite residence of our English kings, began to be neglected; and Greenwich, or Placentia, was the besetting temptation to expense. Edward IV. enlarged and beautified it; and even Henry VII. relaxed the iron hand with which he grasped his treasures, and bestowed them on Placentia. Leland, who was an eye-witness of the gay scenes enacted there, has celebrated them in Latin. I shall be content, and content my readers with Hasted's version, in English, of its praises:—

"Lo! with what lustre shines this wish'd-for place,
Which, star-like, might the heavenly mansions grace;
What painted roofs, what windows charm the eye,
What turrets, rivals of the starry sky!
What constant springs, what verdant meades besides,
Where Flora's self in majesty resides!
And, beauteous all around her, does dispense
With bounteous hand her flowing influence."

Not, however, that our ancestors knew much of floriculture. Their scope was limited, and their flowers of the antiquated, and what we should now venture to call the vulgar kind; for there is an aristocracy in flowers, as well as in those that wear them. The rose, delicate race, maintains its caste; but the pansies, in which our ancestors delighted, and the pomegranate flower, were long out of vogue; fashion or taste has recalled the former to our catalogue of choice flowers; but the daisy, the eglantine, the chief ingredients in the bouquets of Edward IV., Henry VII., and Henry VIII., are now only wild flowers.

The meadows of England boasted, even in those remote times, all their floral beauties. Peele, a poet of the sixteenth century, enumerates

"The primrose, and the purple hyacinthe,
The daintie violette, and wholesome minthe;
The double daisie, and the cowslip, queene
Of summer flowers, do overspeere the greene;
And round about the valley as ye passe,
Ye may no see, for peeping flowers, the grasse."

Shakspeare has immortalized Love and Idleness; Chaucer has raised the daisie in the scale of floral consequence; but we hear little of garden-flowers until after Placentia had ceased to be, and vulgar Greenwich had replaced her royal graces. Gardens, cultured with the few vegetables then known, alleys and bowling-greens, doubtless formed the external attraction of Placentia; to say nothing of that sure appendage the skittle-ground, of the tilt-yard, and the occasional banqueting-house. But we must not forestall the days of Elizabeth.

A fairer, a gentler, a less happy Elizabeth was the first of our queens consort who resided at Placentia. This was Elizabeth of York. Her childhood was spent in this delicious home; and here her married life, one probably of constraint, if not of sorrow, was also passed.

Henry VII. loved the spot well; and, indeed, we may imagine how important a residence Placentia had become when we consider that York House was then not a royal abode, Whitehall not in existence, and that the old palace of Westminster was, in this reign, injured by fire. The crafty, sagacious Henry, loved probably the proximity to the Thames, inasmuch as he could view from his very chamber-windows the naval treasures upon which he had begun to place a dependence for the future glory of England.

In the serene atmosphere of Placentia was born the turbulent spirit of the Eighth

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Henry, and from his accession the true glories of Placentia may be dated.

The first signal event which occurred there was the marriage of Katharine of Arragon to the young king. Tournaments graced the occasion, for which the Spanish bride had afterwards so much reason to mourn, and England, so far as the Reformation was the effect of Henry's repudiation of Katharine, to rejoice. Her dignified form, her large, melancholy eyes, her grave attire, must have presented a strange contrast to the round face, over-loaded costume, and jocularity of her young consort, then one of the most popular princes that Englishmen had ever looked upon; for his very vices were popular, inasmuch as they brought him down to the level of other men. Very staid, discreet, domestic princes, have never been popular in England, unless those respectable virtues be dashed with religious enthusiasm, as in the case of Edward the Confessor; or accompanied with great learning, as in Edward VI.

The flower of the English nobility graced the lists on this occasion. First came Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, whose manly prowess and fine person procured him what we should call, in these days, supreme *haut ton;* which comprised, in those times, superexcellence in the mimic fight, superfineness in the garments of the man, and in the trappings of his horse. A dashing splendor and a reckless dissipation, even to the vice of gambling, was essential to the fine gentleman of that day. High blood was requisite—not too *high*—the kinsmen of royalty were generally out of favor; personableness and youth were essentials, for Henry liked not the old and the ugly even of his own sex.

And Brandon realized all these notions of a *preux chevalier*,—he was elegant, manly, courteous, and a skilful politician to boot. Educated in habits of the strictest intimacy with the young king, he held a supreme place, not only in all the courtly revels but in the tender heart of Mary Tudor, the sister of the monarch. What a little romance is her brief history? Loving, in secret, the gallant Brandon, married by state policy to the old King Louis of France, compelled when she entered her new home to behold Brandon in the procession, Brandon in the revels, Brandon in the lists, Brandon in the dance and the masque; her enamored heart yielded, but not fatally, to the charm of a youthful love. It pleased King Louis to betake himself to another world, and, as the Fates would have it, Brandon was sent with letters of condolence to Mary from her friends. After a courtship of four days they were married, and the union was as happy as love and youth could render it, and their felicity was closed only by death.

Such was one of the chief actors in the revels of Placentia, and Brandon shared in every diversion; sometimes riding on May-day to Shooter's Hill to take the air, where the royal guard received them in the garb of foresters; sometimes conspicuous in horse-racing, and then galloping homewards to a sumptuous banquet in Placentia's Halls. The Howards, and the Nevilles, and the Greys shared these scenes, and challenged all comers in the lists, and joined in solemn dancings: but the disguisings and mummeries were the favorite pastime. In the Hall of Placentia an entertainment, which has been described as the first masquerade England ever witnessed, was introduced. This was on the day of the Epiphany, when the king, with eleven of his gay courtiers, apparelled in garments long and broad, wrought over with gold, appeared in vizors and caps; and after these twelve maskers had made their appearance, there came six more, who prayed the ladies to dance, but were by some refused, as the custom of concealing the face, a fashion introduced from Italy, was then new in England, and was not approved of by the dainty fair.

There was long a prejudice against a practice which led to so much intrigue. Yet, by a law passed in the time of Henry VII., it had been forbidden for "any person to hunt by night with painted faces or vizors;" a prohibition from which the existence of the mask before the reign of his son has been inferred. It was probably first introduced into scenes of amusement in the time of Henry VIII.; when once adopted, it was not relinquished for centuries. Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, complains that "when the ladies ride abroad they cover all their faces, leaving holes in them against their eyes, whereout they look; so that if a man that knew not their guise before should meet one of them, he would think he met a devil, for face there he can see none, but two broad holes against their eyes, with glasses in them." The use of the mask in England at public places, or in walking or riding, was abolished by royal proclamation, early in the reign of Queen Anne; the famous Duchess

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of Tyrconnel, the once beautiful Frances Jennings, being one of the last noted characters that adopted this mode of disguise for political purposes. There she sat in the Exchange, near Temple Bar, carrying on her pretended trade as a milliner, whilst around her she was collecting secretly suffrages for the exiled James II., whose active partisan she had long in secret been.

Such is the origin, such was the decline of the mask; but that was only one of the many and varied amusements which caused the walls of Placentia to ring with rude laughter, and brought an assemblage of youth and fashion to its apartments. There was, in fact, an incessant round of diversions for the courtly, in which the common people were not debarred from sharing. Let us take a day in the fifteenth century, and see how our ancestors spent it. Our present life is one of work; theirs had its duties, but its galas were the predominant feature of that bemourned-over period. Our forefathers only wanted one thing—security. In the midst of laughter, "when the heart was gladdest," they might be despatched, with a bare show of form, putting aside justice entirely, to the Tower; or they might find it convenient to lay down a good round sum for their lives: but these were trifles.

Behold our gracious King Henry at his meals, with Katharine at his side. First comes the morning repast—the *dějeüner*, not *à la fourchette*, for forks were not introduced until a late period of our Defender's reign; in short, they were not in common use before the Restoration. By successful practice, the fingers were enabled to carry the meat steadily to the mouth; and in this way—faint not, my modern D'Orsay!—did eat the accomplished Surrey; also the glorious, romantic Wyatt; and, I blush to write it, the lovely Anne Boleyn. Alas! one can fancy Anne of Cleves in that attitude, but one shrinks from the notion that Mary Stuart or Anne Boleyn should have daily countenanced such iniquitous contaminations. But so it was: for centuries our ancestors had not progressed in refinement; spoons and knives were coeval with the Confessor, who appears to have been a true gentleman; but forks were long in blessing our island, and were for ages regarded with distrust, as an over-refined Italian custom.

The breakfast, however, consisted merely of a glass of ale and a slice of bread; and that being despatched, my hero went forth to his hawking, or his maying, or his hunting, or his wooing, or his sleeping, or his tournament, or his wrestling and fencing. Every season had its appointed pleasures. New Year's Tide, as it was called, was ushered in with presents and good wishes; a custom observed with as much formality in the cottage of the peasant as in the palace of a king. New Year's Eve was passed by all classes in mumming or disguising, frolicking away among the lower classes from house to house—a sport often productive of the most licentious freedom; and perhaps in the Hall of Placentia, when the mumming went on, there was not the most refined propriety imaginable even whilst the saintly Katharine graced the revels. Then on New Year's Day came the gifts, costly enough, from the adulatory subjects to the king, who, as well as his daughter Elizabeth, always took care, though they returned the presents by others, after a fashion, that the balance of value received should be in their own favor.

Next came Twelfth Day, observed since the reign of Alfred in this country; yet I make bold to say, that perhaps not half a million of people in England remember that it is kept in commemoration of the arrival of the Eastern magi, twelve days after the Nativity, at Bethlehem; and these magi being presumed to have been kings, Twelfth Day is often called the Feast of the Three Kings; and hence the choice of a king and a queen, selected from their drawing a piece of cake with a corn or bean in it. And on Twelfth Day went round the wassail-bowl, and then was enacted the masque which Wyatt wrote in Henry's time, and to which Ben Jonson in later days lent his great powers.

These diversions were all carried on early; so that when our monarch of the sixteenth century had despatched his hasty, and probably at six o'clock, pretence of a breakfast, when he had finished his sport, he returned home to a dinner at eleven o'clock in the day; sitting down, let me assure the votaries of Francatelli or the disciples of Soyer, to a banquet by no means contemptible. It was served, to be sure, on ordinary days on pewter, with silver for high days. The feet rested, it is true, on nothing better than a carpet of rushes; but it was by no means, even on ordinary occasions, so poor or so coarse as we may think it. The bread, to begin with, was whiter than that in France. First,

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they had the manchet, which was the finest: next the chete, or wheaten bread; then the ravelled bread, which was coarse; and then the brown bread, of two sorts. And the delicate creatures, those aristocratic Courtenays, and Nevilles, and Greys, and Howards, were fond of eating with their beer soft saffron cakes, stuck with raisins, which gave a flavor to the drink; yet they were esteemed by travellers to be more polite in their eating than the French, and the character has endured till now. Even in Henry's time the French ate enormously of bread.

Lamb was much used; and brawn, adopted from the French (for it was never known in England until the siege of Calais), had become a favorite dish. The victors on that occasion were puzzled at their prize of large masses of brawn. They guessed it to be a dainty; they roasted, they baked it, they boiled it, but still they could not make it eatable. The friars mistook it for fish, and the Jews would not believe that it was a part of a hog. However, it was soon established as a national dainty.

After the meat came a variety of subltetics, jellies of all colors, codinats and mardinats, sugar-bread, ginger-bread, and florentines; and then appeared a dessert, inveighed against by the learned Dr. Caius, who deprecated "after mete" the display of quinces or marmalade, of pomegranates, oranges sliced, pomecitres, myrtle-berries, caraways in comfits, and other consolations to one's mundane infelicity: but the desserts went on, nevertheless.

These repasts were prolonged several hours, and the wine went round pretty freely. Spanish wines, Canary wines, Greek wines, were to be had in abundance; to these often succeeded what Harrison calls "sundrie sort of artificial stuffe;" such as hypocras and wormwood wine; also clarey, or claret, and brachet. The stronger the wine, the better were the company pleased; and as they grew merry over their cups, they were wont to call the strongest wine *theologicum;* and to send for a supply of it from the parson of the parish, in case their own failed. This Scandal surely must have been before the Reformation. The clarye or claret was, it must be mentioned, a compound mixture, like hypocras; and receipts for the "crafte to making of clayre," the "crafte to making ypocras," "the crafte for braket," were to be found in the possession of every good superintendant of a household. Fancy such a compound as the following:—

"*The Receipt to make Clayre, or Claret.*—For eighteen gallons of good wyne, take half a pounde of gynger, a quarter of a pounde of longe pepper, an once of saffron, a quarter of an once of cohaunder, two onces of calomole dromaticum, and a third of as moche honey that is claryfyed as of youre wyne; strayne thym thro a clothe, and doo it into a clene vessel."

This sounds more like an apothecary's prescription than a cook's or steward's compound for a jovial feast. The wine was not set on the table in cups and cruises, but each one called for a cup of such as he "listed to have," and having drunk, he delivered the cup to one of the servants, who, having cleansed it, restored it to the cupboard, a sort of sideboard set in stages, from whence he had fetched it. By this custom, much drinking was, it was thought, avoided; "for should the full pots," observes old Harrison, "stand continually at the elbow, or near the trencher, divers would alwaies be dealing with them; whereas they now drink seldom, or only when necessitie urgeth." Nevertheless, sobriety was by no means a virtue of our ancestors. In Queen Elizabeth's time, thirty-six different sorts of wine were in common use; and certain noblemen had each permission to import a considerable quantity of wine free from impost. Nor must we forget, in particular, to mention the beer; since

> "Heresy and hops, picareel and bere,
> Came into England all in one yeare;"

the Reformation being signalized by the introduction of liquors distilled from hops. When our nobleman or knight had come in hot from the chase, it was then in his power to call for a cup of March beer, generally a year old for the gentle, scarcely a month old for the domestics, who often covenanted to have their beer as old and their bread as new as possible. How little is that class altered in some of its characteristics!

And what was the conversation during all this plentiful banquet? What the intellectual resources by which it was succeeded? Let us look in imagination upon the supposed assembly at noon-day in the Hall of Placentia, let us follow its personages to their afternoon's diversions. There sit the magnates of the land, in their doublets, and petticoats, and breeches stuffed out with horsehair and cotton, on account of which it was found necessary, according to the testimony of an old Harleian manuscript, to make a scaffold round the parlia-

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ment house in Henry's time, the members who wore these huge, bombastic garments not being able to sit on the ordinary seats. They are waited upon by cup-bearers and servitors, bare-headed, who, when the repast was ended, clear away the crumbs from the cloth with a large wooden knife. Among them are the class of *buffetiers*, corrupted into beef-eaters; these had the care of the sideboard.

Silence at table was deemed an essential of good breeding; and well might it be, for swearing was in its zenith at this period. The hospitality of the English, exceeded only by that of the Scotch, was universally acknowledged by foreigners, notwithstanding the following lines by a vagrant Frenchman who visited our country:

"Four days to spend
With asking friend,
In London fair
I reckon'd;
The first in glee
Pass'd merrily,
Not quite so well the second;
The cold third day
I saw display
A *congé* so explicit,
I left the place,
Nor gave him space
To bid me end my visit."

After the dinner came, on *fête* days, the Mystery or Morality, composed in a tragi-comic style, with a strong devotional tendency, interspersed with low humor. The Mystery always exhibited some scriptural story, most ludicrously versified (though with no profane design); the Morality had more contrivance, and often broke out into a bold originality. The famous "Coventry Play," for instance, is said, though in a gross and rude style, to have forestalled the idea of Milton's *Paradise Lost;* nor is it to be wondered at that those fierce and uncontrollable spirits, those free imaginations heightened by a picturesque superstition, should display themselves in efforts of a true though an uncultured genius.

I must not forget the ballad-singing, which rose in its style, and consequently in public favor, at this period; nor music in general. For the Tudors loved it; one of the few gentle characteristics of that family was a taste for that science. Henry VIII. was a composer as well as a performer; his son understood it well, and played on the lute before the French ambassador; and even the gloomy Mary was not unskilled in the art. "Use sometimes for your recreation," writes the broken-hearted Katharine of Arragon to her, "your virginals, and lute, if you have any;" and this wise injunction was prefaced by a solemn exhortation "to suffer cheerfully, to trust in God, to keep her heart clene." Great, indeed, was the mind from which these instructions proceeded. The virginals, be it known, was an instrument contained in an ill-shaped, clumsy-box, apparently the first of our keyed instruments, and was entirely laid aside in the eighteenth century. Queen Elizabeth, too, excelled on the virginals, and played even on the violin, as well as the poliphant, an instrument like a lute, now quite obsolete; and each of these monarchs had a royal band, which played during dinner-time. It was Elizabeth's pleasure to listen to twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums during her repast, and these, together with fifes, cornets, and side-drums, made the hall ring for half an hour together; for that masculine animal delighted in loud music. This taste for music was general all over the country; it was an indispensable accomplishment of fashionable life.

Music, which, as old Fuller observes, "sang its own dirge at the time of the Reformation," had not then arrived at its period of entombment; it was, however, defective in originality, and partook of the pedantry and foppery of the times, eternal fugues upon uninteresting subjects being the test of a composer's merits. Yet even at inns, according to Fynes Morison, you were offered music, which you may either take or refuse; and after supper music books were brought out, and a part was offered to every person who sat round the social board. The streets were gladdened, too, by the sounds of instrumental music from barrel-heads and benches; and blind harpers and tavern minstrels gave, as Puttenham contemptuously relates, "a fit of mirthe for a groat," whilst the tale of Sir Topaz, the adventures of Bevis of Southampton, the exploits of Guy earl of Warwick, resounded to the eager ears of blacksmiths and inquisitive boys. In the time of the Tudors flourished the great Tallis, whose stupendous song of forty parts, still extant, affords a specimen of his dogged industry. His exertions were carried on in the precincts of Placentia, and the old church of St. Alphage at Greenwich, which was taken down in 1720 to be rebuilt, received his remains. Strype preserved his epitaph; but his bones were heaped into a

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common mass with those of the great and small, whose bodies lay in St. Alphage. One verse of the inscription runs thus:

"He served long time in chappele with great prayse,
Foure sovereigns' reignes, a thing not often seen;
I mean King Henry and King Edward's daies,
Queen Marie and Elizabeth our queene."

The musicians of that period, be it observed, were always courtiers; and, whether Protestants or Romanists, contrived to "tune their consciences to the court pitch."

Since the noon-day repast was celebrated by the performance of a noisy band, it may easily be conceived that there could be no conversation; nor were the delights of a calm, social intercourse to be looked for at this period, when, if we may judge by the sermons of Bishop Latimer and other authorities, every judge was corrupt. Murder went unpunished; insolence to the poor was above control, even their wages went unpaid; the very gentlewomen of London, according to Philip Stubbes, were grossly immoral. The women, too, were manly; the men, especially in Elizabeth's reign, were said to be growing *womanish:* one scarcely knows which of these two evils is the most revolting. "The old manly courage," writes Dr. Caius, "sterile courage and painfulness of England are utterly driven away; in the stead thereof men nowadays receive womanliness, and become nyce, not able to withstande a blaste of wynde." The fashion of revenging wrongs by private assassination marks more plainly the decline of chivalry than any other circumstance. The show of it still remained in Henry's days, and many were the fierce encounters in the tilt-yard of Greenwich. The jousts formed, probably, no infrequent topic of discourse, even whilst bright eyes looked out, and graceful forms were passing to and fro in the halls of Placentia. One word about the language of this period. Three distinct tongues, or rather two languages and a dialect, were spoken and written in this island, besides the English and the Scottish. The Cornish was then a language of a distinct character, and is said to have excelled the Welsh in sweetness; the Welsh was another; the Erse a third: and of these the Cornish has alone entirely ceased to exist.

The dance and the banquet finished, on some occasions, the long day. What a chapter might be written on this charming subject! But I must hasten past it to matters of fact and note connected with the history of Placentia. Fancy, however, its gallery dimly lit up with sconces, for chandeliers came not until Elizabeth's days (the first ever seen in this country were at Penshurst, and were given by her to the lord of that place). Dark enough, doubtless, were the ante-chambers; and dark, we, in our days of extravagant light, should call the very gallery itself. Yet it was illumined by gorgeous dresses, on the gold gardings of which the light fell, by blazes of diamonds, by white plumes, and whiter necks and shoulders; for, as I take it, complexion has been on the decline in England for these two centuries, the pure, unmixed blood of our ancestors giving that mark of aristocratic delicacy in its fearful perfection. But, hold! ere I begin this all-important topic, and venture to conduct my readers into the gallery where Elizabeth trod a measure, or sanctioned La Volta by her regal favor, let me see what changes came over Placentia in the latter portion of her father's time, and in the gloomy interregnum of all joy and the brief period of all holiness of her brother Edward's and bigotry of her sister Mary's time.

A true tragedy was enacted at Placentia, when the happy, the kind, yet *not* immaculate Anne Boleyn was summoned from its shades to meet her doom. It followed fast upon a scene of merriment, for a grand tournament had been held, and Anne, recently recovered from an unpropitious child-birth, was the fair star by which the gallants of the court were guided in their homage. Her brother, the accomplished and ill-fated Lord Rochford, and Henry Norris, a gentleman of the privy-chamber, were the challenger and defendant in these fatal lists. In the course of the proceedings, Anne dropped a handkerchief. Norris, it has been asserted, took it up; and the king, in great wrath, quitted the tilt-yard. The scene was speedily concluded, for Anne, alarmed and surprised by this outbreak of jealous fury, hastened from the jousts, and embarked in her barge for Westminster, bidding a last adieu to the peaceful beauties of Placentia, which she never more beheld. Three years before, that palace had been honored by the birth of Elizabeth, of whom her hapless mother predicted, even when her own doom was decided, "that her conditions should be noble;" and noble they were.

With the death of Anne, the festivities of Placentia were not wholly closed; for here Henry, then helpless and disgusting in

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person, entertained the twenty-one Scottish nobles who had been taken at Solway Moss, and here gave them their liberty, unransomed. The tyrant perished from off the face of the earth, and the delicate form, and stately though youthful presence of King Edward, graced Placentia. It was not, as has been erroneously stated, his birthplace; but it was the home in which his last sigh was breathed. The short span of life which he was destined to run could not, after his accession, have been a very happy period. The cabals of the great crown officers; the struggles between the young king's sense of duty to his people and love for the Seymour family; the insurrections and the freedom of religious discussions, to say nothing of the fearful visitation of the sweating sickness, must have grieved his tender, premature heart. And then the obstinacy of his eldest sister and proposed successor on the subject of religion, grieved a spirit as patriotic as it was pious.

He heard of the certainty of his early doom without a murmur. The people believed him to be sinking under a slow poison, administered by the Duke of Northumberland; but pulmonary disease was far advanced. During his decline, his fears, too surely realized of his sister's bigotry, saddened a spirit fit for heaven. How few youths of seventeen would face death calmly for themselves, yet fear its effects for others! His gradual decay was hastened by the violent remedies of a low quack, a female doctor, employed, with no good designs, by the Duke of Northumberland. Placentia witnessed his agonies and his patience. As he lay expiring, he sent for his sisters; they came, but hearing by the way that he was dying, with characteristic hardness they turned back. No kindred stood by his death-bed, but he expired in the arms of a Sidney; and his setting rays of reason were brightened by immortal hopes. And thus from Placentia passed away that face and form of grace and beauty, and those eyes of starry lustre, upon which historians have fondly expatiated. "He was," says Bishop Nicolson, "the historian of his own reign; for his noted journal, printed from the Cotton MS. by Bishop Burnet, contains an admirable register of characters, events, and opinions."

During the mournful reign of Queen Mary, Placentia seems to have been deserted; but brighter days were in store for those who lingered about the old haunts of the gay and courtly, and who trusted that they might yet live to see sports and pastimes succeed the monastic gloom of Mary's time. Elizabeth fulfilled these expectations, for Placentia became her summer residence; and here that famous order of council, forbidding any nuncio from the Pope to enter this realm, was passed.

One of the favorite spectacles of the Tudor monarchs was the muster of the City watch. This was a guard supported by the different companies, and subjected to military rules; it amounted to fourteen hundred men. And at Greenwich, on the lawn behind the palace, they mustered, attired in coats of velvet and chains of gold, with pikes, halberds, and flags, the gunners in coats of mail. At five o'clock in the afternoon, the queen came into the gallery over the park-gate, with the ambassadors and a train of lords and ladies. Then was the guard drawn up in battle array, drums beating and flutes playing the while. An imitation of a close fight ensued. And when, upon the conclusion of the spectacle, the queen thanked the civic authorities heartily, a shout arose which shook the old walls of Placentia, caps were thrown up, and the queen even "shewed herself very merry." Well did she, bred up in the heart of England, and well versed in the opinions of every class—nursed as she was by the stern, rugged nurse, Adversity—know the temper of her subjects. She saw that they delighted in military pomps and shows—graced by her presence withal. And quickly, ere the enthusiasm of her loyal people had time to cool, she had set up in Greenwich park a goodly banqueting-house, made with fir-poles and decked with birch-branches, and all manner of flowers, both of the field and garden, as roses, lavender, marigold, July flowers, and strewed with herbs and rushes; and there were tents for the kitchen and for the officers, and a place for the king's pensioners, who were to run with spears.

The queen rode on horseback to the park-gate, and there witnessed the sport; that being finished, she proceeded to the banqueting-house, and supped. Then came a mask, and then a great banquet, for the previous occasion was a private regaling, seemingly; and then followed great casting of fire and shooting guns till twelve at night, and then Placentia was still as ever, for the queen soon departed on her progress. Well did she love her country palace, too; and well disposed was she also to Eltham. Greenwich had been her nursery, Eltham

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her place of recreation; for often, in her infancy, was the future monarch carried over to the latter place for the sake of the air. Doubtless the interest of these scenes, in which Elizabeth so gaily mingled, not merely presiding, was much increased by her single state; for there is something prospective in celibacy. Matrimony is like the last chapter of a stereotyped book; celibacy like an existence of which the prospectus only is drawn out.

And well did Roger Ascham comprehend the mingled coquetry and firmness of Elizabeth's nature, when he read to her his own answer to the inquiry of Steineus, the learned man of Strasburg, as to the queen's marrying. "In the course of her life," thus wrote Ascham, "her majesty resembles Hyppolite, and not Phædra." Hyppolite, be it known, was a queen of the Amazons and a warrior; Phædra was amorous, to use an old-fashioned word. The queen, when this letter was shown to her, read it over very bashfully, but said nothing. And the uncertainty of the mass of her subjects as to her real disposition went on, adding the stimulus of curiosity and conjecture to the other attributes of that divinity which necessarily doth "hedge in a queen."

The times were still picturesque, though no longer chivalric; and the delicate differences of faith, the partial reformation, and the vestiges of old superstition, maintained the showy attributes of the old faith. Old St. Alphage, for instance, had not, when Elizabeth ruled the destinies of Greenwich, lost all its wonted pomp; for the queen, whose sentiments with regard to the reigning faith were always problematical, wished to bring the service of her Reformed Church as near to that of the Romish Church as possible. As a legislator, she was Protestant; as an individual, one might almost risk the assertion that she was inclined to Papacy. One of her first acts was to expunge from the Litany, "From the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome, and all his detestable enormities, Lord deliver us all!" for which all must commend her. And still there blazed in her chapel lighted tapers; there was to be seen an altar and a crucifix; and the Knights of the Garter, whom Edward had forbidden to worship the altar, revived in her day that custom. Out of her closet Elizabeth's voice was sometimes heard calling upon her chaplain to desist from denouncing the sign of the cross; and she thanked her chaplains for preaching in behalf of the Real Presence. Her objections to the marriage of the clergy are well known. Thus clung to her heart some superstitions of her infancy, heightened perhaps by a detestation of the Puritans, and of the democracy to which their political dogmas tended. What a singular state of confusion was reduced to order and uniformity in process of time by her wise confidence in Archbishop Parker! At first, nothing could exceed the variety of methods in which service was performed. "Some ministers," writes Strype, in his *Annals*, "in a surplice, some without; some with a square cap, some with a round cap, some in a button-cap, and some in a round hat; some in scholars' clothes, and some in others."

But leaving the important questions of the surplice, and the tippet, and the cornered cap to grave assemblies, Elizabeth kept up the spirits of her people by shows, and masks, and dances; and Placentia knew in her reign its brightest days. Nor were the diversions, in which the queen shared, always the most refined. "This day," writes Rowland White, "the queen appoints a Frenchman to doe feates upon a rope in the conduit court. To-morrow she hath commanded the beares, the bull, and the ape, to be bayted in the tilt-yard; and on Wednesday she will have *solemne* dancing." What a contradiction those terms "solemn dancing" seem to imply! yet there is a dignity, even a degree of enjoyment, in solemn dancing, when performed to fine music, and graced by youth and beauty. Elizabeth was herself the chief performer; and as she grew older, she the more eagerly promoted those diversions which seemed to require agility and youth. Picture her to yourself, in her sixty-seventh year, her red, false hair hanging like golden threads on either side of her face; two large pearls by way of ear-drops; her neck uncovered, as was the custom for all unmarried English ladies; her dress of white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans; and over this a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; an oblong collar of gold and jewels adorned her neck and bosom, dancing away like a damsel of fifteen!

Thus she advanced to join in the grave measures; wherever in her progress she turned her head, the courtiers fell down upon their knees. Her royal father exacted this observance, and James I. was the first who suffered it to be omitted; "one instance," observes an eminent historian, "of

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the best of the Tudors' superiority in despotism over the most imperious of the Stuarts."

Then began the pavin, "the doleful pavin," as it was called, derived from the Latin word *pavo*, a peacock, from the peculiarity of the step and measure. For this dance was made still more solemn by the introduction of the *passamezzo* air, which obliged the dancers, after making several steps round the room, to cross it in the middle in a slow step, or *cinque pace*. This term, passamezzo, was not peculiar to the pavin, but was applied to other dances also, namely, the passamezzo galliard. The pavin was danced by gentlemen dressed in caps and swords; lawyers wore their gowns in the performance, princes their mantles; whilst ladies danced it in long trains, the motions of which in their movements resembled those of the peacock. The pavin is supposed to have been of Spanish origin.

Then came the measure, danced by the gravest characters, even by lawyers in the inns of court, chancellors, chamberlains, and ambassadors. When Beatrice compares love-suit to a dance, she thus refers to a measure:—"For hear me, hero, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a *measure*, and a cinque pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly, modest, as a *measure full of state* and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave."

Then came the canary dance, performed with various strange fantastic steps, very much in the savage style; and these principal dances were succeeded or intermingled with brawls, corrantoes, galliards and fancies, or by the bewitching La Volta.

As was the pavin the ancestor of the minuet, so is La Volta the parent of the waltz. Thus writes Sir John Davies in his *Orchestra*:—

"Yet there is one, the most delightful kind,
A lofty jumping (the *saulese waltz?*) or a leaping round,
Where, arm in arm, two dancers are entwined,
And whirl themselves in strict embracement round,
And still their feet an anapest do sound.
An anapest is all their music's song,
Whose first two feet are short—the rest are long."
—*The Cellarius.*

Thus was there a perpetual variety in this fascinating amusement; and the gallery of Placentia was trodden in the mazes of the dance by many a slender nymph or gallant youth, whose names have figured, some bravely, some sadly, in history. In process of time the measure fell into decay rather than disuse. Selden, in his *Table-Talk*, laments that the court of England was much altered. "Formerly," he writes, "at a *solemn* dancing, first you had the grave measures, then the corantoes and the galliards, and this kept up with ceremony, and at length, to trenchmore and the cushion dance. Then all the company dance; lord and lady, groom and kitchenmaid—no distinction. So in our court in Queen Elizabeth's time, gravity and state were kept up; in King James's time things were pretty well; but in King Charles's time there have been nothing but trenchmore and the cushion dance, omnium gatherum, troly-poly, hoity-toity." What a commentary upon the personal influence of a monarch upon the manners of his court!

And it was the queen's pleasure, doubtless, as well at Placentia as elsewhere, not only to have a variety of dances, but to present herself under a variety of aspects to her loving—and, when she looked at them—kneeling courtiers. Doubtless she was, in the early part of her life, if not handsome, yet a very dignified, fascinating person, endowed with that inimitable ease and self-possession, not to say assurance, which the consciousness of high rank and impertinent confidence give; and then, such an intellect, such spirits, such bodily strength, and such unscrupulous lavish expense upon her person!

Every one has commended Queen Elizabeth's eyes—the safest feature to commend in a plain woman's countenance. Sir Richard Baker declares, that "they were lively and sweet, but shortsighted; the whole compass of her countenance somewhat long, yet of admirable beauty:" yet no physical charms are said to have been equal to those of her conversation. "She had a piercing eye," says Fuller, "wherewith she used to touch what metal strangers were made of, which came into her presence." What a formidable being! But she counted it, as the same old writer coolly observes, "a pleasant conquest, with her majestick look to dash strangers out of countenance, so she was merciful in pursuing those whom she overcame, and afterwards would comfort and cherish them with her smiles of perceiving towardliness and an ingenuous modestie in them!" Kind enough; but fancy having the whole eyes

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of an assembled company drawn on one by the queen's most merciful glances!

Whatever opinions might be formed as to her exterior, the queen had a vast respect for the tributes of posterity; for every picture drawn of her by an unskilful or unflattering hand was knocked into pieces and cast into the fire. She left, however, no brilliant testimonial to her charms when she allowed one of the portraits at Hampton Court, that in a fancy dress, to remain. It is painted without a shadow in the face; the very head-dress is a high cap, fantastic in a degree, and evidently taken from the pattern of her majesty's fool. The dress is in the worst possible taste, and decked with jewels. But not always did Elizabeth thus report herself. At Hatfield there is a portrait of her, which, whilst it points to her turn for allegory and apt devices, displays her in her best looks. The face is handsomer than in her other portraits—it is young. Her head, surmounted by a coronet and aigret, taking from the height of her features, is decorated also with a long gauze veil suspended from the back; her yellow hair, probably in this case her own, falls in two long tresses. On the sleeve of her close-bodied gown is wrought a serpent, and the lining of her robe is embroidered with eyes and ears—this to denote wisdom and vigilance; and truly her wisdom had too often the crookedness of the serpent. In her right hand she holds a rainbow, on which is inscribed this flattering motto:—"*Non sine sole Iris.*" Thus, tall of stature—according to her own opinion, "neither too high nor too low," comely in limb, and full of dignity and courage, Elizabeth received in her presence-chamber at Greenwich, ambassadors, and prelates, and courtiers, and wooers. Here, in June, 1585, she was offered the sovereignty of the Low Countries by deputies from the United States; and here, in the following year, she entertained the Dutch ambassador. Let us record in what state, and in how fair a scene, she welcomed these important personages; let us offer a slight sketch of the presence-chamber of Queen Elizabeth in her favorite palace of Placentia, and of the order in which she permitted her adorers to have access to her majestic self.

The walls of the presence-chamber were hung with tapestry, which now, representing landscapes or figures, formed an universal hanging for upper and lower rooms. When first used, tapestry was attached to the bare walls; but it was soon found necessary, in order to prevent the effects of damp, to suspend it on wooden panels at a certain distance from the brick-work of the walls. Thus Shakspeare makes very frequent allusions to the hiding-places afforded. "I will ensconce me behind the arras;" "I whipt me behind the arras;" are expressions which can only be explained by knowing how the tapestry was suspended. Such were the walls. The floor of the presence-chamber at Greenwich was, as Henzner relates, strewed with *hay*—a strange contrast to the increasing magnificence in furniture in these times. At Windsor, the tapestry is said to have shone with gold and silver, and silk of different colors; and this splendor was emulated even by the middle classes. The house of the opulent man, described in a little work called *The Mirror of Magistrates*, published in 1576, is described as being "hanged with tyssue, arrace, and gold." The cupboard heads set out and adorned upon the richest, costliest, and most glorious manner," with one "cuppe cast high upon another;" and all this with a floor strewn with hay!

The state in which the queen came forth from her apartment into her presence-chamber at Greenwich, to go to prayers, was such as the ghost of Wolsey might have approved. First went gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the garter, all richly dressed, and bareheaded; next came the chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse between two persons, one of whom carried the sceptre; the other the sword of state, carried in a red scabbard studded with golden *fleurs-de-lis*.

Then appeared the queen. I have said enough of her ordinary attire to show that she would not ill accord with the stately chamber along which she moved. And an admirable actress was she in this living pageant! for she did not move along like a puppet, but, as she walked towards her chapel, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, whether foreign ministers or others; and English, French, Italian, Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch, came alike easily and fluently to this matchless queen—this hateful woman; and as she spoke, he to whom she addressed herself sank on his bended knees. The ladies of the court followed next, dressed, for the most part, in white. On either side her majesty was guarded by the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the ante-chapel next the hall, petitions were

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offered to her, which she received most graciously; whilst acclamations of "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" answered by,—"I thank you, my good people," rose to the vaulted roof. And thus she ofttimes showed herself to her subjects, walking much in the park, and the great walks then formed out of Greenwich park. Not always came she forth in such good humor, as when Henzner, from whose *Itinerary* the foregoing scene is derived, beheld her. Sometimes she appeared with an ill countenance, on which occasion Hatton was wont to pull aside a suitor, and desire him not to proffer his suit, saying,—"the sun does not shine to-day." Nay, if the dress of her leal subjects happened not to please her, she expressed her disgust in a mode truly characteristic of her coarse mind and habits. "I do remember," says Sir John Harrington, "she *spit* on Sir Matthew's fringed clothe, and said, 'the foole's wit was gone to ragges.' Heaven spare *me* from such jibing!" Her maids of honor—but this was on more private occasions—sometimes felt the smart of her majesty's fair, but hard hand.

In her chapel at Greenwich there was excellent music. The service scarcely exceeded half an hour. But, whilst the stately queen still prayed, the following ceremonial took place in the hall, to which she afterwards returned, in the same state as she went, to dinner. A gentleman of her household entered the room with a rod, and another with a table-cloth; and after he had kneeled three times with the greatest veneration, he spread the table-cloth. Then both retired; and then there came two others, one with a rod, and another with a salt-cellar, and a plate and bread; and when these two had kneeled three times, they placed the bread and salt on the table with similar ceremonials. At last came an unmarried lady, a countess, and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting knife: the countess was dressed in white silk. Her office was to rub the plates with bread and salt; and she performed her part with as much awe as if the queen had been present. Whilst she and her co-partner stood there, the yeomen of the guard entered bare-headed, in scarlet, each with a golden rose on their backs, and brought into the hall a course of twenty-four dishes on gilt plate; of each of these the lady-taster in white silk gave to each yeoman a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he brought, to guard against poison. During the latter part of this ceremonial, the queen's favorite band of twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall resound. The guards were the tallest and stoutest men that could be selected for this service, which, after all, was but a preliminary one, since a host of unmarried ladies soon appeared, and with a particular solemnity carried the dishes off the table into the queen's private chamber, where she dined with few guests.

Well might Horace Walpole observe,—"The kind of adoration and genuflection used to her person, approach to Eastern homage. When we observe such worship offered to an old woman, with bare neck, black teeth, and false red hair, it makes one smile; but makes one reflect what masculine sense was concealed under those weaknesses, and which could command such awe from a nation like England."

But all was not spectacle, pageantry, tilt, and tournament; and the polite world, even of Placentia, had to encounter not only the terrors of the queen's wrath, but those of convulsed nature. What a fearful, yet ludicrous account Holinshed gives of the earthquake of 1570, which was severely felt in London, and partially throughout all England. It happened about six o'clock in the evening. The great clock-bell in the palace of Westminster struck of itself, as well as "divers other clocks and bells" in the steeples of the London churches. The gay gentlemen of the Temple being at supper, ran out of the hall with their knives—forks they knew not—in their hands. The people at the theatres rushed from their seats, and made haste to be gone. A piece of the Temple church fell down, a portion of Saint Paul's was also loosened and fell; and chimneys were shaken down in abundance. All this was but the work of one minute, for the earthquake lasted in London no longer; but at the coast it was felt three times. The sea foamed, the slips tottered, a fragment of the cliffs at Dover was loosened, whilst the bells in Hythe church rang loudly, touched by no mortal hand. Then again, thirteen years afterwards, high and low, wise and simple, were affrighted by an astrological prediction, asserting that the conjunction of the two superior planets, Saturn and Jupiter, was to take place in that year; and the verification of this celestial commotion was to be attended by suitable earthly agitations, which actually did occur, in the tempestuous and boisterous winds which blew that year.

Greenwich had not the honor of receiv-

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ing Elizabeth's last sigh. She died at Richmond; but her successor still loved the gentle glades of Placentia, and often tenanted the beautiful palace. Here the daughter of James I., the Princess Mary, and others of his children were born; and Anne of Denmark delighted in it so much, that she laid the foundations of the "House of Delight"—a banqueting-house, now the abode of the ranger. A fairer queen finished the work; and, under the hands of Inigo Jones, employed by Henrietta Maria, that banqueting-house, which is called by Horace Walpole the most beautiful of the great architect's works, was completed. The ceilings were painted by Horatio Genteleschi; and the whole was so sumptuous, as to be pronounced the finest thing in England of the sort. And here Charles and his lovely consort passed many gay, and, perhaps, serene hours, before the breaking out of those fatal wars which suspended all the efforts of taste, and crushed every peaceful art.

Placentia sank beneath the fatal blast by which so many noble houses in England were desolated. But not by the cannon, or the mine, or the flame, fell the fair fabric, but by the slow process of a mournful decay—the effects of desertion.

On the passing of the ordinance for the sale of crown lands, Placentia, now called Greenwich House, was reserved for the State. Two years afterwards it was resolved to keep it for the residence of the Lord-Protector. But Oliver had it *not* then. The Parliament wanted money, and in 1652 the House of Commons voted that Greenwich House should be sold for ready payment, and some of the premises were sold. The palace and park remained, however, unsold, and devolved upon Oliver and his family. But Placentia was now no longer worthy of that fair name, and already nodded to its fall. Its once firm battlement, its square, round, octangular towers, its spacious chambers, were now decaying and ruinous; and it was deemed necessary—I would that it could have been otherwise—to build a new and more commodious palace in its stead.

At this time, Henry, earl of St. Alban's, was made keeper and steward. Henceforth let us bid adieu to the fair dreams of the past. Placentia ceased to be: yet never did a nobler successor replace the delightful associations of the Tudor times.

The tale has been often told, yet will I tell it once more; how, out of the wreck of a decaying and venerable structure, rose one of England's noblest boasts—how, out of the haunts of pleasure, was framed the retreat for the brave, the haven for the sea-worn veteran, the port in which the dismantled vessel, so soon to be laid on its side for ever, finds rest and safety.

Charles II.—few are his good deeds—intended to build upon the site of the old palace, which he ordered to be pulled down, a magnificent palace of freestone; one wing of this, at the expense of 36,000*l.*, was completed. Here he occasionally resided, but the work stood still; and in the reign of the utilitarian Mary and the discreet William, the wing of King Charles's unfinished building was, on the proposition of Sir Christopher Wren, converted into that hospital for seamen, which their majesties had determined to found. The celebrated Lord Somers was one of the commissioners of the palace lands, &c., which amounted to upwards of two hundred. The foundation of the Hospital was laid in June, 1696. It consists, in its present state, of four distinct piles of building, distinguished by the names of King Charles's, Queen Anne's, King William's, and Queen Mary's. King Charles's and Queen Anne's are those nearest to the river; of this, the eastern part was erected by Webb, after the design of his father-in-law, Inigo Jones. Queen Anne's buildings occupy the north-west angle; King William's, the southernmost; and Queen Mary's, the south-east. I do not attempt any description of these noble edifices, my heroes are the Tudors; yet can I not help recording with a smile, that Sir Christopher Wren, a true-born Englishman, gave his time, labor, skill, and superintended the whole, for several years, without any remuneration. The funds of the Hospital arose partly from an annuity of 2000*l.* a year, granted by William III.; partly from public subscriptions; and very greatly from the confiscated estates of the unhappy Earls of Derwentwater, James and Charles Ratcliffe, who both died on the scaffold in 1715 and 1745.

One word more about the Tudors. The Observatory now rises, a glorious object, doubtless, on the spot where the tower built by Humphrey of Gloucester once stood. The Observatory is fine; but I would rather see the tower there, in its proper spot, overlooking the great metropolis, and commanding, as it were, the shipping in the river.

This tower had no small portion of romance connected with it. Sometimes it

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was a residence for the younger branches of the royal family; sometimes a secret abode of a favorite mistress; sometimes a prison; sometimes a place of defence. Mary of York, the fifth daughter of Edward IV., died in this "fayre Towre." Henry VIII. visited there a "fayre" lady whom he loved, and whose name no curious historians have been able to divine. He sometimes sailed down in his barge from Westminster to catch these stolen interviews.

In Elizabeth's time, the tower, prettily called Mirefleur, contained the Earl of Leicester as a prisoner, when he had offended the queen by marrying the Countess of Essex. The tower is supposed to have been that mentioned in *Amadis of Gaul*. At length it was beautified and enlarged by Henry, the learned earl of Northampton, who had a grant of it from James I.; and in the Great Rebellion it had grown to such importance, under the name of the Castle of Greenwich, that the parliament took steps to secure it. But, alas! in the time of Charles II. it was taken down, and a Royal Observatory erected on its site, on—I am ashamed to say it—the recommendation of Sir Christopher Wren. So away went the last vestige of the Tudors, the last subsidiary to the grandeur of the far-famed Placentia.

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

REIGN OF LOUIS XV.

It is not a little remarkable that French historians, a numerous and enterprising class, should have, hitherto, occupied themselves but little with the reign of Louis XV. That the private memoirs, which treat of the political concerns of that period, are few in number, may be accounted for by the general degradation of the age. Sordid selfishness was its leading characteristic; and the contemporary writers who have bequeathed to us the narratives of their personal experience, were, for the most part, too deeply imbued with the ignoble spirit of their times to comprehend or expound any higher themes than the vices and frivolities of an inglorious court, the intrigues of harlots and panders, and the vicissitudes in the fortunes of men, whose low ambition befitted the condition of a mónarchy from which the soul of honour had departed. As for the graver French writers of our day, they seem to have been deterred by the apparent barrenness of the subject, and its total want of grandeur or dignity; and to have abandoned it to the congenial pens of Alexander Dumas and his brother *roués* of the *feuilleton*.

And yet there is a point of view in which the annals even of this Byzantine reign are deserving of careful study. We cannot jump in thought from the days of Louis XV. to those of Mirabeau, Marat, and Robespierre; the interval that separates them is as broadly marked in the order of ideas as that of time. The reign of Louis XV. filled up sixty years of the 18th century, and witnessed the growth and accumulation of those causes that led to the great catastrophe of '89. In this long period, the national manners, customs, and ways of thinking underwent a radical change; the old social land-marks lost their significance—one great class declining in power and credit, while others rose into novel importance; a daring spirit of inquiry and scepticism, the precursor of terrible innovations, pervaded all ranks, and left untouched no institution or tradition, no principle, moral or religious, social or political. It matters not that the men who figured in this dismal epoch of transition were, with very few exceptions, odious or contemptible, and that, such as the actors, such were the events in which they were immediately concerned. The history of decay and death is a needful complement to that of life and vigorous action; the frivolous courtiers of Louis XV., though they knew not what they were doing, yet wrought as efficiently, after their kind, as greater and better men; and, in their acts and deeds lay the germs of those prodigious events that have signalized our own times.

The subject has at last found an able and judicious exponent in M. de Tocqueville. The title he has given to his work may perchance tend to excite some preju-

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dice against it on this side of the Channel, where it begins to be understood that the much abused word—Philosophy—has scarcely in any way been more wronged than in its often forced and unwarranted connexion with History. "Philosophical History," "Historic Fancies," and so forth, are all of them phrases very apt to suggest to English minds the idea of a mongrel work, in which a pert or dawdling dilettantism supplants, more or less, the essential attributes of history. But those persons who might be deterred by such considerations from the perusal of de Tocqueville's book may re-assure themselves. He says, very truly, "The book I present to the public is not a metaphysical work. Facts are narrated in it in detail; and I have endeavored to group them in such a manner that their consequences may become salient." That is to say, the work is conceived, ordered, and composed in a philosophical spirit; but it is not obtrusively disquisitional, argumentative, or dogmatic. A history, written according to any other plan than that which de Tocqueville has pursued, may be "picturesque," or "critical," or "pragmatical," or belong to any other of the categories to which the French and Germans reduce this species of literature; but it is not History proper, at least according to our English conceptions of the genuine import of that word.

From first to last, the reign of Louis XV. presents but the continuous flow of that revolutionary tide which had set in before the decease of his predecessor. There was no pause, no re-action. Men and things, the best and the worst, all worked together in the same direction. Cardinal Fleury, the most respectable statesman of the reign, scarcely contributed less than the scoundrel Dubois to the ruin of the monarchy. The first public act of the regent Orleans was an irreparable infraction of the royal authority. His prerogatives as regent having been inconveniently restricted by the will of Louis XIV., he caused most of the provisions of that document to be set aside by the parliament which he had gained over to his interest. The functions of that anomalous body were by no means definite. The regent, for his own personal purposes, set them in some respect above those of the crown, and made the parliament so far an oligarchy.

"Whence did the Parliament derive the right of deciding questions, that so essentially concerned the whole nation? During the League, it had deliberated on the choice of a king. It had broken the will of Louis XIII. These facts prove only the confused notions that prevailed respecting the basis of our institutions; they do not establish a right. The deceased king had made certain arrangements, which appeared to the magistrates not to be in harmony with the laws of the realm. Guardians of the laws, they annul these last commands of the head of the state; here, then, was a power above the king. And in whose hands was this power? In those of men appointed only to try causes,—men who were irremovable, irresponsible, and who held their posts by right of purchase. And these men take upon them to exercise, without any commission from the people, a power, the possession of which, by the nation itself, is contested! Here was a great anomaly, the consequences of which were not slow to make themselves felt. The pretensions it gave rise to became the source of a perpetual conflict between the two powers, the judicial and political, the limits of which had never been clearly defined. * * * This great struggle between the magistracy and the throne provoked inquiry into the mysteries of royalty, and the rights of nations, and led, in the course of seventy-five years, to the destruction of the magistracy and of royalty."

The great misfortune of France, during the epoch we are considering, was the continual want of an able hand to guide the vessel of the state upon the new and untried path on which it had entered. Consummate wisdom and firmness were requisite in the ruler, under whose control the changes, rendered inevitable by time, should have been effected without those violent shocks that rend and contuse the whole frame of society. But Philip of Orleans and Louis XV. were destitute of all those qualities which their immensely difficult position demanded. They were weak men, fatally weak, and their negative defects were more disastrous to their country than their worst positive vices, though these were enormous.

"Nature had endowed the duke of Orleans with all the gifts that fascinate men. His countenance was agreeable and engaging. He united with natural eloquence a voice of remarkable sweetness. Brave, and full of talent, his penetration was never at fault, and his intelligence was of a nature to shine in the council-chamber, no less than at the head of armies. Those who approached his person became attached to him, for they found him good-natured, agreeable, and easy. Men bewailed his defects without ceasing to love him, allured as they were by his gracious demeanor, and by the affability of his temper, in which he was said to resemble his grandfather, Henry IV. He enjoyed the rare advantage of retaining friends to the hour of his death. He readily forgot offences, and bore with insults. But his soul, endowed with so many fine qualities, was devoid

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of that one which developes and gives value to all others—it lacked strength. Without energy for crime, he was equally deficient in it for virtue. After the loss of his first governor, it was his evil fate to have his education intrusted to Dubois, the most corrupt of men. This Dubois, son of an apothecary of Brives la Gaillarde, founded his hopes of fortune on the complete demoralization of the prince committed to his care. Inspired by the genius of vice, he divined and favored the vices of others, and above all, the passions of his master. He taught him that virtue is only a mask put on by hypocrisy, a chimera, not to be reckoned on in the affairs of life; that religion is a political invention, necessary only for the people; that all men are knaves and deceivers, and, therefore, that integrity serves but to make man a dupe. Madame, the regent's mother, said to that prince, 'My son, I desire only the good of the state, and your glory. I have but one request to make of you for the sake of your honor, and on that point I demand your plighted word: it is, that you will never employ that rogue of an abbé, Dubois, the greatest rascal in the world, and one who would sacrifice the state and you to his own slightest interest.' The duke of Orleans gave his word, but never concerned himself in the least about keeping it. A short while afterwards he named that same Dubois councillor of state. The debauchery into which that man had urged him, became at last a necessary of life for his languid and *blasé* soul, burdened by the *ennui* of the court. He liked the scandal and the buzz of tongues it occasioned; the imputation even of incest did not dismay him. Every evening he assembled his *roués*, his mistresses, some opera-girls, frequently the Duchess de Berri, and men of obscure origin, of brilliant wit, and renowned for their vices. All the disorders of the court and the town were passed in review. They drank to intoxication, the conversation became cynical, impieties issued profusely from every mouth; at last, a wearisome satiety separated the boon companions; those who could no longer support themselves on their legs were carried away, and on the next evening the orgie began again. * * * This prince, intrepid in the face of the enemy, was timid in his habitual relations: still, he never allowed his mistresses or his *roués* to meddle with politics. Fear, however, or importunity, obtained favors from him more easily than rightful claims, a facility which accounts for the bad use of the public wealth, which we shall have to point out. He was often lavish of promises, which he could not or would not keep. His word, therefore, was never trusted, and the number of the discontented was swollen by all those whom he had deceived. Faithless himself, he could not believe in the good faith of others. As he knew nothing of human nature but its vile propensities, with him probity was naught, and clever vice became the object of his favor. The corrupter of his youth was the ready minister of his wishes, and rose to the highest dignities, in spite of the contempt in which he was held by the public, and even by his master. Yet, a day was coming when it would be discovered that this union of weakness and infamy rested on no solid basis, and that these two men scorned and played upon each other."

The regent's daughters resembled their father in the impurity of their lives; but it is a fact of some interest, as regards human nature, that his only son, the Duke of Chartres, displayed a constant and invincible abhorrence of the turpitude of his father's court. Vice, when it does not seduce, disgusts. Unfortunately, the young prince was a man of narrow mind. Engrossed in devotional practices and unprofitable studies, he secluded himself from public life, and died, unnoticed, in the Abbey of St. Genevieve. The Dauphin, son of Louis XV., exhibited a no less signal example of uprightness in the midst of a loathsomely depraved court, and he was, furthermore, distinguished by his mental capacity, and his high and generous spirit. De Tocqueville believes he died broken-hearted, a martyr to the infamy of his sire, and the desperate condition of his country.

Louis XIV. left the state burdened with 2,500 million francs of debt; the Regent increased that amount, in seven years of peace, by 750 millions. There was no limit to his prodigality; he indulged in it both from natural inclination, and with a deliberate design to extinguish all opposition in universal corruption. Scorning virtue, he was perfect in the theory of vice. He knew well the abject obedience to which men are forced to descend, when once they have compromised their honor and their conscience. The mischievous effects of Law's prodigious swindle were incalculably aggravated by the license which the Regent granted to the cupidity of his courtiers. He was the only man in the realm who disdained to derive any personal profit from the stock-jobbing mania of the day; but he was too easy and good-natured to hinder those about him from ruining themselves and others to their hearts' desire. Then, when the re-action came, he sanctioned, with equal *nonchalance*, the most violent and inquisitorial proceedings against all who were suspected of possessing wealth. Clement by nature, and often known to mitigate in secret the operation of his own rigorous commands, he established a financial reign of terror, decreeing spoliations, domiciliary visits, confiscations, and imprisonments without end. "Liberty," says our author, "has its troubles and its agitations; but can they be compared with the despotism of the period

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we are considering? a despotism exciting contempt still more than indignation, and yet preparing horrible tempests."

The moral effects of the Mississippi scheme but too well accorded with the regent's cherished purpose to undo the honor and honesty of the nation. The rapid and enormous changes of fortune, produced in the stock-market, excited a frenzy of infidelity and prodigality that extinguished for a while all sense of rectitude, all care for reputation, all regard for the common dictates of worldly prudence. As Montesquieu remarks, those who had been at first corrupted by their wealth, were afterwards further corrupted by their poverty. Nor was the influence of these things on the constitution of society less profound and lasting. The downfall of aristocracy, and the inauguration of democratic power, were essentially involved in the transactions of a period when all France was become a nation of stock-jobbers. The event marked the violent, disorderly commencement in that country of the momentous change, still in progress, which constitutes the cardinal feature of the history of the nineteenth century, namely, the transfer of power from a caste, the hereditary possessors of the soil, to the holders of personal property. The *Bourgeoisie*, or middle class, had partially risen to political importance in the times of Louis XIV., whose jealousy of the nobles induced him to give the preference to men of humbler birth as his ministers. Many men of the burgher class rendered eminent services to the state during the calamities that marked the close of the great reign. Fabert, Bossuet, Massillon, Flecher, Racine, and Moliere, belonged to it; Catinat had practised as a lawyer. But it was under the regency, and chiefly through the disorganizing effects of the Law mania, that the barriers of caste were irreparably overthrown. The high-born gamblers who then jostled the lowest of the populace in the sordid scramble for lucre, could never again assume the conventional superiority which they had desecrated and exposed in its naked shame to the eyes of the vulgar. The doings of the *Rue Quincampoix* were a great levelling lesson never since unlearned: the lacqueys, hucksters, and journeymen, who there stood, shoulder to shoulder, with the owners of the proudest historic names, made up their minds to the very logical conclusion that, since the nobles had chosen to descend to an equal footing with them, the time might come when, under other circumstances, they themselves might rise to an equality with the nobles.

The financial history of Law's system may be thus summed up. It created paper-money or stock to the amount of six thousand millions of francs, out of which four thousand and twenty-nine millions were annihilated by the bankruptcy of the state, and six hundred and twenty-five millions went to swell the national debt. Terrible as were the sufferings occasioned to the nation by this perversion and waste of its resources, the wonder rather seems that the mischief was not more severely felt. Our author's remarks on this head are particularly interesting:—

"The system had disappeared. There is no denying that its consequences, onerous as they were for the future, were, in some respects, productive of present advantages. The lavish profusion of the newly enriched, by creating new wants, gave a novel impulse to industry; skilful calculations and bold enterprises became more usual in commerce, and those who exercised that calling acquired greater social consideration. The utility of credit began to be understood; men of ability studied its principles, and taught how the errors that endanger it were to be avoided. Paris, thenceforth, acquired that influence over France which is become so preponderating in our day. The East India Company, remaining erect above the ruins it had caused, demonstrated the power of association in commercial affairs, and enriched the state, by developing that active potency in all parts of the world. Lords, gentlemen, financiers, and *bourgeois* took part in it, and a community of interests established mutual good will and a sense of equality amongst them; lastly, the abundance of the circulating medium allowed of a large and liberal diminution of the taxes. It was possible to appropriate some funds to the roads and canals, which, until then, had been entirely neglected. Their administration became regular, and was intrusted to a special body. The first paved road was opened from Paris to Rheims. If the towns had suffered excessively, the rural districts, those foster-mothers of the state, endured but a temporary distress. This is what explains the fact, that the financial revolution of the system left after it but few traces on the public fortune."

The general policy of the regency was no less objectionable than the means by which it was worked out. It was made subservient, in all respects, to the personal object of securing the regent's accession to the throne, in case of the young king's death. "It is a great misfortune for a nation," says De Tocqueville, "to have the interest of its chief distinct from its own; for the former always predominates." We are reminded by this remark of another Orleans,

in whose too partial care for the interests of his own dynasty, France sees the same truth unhappily exemplified. There was a curious inconsistency in the regent's conduct, with a view to the succession of the crown. To strengthen himself against his competitor, Philip V. of Spain, he purchased the support of George I. of England, by the most abject concessions, and an entire subversion of the policy of Louis XIV.; and yet he was not so passionately bent on being king as all this would seem to imply, or as slander declared him to be. On the contrary, his assiduous care was unceasingly employed in fostering and preserving the frail life that stood between him and the throne.

George I., as well as the regent, was actuated by potent motives of interest, distinct from those of the great empire over which he ruled. The aggrandizement of his German dominions lay nearer to his heart than the prosperity of Great Britain. So far, therefore, it would seem that he and his ally of France were placed in exactly similar conditions; and that concessions should have been reciprocal between them, instead of being altogether one-sided. But, in all their mutual dealings, the advantage was wholly on the side of George, in the first place, and, in a secondary degree, on that of his English subjects. This is partly to be accounted for by the instrumentality of the prime minister, Dubois, who was the hired servant of king George. When an English minister congratulated Dubois on his appointment, the latter replied—"If I were not restrained by a sentiment of respect, I would write to his Britannic Majesty to thank him for the place with which Monseigneur the regent has honored me." A few days afterwards he wrote to Stanhope, "I owe all to you, even to the place I hold, which I passionately long to make use of after your own heart, that is to say, for the service of his Britannic Majesty, whose interests will always be sacred for me." But the traitorous character of her prime minister was not the primary or the most influential cause of the disadvantages which France sustained in her relations with foreign powers, especially with England. French writers are fond of imputing a strange, demoniac power of craft and fraud to the diplomacy of perfidious Albion; it affords them a ready theme for flashy declamation, and a plausible means for salving the sore places of their national vanity. De Tocqueville is more just and rational. He attributes whatever successes have attended the diplomacy of Great Britain in its struggles with that of continental nations to the natural force of circumstances, to the singleness of purpose with which the national interests of a free people, as understood by themselves, are pursued in all their dealings with the rest of the world; whereas, the policy of arbitrary governments is often made subservient to the ambition or caprice of individuals, to the private interests of a dynasty, or the crooked designs of royal favorites. He notices a curious instance in point, when speaking of the treaty of March 16, 1731, by which England recognised the Pragmatic Sanction, and engaged to lend a fleet for the conveyance of 6000 Spanish troops into Italy, to occupy the duchies of Parma and Placenza in behalf of the Infanta:—

"It has been remarked, that in almost all the diplomatic conventions acceded to by England, there exists a point so small in appearance as to escape observation, but which afterwards expands by degrees to the advantage of British commerce. To indemnify them for the transport of the Spanish troops to Leghorn, the English only required the privilege of sending one vessel every year to Porto Bello. Yet this slight concession ruined the commerce of the mother country with its colonies. Up to that time the galleons returning to Mexico, carried thither the merchandise requisite for the use of the inhabitants. A single English vessel did not seem likely to create a dangerous competition; but that vessel was never unladen; its cargo was continually kept up by very small vessels dispatched from the islands belonging to Great Britain, and of too small a tonnage to excite jealousy; and as the English goods were cheaper and of better quality than the Spanish, they quite drove those brought by the galleons out of the market."

As to the stipulations between George I. and the regent, our author pronounces judgment as follows:—

"To both it was requisite for the security of their respective positions that the peace of Europe should not be disturbed. But George I., at the head of a free government, could only consolidate his dynasty, by persuading his people that he would apply himself, before all things, to the interests of England; whilst the Duke of Orleans, an absolute master, was not to be stopped by any obstacle, even though he should sacrifice the interests of France to his own. The one derived his strength from the consent of a satisfied people; that of the other was drawn only from his own self-seeking. It was natural, therefore, that the former should constantly have the upper hand of the latter; and events proved that it was so."

If the regent did all that in him lay to

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ruin France in his own day, at least it was not his fault if he did not prepare for her a ruler capable of retrieving her fortunes and assuaging her sufferings. The affectionate and judicious care he bestowed on the young king, was the only pure and redeeming trait in the foul history of his life. It was his constant endeavor to give Louis XV. a taste for business, and to fit him for worthily exercising his royal functions. From the time the young king was ten years old, the council was always held in his presence. He generally listened in silence on these occasions; but whenever it chanced that he expressed an opinion, it was such as afforded a favorable indication of his mental capacity.

"The Duke of Orleans revenged himself for the calumny that had branded him with the name of a poisoner, by redoubling his attention and kindness towards the young monarch. He never addressed him but with all the tokens of profound respect, mingled with affection and even fondness. He explained the affairs of state to him in detail; took his orders, and consulted his inclination before granting favors in his name. He long bore with Marshal de Villeroy's pertinacity in remaining present when the regent thought proper to speak in private with the king, as if the life of Louis XV. would have been exposed to danger in such an interview. Nevertheless, he felt poignantly the suspicions that were ceaselessly propagated against him. Indifferent as he was to public opinion, and, in many respects, to his personal reputation, he shed tears on reading the atrocious imputations contained in the philippics of Lagrange Chancel."

But the regent's good intentions, and Massillon's noble lessons, were miserably frustrated by the two men to whom the education of the young monarch was more immediately committed—Marshal Villeroy, his governor, and the Bishop of Fréjus, his preceptor. What they taught him was the fear of the devil rather than the love of God; the sense of his own greatness, rather than of his duties as a king.

"Marshal Villeroy, in whom extreme mediocrity was cloaked under a vanity without bounds, tried to give himself importance, by exciting his pupil's fears as to pretended dangers, from which he was only to be preserved by assiduous watchfulness. The child, thus subjected to painful impressions which he durst not manifest, acquired the habit of being reserved, secret, and false. Villeroy, a turgid flatterer, and a servile adorer of royalty under Louis XIV., thought the quality of royalty was sufficient for the man placed on the throne. The monarch's youth, the misfortunes of his family, his personal graces, and a few happy expressions attributed to him, and which did honor to his heart, had excited the liveliest and most affectionate interest in his favor. He was adored. He had an illness in 1721; fears were entertained for his life, and the public affliction was extreme. His convalescence excited transports of joy. The garden of the Tuileries was continually thronged by a people eager to behold their young sovereign, and his presence was hailed with endless acclamations. The Duke of Beauvilliers would have taken advantage of the circumstance to remind his pupil of the obligations and the zeal for the good of his subjects which so much love imposed upon him; but Villeroy cried out, 'Look, my master, look; all this people is yours. There is nothing there but belongs to you; you are master of all you see.' Thus it was that he who was soon to dispose of the destiny of twenty-five millions of human beings, was trained to selfishness, and taught the falsest of all lessons. He was taught to entertain an exaggerated conception of his rights, but was left without those notions of duty which alone could have taught him to use them rightly. Accordingly, the soul of the child, filled with the idea of his own importance, and cramped by vanity, never rose to the ambition of great things.

"The Bishop of Fréjus was already advanced in years when he was appointed, by the will of Louis XIV., the preceptor of that monarch's grandson. He was endowed with great powers of wit and fascination; he was frugal and orderly enough to be able to dispense with riches; and, under an appearance of disinterestedness in all things, he skilfully dissembled an ambition of which he slowly prepared the success, as if the protracted length of his existence had been revealed to him; but his matter-of-fact and lucid mind was totally devoid of warmth and elevation. Never did the passionate desire to make a great king stir in his cold heart. His pupil seemed to him to want the energy of character and the strength of will that betoken a superior man; and instead of striving to inspire him with those qualities, he only sought to command and sway his affections. Louis XV. was of a weak and sickly constitution in childhood; it was thought dangerous to weary him with study, and he became accustomed to indolence. When years had invigorated his temperament, his preceptor did nothing to stimulate his slothful disposition and expand his ideas. He allowed him betimes to contract the habit of distrusting his own judgment, and seeing only with the eyes of another, that is to say, with Fleury's. We find him, during a long ministry, relieving the king from all cares of business, managing all the affairs of state by himself alone, and allowed that deplorable apathy to become inrooted, which, during a reign of fifty-nine years, made the sovereign the sport of men's passions and intrigues, degraded the royal power, humiliated France, and bequeathed to his successor the difficulties and perils that spring from public discontent and contempt for authority. * * *

"The administration of the Bishop of Fréjus was the happiest period in the reign of Louis XV. He was one of that small number of ministers whose memory the people honored, because he loved the state and strove to diminish its burdens without compromising the honor of France. Neverthe-

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less, inflexible history, whilst recording the good he did, has still heavy reproaches to bring against him. Fleury was keen and subtle even to knavery. His economy often degenerated into a penuriousness prejudicial to the public affairs; he did not forget injuries, and his resentments were implacable. Those who had served the government of the Duke of Bourbon remained always in disgrace with him. He never forgave the queen for having entered into the plot framed against him by Madame de Prye. He always excluded her from state affairs, and in this way he contributed to destroy the domestic concord and mutual confidence of the royal pair. The favors which the queen asked for were refused, and if she complained to the king he answered only, 'Do as I do, Madame; do not ask anything of him.' For one thing especially Fleury can never be forgiven,—his having prolonged the childhood of Louis XV. and encouraged his natural indolence and distrust of himself, in order to rule without impediment. Fleury, a priest, bishop, and cardinal, misunderstood the interests of religion, and those of the state connected therewith. His hand bore heavily on the Jansenists, whose opinions differed in some points from his own; but its touch was light for the men without faith, who were beginning to propagate incredulity."

Fleury judged rightly that France had need of rest and quiet to retrieve her shattered fortunes; and he was both by temperament and by his views as a statesman, peculiarly suited to secure that great desideratum. He prescribed for the spent and suffering frame of the State the same sober regimen and placid habits by which the thrifty, unostentatious old man cherished his own vital powers, and maintained himself in full possession of the reality of power, which was all he cared for. Confidence was re-established at home and abroad under his auspices, and commerce expanded, because it had a warrant for its security in the moderation of the minister. But though he could afford his country temporary repose, his was not the hand that could urge and guide her renovated strength upon a new and hopeful career. He had neither the creative genius, nor the ardor of soul, nor the physical energy requisite for such an arduous task. His best qualities were negative, and passiveness was the leading characteristic of his policy. When he deviated into a more active course, it was but to indulge the petty malice of his cold and selfish nature. It would be idle to speculate now on what might have befallen, had an able and vigorous man, in Fleury's position, endeavored wisely to correct the abominable wickedness of the clergy, to amend the multitudinous abuses in every department of civil affairs, and to lead off into some safer channels the gathering flood of revolutionary doctrine and opinion. Whatever might have been the issue of such an enterprise, Fleury never conceived or attempted it.

"Between the Jansenists, whose character was dishonored by glaring fraud and trickery, and a clergy disgraced by the vices of a portion of its members, and who were accused of believing more in the Pope than in Jesus Christ, philosophism had an easy task. It fared with Cardinal Fleury as it often fares with persecutors. They rancorously pursue the object of their hatred, which is often of secondary importance, and they do not see, or they despise the danger that threatens the whole body of society. The *Lettres sur les Anglais*, otherwise called *Lettres Philosophiques*, published at that time by Voltaire, gave him no concern; and he was pleased to consider the *Lettres Persanes* as affording due grounds for Montesquieu's admission into the Academy."

The people of Byzantium busied themselves with disputes about the miraculous light on Mount Thabor when Mahomet II. was at their very gates. Fleury was immersed in paltry theological squabbles, while the citadel he pretended to defend was beleaguered by an intrepid and indefatigable army that had sworn to give no quarter. He could not see a phenomenon that had grown up under his own eyes.

"The revolution that occurred in England in the latter half of the seventeenth century gave rise to keen controversies on the kingly power, and the sovereignty of the people. The latter principle triumphed in England. It was not much adverted to by the French so long as they were intoxicated by the marvels of their great king's reign, and felt proud of being his subjects; but it began to gain ground amongst them towards the close of that reign, when the *prestige* of glory was overcast by evil fortune, and religious persecution raised up many enemies against royalty. The first attacks upon the absolute authority of kings proceeded from Protestant refugees. Next came Massillon, who, in his *Petit Carême*, taught, in the name of heaven, that authority emanates from the people, and should be exercised for the people; the legitimatized princes themselves" [the bastards of Louis XIV.], "constantly invoked the sovereignty of the nation against the severities of the regency. Moreover, the relations established between the government of the regent and that of Great Britain, put France in communication with the political institutions of that nation. Ideas of the ponderation of powers, and of representative government, crossed the Straits, and Montesquieu gave body to these yet vague notions.

"It was likewise a refugee who introduced scepticism into the domain of religion. Bayle, who found doubt more convenient than affirmation, established a general pyrrhonism, and furnished, with Freret, almost all the arguments used

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by the philosophers after him. Men's minds were already disposed to incredulity. The cause of this lies further back, and is to be sought for among the changes effected by the Reformation. As long as it was militant it rather consolidated than shook the religious principle; on both sides men attached themselves strongly to the articles of faith for which they exposed their lives; but when peace succeeded to the tumult of arms, the reformist body became subdivided into a host of sects, all assuming to be the organs of heaven, and the exponents of the truth. Out of this chaos doubt arose; and incredulity followed doubt by a natural filiation."

But to return to Fleury, we have yet to speak of the blackest stain upon his character as a minister and as a man. Not content with enervating the mind of his royal pupil, and unfitting him for ever for the discharge of his momentous duties, not content with estranging his affections from the queen, it was the cardinal's pleasure that Louis should plunge into open profligacy. Up to the age of two-and-twenty the king evinced no disposition to conjugal infidelity. He was then remarkably handsome, and the ladies of the court vied with each other in efforts to allure him. His confidential attendants, according to the invariable tactics of their class, were eager to provide him with a mistress, and took care to make him observe the amorous advances of the fair dames around him. At first his answer was on all such occasions, "The queen is a much finer woman." But the pertinacity of his tempters, seconded by the weakness and vacuity of his own nature, at last prevailed; and his panders, Bachelier and Lebel, cast the bashful and reluctant young monarch almost by force into the arms of Madame de Mailly. At the head of the triumphant conspiracy was that grave and reverend person, that zealous and demure churchman, Cardinal Fleury. Unseen he directed all the machinations of the plot, selected the mistress, and contrived the interviews. Madame de Mailly was perfectly free from ambition, the greatest of merits in the old minister's eyes, for it relieved him from all apprehension on the score of his own influence; her love for the king was genuine and disinterested, and she even beggared herself for the sake of her sordid lover, whose avarice was such that he did not blush to amass money in a time of famine by jobbing in corn. As single-hearted and fond as La Valliere, and still more unhappy, like her she died penitent, a victim to the base ambition of her own sisters.

If Louis had been slow to cast aside the restraints of decorum, it is notorious with what desperate assiduity he afterwards revelled in depravity, and helped to bring about that catastrophe which he had ability enough to foresee, and heartlessness enough to disregard, because he believed it was not to happen in his day. His reign may be divided into five portions, two of which we have briefly glanced at—namely, the regency, and the ministry of Cardinal Fleury; the remaining three are denoted by the names of the three successive *maîtresses en titre*, Mesdames de Chateauroux, de Pompadour, and du Barry. The first of these was a proud and ambitious woman, one of the three sisters of Madame de Mailly, who supplanted her in the king's favor. She desired to exalt the glory of her royal paramour, and under her influence Louis seemed for a while to shake off his apathy and sloth; she insisted that he should apply himself to the business of government, and appear at the head of his army. But her reign was brief; she died suddenly, and the king relapsed into his old habits. Then came the vindictive procuress, Madame de Pompadour, who filled the Bastile with the victims of her resentment, and the *Parc-aux-Cerfs* with female children kidnapped, or purchased, or tempted to offer themselves voluntarily, to be instructed in the principles of religion and the practices of vice by the devout and debauched monarch. When Pompadour died, it was quite in accordance with the fit and natural sequence of things, that du Barry should step from a brothel to take her place as virtual queen of France.

There was likewise a natural fitness in the manner of death that befell Louis XV. Alarmed by some symptoms of contrition manifested by him, the Countess du Barry, who had long followed the system of Madame de Pompadour, prevailed on the king to make an excursion to Trianon, where he would find a young girl whose charms would dissipate his gloomy thoughts. But the girl was already laboring under the latent stage of small pox; the king caught the infection and died in a few days, at the age of sixty-four, and after a reign of fifty-nine years. His death was welcomed with joy by the nation which had once regarded him with such genuine and warm affection. When some one bantered the priest of St. Geneviève on the inefficacy of the prayers and ceremonies at the shrine of the saint on the occasion of the king's illness, "Why," replied the priest, "is he not dead? What more would you have?"

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

PERCHANCE the reader is familiar with Vertue's groundplan of the Palace of Whitehall, or a well-engraved bird's-eye view of that very interesting pile, "as it appeared about the reign of James the First." In either case, he may trace that, at the period above named, in the left distance, might be seen Arlington House, the mansion of Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, one of the famous "Cabal." This property was afterwards purchased by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who obtained an additional grant of land from the Crown, pulled down the old mansion, and, at a short distance from it, built, in 1703, the large red brick edifice subsequently known as Buckingham House. It was in the heavy, yet ornate, style of the time, the house and offices occupying three sides of a quadrangle; the red brick and stone finishings, relieved by figures; on the entablature of the eastern front was inscribed in large gilt Roman capitals, "Sic siti lætantur lares;" and the front to the north bore "RUS IN URBE;" with sculptural impersonations of the seasons. Pennant describes the mansion as "rebuilt in a most magnificent manner." The duke has left a curiously minute picture of his mode of living at Buckingham House, in a letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury, of which Pennant cunningly said:—"He has omitted his constant visits to the noted gaming-house at Marybone, the place of assemblage of all the infamous sharpers of the time. His Grace always gave them a dinner at the conclusion of the season, and his parting toast was, 'May as many of us as remain unhanged next spring, meet here again.' I remember the facetious Quin telling this story at Bath, within the hearing of the late Lord Chesterfield, when his lordship was surrounded by a crowd of worthies of the same stamp."

The site of the mansion, and the grounds, was formerly the once famous Mulberry Gardens: it must have been a strange retreat. Defoe describes it, in 1714, as "one of the great beauties of London, both by reason of its situation, and its building." At the date of the old print we have spoken of, no buildings extended beyond St. James's, to the left; the north was open to Hampstead, and the view of the Thames almost uninterrupted from the south-west corner of the park.

The Duke of Buckingham died in 1720: his duchess, daughter of James II. by Catherine Sedley, lived here till her death. She was succeeded by the duke's natural son, Charles Herbert Sheffield, on whom his Grace had entailed the property, after the death of the young duke, who died a minor. It was purchased from Sir Charles by King George the Third; and, subsequently, "Buckingham House, now called the Queen's House," was, by Act of Parliament, settled on Queen Charlotte, in lieu of Somerset House (settled in 1761 on the Queen Consort, in the event of her surviving the King), the latter edifice being vested in the King, his heirs, and successors, "for the purpose of erecting and establishing certain public offices." This purchase was made soon after the birth of the heir apparent to the throne, George Augustus Frederick, at Kew, August 12, 1762. Thenceforth, until her death in 1818, Queen Charlotte resided at Buckingham House, alternately with Windsor and Kew; and nearly all her fourteen children were born here, this being, indeed, the private town residence of the king and queen; whilst St. James's, "said to be the most commodious for royal parade of any in Europe," was used for drawing-rooms, levees, and state ceremonies. The domestic happiness of George the Third and Queen Charlotte at Buckingham House, and their personal superintendence of the early education of their children, must have formed a delightful relief to the courtly splendor of St. James's; whilst this retirement was important to the country; for, it has been well observed of the king, that "the decorum of his private conduct was of much service to him, as well as probably efficacious in no slight degree in giving a higher tone to the public manners, and in making the domestic virtues fashionable even in the circles where they are most apt to be treated with neglect."

We may here mention that the wall of what were called the gardens of Buckingham House, formed one side of the main street of Pimlico: these gardens must, how-

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ever, have been strangely neglected; for, in 1817, they were described as consisting merely of a gravel walk, shaded by trees, with a spacious and unadorned area in the centre. In size and splendor, Buckingham House was rivalled by Tart Hall, long the depository of the Arundelian marbles: the latter mansion faced the park, on the present site of James-street; its garden wall standing where Stafford-row is now built.

We remember the dull, heavy façade of Buckingham House in 1825; the mansion itself stripped of its statues and sculptured ornaments, the fountain removed, and the basin in the lawn filled up in the taste that rushed from one extreme to the other—from the over-ornate to the taste which excluded ornament altogether; if we except the four fluted pilasters of the central portion, and the semicircular colonnade connecting it with the two wings, each having pilasters and a pediment, the whole forming three sides of a quadrangle. Mr. Pyne, in his "History of the Royal Residences," has left us a description of the interior, remarkable for its plainness: the King had, however, assembled here a large collection of pictures, and among them many of the works of his pet painter, Benjamin West: for his "Regulus," the King paid one thousand guineas, a liberal commission in those days, but now sometimes paid by our gentry, for a few sittings to a portrait-painter. Of far greater consequence to the country was the collecting of a magnificent library at Buckingham House by George the Third. This collection he bequeathed to the nation, and it is now deposited in a splendid apartment, built for its reception, in the British Museum. The public have, however, derived comparatively little benefit from the royal bequest; an administration which but ill accords with the spirit of the sovereign, who was what many influential persons of his time were not—an avowed friend to the diffusion of education, and, certainly, not afraid that his subjects would be made either more difficult to govern, or worse in any other respect, by all classes, from every individual of them, being taught to read and to write.

After the death of Queen Charlotte, Buckingham House continued a solitude of dust and decay: the surviving King lived in unhappy seclusion at Windsor until his death in 1820; and soon afterwards, the royal library was removed, as we have explained. There was little or nothing in the quiet regality of "the Queen's House" to attract the garish taste of the Prince Regent in his decoration of Carlton House; and there was less to tempt George the Fourth, or to reconcile him to his palace in Pall-mall. Pictures, at once costly and portable, were, doubtless, carried off; but the old red brick mansion itself was abandoned for some five years; or, rather, it was left as a sort of "nest egg" for a more ambitious scheme. Dry rot, or, perhaps, satiety on the part of the royal occupant, led to the pulling down of Carlton House. It was then proposed to parliament to alter Buckingham House, so as to fit it for the residence of the sovereign; the task being confided to Mr. Nash, the architect favored by George the Fourth, and who had, unquestionably, shown great skill in carrying out the royal taste in the formation and construction of the palatial connexion of the site of Carlton House with Portland-place—now known as Waterloo-place, Regent Circus, Quadrant, and Street. The "alteration" of Buckingham House, by Nash, was commenced in 1825, and was apparently completed by 1828; when the wings were found to require raising, these alterations being estimated to cost 50,000*l.*, and the whole palace, 432,926*l.* The money was, however, grudgingly voted by Parliament, a Committee of the House of Commons expressing its dissatisfaction with such alterations, "not originally contemplated, for the purpose of rectifying a defect which scarcely could have occurred, if a model of the entire edifice had previously been made, and duly examined." A more artistical critic observes: "the wings, when first built, were found too small, and, in consequence, had to be pulled down and enlarged; the attic, from a similar cause, had to be raised, and thus we have lost what would have been the one picturesque feature of the pile, the pediment of the central portico standing out strongly relieved against the story; and it may also be added, the architect committed such a solecism as to build a dome which he afterwards acknowledged he was not at all aware would be visible from the park."

We suspect this failure in *remodelling* "the Queen's House" was unjustifiably attributed to Mr. Nash, the architect; we believe, with more justice to be ascribed to the king, who repeatedly interposed his royal will and pleasure in matters architectural, until a design reminding one of a house built of court cards was the result. There came out a grand Government pro-

ject, not for what Lord Bacon calls "a brief model of a princely palace," but for a scheme of cumbrous yet petty magnificence. The proposition was somewhat cunningly linked with the relaying out of the site of Carlton House, and of the enclosure in St. James's Park, to which latter, when disposed as a landscape-garden, the public were to be admitted. Thus, a boon was given to the people with the one hand, and a largeish grant for the palace was asked on the other. There followed all sorts of patriotic grumbling at the proposed expenditure, and criticism on the plans, more especially the additional plantations and flower gardens in the palace grounds; and the dug surfaces, the basin, fountains, and lake of several acres. Meteorogolists shook their heads, and grave gardeners quoted the fragment of Baconian philosophy: "fountains that sprinkle or spout water, or convey water, *as it never stays in the bowls or the cistern*, are a great beauty and refreshment; but pools mar all, and make the garden unwholesome and full of flies and frogs." The great object was to conceal the palace windows from view of the stables and the surrounding houses: and in so doing this by the above plan, it was maintained, that, by thickening the marginal belts on both sides of the hollow, to shut out London, Buckingham palace would be rendered a dam to a pond of watery vapor; and that a man must be something less or more than a king to keep his health in that place for any length of time. Then the locality was otherwise beset with nuisances: the smoke of several factories in the newly-built portion of Pimlico, rolled over the palace in huge volumes, and filled its courts: the King is known to have offered many thousand pounds for the removal of an individual nuisance, yet in vain; and, to this day, its fumes continue to float over the nursery of royalty, much to the discomfiture of those who are destined hereafter to sway the sceptre of the British empire.

However, the King came to the nuisance; and there was no royal road for its riddance. The grant of money was obtained, and the "remodelling" was proceeded with; it should, however, be termed *rebuilding*, for we believe the only portion of "the Queen's House" left standing was the ground floor, which accounts for the low-pitched and dark rooms in this portion of the present palace.

George the Fourth did not live to see this pet work completed; though, at about the period that he passed from sublunary suffering, the grand arch—for the especial entrance of the sovereign and the royal family to the palace—was completed. This arch is the greatest work of mere ornament ever attempted in England. It has a centre gateway, and two side openings, and is of the size and general design of the arch of Constantine, at Rome; but is by no means so richly embellished, and is altogether a very blank affair compared with the Government design. The sculpture is omitted in the attic; and, in place of the reversed trusses above the columns, were to have been figures of warriors and panels of sculpture intervening; indeed, the fascia was to have been, altogether, far more highly enriched, the attic carried considerably higher, and crowned with an equestrian statue of George the Fourth, flanked with groups of military trophies, vases at the angles, &c. As it is, the sculpture is confined to a pair of figures and a key-stone on each face of the central archway, panels above the side openings, and wreaths at the ends: these are by Flaxman, Westmacott, and Rossi. The statue of George the Fourth was ordered of Sir Francis Chantrey, for 9,000 guineas; the Government put him to the expense of 100*l.* for parchments, and then were two years after the time agreed upon for the first payment! The statue, if we mistake not, is that which has been placed at the north-east angle of Trafalgar-square.

We may here complete the description of the arch. The material is white marble, now discolored by smoke and damp, and in appearance resembling a huge sugar erection in a confectioner's shop window. Upon the attic platform of the arch is a flag-staff, the crown of which is eighty feet from the ground; and from it, during the abode of the sovereign at the palace, the royal standard floats from sunrise to sunset; the silk standard, for state occasions, is thirty feet long, and eighteen feet deep, and cost nearly 200*l.*: it was first hoisted at the coronation of Queen Victoria, June 28, 1838. The gates were not put up until the summer of 1837; the central gates, designed and cast by Samuel Parker, are the largest and most superb in Europe; not excepting those of the Ducal palace, at Venice, or of the Louvre, at Paris: they are of a beautiful alloy, bronzed, the base of which is refined copper. Although cast, their enriched foliage and scroll-work bear all the elaborate finish of the finest chasing;

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the design consists of six compartments, in each of which is a circle: in the two upper ones are the lion, *passant gardant;* beneath are the regal G. R.; and lowermost, St. George and the Dragon: the height of each gate is twenty-five feet; width, seventeen feet six inches; extreme thickness, three inches; weight of each, two tons thirteen cwt. They are so beautifully hung that a child might open and shut them. They now terminate at the springing of the arch, but Mr. Parker had cast, for the semicircular heading, a beautiful frieze, and a design of the royal arms in the central circle, flanked by state crowns; this portion was, however, irretrievably mutilated by the Government removing the gates from the foundry, in a common stage wagon, without due care; yet the work cost altogether 3000 guineas. The side openings are filled, meanly enough, with halberds. The central gateway, as first designed, was not sufficiently wide to admit the royal state coach; fortunately the blunder was discovered in time to be remedied. The railings enclosing the court yard, were also cast by Mr. Parker; the spear blades are tipped with Mosaic gold, which have long since been blackened by the canker of a London atmosphere. Nothing can be less effective than this "triumphal" arch: it is cold and blank, unfinished and unmeaning; had it been connected with the palace by a stone arcade or colonnade, the unity would have been improved; as it is, an isolated nonentity is the unsatisfactory result.

We come to a bit of historical gossip, showing that, in all probability, *the first cup of tea made in England was drunk upon the site of Buckingham Palace;* for the Earl of Arlington took the first pound of tea to England, having bought it in Holland for sixty shillings; and at this time the Earl resided in "Arlington House," taken down prior to the building of Buckingham House.*

We now return to the palace. Had the "triumphal arch" and its accessories been completed as originally projected, the cost of the archway, railing, and statue, would have exceeded 70,000*l.* As it is, the arch has been almost universally condemned as a monument of tasteless expenditure and extravagant folly. Cobbett, in his odd, sarcastic way, used to say, that he had often, in crossing the park, halted to look at the structure without being able to "make anything of it," in which unsatisfactory result there must have been many sharers.

The other arch, originally intended as a grand feature of the remodelling of the palace, may be noticed here: this is the costly "triumphal" structure facing Hyde Park Corner, which now forms the public entrance into the Green Park, by Constitution Hill, but was originally intended for the royal entrance to the palace gardens. This arch was built by Mr. Decimus Burton, in 1828; it is eighty feet in height, and has a single aperture, with an architrave surmounted by an archivolt, without a keystone; an innovation by no means pleasing. The sides are decorated with Corinthian pilasters, and sculptured wreaths of laurel, inclosing "G. R. IV.," and crowns, alternately. In each front, from the four central pilasters, a portico of four columns projects on two solid plinths. Above the entablature, on a lofty blocking-course, is raised an attic, surmounted by an acroterium; the soffite of the arch is sculptured in sunken panels; and within the piers are apartments, and stairs ascending to the roof of the attic; the entrances being at the side, and, with the windows, having a mean effect. The gates, by Bramah, are of massive iron scroll-work, bronzed; the design comprising the royal arms, in a circular centre: they are handsome, but less original than the superb palace gates we have just described. Mr. Burton's original design for the arch, it should, in justice, be mentioned, has not been carried out. He proposed to embellish the main piers with

* It will be remembered that against Arlington, as one of the Cabal ministry, articles of impeachment were preferred in 1674; one of the charges being that he had been wanting in fidelity to his trust as a privy councillor, as a sworn defender of the Protestant religion. The Earl met this and other charges against him so dexterously, that the impeachment was dropped. It has, however, lately been proved that Arlington was of the Catholic faith; for, in the "Autobiography of Sir John Bramston, K. B.," printed for the Camden Society, we find this entry:—"About this tyme the Earle of Arlington, Lord Chamberlain, died, a Roman Catholick, and they tell this storie of him. That day that he dyed he askt his phisitian if there were noe hope left of his life; whoe sayd he did not see none; he thought he would die verie speedilie. Then sayd my Lord, 'Fetch me a preist, for I am a Roman Catholick.' His seruants were amased, but he sayd he would haue a preist feteht; 'Yet,' says he, 'I will not haue it knowne vntill I am dead.' Soe he had a priest, was absolued, and soe he died of that Church, tho' he had receaued the Sacrament very often, had taken the Test, where he renounced Transubstantiation, the worshipinge of the Virgin Marie, &c., seuerall tymes as a Peere in the Lords' House, and as the King's seruant, both in the last King's tyme and in this present King's, too."

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groups of trophies; to place a figure of a warrior on each stylobate; to enrich the attic with a sculptural representation of an ancient triumph; to place a statue, flanking the attic, over each column; and to crown the acroterium with a figure of Victory, in a quadriga, or four-horse chariot. Had these embellishments been executed, the arch would not have been condemned, as it has been, for its insipidity of design, and absence of classic appropriateness. At this point, by the way, the late Sir John Soane proposed to erect an entrance into Piccadilly, of architectural stupendousness, and most elaborate sculptural enrichment: it was to consist of two large side arches, opening to Hyde Park and the Green Park, and a vast arch, spanning the Piccadilly roadway, at a height entitling to the epithet of triumphal. The cost would have been enormous; but, had the design been executed, it would have presented the most magnificent metropolitan entrance in Europe, and have been really worthy of "the city of the world."

Upon Mr. Burton's arch, as the reader is, doubtless, aware, has been placed Mr. Wyatt's colossal equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington. Previous to this, to give security to the immense weight which the attic has now to carry, it was strengthened at each angle by a cross buttress; and the supporting slab is laid upon a strong brick arch. The statue was designed and cast expressly for this position, after the Queen's consent had been obtained for its location there; for which purpose, also, the funds were subscribed by the public: and, on the royal permission being granted, Her Majesty remarked, that were the monument placed upon the arch, as proposed, in leaving the palace for a ride, she should have the satisfaction of seeing the statue of the greatest man in her dominions.

To return to the palace, the view from the platform of Mr. Burton's arch comprises a *coup d'œil* of the royal gardens, and shows the vast circular reservoir, the lake, &c., and the pavilion, of which we shall speak in detail hereafter.

To resume, chronologically: soon after the accession of William the Fourth, it was resolved to complete the palace, and have it furnished as a royal residence. Previously, however, to this being done, in the summer of 1831, the public were admitted to view the interior of the palace, by tickets, for parties not exceeding six persons; and within the limited time many thousands availed themselves of this privilege—ourselves among the number. The floors were then uncarpeted, but the mirrors were fixed throughout the several apartments. The general characteristic was a waste of gold, glare, and glitter, in the worst possible taste; the coved ceiling of the throne room, we remember, "fretted with golden fires," resembled the top of a work-box; the multitude of gilt capitals was very striking: each of these cost 30*l.*, whilst a contract for 13*l.* each had been refused! There were several pairs of gorgeous folding doors, of mahogany and plate-glass, overloaded with ormolu, each costing 300 guineas a pair: they were in very questionable taste, and were better adapted for a flashy gin-palace than the abode of royalty, and several of them were accordingly removed. We remember the obvious defect of there being but one state staircase; the sculpture gallery with only a borrowed light; and the library, at the door of which it was scarcely possible to read. In the principal floor, the octagonal apartment of the library of George the Third was unappropriated. It had been proposed to fill the compartments of the walls with the cartoons of Raphael from Hampton Court; but no sooner was this proposition intimated to the public than it was loudly protested against, and at length given up. Indeed, this removal of the cartoons would have been an injustice to the public for the mere purposes of private gratification.

In our stroll through the palace we were much struck with the picturesqueness of the garden-front, and the cheerfulness of the apartments in this portion of the plan. The terrace-walk was very beautiful; and at each extremity was an Ionic temple-like conservatory, the roof and walls filled with plate-glass, and each to be filled with the rarest plants.

It was a strange sight to witness the eagerness with which the holiday folks rambled through the stately staircases, corridors, and saloons of the vast palace; how a few, of a more contemplative cast, lingered beneath the canopy in the throne-room, from whence the sovereign, by a slight turn of the head, might descry the architectural glory of the metropolis—the matchless dome of St. Paul's cathedral. Then, the lofty windows of the ante-room were thrown open, and by this means two or three of the visitors had strayed out upon the floor of the great portico, and were enjoying the park prospect astride the balus-

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trade. However, as the people reflected upon the vast outlay for the palace, they saw before them as a sort of compensation, the landscape-garden of the hitherto enclosed waste of St. James's Park; and it may be worth while to glance at the effects of the change. "Sixty years ago," wrote the late Theodore Hook, "the Mall continued the fashionable promenade, in the evening: it is now only useful as a thoroughfare from Whitehall to Pimlico, and evening promenade there is none; for the class of persons who give the tone to society dine at the hour at which their grandfathers supped, and dress for dinner at the period when their ancestors, two centuries since, were undressing for bed. But the beautiful garden which has superseded the swampy meadow, and the Dutch canal within the enclosure, is thronged in the summer evenings with those who *have* dined, and enjoy themselves quite as much as those who have not; and affords a new source of amusement to the public, and keeps pleasurehunters away from the suburban tea-gardens and bowling-greens, which within the last quarter of a century were so popular with Londoners."

Soon after the admission of the public to view the palace, its fittings were proceeded with; which occasioned the small wits to say that it was "*built for one sovereign, and furnished for another.*" Considerable alterations were also made in the palace itself by Mr. Blore: the cupola, or dome, was taken down, and replaced by one of much smaller size; and the principal front was raised, so as wholly to conceal the cupola from the spectator in the park, while it continued a feature in the garden-front, as was originally intended. This amendment had also the additional advantage of preventing the principal front from being overpowered by the wings, and of giving increased stateliness to the whole pile.

At length, the New Palace actually became a royal residence, being taken possession of by her Majesty, very shortly after her accession, viz. July 13, 1837. Thus, we see that seven entire years, or the whole reign of King William the Fourth, were spent in furnishing and altering the palace as a habitation for the sovereign; and even then, the state apartments were exceedingly limited in number, and by no means very spacious in themselves. King William and Queen Adelaide did not appear anxious to tenant the New Palace: they passed much of their time at Windsor, and a regular season at Brighton; using St. James's for levees and drawing-rooms, and a few apartments were refurnished to fit this palace in some degree for a royal residence. Hence the completion of Buckingham Palace was not expedited. We may here state that the cost of the palace itself, including the architectural after-thoughts, but exclusive of the expense of furnishing, has been 673,777*l.*; and never was outlay more unsatisfactory to the country. Satire of all sorts has been freely let fly at the design. Dr. Waagen, the eminent German critic, quaintly says:—"Buckingham Palace looks as if some wicked magician had suddenly transformed some capricious stage-scenery into solid reality;" upon which another comments, "would that the same magician could re-transform it, and at the same time return the many hundreds of thousands of pounds it has cost into the exchequer."

The site of the palace, seen from Piccadilly, appears very low; and, in consequence, it is supposed to be smothered in the prospects from the windows. However, there is nothing so bad but that something may be said in defence of it; and so it is with the palace site. Looking *at* the structure, much of this censure may be correct: but situation cannot be duly appreciated by looking *at* it;—by looking *from* it, the extent and variety of the prospects can only be rightly estimated. In each direction, except on the Pimlico side, the views are not only the most extensive, but the finest in all the metropolis. From the eastern front, there is no other prospect in any part of London so magnificent. In the foreground lies St. James's Park, with the lake and island; on the left is the massive palace-house of the Duke of Sutherland; and next is the mansion of Lord Spencer, one of the best designs of Inigo Jones, with the other fine buildings which face the Green Park. On the right is Westminster Abbey; and in perspective the Horse-Guards, the Treasury, and the Admiralty; and beyond them are the dome of St. Paul's, and the spires of the City churches. Another fine feature, too, is the lofty colonnaded terraces of Carlton-gardens, and the statue-crowned York column. The view from the north side comprehends the Green Park, with the terrace of Piccadilly, from Devonshire House to the princely mansion of the Duke of Wellington; the beautiful entrance-screen to Hyde Park; and the loftier arch opposite, at the moment we write crowned with the most stupendous

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bronze group of modern times. The foreground of this prospect, too, has been much improved by the removal of the Ranger's Lodge and shrubberies from the verge of the Green Park, on the south side of Piccadilly. The south side of the palace looks towards Pimlico. The garden, or west front, looks over an extent of sixty-three acres, laid out in the very best style of landscape gardening.

The approach to the palace is by the main mall of St. James's Park; and had the communication been made direct to Charing Cross, as contemplated, the road would be by a noble straight avenue to the marble triumphal arch already described. We may here add, that over the side gates in each face of this arch are figures of England, Scotland, and Ireland; Genius exciting Youth; Virtue and Valor; Peace and Plenty; and over the central archway are figures of Fame and Victory, and a sculptured keystone. It was, however, originally intended to place on the park face of the arch a representation in bold relief of the battle of Waterloo; and on the opposite face the battle of Trafalgar; besides medallions of Wellington and Nelson, groups of trophies, statues of heroes, &c.

Behind the arch, the palace comprehends a quadrangle, or open square, of 240 feet in extent on each side, being about the same size as the quadrangle of Somerset House. The principal and governing order is the Roman-Corinthian, raised on a Doric basement. The central mass of the design is composed of a bold *porte cochère*, or superior portico, of eight coupled columns, and corresponding towers, with four columns at either extremity. The tympanum of the centre pediment is filled with sculpture, and the pediment crowned with statues. The projecting wings or sides of the quadrangle are of a subdued character; the ends towards the park presenting Corinthian porticoes, surmounted with statues, and adorned with sculptures: on the left wing are figures of History, Geography, and Astronomy; and on the right, Painting, Music, and Architecture. Around the entire building, and above the windows, is a frieze combining in a scroll the rose, shamrock, and thistle; and extending from each wing, facing the park, is a screen or wall, with private entrances. The northern wing was originally occupied by the Duchess of Kent and her Royal Highness's household: it is now the royal nursery. Of the northern and southern fronts we have already spoken: the octagonal apartment in the latter (intended for a chapel) has, we believe, been fitted up as an armoury. The garden-front is, however, in an architectural sense, the principal one: it consists of five highly ornamented Corinthian towers, the centre one being circular. A balustrade terrace, extending the whole length of this front, between the two Ionic pavilions, one of which has been converted into a chapel, adds greatly to the general effect, by seemingly increasing the elevation, while it spreads a broad base that augments the apparent strength and grandeur. The upper portion is embellished with statues and groups of trophies, and historical bas-reliefs, designed by Flaxman and others.

We will now examine the interior.

Having passed through the triumphal arch into the quadrangle, which is surrounded by a peristyle of Grecian Doric columns, instead of an arcade, we pass under the portico into the marble hall. The ceiling is only eighteen feet high, but is supported by an extensive range of double columns, standing on an elevated continuous basement, every shaft formed of a single piece of veined white (Carrara) marble, with Mosaic gold bases and capitals; whilst the marble floor has a Mosaic Vitruvian scroll border. Thence you ascend by a broad flight of steps to the sculpture gallery, one hundred and twenty feet in length, with marble columns and floor corresponding with the hall. The sculpture in the gallery consists chiefly of busts of eminent statesmen, and members of the royal family. This gallery extends the whole length of the central portion of the ground plan, corresponding with the picture gallery above it. It opens into the library, or council-room, which has a semicircular termination in the central portion of the garden front. When the door of this room is open, the vista from the grand entrance across the hall, sculpture gallery, and library, to the very windows opening to the garden terrace—indeed, through the entire edifice—is a scene of architectural picturesqueness. To the right and left of the library are moderately-sized rooms, which command the cheerful retirement of the garden scenery. These apartments, in their furniture and decoration, combine elegance and luxury with simplicity and comfort: they must be a welcome retreat from the gold and glitter of the state rooms; and opening upon the terrace, with its pic-

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turesque vases of flowers, they enable you to enjoy in the beautifully undulated grounds, "a mimic Arcady embosomed in deep foliage," as it has been called, "a gay delicious solitude rescued from the *fumum strepitumque Romæ*."

Re-crossing the hall, a spacious flight of marble steps leads to the grand staircase, also of white marble, and on the left hand as you enter from the portico. This staircase consists of a centre and two returning flights, the former being carried up to the entrance to the armory, from which the effect is beautiful and theatrical. This staircase has lately been decorated, by Mr. Gruner, after the manner of the Italian masters; on the ceiling are four frescoes of morning, evening, noon, and night, on gold ground, with exquisite imitations of marble, &c. The staircase itself is too small; but the rail, supported on bold and rich Mosaic gold scroll-work, has a superb effect, especially in continuation of the golden capitals and bases of the columns in the hall. The library, by the way, is used as a waiting-room for deputations, which, as soon as the Queen is prepared to receive them, pass across the sculpture gallery into the hall, and thence ascend by the grand staircase, through an ante-room and the green drawing-room, to the throne-room. The mahogany folding doors, over-ornate with looking-glass and ormolu (of which we have already spoken), are here unsparingly introduced. Upon state occasions, or grand receptions, the hall and staircase are lined by yeomen of the guard, with the exons, lieutenant, and clerk of the cheque, the whole presenting a magnificent scene of pageantry and regal state. A staircase for the egress of company has been constructed on the right side of the hall, since the original plan was made.

The green drawing-room, which occupies the centre of the eastern front, and opens upon the upper or Corinthian story of the portico, is a superb apartment; the walls are hung with green satin, striped, relieved with tasteful gilding; the room is some fifty feet in length, and thirty-two feet in height; it has an almost endless series of looking-glass in door and shutter panels, and elaborate frames, which reflect a beautiful little panorama of the park enclosure, caught through the marble arch and the pillars of the exterior portico. When state balls are given, the spacious tent, formerly belonging to Tippoo Saib, is raised beneath the portico, and the windows being removed, refreshments are served here to the company: it thus has the effect of enlarging the saloon. It is lit by an "Indian sun," eight feet in diameter, set round a chandelier, which throws down the light upon the company with brilliant effect.

We next advance to the throne-room, sixty-four feet in length, which presents a blaze of elaborate enrichment. The walls are hung with crimson satin, striped; and the alcove, on the north side, with crimson velvet, relieved with a profusion of gilding, and emblazonry of arms, &c. The fascia consists of massive gilt wreaths, and two large figures bearing a gilt medallion of George the Fourth. In this recess is placed the royal throne, or chair of state. The ceiling of the room is coved, richly emblazoned with arms, and gilded in the boldest Italian style of the fifteenth century. Beneath is a white marble frieze exquisitely sculptured by Bailey—the design, the Wars of the Roses, Stothard's last great work. In this room are presented addresses to the Queen, in state as picturesque as it is splendid: there, Her Majesty is seated on her throne in her royal robes, with the Prince Consort on her left, and surrounded by her ministers and great officers of state, the court, &c.; the deputation then advance through an avenue of the gentlemen-at-arms, and the address is duly presented. For the christening of the Princess Royal, in February, 1841, the throne was removed from the recess, and in its place, was erected an altar, hung with crimson velvet and gold, and upon it was ranged the silver-gilt communion-plate; the font being placed upon a Mosaic table, upon a richly embroidered velvet carpet; the effect of the whole was impressive and superb. This room is, altogether, very gorgeously appointed. The profusion of gilding, the richly fretted cove of the ceiling, the curved and gilt *bordure* of the crimson satin hangings and draperies, and the large and brilliant mirrors in massive gold frames; the richly-dight insignia and canopy of the throne recess; the superb lustres with their myriads of prismatic glitter—all make up a scene of overpowering richness, relieved only by the chaste beauty of Stothard's white marble frieze of the Wars of the Roses—the great chain of events, by which the royal family, as descendants of the Tudors, came to the throne.* In this chamber, too, are ordered

* The venerable Stothard was between seventy and eighty years old when he designed this frieze;

more important matters than mere forms of state ceremonials; and the saloon is generally provided with a long table and a number of seats for the accommodation of the ministers when they and the Queen are "in Privy Council assembled."

We have thus contemplated our survey of the eastern front of the palace: its main apartments open into the picture gallery, on the opposite side of which is the western front, comprising a suite of three drawing-rooms, and other apartments. The gallery is about one hundred and eighty feet in length, and twenty-six feet in breadth. It has a semi-Gothic roof, lighted by a triple row of compartments filled with rich diapered ground glass, bearing the stars of all the orders of knighthood in Europe. At each end is a semicircular arch resting upon coupled Corinthian columns, and communicating with a lobby with an enriched doorway. "The gallery, like that of the Louvre, is long and straight; but, unlike the French picture corridor—that lane of pictures with no turning,—the otherwise monotonous flatness of the walls is broken by the ornamented doorways, which lead to the two suites of apartments east and west. These ornaments are of a chaste character, and present nothing to attract the eye from the paintings hung upon the walls." The settees and chairs are plain, the frames of the pictures are neat rather than gorgeous; in short, there is no rivalry set up, as is too often the case, between the decorator and the painter.

The roof or ceiling is, however, a fine specimen of skilful and elaborate design; yet, as a means of lighting the apartment, its merit is much disputed by artistic critics. Von Raumer, for instance, condemns the immensely high wall which cannot be hung with paintings; and he maintains that the light, coming from above, or two sides, is false, insufficient, and moreover broken by the architectural decorations. "It is to be remarked, that the lighting of the whole of the state apartments has been effected under the most rigid artistic taste. In each of the various drawing-rooms, for instance, the glass is tinted, so as to harmonize with the general tone of the decorations."

Occasionally, this gallery is used as a ball-room; or, shortened by screens, bearing beaufets of superb plate, and priceless articles of *vertu*, in it are given state banquets.

The collection of pictures is very valuable, and comprises, in the main, works of the Flemish and Dutch schools. The chief exceptions are Reynolds's *Death of Dido*, and his *Cymon and Iphigenia;* a landscape by Gainsborough, and a few recent English works; some pictures by Watteau; and an interesting evidence of Titian's versatility —a landscape, with herdsmen and cattle, by that master. Among the finest works are three by Albert Durer, seven by Rembrandt, seventeen by Teniers, five by Ostade, six by Gerard Dow, nine by Cuyp, eight by Wouvermans, three by Paul Potter, six by Rubens, five by Vandyke, in addition to his various portraits of children. Among Rembrandt's pictures is *The Wise Men's Offering;* among Vandyke's, *The Marriage of St. Catherine;* among Albert Durer's, *The Miser;* and among Rubens's, the portrait of his wife. Claude's *Europa* also enriches the collection. Its history explains the great number of Dutch pictures: they belonged, for the most part, to George the Fourth, who purchased them from Sir Francis Baring, and was proud enough ever afterwards of his acquisition.

Nor are the arts in Buckingham Palace confined to this gallery; for there is not a room which does not boast of some paintings. Music, also, has its full patronage; there being a grand pianoforte in each of the state rooms, except the throne chamber.

Leaving the picture gallery, we enter, from its centre, the Roman drawing-room, which, because it contains, like the library immediately under it, a circular front, is called, also, "the bow-room." South of this is the yellow drawing-room, and beyond it the state dining-room. Northward of the bow-room is the music-room, communicating with the private apartments of Her Majesty, which extend along the whole of the northern front of the palace.

The most interesting feature of the bow-room, and the drawing-rooms right and left of it, is a series of sculptures in relief, by Pitts, an artist of great promise, who died young. Thus, the frieze in the bow-room represents Eloquence, Pleasure, and Harmony; and in the music-room, within

yet it possesses all the vigor and imagination which had distinguished his best days. As a whole, there is not, perhaps, to be found a more interesting series of historical designs of any country in ancient or modern times. The drawings of this frieze ought to be in the royal collection, but they were sold at Christie's with the rest, on the decease of the painter; Mr. Rogers was the purchaser.

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arches of the elliptical ceiling, are three reliefs, representing the apotheoses of the poets, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton—each comprising numerous subordinate figures. In the yellow drawing-room, the sculptor has left us a series of twelve reliefs illustrative of the origin and progress of Pleasure: namely, Love Awakening the Soul to Pleasure;—the Soul in the Bower of Fancy;—the Pleasure of Decoration;—the Invention of Music;—the Pleasure of Music;—the Dance;—the Masquerade;—the Drama;—the Contest for the Palm;—the Palm Resigned;—the Struggle for the Laurel;—the Laurel Obtained. The floors of these drawing-rooms are very superb; being bordered with satin and rosewood, inlaid with devices of rose and tulip-wood.

The bow-room has a domed ceiling, enriched with the national emblems, and supported by scagliola lapis-lazuli columns. The music-room has an orchestra gallery at the south end; and for the company are provided brass-framed seats, with velvet cushions. Of the entire suite, however, the yellow drawing-room is the most superb. It has a lofty cove, richly gilt, and ornamented with heraldic shields, beneath which is the series of bas-reliefs described above; and in these designs there is so much classic beauty that we regret to see the continuation broken by the introduction of medallion portraits, even though they be of royal and illustrious personages. But the main beauty of the apartment lies in the harmony of color adopted for its draperies, &c.; namely, a series of shades of yellow, ranging almost from brown to green; the effect is truly elegant and artistic, and we remember the like success in the principal drawing-room of the Reform club-house in Pall Mall. Upon the figured yellow silk walls of the palace apartment are hung whole length portraits of royal personages; and at each end, and above the chimney-piece, are placed brilliant mirrors. The chimney-piece is of exquisitely white marble, sculptured by Westmacott. The furniture of the room is truly sumptuous; as is also the assemblage of vases filled with flowers, clocks, bronzes, inlaid tables, cabinets, &c. To quote a contemporary, "All that luxury can desire, or skill and wealth accomplish, to make this apartment magnificent, in the ordinary mode of obtaining magnificence, is to be found here in an extraordinary degree."

We must now sum up the characteristics of the entire pile.

The principal merit, such as it is, lies in the sculptural enrichments of the palace; and the appropriate *nationality* of their subjects, for the intellectual adornment of the residence of a British sovereign. The marble chimney-pieces, too, are sculptured with caryatides and other figures of life size, and a profusion of fruit, flowers, &c. Yet, the figures are condemned as groups of "pigmies and Brobdignagians huddled together; people from two to six feet high, living in admirable harmony. The smaller figures have such miserable spider legs and arms, that one would fancy they had been starved in a time of scarcity, and were come to the king's palace to fatten."—(*Von Raumer.*)

This acute critic also points out in the same apartment, "fragments of Egypt, Greece, Etruria, Rome, and the Middle Ages, all confusedly mingled together;" and he concludes by asserting "this palace to stand as a very clear proof that wealth, without knowledge of art and taste, cannot effect so much as moderate means, aided by knowledge and sound judgment."

With all these artistical defects and drawbacks, it cannot, however, be denied, that for mere purposes of show and state splendor, the suite of rooms at Buckingham Palace is not ill adapted, now that an additional staircase for egress has been provided. The suite, for convenience, cannot be compared with that of St. James's Palace, which, indeed, has scarcely a parallel in Europe. The rooms of the latter are, however, somewhat heavy in their style of decoration (that of the reign of Queen Anne); there are certain aims at classic elegance, and that of an intellectual character, in the embellishments of Buckingham Palace, which are attractive and interesting, though their success be but fragmentary. The nationality of the sculptures, as we have before said, is one of their redeeming points; and the variety of the styles of decoration is another attraction, though a subordinate one. It is impossible to deny a certain grandeur and beauty to the sculptured marble door-cases and chimney-pieces, with their colossal caryatidal figures, their bold scroll-work and medallic portraits; the claim to the originating of all this sumptuousness is somewhat frequently asserted in the royal cyphers G. R. which meet the eye at every available opportunity; and remembering how unsparingly abuse, critical and unartistic, has been showered upon the entire design of the palace, the last of the Georges

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has not been grudged this distinction by one of the liege subjects of his successors.

Upon no occasion are the gorgeous appointments of the palace so successfully called into requisition as for the purposes of state balls, two or three of which entertainments are usually given by Her Majesty during the London season. Then, the entire suite of rooms, seven in number (including the picture-gallery), is used; and the space beneath the central portico, and over the entrance to the great hall, by aid of Tippoo Saib's tent, is formed into a refreshment-room, as we have already described; whilst a similar extension is gained by drapery, in the balcony of the central western or bow saloon. These temporary extensions are set with flowering plants, and thus supply the relief of fragrant coolness. Plants are likewise placed in the picture gallery, where the brilliant bloom of nature thus alternates with the perfection of art. The rooms are mostly lighted by wax; and in cases where lamps are employed, Professor Faraday's beautiful mode of carrying off the heat and smoke by tubes is employed, with increased brilliancy of illumination and perfect ventilation.

There have been two memorable occasions since Her Majesty's accession to the throne, upon which Buckingham Palace presented a scene of almost gorgeous enchantment. These were at the costume balls, or masques, given in 1842 and 1845. The first fête was in the style of the reign of Edward III., the best age of English costume and *architecture;* so that, in the latter respect, the palace presented, everywhere, an ill-assorted anachronism. In the fête of 1845, the costumes (1740 to 1750) harmonized better with the palace interior. This was the age of hoop and embroidery, brocade and stiffened point lace, high-heeled shoes, powder and patches, such as we see in the porcelain figures of Sevres, Dresden, and Chelsea, and the pictures of Watteau and Boucher; nor must we forget the equally characteristic male costume of the period—the square-cut coats, and long-flapped waiscoats; the large hanging cuffs and lace ruffles, and stiffened skirts; the long outer stockings, and high-heeled shoes; and the endless wigs, and laced and feathered three-cornered hats—all belong to the exquisite of the time of our second George.

At the ball of 1845, Musard wielded his baton in an orchestra built in the cove of the throne-room, where the graceful minuet was danced; the picture-gallery being appropriated to the more joyous "Sir Roger de Coverley." Supper was served in the great dining-room, where the magnificence of the plate beaufet, the brilliancy of the lights and flowers, the elaborate richness of the costumes, and the beauty and noble mien of the actors in this retrospective drama of taste, presented a scene of surpassing splendor. When, indeed, "did morning ever break" to dispel a more delightful illusion than the royal masques of 1842 and 1845.

There are certain points of improved construction in the palace, which we must not lose sight of among its less intrinsic merits. In roofing the edifice, Mr. Nash employed a composition of hot coal-tar, lime, and sand, which has withstood wear and tear much better than his architectural taste; and the floors, formed of cast iron, arched with hollow bricks, are fire-proof. The offices are, generally, well-appointed; but numbers of blackened supplementary pipes which rise from the roof, seem to indicate that one of the greatest plagues of domestic life, "a smoky chimney," is by no means a rarity at the palace.*

We shall briefly advert to the works just commenced for enlarging the palace, to meet the requirements of Her Majesty and the royal family. Mrs. Jameson, speaking of the edifice, says:—"George the Fourth had a predilection for low ceilings, so all the future inhabitants of the Pimlico Palace must endure suffocation; and, as His Majesty did not live on good terms with his wife, no accommodation was prepared for a future Queen of England." The first statement is scarcely correct; for the principal floor of Buckingham House is by no means of low pitch, and the ground floor is part of old Buckingham House, its retention being rather a matter of necessity than choice. The second statement is truthful

* Immediately under the palace passes "the King's Scholars' Pond Sewer," the main drain of one of the principal divisions of the Westminster Commission of Sewers, occupying the whole channel of a rivulet formerly known as Dye Brook, having its source at Hampstead, and draining an area of 2,000 acres, 1,500 of which are covered with houses. Within a few years, a large portion of this sewer has been reconstructed, under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty; arches of considerable span having been worked to a great extent under densely populated neighborhoods, without any suspicion on the part of the inhabitants of what was going on a few feet below the foundations of their houses. In its present complete state, it is, perhaps, the most remarkable and extensive piece of sewerage ever executed in this, or in any other country.

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scandal; and the palace accordingly reminds us of "apartments for a single gentleman," rather than for the enjoyment of married life. Hence the alterations in progress, under the superintendence of Mr. Blore, to meet the cost of which Parliament have voted a large sum. At present, it is understood that the marble arch is doomed to be removed, and a fourth side of the great quadrangle constructed. There has been great objection to the expenditure of more money upon so unsatisfactory a building as the palace has proved; and a new royal residence has been suggested.

THE PALACE CHAPEL,

As we have already intimated, has been adapted by Mr. Blore, from the Southern Ionic Conservatory. The cast-iron framework has been preserved, with open tie-beams of elegant design; and a row of fluted composite columns on each side forms an aisle, which is pewed, the remainder of the area having open seats. The chapel is lit by lofty windows at the sides. Across the west end, and facing the altar, is the Queen's closet, supported by Ionic columns taken from the screen at Carlton House. Here are state chairs for Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, and the Duchess of Kent. The fittings of this closet, the pulpit, and reading-desk, are of crimson velvet and gold; and the pews and seats are covered with cloth of this color. The organ is placed in a gallery, to the right of the altar. The building is colored throughout white and French white, and relieved by the crimson fittings, has a chastely elegant effect. The chapel was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, March 25, 1843.

THE ROYAL MEWS

Is a handsome pile of offices entered from Queen's Row, Pimlico, at the rear of the palace. Here are a spacious riding-school; seven large stables; a room expressly for keeping state harness; stables for the state horses; and houses for forty carriages. Here, too, is kept the magnificent state coach, designed by Sir W. Chambers in 1762; and painted by Cipriani with a series of emblematic panel subjects; the entire cost being £7,661 16s. 5d. It may be seen by application at the mews; and the stud of horses and the entire establishment may be inspected by application, properly made, to the Master of the Horse.

THE GARDEN PAVILION.

Within the last eighteen months, the palace garden has received a very interesting embellishment, which is closely associated with the patronage and progress of art in this country. Upon an eminence in the garden, looking over the piece of water, is a small cottage, which was selected by Her Majesty and Prince Albert, as the locality in which the experiment of painting in fresco might be made by some of our leading artists. "It may be remembered," says Mrs. Jameson, "that some of the most beautiful examples of Italian decorative art are to be found in garden-houses and the appendages to villas, and that some of the most celebrated compositions in the world were decorative pictures. Raphael's *Galatea*, for instance, is on the wall of the villa Farnesina; and Guido's *Aurora* is on the ceiling of a summer-house in the gardens of the Rospigliosi Palace."

For the purpose of this peculiar decoration, the cottage in the Buckingham Palace garden was altered: the external appearance is picturesque and graceful, without any regular style of architecture: it has a sort of minaret roof, and is flanked with a parapet, on which are placed vases with plants. The interior contains an octagonal room, and another apartment on either side: in the basement is a kitchen; and as the apartments have fireplaces, the exterior has the ungenial disfigurement of chimneys.

The octagonal room rises into a dome, sustained and divided by eight ribs; and in each compartment is a circular opening, with sky background—those on the west representing Midnight, with its star; and those on the east, the approaching Dawn. A rich cornice runs beneath, and under it are lunettes, each of which is painted in fresco with a scene from Milton's *Comus*; the painters being Stanfield, Uwins, Leslie, Ross, Maclise, Landseer, Dyce, and Eastlake; seven of whom are distinguished Members of the Royal Academy.

Beneath the lunettes are panels adorned with arabesques, medallions, figures, and groups, from a variety of Milton's poems.

The Octagon or Milton Room opens into a room on the right, decorated in the Pompeian style, "a very perfect and genuine example of classical domestic decoration,

such as we find in the buildings of Pompeii; a style totally distinct from the other two rooms."

The room on the left of the Octagon is decorated in the "Romantic" style; the subjects taken from the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott; richly colored festoons of flowers; medallions by Pistrucci; statues of children, &c.; and the pavement is bordered with the thistle.

The experiment is considered perfectly successful, and has, unquestionably, accomplished its object—"to offer to some of our artists at once a high motive and a fair opportunity to try their powers in this new *old* method;" and an excellently illustrated description of the work has been published by command of the Queen, by Mr. Grunner, under whose superintendence the decorations were executed.

Hence, the pavilion has a twofold attraction; and, embosomed in foliage, it presents a delightful retreat in summer. The grounds are otherwise beautifully disposed. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, when in town, usually take their early morning walk in this charming seclusion; and the royal children participate in its advantages.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

Among the great men of Germany, is one whose name is mentioned with pride by all his countrymen, with whose works all are acquainted, from the monarch upon his throne to the lowest laboring man, and whose fame is gradually spreading over the civilized world; this is the poet, the novelist, the philosopher, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. This extraordinary man was born in the little town of Wunsiedel, situated in Bavaria, and among the recesses of that chain of mountains known by the name of the Fichtelgebirge, or Pine Mountains. The inhabitants of this region are very simple in their tastes and customs: their houses are made of wood, and thatched with straw; the men are employed in mining, while the women, as is generally the case in Germany, perform all the agricultural labors.

In the year 1763, our hero was born. His father was the organist of Wunsiedel, and his mother was the daughter of a cloth weaver in the manufacturing town of Hof. We know little of Richter during the first two years of his life. He says, in his autobiography, that he can remember nothing except the kindness of a poor boy, who carried him in his arms, and brought him milk to drink. In 1765, his father was appointed pastor of Jodity, and thither the family removed. He has given us long descriptions of his life while at this place. He tells us that his great pleasure was to learn everything, and he thought it a happy day when he first entered the village schoolroom. He seems to have made rapid progress in his studies; but his father, angry at the manner in which a peasant's son had behaved to him, removed him from school, and took the charge of his education upon himself. Seven hours were now daily devoted by Paul and his brother Adam to the study of the Latin grammar; and both felt it a hardship to sit within doors on a lovely summer's day, while his father was perhaps gone on a journey, having first appropriated to each of his sons their wearisome tasks.

The dry Latin rules did not, however, check the young Paul's ardor for learning, and he often stole into his father's library, devouring whatever book he happened to lay his hand upon. He tells us also that he made a clock and a sun-dial, and he even tried his skill in the use of the pencil. He seems to have been very fond of music, and often devoted whole hours to playing upon an old harpsichord which was found in the parsonage. We will give our readers a translation from Paul's account of his life at Jodity:—

"We will start with winter and January," says he: "in the cold weather our father, like a herdsman, came down from his study, and to our great joy dwelt in the common sitting-room. In the morning he sat by the window, and learned his Sunday's sermon by heart, while we carried his cup of coffee by turns to him. Out of doors, all was covered with snow; but within, all was life. Under the stove was a pigeon-house; on the windows, goldfinches' cages; and on the floor, a bulldog and a poodle. At the sound of the vesper bell in the evening, we placed ourselves in a cir-

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cle, and chanted one of Luther's hymns. How much more pleasant were these winter evenings when, once a week, the old errand-woman, with her basket of fruits and wares, entered the kitchen from the town of Hof, spreading cakes and pasties before our eyes!

"In spring we were let loose into the fields. We ploughed, sowed, and made hay. My father did not stand by as a hard taskmaster, although the laborers were his feudal tenants, but as a good shepherd, caring for the spiritual welfare of his children. In the morning I carried my father's coffee to the pastor's garden, which was outside the village; in the evening my mother brought us salad and fruit for supper; and after this my brother and I sprang about in our nightgowns, in the open air, as freely as the birds above us. On Sunday, before church, I went through the village with a bunch of keys, to open the pastor's garden, and to bring thence some roses with which to decorate the reading-desk. After church, my brother and I carried to the peasants the usual half pound of bread, and the money collected. I think no other professional man can form any idea of how much the Sunday's vesper hour is enjoyed when the church duties are over. How did we rejoice with our father when he exchanged his pastor's dress for his light coat, and set forth with us to enjoy the calm repose of the Sabbath evening in the fields!

"In the summer I used to be sent to Hof, not only to buy those necessaries which were not to be had in Jodity, but sometimes, when we were short of money, to borrow some from my grandfather. Christmas and the annual fair were our great seasons of rejoicing, and my father joined us in all our preparations, sometimes even decking the Christmas tree with his own hands."

From this little extract, our readers will see how very simple the lives of these mountain people are. They have few wants; and be they ever so poor, their poverty, provided it be not caused by any misconduct, is considered no disgrace. It must not be supposed that Paul's father, being a clergyman, was in flourishing circumstances. The income of a pastor, especially in a mountainous region, is very small. Thus we find that our hero's family had begun to feel the want of money, when a happy change occurred. Just as little Paul had attained his twelfth year, the pastor of Schwarzenbach died, and old Richter was appointed to the vacant pulpit.

The schoolmaster in this little town was named Werner, and Paul was placed under his charge. Here he studied Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, took lessons in music, and began to read the literature of his own country. Nothing, he says, gave him such intense pleasure as "Robinson Crusoe;" and once, when his father was giving a week-day sermon, he hid himself in an empty loft to read it. He had not been long at the Schwarzenbach school before he perceived that his master knew very little more than he did himself, and he resolutely took his education into his own hands. He was assisted in his plans by two young friends, who, admiring him for his zeal and industry, procured books of every kind for him. Paul's thirst for knowledge increased rapidly. It mattered not what the subject of the work was, he read and re-read it until he fully mastered its contents. He also made extracts; and before he had reached his seventeenth year, he had filled many thick volumes, each of more than three hundred pages quarto. At this time it seems to have been his father's intention to bring him up to the church; and though he could ill afford the expense, he determined to place Paul at the gymnasium at Hof. Accordingly, at Easter, 1779, our young hero made his appearance in the great school-room, "being ridiculed," says he, "on account of his rude country garb." He soon, however, distanced all this ridicule, for he rose to the highest rank in the school, and all his companions were obliged to acknowledge his immense superiority.

During his attendance at the gymnasium, Paul's home was under his grandfather's roof; the situation of whose house, and the comparative abundance of whose living, seem to have had a peculiar charm for him. He appears to have been quite happy while here: but this happiness did not last long; for his father, who had been some time an invalid, died, leaving to Paul the care of his mother, and the task of discharging his debts. Misfortune did not end here: the good grandfather and grandmother soon after breathed their last, within a few weeks of each other; and Paul's mother being their favorite child, received the house at Hof as her legacy. This caused dissension and ill-will in the family, and the other relatives instituted a lawsuit against the poor widow, who had now no other protector than her young son. She determined to leave Schwarzenbach, and to reside at Hof, much against the advice of Paul, who knew how coldly the inhabitants of that place regarded the favored daughter of the cloth-weaver.

Paul's future life was now decided upon: his mother wished him to enter the church, and therefore sent him to the university of Leipsic, in the mistaken idea that nothing but a certificate of his poverty was needed to procure him admittance to the lectures,

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and assistance from the professors. On the 19th of May he entered the college, and turned his whole attention to the study of theology. He had gone thither with the false notion that he could live without money; but he had not resided there long, before he found how mistaken he had been.

"I have," says he in a letter to his old schoolmaster, Werner, "no acquaintance with either professors or students; I have no free table; no pupils; but do not give up your hopes for me. I will overcome these difficulties; and I hope in time not to need any help. Here is an enigma which I cannot explain, and which I have only darkly hinted at to my mother. I cannot say more till I know whether my expectations are realized. You mention in your letter what impels me to industry—my mother. It is my duty to endeavor to sweeten her life, which has ever been so unfortunate; and by my sympathy to lessen the grief which she feels at my father's loss. I must also do something for the happiness of my brothers; and were it not for this, I should study only what I felt an inclination for."

All Paul's hopes of attracting the notice of the professors seem to have been vain; his poverty and his modesty were insuperable obstacles; and finding that his greatest wish—that of becoming acquainted with clever men—was not likely to be realized, he turned with renewed ardor and industry to his books. He studied the English and French languages, and also made himself thoroughly conversant with the great authors of those two countries; but amidst all his intense labor, he never seems to have lost, or even forgotten for a moment, his childlike feeling of affection towards his mother.

In December, 1781, he writes to her thus:—"I daily hope and expect to receive news of what is passing with you, and also the assistance I have so long prayed for. I wrote lately to tell you that, as I had no funds, I must be trusted: be so good as to give me some counsel. I must eat, but I cannot be trusted any longer: I cannot freeze, but where shall I get wood without money? It is a long time since I asked you for any, and when it comes, I shall scarcely be able to pay what I owe. Do not think that I would ask you for money unnecessarily. If you can help me now, I trust you will not be called upon to assist me again, as perhaps the project I have will enable me to earn enough for you as well as for myself."

The scheme to which Paul alludes in this letter was that of becoming an author; an intention which did not meet with his mother's approbation, for she hoped he would follow his father's profession, and that she might have the happiness of sitting one day an attentive listener to his discourses. He endeavored to remove her objections, and persevered in his intentions. The early history of an author is always interesting, and, we may add, instructive; for though we may not be placed in the same situation ourselves, yet we shall always find some one point which we can apply to our own characters, and which may strengthen us to overcome our own difficulties, of whatever kind they may be. Paul's first work was a satire, which he sent to his friend Vagel, begging his opinion of it. He received for answer, "I do not praise your folly, but your wonderful wisdom; nevertheless, I fear that if this book be published, nearly all the world will quarrel with you."

Alas! Paul's hopes were doomed to disappointment. He waited a twelvemonth without being able to dispose of his manuscript; and he says, "that after it had been returned to him by a professor, he read it again, and rejoiced that it had not met with a publisher." Nothing daunted, this boy of nineteen again put his pen to paper; and having completed a collection of essays entitled "The Greenland Lawsuits," took courage, and presented himself to the Leipsic booksellers. The work was refused by all; and he sent it to Voss, the great publisher at Berlin. He seems at this time to have been in greater poverty than ever, since he is described as sitting, on the last day of December, in a desolate room, with no fire to warm him, and no food to satisfy his hunger. But a gleam of happiness broke in upon him, when, on the same evening, he received intelligence from Voss that he would publish his work. Who can describe the joy, the gratitude, with which Paul received the fifteen louis-d'ors, the first fruits of his talents and perseverance?

With this money he was enabled to pay all his debts, and to remove from his close, dull room, to a summer-house in a garden belonging to his landlord, where he could study uninterruptedly. At this time every one wore powdered hair and queues; but

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Paul, partly from necessity and partly from taste, adopted a style very different to the fashion. He says, in a letter to his mother, "As I cannot make my waistcoats wear any longer, I must go without. My hair has also been cut, as it will save me the expense of a hairdresser. I have a few curls left."

The landlord of the garden objected to this costume; and after much debate, Paul returned to his old apartment. In 1783, after the publication of his work, he went to Hof to pass the vacation with his mother. The people of this little town do not seem to have valued his book, and he returned to Leipsic, feeling that that was the spot best suited to him, as literature and music were held in high estimation by all classes of society. At the annual fair he sold a second volume of "The Greenland Lawsuits" to his former publisher, for the sum of one hundred and twenty-six dollars; but for the third volume he could not find a purchaser. His poverty again became pressing, and he had no other alternative than to return to Hof, in the hope that he should be able to live more economically with his mother. He owed some money to his victualler, but he had no means of paying it; and upon the creditor following him to Hof, he was obliged to borrow the money of two friends, named Otto, sons of the evening preacher of that town.

This was the hardest part of Paul's life: his mother had lost her little property by the lawsuit, and was living with her two younger sons in a small cottage, containing only one apartment. His old friend Vagel came immediately to see him, and supplied him from time to time with books, and even with necessaries. Encouraged by this kindness, he continued to study and to write, earning occasionally a few groschen. About a year after Richter left Leipsic, a college friend named Oerthel returned to his father's residence at Topen, near Hof, and seeing our hero's desolate situation, devised a plan for the improvement of it. Oerthel had a younger brother who needed a tutor, and Richter was offered the post. After some hesitation he accepted it; and on New-Year's Day, 1786, removed from his mother's abode to Topen. Unfortunately, neither the elder Oerthel nor his youngest son ever valued Paul according to his merits: the young man's character was not amiable, and had it not been for Madame Oerthel's kindness, and for the friendship of his old schoolfellow, Adam, he would have been really unhappy during his residence in the family. As it was, his spirits and health failed, his gaiety deserted him, and the illness of his friend gave him great concern. At last this friend expired in his arms; and Paul, wearied with his pupil's ingratitude, and having now no tie to the family, returned to his mother's indigent home, not even being able to procure all the money which Herr Oerthel owed to him.

Again he turned his thoughts to his pen; and having produced an Essay upon Death, probably suggested by the recent loss he had sustained, he took courage, and sent it to Wieland, the editor of the German Mercury, through the medium of Herder, who was at that time at the height of his popularity. Madame Herder opened the packet, and having read the essay, was so delighted with it, that she forwarded it to another periodical, with which her husband, at that time in Italy, was more closely connected. Paul did not receive any money for it, but the praises which were lavished upon it gave him encouragement to persevere. He now reformed his dress, and entered more into society, where he was welcomed by all, not only on account of his conversational powers, but also because of his musical genius, which excited universal admiration.

In 1790, our hero was offered the place of schoolmaster at the village of Schwarzenbach; and under the patronage of the magistrates of the district, he entered upon his office. Here Paul seems to have been quite happy and contented. He had for long pondered deeply on the subject of education, and he had now an opportunity of trying the practicability of his ideas. He devoted his whole energies to his employment, and was rewarded by the affection of his pupils and the confidence of their parents. He went every Sunday to Hof, where he always found a party assembled to greet him, consisting generally of young females, whom he encouraged and directed in their studies; in fact he seems to have been both instructor and confessor, which we may account for by the feeling expressed in his own words—"To a man who remembers his mother, all women are sacred for her sake."

These four years were the happiest of Paul's life: friends multiplied, and poverty began to be unknown. We have already mentioned Christian Otto: he had ever stood a firm friend to our hero, aiding him in his pecuniary troubles, and filling the office of critic, reviewer, and adviser. Not

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a work went to the press without being first submitted to Otto's judgment; and it was he who advised him to try his fortune again in the literary world. Accordingly, Paul sent his first romance to the Counsellor Mority, at Berlin, whose daughter was about to marry a famous bookseller there. Mority was astonished at the genius evinced by the manuscript, and wrote immediately to Richter, saying, that he had found a printer who would give a hundred ducats for the work. We will not attempt to picture Paul's happiness: as soon as he received the money, he hastened to Hof, and gave his mother the shining treasure. His troubles were over: the perseverance with which he had battled against adverse circumstances was amply rewarded; his hopes were realized; and, above all, his efforts to rescue his mother from poverty were successful. He gave up the mastership of the school at Schwarzenbach; and having taken his mother from her miserable little dwelling to a cheerful but modest house near his friend Otto, his next care was to repay his old schoolmaster Werner the money which she had borrowed.

The time which he now passed at Hof was a time of nearly unalloyed happiness; but his disappointments were not all over. His romance did not meet with the success he expected; and consequently, when he presented his second work, "Hesperus," for sale, he could only obtain two hundred dollars for it. During the following summer he made a visit to Bayreuth, having formed an acquaintance with a Jewish merchant there. Here, to his great surprise, he found his works read and appreciated, and he returned with redoubled industry to his pen. His next production, a novel, drew upon him the attention of all Germany: letters of congratulation poured in from all quarters, but more especially from Weimar, the town in which Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland, the four greatest poets of the age, were residing. He could not resist the flattering invitations given him, and he made his appearance in that little circle of great men. The Duchess Amelia received him with marks of distinction, and the Princess of Hohenlohe besought him to undertake the instruction of her two sons; a request which he politely refused.

In 1797, Richter found his health so bad, that he was obliged to go to the baths of Eyer, in Saxony; and while here, he received the intelligence that his mother was no more. Overcome with grief, he hastened back to Hof, and had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing her features once again. Among the relics she left her son, was a little book in which she kept an account of her gains by her midnight spinning. "If all other books were destroyed," writes Paul to Otto, "I would keep this, wherein is found the record of her nights of misery."

We need not follow Richter, step by step, any further. His end was gained: fame and admiration awaited him, although money was still difficult to obtain. In 1801 he married Caroline, the daughter of Herr Von Meyer of Berlin, a woman in every way fitted to be the wife of so extraordinary a man. After his marriage, he settled at Meiningen, and diligently set to work to complete his most famous production—"Titan." He lead a quiet, retired life, for his means were still straitened; and after the birth of a daughter, he left Meiningen, and took up his residence in Bayreuth, where he hired a small house adjoining that of his friend Otto. Here he lived till the day of his death, beloved by all around him. In 1808 a pension of eighty-five pounds was granted to him; and this, together with his own earnings, was sufficient for his comfort.

Nothing remarkable occurs in the history of Richter's life for several years. He generally passed a great part of the summer in travelling, and was everywhere received with marks of respect and admiration. But a bitter blow struck him, from which he never recovered. His son Max was at the gymnasium at Munich, and appears to have been distinguished for his talents and industry. He had unfortunately inherited his father's sensitiveness of disposition, which, having been fostered by early education, settled at last into profound melancholy, and his health giving way, he returned home to die. Richter's spirits sank under this misfortune; and his incessant weeping is said to have brought on the disease which eventually deprived him of sight. In the autumn of 1823, his strength rapidly declined; his nephew cheered his hours of suffering by reading to him; and he had a piano placed near his couch, which he sometimes accompanied with his voice, describing the ideas which floated through his mind as he played. On the evening of the 14th of November he breathed his last, beloved, honored, and regretted by his countrymen. He was buried by torchlight in the church of Bayreuth,

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an unfinished manuscript being placed on his coffin, and an ode by Klopstock sung over his grave. Thus ended the life of one who, however great he may have been in intellect, was still greater from the beauty of his domestic character, his modesty, his humility, and his uprightness. His writings, consisting of poetry, prose fiction, and philosophy, are unfortunately unsuitable to the current of sentiment in English minds, and they must therefore, like most German productions, continue to be little known in this country.

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

PRIVATE LIFE OF ROBESPIERRE.

We had hoped to be able to give in the present number some account of the history of the Girondins by M. Lamartine, two volumes of which have been announced for speedy publication; but at the moment we write they have not yet made their appearance in Paris. We are in possession, however, of a fragment of the work, describing the private life of Robespierre, and this we will proceed to lay before our readers. It has long been known in literary circles, that Lamartine intended to take Robespierre under his protection, *le réhabiliter*, as they say in France. The horror and pity which Robespierre's name excites will, we think, be increased rather than diminished by the perusal of the following eulogium on his domestic virtues.

"The life of Robespierre bore testimony to the disinterestedness of his sentiments; that life was the most eloquent of his discourses. Had his master, Jean Jacques Rousseau, quitted his cabin at the Charmettes, or at Ermehonville, to become the legislator of humanity, he would not have led an existence of more sober seriousness, or of greater poverty, than that of Robespierre. That poverty was meritorious, for it was voluntary. Repeatedly assailed by efforts of corruption on the part of the court, of the Mirabeau, the Lameth, and the Girondin party, during the two Assemblies, he had daily his fortune within reach of his own hand, but he disdained to grasp it. Called afterwards, by election, to exercise the functions of public accuser and judge, in Paris, he cast everything aside to live in pure and high-souled indigence. His whole fortune, and that of his brother and sister, consisted in the rent of a few parcels of land in Artois. The farmers, who were themselves poor, and related to his family, paid their arrears very irregularly. His daily salary, as deputy, during the Constituent Assembly and Convention, supplied the necessities of three persons. He was obliged sometimes to have recourse to the purses of his host and of his friends. His debts, which amounted notwithstanding at his death but to the moderate sum of four thousand francs, after six years' residence in Paris, attest the extreme sobriety of his tastes and his expenditure.

"His habits were those of a thrifty artisan. He lodged in a house in the Rue St. Honoré, opposite the church of the Assumption. It was a low building with a court-yard in front, surrounded by sheds, filled with planks, pieces of scaffolding, and other building materials, and had an almost rustic appearance. It consisted of a kitchen on a level with the yard, with a common sitting-room adjoining, and separated from it by a corridor, at the end of which was a wooden staircase leading up to an attic-like floor over the sheds. The windows of this floor opened on the roof, and had no other prospect than the yard, in which the sounds of the axe and the saw were always heard, and where the mistress of the establishment and her daughters were constantly engaged in the household occupations.

"The house belonged to a carpenter and builder named Duplay, who having been acquainted with Robespierre's family in Artois, of which he was a native, offered the deputy of Arras a domicile on his arrival in Paris. Long cohabitation, a common table, and many years' close intercourse, converted Duplay's hospitality into mutual attachment. The family became as it were a second family of his own for Robespierre. He made it adopt his opinions without in anywise divesting it of the simplicity of its habits, or even of its religious practices. It consisted of the father, the mother, a son, who was still a child, and two daughters, the one eighteen, the other twenty years of age. The father, after spending the whole day in the business of his trade, used to go in the evening and hear Robespierre at the Jacobins, and return home filled to fanaticism with admiration for the orator of the people, and with hatred for the enemies of that young and pure patriot. Madame Duplay shared her husband's enthusiasm for their guest. The glory of lodging Robespierre rendered honorable and welcome in her eyes the little voluntary domestic services she rendered him, as though she had not been so much his hostess as his mother. Robespierre requited those services and that devoted feeling with affection. He shut up his heart within the walls of that poor dwelling. Conversational with the father, filial with the mother, paternal with the son, familiar and almost on the footing of a brother with the daughters, he inspired

and experienced, in the domestic circle formed around him, all those sentiments which an ardent soul inspires and experiences only by diffusing itself over a wide space abroad.

"Love itself attached his heart to the spot where toil, poverty, and earnest meditation fixed his life. Eléonore, Duplay's oldest daughter, inspired Robespierre with a serious and tender attachment. This feeling, which was rather a predilection than a passion, was more deliberate in Robespierre—more ardent and spontaneous in the girl. Neither could have said when the inclination began; but it had grown up with age in the soul of Eléonore, with habit in the heart of Robespierre. This attachment gave the orator the fond feelings of a lover and no torments, happiness, and no distraction. It was the love that suited a man cast every day into the agitations of public life, a repose of heart after the exhaustions of the mind. 'Virile soul!' he used to say of his mistress; 'she is one that could die as she can love.' Their mutual regard, avowed by both and approved of by the family, was self-respected in its purity. They lived in the same house as two betrothed persons, not as two lovers. Robespierre had asked the hand of the young girl of her parents: she was promised to him. 'His penury, and the uncertain aspect of the future, prevented his uniting himself with her until the destiny of France should have been cleared up; but he longed,' he said, 'only for the moment when, the revolution once ended and consolidated, he might withdraw from the turmoil, wed her whom he loved, and go live in Artois on one of the farms he retained of his family property, and there merge his obscure happiness in the common felicity.'

"In the Duplay family, along with Eléonore, lived a sister of Lebas, named Sophie, who was beloved by St. Just, and engaged to that young disciple of Robespierre. Sophie, who was handsomer and less reserved than her young friends, often disturbed their home by the storms which her vain and volatile character stirred up between her and St. Just. Robespierre often reproached her for these inconstancies of heart. He did not like Lebas' sister. He had a great esteem for Duplay's youngest daughter Elizabeth, who was sought in marriage, and soon afterwards wedded to his countryman and colleague Lebas. This young woman, on whom Robespierre's friendship entailed the loss of her husband's life the day after their union, lived more than half a century after that day without once disowning her respect for Robespierre, and without ever comprehending the maledictions heaped by the world upon that young brother of her youth, who appeared in her remembrance so pure, so virtuous, and so gentle!

"No outward vicissitudes of fortune, influence, and popularity, made any change in the simple tenor of Robespierre's life. The multitude came to the gate of that house to implore favor, or life, but nothing entered it that belonged to the world without. Robespierre's lodging consisted in a ground-floor room over the timber-yard, and separated from that occupied by the heads of the house only by a small room common to himself and the family, in which were kept water, firewood, clothes, and household utensils. The window of Robespierre's room opened on the roof, and the room itself contained only a bed with serge furniture striped blue and white, a table, and four straw-bottomed chairs. The place served Robespierre both for a sleeping room and a study. His papers, reports, and the autograph manuscripts of his speeches, in a regular but laborious hand, with many corrections, were carefully ranged on deal shelves along the wall, along with a very few select books. A volume of J. J. Rousseau or of Racine was almost always open on his table, testifying his philosophic and literary predilection for those two writers.

"Such was the spot in which Robespierre passed the greater part of the day preparing his speeches. He used only to leave it in the morning to attend the sittings of the Assembly, and at seven in the evening to go to the Jacobins. His dress, even at the period when the demagogues affected to flatter the people by imitating the coarseness and slovenliness of indigence, was neat, decent, and correct, like that of a man who respects himself in the eyes of others. His somewhat fastidious attention to his dignity and to his style was exhibited even in his outward appearance. His hair, powdered and thrown back on the temples, in the form called *ailes de pigeon*, a blue coat, buttoned round the waist and open on the breast to display a white waistcoat, yellow knee-breeches, white stockings, and shoes with silver buckles, formed his invariable costume during all his public life. It was as though he designed, by never changing the form or color of his garments, to imprint an image of himself always the same, a medal as it were of his figure, on the eyes and the imagination of the multitude.

"His features and the expression of his countenance betrayed the perpetual tension of a mind that sternly strove with itself, rather than the malevolence, disorder, and perversity of a wicked man. The lines of his face relaxed even to gaiety in his home, at table, or, at even, round the fire of chips in the carpenter's humble parlor. His evenings were always passed in the family circle, talking over the emotions of the day, the plans for the morrow, the conspiracies of the aristocrats, the prospects of the future for each of them after the revolution; it was a type of the people in miniature, with its simple manners, its jealous susceptibilities, its whisperings and declamations, its prejudices against the rich, its bursts of rage, and sometimes its fits of tenderness.

"A small number only of Robespierre and Duplay's friends were admitted by turns into the privacy of their home; the Lameths sometimes; Lebas and St. Just always; Panis, Sergent, Cofinhal, Fouché, who was in love with Robespierre's sister, and whom Robespierre did not like; Taschereau, Legendre, Le Boucher, Merlin de Thionville, Couthon, Péthion, Camille Desmoulins, Buonarroti, a Roman patriot, emulous of the fame of the tribune Rienzi; one Nicolas, printer of the journal and the speeches of the orator; a locksmith named Didier, a friend of Duplay's; some workmen, constant attendants at the Jacobins; and lastly, Madame de Chalabre, a noble and

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wealthy woman, full of enthusiasm for Robespierre, devoted to him like the widows of Corinth or of Rome to the apostles of the new faith, placing her fortune at his command for the popularization of his ideas, and courting the friendship of Duplay's wife and daughters that she might merit a look from Robespierre.

"Their talk was of the revolution; or at times, after a short playful conversation with the two girls, Robespierre, who wished to adorn the mind of his affianced bride, would read aloud to the family. He generally chose the tragedies of Racine, for he loved to give sonorous utterance to those grand lines, whether to exercise himself for the efforts of the forum, or to elevate the simple souls of his friends to the level of the great sentiments and great catastrophes of antiquity, to which his own public part and their course of life were daily acquiring a closer analogy. His evenings were seldom spent abroad. Twice or thrice a year he used to take Madame Duplay and her daughters to the theatre, and then it was always to the classical representations of the Théâtre Français. Theatrical, even in his dreams and his recreations, he loved only those tragic declamations that reminded him of the forum, of tyranny, the people, the scaffold, of great crimes and great virtues. On other days Robespierre went early to bed, and rose again in the night to work. The innumerable speeches he delivered in the two national assemblies and at the Jacobins, the articles written for his journal while he had one, the still more numerous manuscripts of the speeches he composed but did not deliver; the elaboration of the style discoverable in these speeches, the indefatigable corrections with which his pen has marked the manuscripts, attest his sleepless nights and his persevering industry. The perfection of art was at least as much as empire the object of his aim. He knew that the multitude like what is comely quite as much as what is true; and he treated the people as great writers treat posterity, without counting their own pains, and without familiarity. He robed himself in the stately drapery of his philosophy and his patriotism. His only amusements were lonely walks, in imitation of J. J. Rousseau, his model, in the Champs Elysées or in the environs of Paris, accompanied only by his great mastiff, that used to sleep at his chamber door, and always followed his master when he went abroad. This colossal dog, well known in the quarter, was called *Bloum*. Robespierre was very fond of the animal, and was continually playing with it. It was the only escort of that tyrant of opinion who made the throne tremble, and drove the whole aristocracy of the country as fugitives to foreign lands. In moments of extreme agitation, and when fears were felt for the lives of the democrats, Nicolas, the printer, Didier, the locksmith, and young Duplay, used to follow Robespierre at a distance with weapons concealed under their clothes. He was annoyed by these precautions taken without his knowledge. 'Let me leave your house and go live alone,' he would say to his host; 'I endanger your family, and my enemies will make it a crime in your children to have loved me.'—'No, no, we will die together, or the people shall triumph,' replied Duplay. Sometimes on Sunday the whole family made an excursion out of Paris with Robespierre, and the tribune, become again a man, roamed with his bride, and with Eléonore's mother, sister, and brother, in the woods of Versailles or Issy.

"Thus lived a man whose power was nothing immediately round his own person, but became immense as it receded from that centre. That power was but a name—a name that reigned only in public opinion. Robespierre's gradually became the only name incessantly in the mouths of the people. By dint of putting himself forward on every rostrum as the champion of the oppressed, he had petrified his image and his patriotism in the thoughts of that part of the nation. His residence with the carpenter, and his domestication among a family of honest artisans, contributed not a little to make the name of Robespierre stick fast in the revolutionary but sound mass of the people of Paris. The Duplays, their journeymen, and their friends in the various quarters of the capital, talked of Robespierre as the very type of truth and virtue. In those times of the fever of opinion the working men were not in the habit of dispersing, as they do now, to places of pleasure or debauchery, to spend their evening leisure in idle talk. One sole thought agitated, dispersed, and re-assembled the multitude; nothing was isolated and individual in their impressions; everything was collective, popular, tumultuous. Passion breathed out from and over all hearts simultaneously. Journals, with an incalculable number of subscribers, fell every hour on all the strata of the population like fiery rain on combustible materials. Placards of all shapes, dimensions, and colors, arrested the attention of the passers in the great thoroughfares; the popular societies had their rostra and their orators in all the quarters. Public affairs were become to such a degree the affairs of every man, that even those of the people who could not read used to form groups, in the markets and squares, round itinerant readers, who read the public prints for them, and commented on their contents.

"Out of all the names of deputies and orators that rang in its ears, the people chose some favorites, regarded them with passionate admiration, their enemies with wrath, and confounded their own cause with theirs. Mirabeau, Péthion, Marat, Danton, Robespierre, had been in their turns, or were still, these personifications of the multitude. But of all these men there was none whose popularity had more slowly and deeply struck root in the minds of the masses than that of the deputy of Arras. Mirabeau's popularity, rational rather than democratic, had more *prestige*, that of Robespierre had more solidity. Marat disgusted, and only moved the dregs of the populace. The blood with which he stained his pages only pleased the people in their wrathful mood; in cooler moments the public mind reverted to Robespierre. Péthion was declining; the favor of Paris did not survive the services which the concurrence of the mayor of Paris had rendered to the agitators. Péthion was liked only for his weakness. He was

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a popular puppet, yielding to every impulsion and never originating any. Danton had great energy, but no good name; the instinctive honesty of the people blushed in secret for the bad reputation of their favorite. Danton was, in the estimation of Paris, the ideal of a seditious mover, not of a legislator. The attachment which the people felt for Robespierre was one of esteem. There was a force of conviction in the ideas of that man, a mysticism in his name, a sort of apostleship in the part he played, an appearance of martyrdom in his poverty, his patience, and his sequestered existence, endured for the cause of all. In loving Robespierre the people thought they loved themselves."

From the Edinburgh Review.

ROCK AND BILLOW—HISTORICAL FICTIONS.

The announcement of a new work by Miss Martineau was always a pleasing announcement to us: but it is doubly so now, by reason of the risk to which we were recently exposed of being deprived of her altogether: and the work before us, we are happy to say, gives ample proof that her restoration is complete, that her mental powers have been strengthened rather than impaired by Mesmerism, and that her long trials have left no traces of other than healthful influences, such as the admirable book entitled *Life in the Sick-Room* would lead every reader of taste, feeling, or reflection, to expect.

The Billow and the Rock is not, like most of her other tales or stories, written to illustrate any peculiar principle or doctrine of legislation or political economy; but it is a tale *founded upon Fact.* Is this an advantage or a disadvantage? ought it to be put forward as a recommendation or the contrary? We shall endeavor, before coming to the Tale itself, to answer this question as precisely as such a question can well be answered: for a good deal of error is afloat concerning the points involved in it; and a class of writers who are now exercising a wide-spread influence in both France and England, have evidently decided it somewhat summarily in their own way; since they seem to think that all objections to a scene, description, character, or plot, are answered at once by proving it to be a faithful drawing from life or nature, or an actual occurrence in society. To take only two prominent examples—when we turn away repelled and sickening from the pictures of physical suffering and moral debasement which abound in *Les Mystères de Paris*, M. Sue assures us that the originals may be seen at the shortest warning in the hospitals or lunatic asylums of the French capital; and when all the thought, observation, artistical skill and brilliant writing lavished on *Lucretia, or the Children of the Night*, fail to neutralize the painful feelings with which we run over such a catalogue of crimes or contemplate such monsters of iniquity, we are told, that some fifteen or twenty years ago, an artist, named W——, did actually poison two of his female relatives, for the purpose of defrauding the insurance offices.

It consequently becomes necessary to reassert what we thought had long ago been firmly established as an axiom, that the strictly *imitative* school is the very lowest in all branches of art, not even excepting the most imitative of all—painting; an axiom which can scarcely be denied by any one who is not prepared to assert the superiority of Van Stein and Teniers over Raphael and Michael Angelo. A truly great artist manifests his greatness by heightening, elevating, idealizing; by addressing himself to our sensibility and imagination; by making us glow with enthusiasm, or filling our minds with beautiful and sublime associations—not by simply calling our powers of observation, memory, and comparison into play. To be true to nature, and to present nothing but a servile copy of nature, are very different things. The Apollo and the Venus are types of the ideal, not the real; and tradition says that even the Fornarina was indebted to the rich warm pencil of her lover for the most glorious part of her surpassing though thoroughly mundane loveliness. No fine portrait (as we once heard Sir Thomas Lawrence remark) was ever painted directly from the original, or except from an image distinctly present in the mind of the painter; and it is well known that Sir Thomas himself, even in the ordinary every-day practice of his profession, and when dealing with

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subjects which there was little chance of making historical, always began by getting his sitters into conversation and turning their attention from the object in hand, so as to have as much variety of manner and expression to choose from, as time and circumstances would admit.

"A graceful truth thy pencil can command,
The fair themselves go mended from thy hand;
Likeness appears in every lineament,
But likeness in thy work is eloquent;
Though nature there her true resemblance bears,
A noble beauty in thy piece appears."

A striking example of the consequences of an opposite mode of proceeding, is afforded by a book now lying on our table, entitled *Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book*. The frontispiece professes to be a likeness of Mrs. Norton; a lithograph of her autograph authenticates it; and we will not take upon ourselves to deny that there may have been periods of her life when she looked as Mr. Carrick has pictured her. But did he never see her in any other mood? or did he never ask himself whether the pale, meek, woe-begone and melancholy lady in the prim Quaker-like gown, could be the proud and gifted beauty who must have been so often and so enthusiastically described to him? He evidently thought of nothing but of executing a piece of task-work for the publisher; and went on transcribing feature after feature, looking up every ten seconds from the paper to the face, till it was done. But every work of art produced on this principle will be a failure—whether a picture, a statue, or a book. Plays, like Shakspeare's, may be founded on old chronicles; romances, like Scott's, may be traced to the romance of history: but the author must fill his mind, and then write from its fullness; he must not halt in his course or check his flight to eke out a scene or chapter from the authorities; or, more correctly speaking, the creative faculty will generally be found dead or torpid, and there will be no course to halt in or flight to check, when such purely mechanical aids and handicraft contrivances are resorted to. Above all, it is general truth, probability, and agreement with nature, that are indispensable: A work (*Tom Jones*, for example) may possess these qualities in perfection, and strike every one as eminently natural, without containing a single incident taken from actual life or history; and a work may abound in well authenticated details, and yet not only offend by their repulsiveness, but strike every one as unnatural, by reason of their anomalous character, or their rarity.

We are far from thinking that Miss Martineau has erred, like the popular writers to whom we have alluded, in the choice of her materials; but we were certainly led into the foregoing train of remark, by finding how much she had occasionally been cramped by the supposed necessity of attending to the authenticated details of the adventures she has taken for her groundwork. The Lady Carse of her Tale is the Lady Grange of Scottish story, about whom several hundred pages have been printed within the last half century; and, for Miss Martineau's sake, we heartily wish they had not; for she would have done far better had she been thrown more completely on her own resources, or known nothing of the lady in question but what was current at the period of Dr. Johnson's journey to the Hebrides—

"After dinner to-day (says Boswell) we talked of the extraordinary fact of Lady Grange's being sent to St. Kilda, and confined there for several years, without any means of relief. Dr. Johnson said, if Macleod would let it be known that he had such a place for naughty ladies, he might make it a very profitable island."

In a note to this passage Boswell adds:—

"The true story of this lady, which happened in this century, is as frightfully romantic as if it had been the fiction of a gloomy fancy. She was the wife of one of the lords of session in Scotland, a man of the very first blood of his country. *For some mysterious reasons, which have never been discovered*, she was seized and carried off in the dark, she knew not by whom, and by nightly journeys was conveyed to the Highland shores, from whence she was transported by sea to the remote rock of St. Kilda, where she remained, amongst its few wild inhabitants, a forlorn prisoner, but had a constant supply of provisions, and a woman to wait on her. No inquiry was made after her, till she at last found means to convey a letter to a confidential friend, by the daughter of a catechist, who concealed it in a clew of yarn. Information being thus obtained at Edinburgh, a ship was sent to bring her off; but intelligence of this being received, she was conveyed to Macleod's island of Herries, where she died."

Now a story in this state is the very thing a writer of fiction should fix upon. "Mysterious reasons which have never been discovered," what a fine field for the imagination is here laid open! yet, to the best of our information, only one adventurer was found to try his fortune in it, till it was not only explored and surveyed, but inclosed

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and ploughed up by antiquaries and annotators of all sorts.

In 1798, a poem appeared in London with the following title:—*Epistle from Lady Grange to Edward D———, Esq., Written during her Confinement in the Island of St. Kilda.* The author was Mr. W. Erskine, W. S., probably a connexion of the husband's family. The poem is a palpable imitation of Pope's famous Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard, as will sufficiently appear from the commencement—

"Rave, ye fierce winds; ye angry surges, roar;
Climb the rude cliffs that circle Kilda's shore;
The tempest rolls along the troubled heaths,
The lightning glares, and yet Matilda breathes.
Blasting the groves the flame-wing'd torrents speed,
Yet glide innocuous o'er this guilty head.
Yes, I have scorned *thy* laws, in love sublime,
And glory in the inexpiable crime."

Then comes a passage explanatory of the share Edward D———, Esq., is supposed to have had in the matter—

"And thou, dear sharer of my love and crime,
Whatever region holds, whatever clime"—

She labors hard to be philosophical, and make up her mind that what cannot be cured, must be endured; ever and anon trying the soothing influence of a day-dream of a fancied isle, where—

"Love fired by liberty, might spurn control,
Dart through the frame, and rule the o'er-flooded soul."

This style of wishing, instead of leading us to sympathize with the lady, rather leads us to commend the prudential measures of her lord. But the reality is too strong for any effort of fancy—

"Dear lost delusion! Truth's too fervent ray,
Strikes the bright frost-work, and it melts away.
In Kilda's isle I trace the fancied shore,
But you and innocence are mine no more."

How Edward D——, Esq., and Innocence, could ever have been hers at the same time, is not quite obvious; but this was the fashion in which so-called poems, or poetical epistles, handsomely printed in quarto, were composed during the last quarter of the last century; the only apparent object of the writers being to produce a certain number of lines in imitation of some recognised classic.

A few years after this poem was written, attention began to be attracted to the story; at length the whole of it became known; and the curious in such matters may now not only follow Lady Grange through her adventures (strange and striking enough, if true) on her enforced expedition through the Highlands to the Hebrides, but speculate on her feelings in her own Journal, and analyse her lord's character in his Diary.

Lord Grange was a judge of the Court of Session, and, as such, took his title from his estate. He was a younger son of the Earl of Mar who played so prominent a part in the troubles of 1715; but, warned by his father's example, he concealed what were always believed to be his real opinions, and professed a zealous attachment to the House of Hanover, the Whig party, and Sir Robert Walpole. He never stood high in the estimation of his contemporaries, and the following lines express the popular notions regarding him—

"Th' answer I'll give thee in these few lines,
Perhaps you may think strange,
In villany, that he's outshined
By hypocret, Lord Grange.
All Charters' sins were open done
In face of men and skyes;
But Grange kidnapt his wife by noon,
And whoors with upcast eyes.
Let Charters, then, rest in his grave,
He has received his doom;
He has no place 'mong hypocrites—
That's held till Lord Grange come."

It is difficult to help thinking the charge of hypocrisy well founded, when we find such an entry as this in the Diary, and connect it with the known self-seeking habits of the man—

"I have reason to thank God that I was put out from the office of justice-clerk; for, besides many reasons from the times, and my own circumstances, and other reasons from myself, this one is sufficient, that I have thereby so much more time to employ about God and religion."

There is a reflective turn and a felicity of expression in another short entry,—

'I have religion enough to spoil my relish and prosecution of this world, and not enough to get me to the next. Nay, worldly things do not give me that satisfaction and delight which they did heretofore, but yet they follow me,—and in a dull heavy way take up my mind and amuse it."

After all, inconsistency is not hypocrisy; a man may feel rightly, or intend to act properly, in his closet, and yet prove utterly unable to resist temptation, or forego the worldly advantages within his reach. A

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somewhat remarkable discussion in the British Cabinet transpired a few years ago, in the way in which everything strictly private does transpire, namely, through the wife of one of the members. The subject was, whether a man who had killed his wife in one of the colonies, should suffer the highest penalty of the law. A duke, blessed with a very beautiful duchess, stood out for the alleged criminal; but when pressed for his reasons, it appeared he had none to give, but that "women are *so* aggravating." Now, the same justification, if it be one, is clearly open to Lord Grange; for a more aggravating helpmate it was hardly possible to have; and the manner in which the union was brought about, was such as to throw considerable doubts, from the commencement, on the probable duration of his felicity. Even the parentage of Lady Grange was ominous for a judge. "On a Sunday afternoon" (so runs the narrative), "in the spring of the year 1689, the president of the court of session (Lockhart) was walking quietly home from church, when a pistol-shot, fired close behind him, brought him to the ground a corpse. Amongst the crowd who gathered round the spot, stood a gloomy-looking man, who, when he heard that the venerable judge had died instantly, remarked, that he was not accustomed to do things by halves!" This gloomy-looking man was John Chiesly of Dalry; who had committed the murder to revenge a decision which Lockhart had given against him, in an arbitration. He was the father of Lady Grange; and the story goes, that she compelled Lord Grange, by whom she had been seduced, to marry her, by holding a pistol to his head and reminding him that she was the daughter of John Chiesly.

The wonder is, that this union lasted so long without an open rupture; but the lady says that they went on happily and peaceably enough for more than twenty years; and it is a remarkable fact that they had two sons grown up, and a daughter married to the Earl of Kindore, at the period of the catastrophe with which Miss Martineau begins her Tale.

About 1730 they quarrelled, and a formal separation was agreed upon; but the terms were ill kept on her side, as it seems she took every opportunity of annoying him, and even threatened to assail him on the bench, "which," he says, "he every day expected; for she professed she had no shame." But it was a threat to accuse him of political disaffection that brought about the crisis. During their halcyon days, he had written to her from London, severely reflecting on Walpole and his government; she had treasured up the letter; and those were times when any scrap of writing that would bear a doubtful interpretation might have cost a judge his place, or, combined with a suspicious circumstance or two, his life. "The judge" (quietly observes Sir Walter Scott), "probably thought with Mrs. Peachum, that it is rather 'an awkward state of domestic affairs when the wife has it in her power to hang her husband;'" and some of his friends concurred with him; among others the famous, or infamous, Lord Lovat, who was no doubt afraid that (mixed up as he was with all the intrigues of the period) if Lady Grange were allowed to execute her threat, something might transpire to compromise himself.

Miss Martineau's Tale opens just when Lady Grange's threats are beginning to render decisive steps of some sort necessary: but, as we have but little room for extracts, we pass at once to the scene of her actual deportation. She had been baffled in one attempt to go to London to make her threatened revelation; and is gloomily meditating on the best means of resuming it.

"In the evening, she wearily rose, and slowly dressed herself—for the first time in her life without help. She was fretted and humbled at the little difficulties of her toilet, and secretly wished, many times, that Bessie would come back and offer her services, though she was resolved to appear not to accept them without a very humble apology from Bessie for her fears about London. At last she was ready to go down to tea, dressed in a wrapping-gown and slippers. When halfway down, she heard a step behind her, and looked round. A Highlander was just two stairs above her; another appeared at the foot of the flight; and more were in the hall. She knew the livery. It was Lovat's tartan.

"They dragged her down-stairs, and into her parlor, where she struggled so violently that she fell against the heavy table, and knocked out two teeth. They fastened down her arms by swathing her with a plaid, tied a cloth over her mouth, threw another over her head, and carried her to the door. In the street was a sedan-chair; and in the chair was a man who took her upon his knees, and held her fast. Still she struggled so desperately, that the chair rocked from side to side, and would have been thrown over, but that there were plenty of attendants running along by the side of it, who kept it upright.

"This did not last very long. When they had got out of the streets, the chair stopped. The cloth was removed from her head, and she saw that they were on the Linlithgow road, and that some horsemen were waiting, one of whom was on a very stout horse, which bore a pillion behind the saddle. To this person she was formally intro-

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duced, and told that he was Mr. Forster of Corsebonny. She knew Mr. Forster to be a gentleman of character, and that therefore her personal safety was secure in his hands. But her good opinion of him determined her to complain and appeal to him in a way which she believed no gentleman could resist. She did not think of making any outcry. The party was large; the road was unfrequented at night; and she dreaded being gagged. She therefore only spoke,—and that as calmly as she could.

"'What does this mean, Mr. Forster? Where are you carrying me?'

"'I know little of Lord Carse's purposes, Madam; and less of the meaning of them probably than yourself.'

"'My Lord Carse! Then I shall soon be among the dead. He will go through life with murder on his soul.'

"'You wrong him, Madam. Your life is very safe.'

"'No. I will not live to be the sport of my husband's mercy. I tell you, Sir, I will not live.'

"'Let me advise you to be silent, Madam. Whatever we have to say will be better said at the end of our stage, where I hope you will enjoy good rest, under my word that you shall not be molested.'

"But the lady would not be silent. She declared very peremptorily her determination to destroy herself on the first opportunity; and no one who knew her temper could dispute the probability of her doing that, or any other act of passion. From bewailing herself, she went on to say things of her husband and Lord Lovat, and of her purposes in regard to them, which Mr. Forster felt that he and others ought not, for her own sake, to hear. He quickened his pace; but she complained of cramp in her side. He then halted—whispered to two men who watched for his orders—and had the poor lady again silenced by the cloth being tied over her mouth. She tried to drop off; but that only caused the strap which bound her to the rider to be buckled tighter. She found herself treated like a wayward child. When she could no longer make opposition, the pace of the party was quickened; and it was not more than two hours past midnight when they reached a country-house, which she knew to belong to an Edinburgh lawyer, a friend of her husband's."

So far Miss Martineau has followed the actual narrative. The country-house was Muiravonside, belonging to Mr. John Macleod, advocate; who adds another to the long list of persons of station and respectability engaged in the deportation. She was next carried to a place called Wester Polmaise, belonging to a gentleman named Stewart, where she was imprisoned in an old tower for fourteen or fifteen weeks, till arrangements were made with Sir Alexander Macdonald for transferring her to a small island of his, called Heskir, within sight of the Isle of Skye.

In Miss Martineau's Tale, the lady reaches her final destination without any adventure of a romantic cast. But Dr. Macleay, in his work or compilation entitled "Historical Memoirs of Rob Roy, &c.," leads her through three or four, which sound passing strange, and would be strikingly illustrative of the then state of society, if true: but they are so questionably authenticated, that we can only assist the curious reader with this general reference.

Miss Martineau, however, has carefully and, in our opinion, judiciously eschewed everything of the exciting order, and relied almost exclusively on simple descriptions of natural scenery, and the deep though homely truth of her moral reflections, for the main interest of her book.

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the place where sorrow is unknown."—

This is the moral of the story; and the entire book may be best regarded as a vehicle for conveying it. Considered in this point of view, the principal character (who, after all, is not, in our judgment at least, the wild woman of whom we have been speaking) is admirably conceived. We are thus introduced to her, as the vessel carrying Lady Grange approaches the island which is to be her prison:

"She once more insisted on landing by daylight, and was once more told that it was out of the question. She resolved to keep as wide awake as her suspicions, in order to see what was to be done with her. She was anxiously on the watch in the darkness an hour before midnight, when Macdonald said to her,

"'Now for it, Madam! I will presently show you something curious.'

"The sloop began to move under the soft breathing night wind; and, in a few minutes, Macdonald asked her, if she saw anything before her, a little to the right? At first she did not; but was presently told, that a tiny spark, too minute to be noticed by any but those who were looking for it, was a guiding light.

"'Where is it?' asked the lady. 'Why have not you a more effectual light?'

"'We are thankful enough to have any; and it serves our turn.'

"'O! I suppose it is a smuggler's signal; and it would not do to make it more conspicuous.'

"'No, Madam. It is far from being a smuggler's signal. There is a woman, Annie Fleming, living in the grey house I showed you, an honest and pious soul, who keeps up that light for all that want it.'

"'Why? Who employs her?'

"'She does it of her own liking. Some have heard tell, but I don't know it for true, that when she and her husband were young she saw him drown, from his boat having run foul in the har-

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bor that she overlooks; and that from that day to this she has had a light up there every night. I can say that I never miss it when I come home; and I always enter by night, trusting to it as the best landmark in this difficult harbor.'"

This Annie Fleming is, as we have already intimated, the real heroine. The other characters serve for little else than to bring out her good qualities. They are her son Rollo, and a wrong-headed clergyman named Ruthven, with a not much wiser wife. All of them are anxious to aid Lady Grange; and even the steward or factor would not be sorry to be rid of her, but the sense of obedience to his chief overcame every other consideration:—

"'And now,' said Annie, 'if the lady is afflicted with such hardness of heart, is it not cruel to take her away from God's word and worship, just when there is a minister coming? O! Macdonald, what would you do to one who should carry away your poor sick little Malcolm to St. Kilda, just when your watching eye caught sight of an eastward sail, and you knew it was the physician coming;—sent, moreover, for Malcolm's sake? What would you think then, Macdonald?'

"'I should think that if Sir Alexander was in it, there could be nothing done, and there ought to be nothing said. And Sir Alexander is in this. So I must go.'"

The following passage strikes us to be full of quiet truth, and may serve to illustrate the general tone of the publication. From the scenes preceding it, we collect that Lady Grange has succeeded, to some extent, in alienating the son from the mother:—

"From Rollo himself she (Annie) heard less and less of his proceedings and interests. Anxious as she was, she abstained from questioning or reproving him, on the few occasions when he spent an hour with her. She was aware of his high opinion of himself, and of the point he made of managing his own affairs; and she knew that there were those next door who would certainly engross him if anything passed in his mother's house to make him reluctant to stay there. She therefore mustered all her cheerfulness when he appeared on the threshold; gave him her confidence, made him as comfortable as she could; and never asked him whence he had come, or how long he would stay. She had a strong persuasion that Rollo would discover in time who was his best friend; and was supremely anxious that when that time came, there should be nothing to get over in his return to her—no remembrance of painful scenes—no sting of reproach—no shame but such as he must endure from his own heart. Strong as was her confidence in the final issue, the time did seem long to her yearning spirit, lonely as she was. Many a night she listened to the melancholy song of the throstle from the hill-side, and watched the mild twilight without thinking of sleep, till all was silent; and was still awake when the lark began its merry greeting to the dawn which was streaking the east. Many a day she sat in the sun watching the pathways by which she hoped her son might come to her; and then perhaps she would hear his laugh from behind the high garden wall, and discover that he had been close at hand all day, without having a word to say to her. How many true and impressive things passed through her mind that she thought she would say to him! But they all remained unsaid. When the opportunity came, she saw it to be her duty to serve him by waiting and loving; feeling and trusting that rebuke from God was the only shock which would effectually reach this case, and reserving herself as the consoler of the sinner, when that hour should arrive."

This line of conduct and feeling is one which all of us would do well to follow in every case of estranged affection, where we have reason to suppose that the estrangement will be but temporary, and leave no lasting blight upon the heart. Reproaches and remonstrances only render matters worse.

It would serve no useful purpose to make further extracts from a popular work published in so cheap a form, and we shall therefore only add, that Miss Martineau has introduced a completely new reading, as regards the conclusion of the Tale. Lady Grange was, in point of act, confined in several islands—Heskir, St. Kilda, Skye, Assint, in succession—and lived many years after the recovery of her liberty. But Miss Martineau has thought it best to kill her off at the precise period best adapted for a dramatic ending. In the beautiful modern ballad entitled *The Indian's Return*, the exile lives just long enough to see the white cliffs of his native land—

"Feebly he lifted his weary head,
One wistful glance he gives—no more—
'England and Home?' was all he said:
The Exile dies—in sight of shore."

In Miss Martineau's last chapter, entitled *Free at Last*, Lady Carse has just left the island in a boat with Duncan Forbes (the president), whose chance arrival had occasioned her release:—

"'She looks comfortable,' whispered the President to Sir Alexander. 'Can you suggest anything more that we can do?'

"'Better let her sleep while she can, my lord. She appears comfortable at present.'

"Three more hours passed without anything being observable in Lady Carse, but such slight movements now and then as showed that she was not asleep. She then drew the handkerchief from

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her face, and looked up at Helsa, who exclaimed at the change in the countenance. The President bent over her, and caught her words—

"'It is not your fault—but I am dying. But I am sure I should have died on land, and before this. And I have escaped. Tell my husband so.'

"'I will. Shall I raise you?'

"'No; take no notice. I cannot bear to be pitied. I will not be pitied; as this was my own act. But it is hard . . . .'

"'It *is* hard: but you have only to pass one other threshold courageously, and then you are free indeed. Man cannot harm you there.'

"'But to-day, of all seasons . . . .'

"'It *is* hard: but you have done with captivity. No more captivity! My dear Lady Carse, what remains! What is it you would have! You would not wish for vengeance! No; it is pain! —you are in pain. Shall I raise you?'

"'No, no; never mind the pain. But I did hope to see my husband again.'

"'To forgive him. You mean, to forgive him?'

"'No: I meant . . . .'

"'But you mean it now? He had something to pardon in you.'

"'True. But I cannot . . . Do not ask me.'

"'Then you hope that God will. I may tell him that you hope that God will forgive him.'

"'That is not my affair. Kiss my Janet for me.'

"'I will; and all your children . . . . What? Is it growing dark? Yes, it is, to us as well as to you. What is it that she says?' he inquired of Helsa, who had a younger and quicker ear.

"'She says the widow is about lighting her lamp. Yes, my lady, but we are too far off to see it.'

"'Is she wandering?' asked the President.

"'No, Sir; quite sensible, I think. Did you speak, my lady?'

"'My love . . . .'

"'To Annie, my lady? I will not forget.'

"She spoke no more. Sir Alexander contrived to keep from the knowledge of the boatmen for some hours that there was a corpse on board."

Those who wish to learn more about Lady Grange, will find ample particulars in the publications enumerated below.* It strikes us that the story has now received as much attention as it deserves, and that too much has been laid upon it as illustrative of Scottish manners at the period. Lady Grange was a woman of ungovernable temper, and habitually given to intoxication. She had been guilty of several outrageous acts of violence in public—and was about to proceed to the worst extremities against her husband and his friends. Were a judge's wife to demean herself in this manner in modern times, he would hardly, perhaps, take so decisive a step as shipping her off to the Hebrides; but most assuredly some restraint would be put upon her. The connivance of so many persons of known probity, and the acquiescence of her sons and daughter, sufficiently prove the general impression regarding her, and go far towards showing that her husband erred less in substance than in form.

The case mentioned in a note to Miss Edgeworth's *Castle Rackrent*, is a far more remarkable one. It happened, moreover, in comparatively modern times. The lady was known to many persons still living, and the incarceration lasted twenty years. The parties were Lady Cathcart and Colonel M'Guire;—the prison was an upper room in an Irish country-house, but not a solitary or deserted house; for the tradition is, that the Colonel frequently entertained his friends, and never failed at dinner to send a message to his wife, the invariable answer to which was, "Lady Cathcart's compliments, and she has everything she wants." It is stated by Mr. Edgeworth, that "when she was first told of his death, she imagined that the news was not true, and that it was told only with an intention of deceiving her. At his death she had scarcely clothes sufficient to cover her;—she wore a red wig, looked scared, and her understanding seemed stupified;—she said she scarcely knew one human creature from another." Lady Grange died in a state of imbecility, but Lady Cathcart appears to have recovered her understanding, for at an after period she earnestly recommended her young female friends to take warning by her example. "I have been three times married;—the first time for money; the second, for rank; the third, for love—and the third was worst of all.'

The remarkable pamphlet, entitled "*A Word to the Public*, by the author of *Lucretia*," &c., did not reach us till after this article was written, or we might have somewhat moulded our preliminary remarks with reference to it; and having alluded to *Lucretia*, we think it right to add, that, if the author has been assailed in the manner he mentions, he has been most unjustly assailed; and that, in our opinion, his answer to the assailants is complete. He is one of the last writers we should accuse of endea-

* Scots Magazine (new series), vol. I. (for 1817); Chambers's Edinburgh Journal for March 7, 1846; Dr. Macleay's Historical Memoirs of Rob Roy, &c.; Tales of the Century, &c., by John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, Edinburgh, 1847; Burton's Life of Lord Lovat, just published, p. 187-192; and especially some original Letters to and from Lord Grange, in the third volume of The Miscellany of the Spalding Club, which has been given to the public (or at least to the members) even since Mr. Burton's publication.

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voring to undermine public morals or lower public taste, by selecting low subjects or treating them in a low manner. It does not appear to us to be the prevailing character of his books to make heroes of criminals; nor should we think the worse of them on that account, if it were. Most assuredly "it is (as he says) the treatment that ennobles, not the subject. Grant that the characters are what convention calls *low*—in birth, station, instruction; born in a cellar, dying on the gibbet, they are not one jot, for these reasons, made *necessarily* low to art. Art can, with Fielding, weave an epic from adventures with gamekeepers and barbers. Art can, with Goethe, convert into poetry the most lofty, the homely image of the girl condemned for infanticide; and confine the vast war between spirits and men to the floor of her felon cell."

In short, we give in our almost unqualified adhesion to most of the general principles laid down by him: but this does not deprive us of the right to question their application in each individual case. A man born in a cellar and dying on a gibbet, is not necessarily made low to art: but neither is a man necessarily made high to art by being hanged. To say he is, would be to adopt to its full extent the doctrine of *Lelia*, in George Sands' novel of that name, when she silences her young admirer, who is at a loss to discover what she can see to admire in Trenmor, by saying, "*Ecoutez, jeune homme, il a subi cinq ans de travaux forcés.*" A man of education, who has undergone such an ordeal, undoubtedly presents a tempting subject for the imagination of a woman like Lelia, or for a popular dramatist of the Porte Ste Martin school; but, to give legitimate art a fair chance with a real criminal, the story, we think, must be obscurely known—there must be distance as to time or space, or the veil of foreign manners, or a misty vagueness of some sort thrown over it. If Black George had been actually tried for poaching on Squire Western's preserves just before the appearance of Tom Jones—or Margaret for child-murder just before the appearance of Faust, they would have been materially damaged, if not rendered absolutely useless, for the purposes of art; and we much doubt whether Fielding and Goethe would have meddled with them.

Sir Edward Lytton says, "All crimes now, if detected, must obtain the notoriety of the Old Bailey, or reap their desert in Newgate; and to contend that Newgate and the Old Bailey unfit them for the uses of the writer of fiction, is virtually to deprive him of the use of all crimes punished by modern law, and enacted in the modern day; as if there were no warning to be drawn from men that are not ennobled by ermine and purple; as if there were no terror in the condemned cell, no tragedy at the foot of the gallows."

Here, again, the accomplished writer does not distinguish with his usual acuteness. The doctrine for which we contend deprives the writer of fiction of the use, not, by any means, of all *crimes*, but only of all *criminals*, punished by *modern* law, &c. The four pleas of the crown are at his disposal; the whole Newgate Calendar is open to him; but we object to the actual Weare in his gig, or the actual Tawell in his straight-cut coat; and it is no use telling us that poetic as well as strict matter-of-fact justice has been done to them; for it is not so much the moral tendency as the artistical fitness of such subjects, that we differ about. "The past cannot monopolize the sorrows and crimes of ages. While we live, we ourselves become a past." But we must wait till we have actually become a past. We do not even say that such works may not be highly satisfactory to posterity, but only that some law of association, which it is impossible to reason down, prevents them from being satisfactory to us.

"Folly and error," continues Sir Edward, "vice punished by ridicule, constitute the main materials of the comic writer, whether he employ them in a drama or a novel. Must we not grant to the writer who seeks for the elements of tragedy that exist in his own time, the equal license to seek for the materials to which tragedy must apply?" The answer is, that tragedy and comedy stand on a totally different footing. According to the old proverb, familiarity breeds contempt: but it does not prevent laughter; and associations which do not impair comic effects, may utterly destroy tragedy for the time. Any one conversant with the history of the stage, could relate instance after instance in which an accidental circumstance of the ludicrous character has decided the fate of an entire representation; as when Quin, seated in the pit and speaking loud enough for every one to hear, compared Garrick in Othello to the black boy bringing in the tea-things in Hogarth's *Marriage-à-la-Mode*; or when, in John Philip Kemble's day, the ghost in Hamlet, by some unlucky jerk of the machinery, was suddenly flung upon the stage, in helmet, cuirass—kersey-

mere breeches and dirty cotton stockings! For ourselves, we own we could never quite get over Werther's top-boots, or Charlotte's cutting bread and butter for the children; and we do not know a single instance of a modern domestic tragedy, in which the lowering effect of familiarity has been kept down, except by an accumulation of appalling details, decidedly inimical to that mood of mind which it is the peculiar province of high art to inspire and sustain. *La Dame de Saint Tropez*, a drama founded on the Laffarge case, was as successful as such a drama well can be; but is there one critic of taste throughout these realms, who would wish for a repetition of the experiment?

We should be glad to analyse a few other passages of this pamphlet, but our allotted space is exhausted; and we will only add now, that, in our opinion, Sir Edward Lytton has laid far too much stress on the illiberal attacks made upon him. Dr. Johnson was fond of saying that no author was ever written down except by himself; and authors, like Sir Edward Lytton, who are read and admired in every quarter of the globe, have surely nothing to fear from the misrepresentations of critics, and little cause to complain of the tardy justice of contemporaries. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*

From Tait's Magazine.

ORTHOGRAPHIC MUTINEERS.*

BY THOMAS DE QUINCY.

[The reader will hardly suspect from the strange title of the following article, either its drift or its humor. It is in the happiest vein of the "Opium Eater," and hits off with biting sarcasm, a prevailing fault.—Ed.]

As we are all of us crazy when the wind sits in some particular quarter, let not Mr. Landor be angry with me for suggesting that he is outrageously crazy upon the one solitary subject of spelling. It occurs to me, as a plausible solution of his fury upon this point, that perhaps in his earliest school-days, when it is understood that he was exceedingly pugnacious, he may have detested spelling, and (like Roberte the Deville†) have found it more satisfactory for all parties, that when the presumptuous schoolmaster differed from him on the spelling of a word, the question between them should be settled by a stand-up fight. Both parties would have the victory at times: and if, according to Pope's expression, "justice rul'd the ball," the schoolmaster (who is always a villain) would be floored three times out of four; no great matter whether wrong or not upon the immediate point of spelling discussed. It is in this way, viz. from the irregular adjudications upon litigated spelling, which must have arisen under such a mode of investigating the matter, that we may account for Mr. Landor's being sometimes in the right, but too often (with regard to long words) egregiously in the wrong. As he grew stronger and taller, he would be coming more and more amongst polysyllables, and more and more would be getting the upper hand of the schoolmaster; so that at length he would have it all his own way; one round would decide the turn-up; and thenceforwards his spelling would become frightful. Now, I myself detested spelling as much as all people ought to do, except Continental compositors, who have extra fees for doctoring the lame spelling of ladies and gentlemen. But, unhappily, I had no power to thump the schoolmaster into a conviction of his own absurdities; which,

* With a special reference to the Works of Walter Savage Landor.

† "*Roberte the Deville:*"—See the old metrical romance of that name: it belongs to the fourteenth century, and was printed some thirty years ago, with wood engravings of the illuminations. Roberte, however, took the liberty of murdering *his* schoolmaster. But could he well do less? Being a reigning Duke's son, and after the rebellious schoolmaster had said—

> "*Syr, ye bee too bolde:*
> *And therewith tooke a rodde hym for to chaste.*"

Upon which the meek Robin, without using any bad language as the schoolmaster had done, simply took out a long dagger "*hym for to chaste,*" which he did effectually. The schoolmaster gave no bad language after that. M.

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however, I greatly desired to do. Still, my nature, powerless at that time for any active recusancy, was strong for passive resistance; and *that* is the hardest to conquer. I took one lesson of this infernal art, and then declined ever to take a second; and, in fact, I never *did*. Well I remember that unique morning's experience. It was the first page of Entick's Dictionary that I had to get by heart; a sweet sentimental task; and not, as may be fancied, the spelling only, but the horrid attempts of this depraved Entick to explain the supposed meaning of words that probably had none; many of these, it is my belief, Entick himself forged. Among the strange, grim-looking words, to whose acquaintance I was introduced on that unhappy morning, were *abalienate* and *ablaqueation*—most respectable words, I am fully persuaded, but so exceedingly retired in their habits, that I never once had the honor of meeting either of them in any book, pamphlet, journal, whether in prose or numerous verse, though haunting such society myself all my life. I also formed the acquaintance, at that time, of the word *abacus*, which, as a Latin word, I have often used, but, as an English one, I really never had occasion to spell, until this very moment. Yet, after all, what harm comes of such obstinate recusancy against orthography? I was an "occasional conformist;" I conformed for one morning, and never more. But, for all that, I can spell as well as my neighbors; and I can spell *ablaqueation* besides, which I suspect that some of them can *not*.

My own spelling, therefore, went right, because I was left to nature, with strict neutrality on the part of the authorities. Mr. Landor's too often went wrong, because he was thrown into a perverse channel by his continued triumphs over the prostrate schoolmaster. To toss up, as it were, for the spelling of a word, by the best of nine rounds, inevitably left the impression that chance governed all; and this accounts for the extreme capriciousness of Landor.

It is a work for a separate dictionary in quarto to record *all* the proposed revolutions in spelling, through which our English blood, either at home or in America, has thrown off, at times, the surplus energy that consumed it. I conceive this to be a sort of cutaneous affection, like nettle-rash, or ring-worm, through which the patient gains relief for his own nervous distraction, whilst, in fact, he does no harm to anybody: for usually he forgets his own reforms, and if *he* should not, everybody else *does*. Not to travel back into the seventeenth century, and the noble army of shorthand writers who have all made war upon orthography, for secret purposes of their own, even in the last century, and in the present, what a list of eminent rebels against the spelling-book might be called up to answer for their wickedness at the bar of the Old Bailey, if anybody would be kind enough to make it a felony! Cowper, for instance, too modest and too pensive to raise upon any subject an open standard of rebellion, yet, in quiet Olney, made a small *émeute* as to the word "Grecian." Everybody else was content with one "e;" but he, recollecting the cornucopia of *es*, which Providence had thought fit to empty upon the mother word *Greece*, deemed it shocking to disinherit the poor child of its hereditary wealth, and wrote it, therefore, *Greecian* throughout his Homer. Such a modest reform the sternest old Tory could not find in his heart to denounce. But some contagion must have collected about this word *Greece;* for the next man, who had much occasion to use it—viz. Mitford*—who

* Mitford, who was the brother of a man better known than himself to the public eye, viz. Lord Redesdale, may be considered a very unfortunate author. His work upon Greece, which Lord Byron celebrated for its "wrath and its partiality," really had those merits: choleric it was in excess, and as entirely partial, as nearly perfect in its injustice, as human infirmity would allow. Nothing is truly perfect in this shocking world; absolute injustice, alas! the perfection of wrong, must not be looked for until we reach some high Platonic form of polity. Then shall we revel and bask in a vertical sun of iniquity. Meantime, I *will* say—that to satisfy all bilious and unreasonable men, a better historian of Greece, than Mitford, could not be fancied. And yet, at the very moment when he was stepping into his harvest of popularity, down comes one of those omnivorous Germans that, by reading everything, and a trifle besides, contrive to throw really learned men—and perhaps better thinkers than themselves—into the shade. Ottfried Mueller, with other archæologists and travellers into Hellas, gave new aspects to the very purposes of Grecian history. Do you hear, reader? not new answers, but new questions. And Mitford, that was gradually displacing the unlearned Gillies, &c., was himself displaced by those who intrigued with Germany. His other work on "The Harmony of Language," though one of the many that attempted, and the few that accomplished, the distinction between accent and quantity, or learnedly appreciated the metrical science of Milton, was yet, in my hearing, pronounced utterly unintelligible by the best *practical* commentator on Milton, viz. the best reproducer of his exquisite effects in blank verse, than any generation since Milton has been able to show. Mr. Mitford was one of the many accomplished scholars that are ill-used. Had he possessed the splendid powers of the Landor,

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wrote that "History of Greece" so eccentric, and so eccentrically praised by Lord Byron, absolutely took to spelling like a heathen, slashed right and left against decent old English words, until, in fact, the whole of Entick's Dictionary (*ablaqueation* and all) was ready to swear the peace against him. Mitford, in course of time, slept with his fathers; his grave, I trust, not haunted by the injured words whom he had tomahawked; and, at this present moment, the Bishop of St. David's reigneth in his stead. His Lordship, bound over to episcopal decorum, has hitherto been sparing in his assaults upon pure old English words: but one may trace the insurrectionary taint, passing down from Cowper through the word *Grecian*, in many of his Anglo-Hellenic forms. For instance, he insists on our saying—not *Heracleidæ* and *Pelopidæ*, as we all used to do—but *Heracleids and Pelopids*. A list of my Lord's barbarities, in many other cases, upon unprotected words, poor shivering aliens that fall into his power, when thrown upon the coast of his diocese, I had—*had*, I say, for, alas! *fuit Ilium*.

Yet, really, one is ashamed to linger on cases so mild as those, coming, as one does, in the order of atrocity, to Elphinstone, to Noah Webster, a Yankee—which word means, not an American, but that separate order of Americans, growing in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, or Connecticut, in fact, a New Englander*—and to the rabid Ritson. Noah would naturally have reduced us all to an antediluvian simplicity. Shem, Ham, and Japhet, probably separated in consequence of perverse varieties in spelling; so that orthographical unity might seem to him one condition for preventing national schisms. But as to the rabid Ritson, who can describe his vagaries? What great arithmetician can furnish an index to his absurdities, or what great decipherer furnish a key to the principles of these absurdities? In his very title pages, nay, in the most obstinate of ancient technicalities, he showed his cloven foot to the astonished reader. Some of his many works were printed in *Pall-Mall*; now, as the world is pleased to pronounce that word *Pel-Mel*, thus and no otherwise (said Ritson) it shall be spelled for ever. Whereas, on the contrary, some men would have said: The spelling is well enough, it is the public pronunciation which is wrong. This ought to be *Paul-Maul*; or, perhaps—agreeably to the sound which we give to the *a* in such words as *what*, *quantity*, *want*—still better, and with more gallantry, *Poll-Moll*. The word Mr., again, in Ritson's reformation, must have astonished the Post-office. He insisted that this cabalistical-looking form, which might as reasonably be translated into *monster*, was a direct fraud on the national language, quite as bad as clipping the Queen's coinage. How, then, *should* it be written? Reader! reader! that you will ask such a question! *mister*, of course; and mind that you put no capital *m*; unless, indeed, you are speaking of some great gun, some mister of misters, such as Mr. Pitt of old, or perhaps a reformer of spelling. The plural, again, of such words as *romance*, *age*, *horse*, he wrote *romanceës*, *ageës*, *horseës*; and upon the following equitable consideration; that, inasmuch as the *e* final in the singular is mute, that is, by a general vote of the nation has been allowed to retire upon a superannuation allowance, it is abominable to call it back upon active service—like the modern Chelsea pensioners—as must be done, if it is to bear the whole weight of a separate syllable like *ces*. Consequently, if the nation and Parliament mean to keep faith, they are bound to hire a stout young *e* to run in the traces with the old original *e*, taking the whole work off his aged shoulders. Volumes would not suffice to exhaust the madness of Ritson upon this subject. And there was this peculiarity in his madness, over and above its clamorous ferocity, that being no classical scholar (a meagre self-taught Latinist, and no Grecian at all) though profound as a black-letter scholar, he cared not one straw for ethnographic relations of words, nor for unity of analogy, which are the principles that generally have governed reformers of spelling. He was an attorney, and moved constantly under the *monomaniac* idea that an action lay on behalf of misused letters, mutes, liquids, vowels, and dipthongs, against

he would have raised a clatter on the armor of modern society, such as Samson threatened to the giant Harapha. For, in many respects, he resembled the Landor: he had much of his learning—he had the same extensive access to books and influential circles in great cities—the same gloomy disdain of popular falsehoods or common-places—and the same disposition to run a muck against all nations, languages, and spelling-books.

* "In fact, a New Englander." This explanation, upon a matter familiar to the well-informed, it is proper to repeat occasionally, because we English exceedingly perplex and confound the Americans by calling, for instance, a Virginian or Kentuck by the name of Yankee, whilst that term was originally introduced as antithetic to these more southern States.

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somebody or other (John Roe, was it, or Richard Roe?) for trespass on any rights of theirs which an attorney might trace, and of course for any direct outrage upon their persons. Yet no man was more systematically an offender in both ways than himself; tying up one leg of a quadruped word, and forcing it to run upon three; cutting off noses and ears, if he fancied that equity required it; and living in eternal hot water with a language which he pretended eternally to protect.

And yet all these fellows were nothing in comparison of Mr.* Pinkerton. The most of these men did but ruin the national *spelling;* but Pinkerton—the monster Pinkerton—proposed a revolution which would have left us nothing to spell. It is almost incredible—if a book regularly printed and published, bought and sold, did not remain to attest the fact—that this horrid barbarian seriously proposed, as a glorious discovery for refining our language, the following plan. All people were content with the compass of the English language: its range of expression was equal to anything: but, unfortunately, as compared with the sweet orchestral languages of the south—Spanish the stately, and Italian the lovely—it wanted rhythmus and melody. Clearly, then, the one supplementary grace, which it remained for modern art to give, is that every one should add at discretion *o* and *a*, *ino* and *ano*, to the end of the English words. The language, in its old days, should be taught *struttare struttissimamente*. As a specimen, Mr. Pinkerton favored us with his own version of a famous passage in Addison, "The Vision of Mirza." The passage, which begins thus, "As I sat on the top of a rock," being translated into, "As I satto on the toppino of a rocko," &c. But *luckilissime* this *proposalio* of the *absurdissimo Pinkertonio*† was not *adoptado by anybody-ini whatever-ano*.

* Pinkerton published one of his earliest volumes, under this title—"Rimes, by Mr. Pinkerton," not having the fear of Ritson before his eyes. And, for once, we have reason to thank Ritson for this remark—that the form Mr. might just as well be read *Monster*. Pinkerton in this point was a perfect monster. As to the word *Rimes*, instead of *Rhymes*, he had something to stand upon: the Greek *rhythmos* was certainly the remote fountain; but the proximate fountain must have been the Italian *rima*.

† This most extravagant of all experiments on language is brought forward in the "*Letters of Literature*, by Robert Heron." But Robert Heron is a *pseudonyme* for John Pinkerton; and I have been told that Pinkerton's motive for assuming it was—because *Heron* had been the maiden name of his mother. Poor lady, she would have stared to find herself, in old age, transformed into Mistressina Heronilla. What most amuses one in pursuing the steps of such an attempt at refinement, is its repetition by "Jack" in the navy.

Mr. Landor is more learned and probably more consistent in his assaults upon the established spelling than most of these elder reformers. But *that* does not make him either learned enough or consistent enough. He never ascends into Anglo-Saxon, or the many cognate languages of the Teutonic family, which is indispensable to a searching inquest upon our language: he does not put forward in this direction even the slender qualifications of Horne Tooke. But Greek and Latin are quite unequal, when disjoined from the elder wheels in our etymological system, to the working of the total machinery of the English language. Mr. Landor proceeds upon no fixed principles in his changes. Sometimes it is on the principle of internal analogy with itself, that he would distort or retrotort the language; sometimes on the principle of external analogy with its roots; sometimes on the principle of euphony, or of metrical convenience. Even within such principles he is not uniform. All well-built English scholars, for instance, know that the word *feälty* cannot be made into a dissyllable: trisyllable it ever was* with the elder poets—Spenser, Milton, &c.; and so it is amongst all the modern poets who have taken any pains with their English studies: *e. g.*

> "The eagle, lord of land and sea,
> Stoop'd down—to pay him fe-al-ty."

It is dreadful to hear a man say *feal-ty* in any case; but here it is luckily impossible. Now, Mr. Landor generally is correct, and trisects the word; but once, at least, he bisects it. I complain, besides, that Mr. Landor, in urging the authority of Milton for orthographic innovations, does not always distinguish as to Milton's motives. It is true, as he contends, that, in some instances, Milton reformed the spelling in obedience to the Italian precedent: and certainly without blame; as in *sovran*, *sdeign*, which ought not to be printed (as it is) with an elision before the *s*, as if short for disdain; but in other instances Milton's motive had no reference to etymology. Sometimes it was this. In Milton's day, the modern use of Italics was nearly unknown. Everybody is aware that, in our authorized version of the Bible, published

* "*It ever was*"—and, of course, being (as there is no need to tell Mr. Landor) a form obtained by contraction from *fidelitas*.

in Milton's infancy, Italics are never once used for emphasis—but exclusively to indicate such words or auxiliary forms as, though implied and *virtually* present in the original, are not textually expressed, but must be so in English, from the different genius of the language.* Now, this want of a proper technical resource amongst the compositors of the age, for indicating a peculiar stress upon a word, evidently drove Milton into some perplexity for a compensatory contrivance. It was unusually requisite for *him*, with his elaborate metrical system and his divine ear, to have an art for throwing attention upon his accents, and upon his muffling of accents. When, for instance, he wishes to direct a bright jet of emphasis upon the possessive pronoun *their*, he writes it as we now write it. But, when he wishes to take off the accent, he writes it *thir*.† Like Ritson, he writes *therefor* and *wherefor* without the final *e*; not regarding the analogy, but singly the metrical quantity: for it was shocking to his classical feeling that a sound so short to the ear should be represented to the eye by so long a combination as *fore*; and the more so, because uneducated people did then, and do now, often equilibrate the accent between the two syllables, or rather make the *quantity* long in both syllables, whilst giving an overbalance of the *accent* to the last. The 'Paradise Lost,' being printed during Milton's blindness, did not receive the full and consistent benefit of his spelling reforms, which (as I have contended) certainly arose partly in the imperfections of typography at that æra; but such changes as had happened most to impress his ear with a sense of their importance, he took a special trouble, even under all the disadvantages of his darkness, to have rigorously adopted. He must have astonished the compositors, though not quite so much as the tiger-cat Ritson, or the Mr. (viz. monster) Pinkerton—each after *his* kind—astonished *their* compositors.

But the caprice of Mr. Landor is shown most of all upon Greek names. *Nous autres* say "Aristotle," and are quite content with it, until we migrate into some extra-superfine world; but this title will not do for *him*: "Aristoteles" it must be. And why so? Because, answers the Landor, if once I consent to say Aristotle, then I am pledged to go the whole hog; and perhaps the next man I meet is Empedocles, whom, in that case, I must call Empedocle. Well, do so. *Call* him Empedocle; it will not break his back, which seems broad enough. But, now, mark the contradictions in which Mr. Landor is soon landed. He says, as everybody says, Terence, and not Terentius, Horace, and not Horatius; but he must leave off such horrid practices, because he dares not call Lucretius by the analogous name of Lucrece, since *that* would be putting a she instead of a he; nor Propertius by the name of Properce, because *that* would be speaking French instead of English. Next he says, and continually he says, Virgil for Virgilius. But, on that principle, he ought to say Valer for Valerius; and yet again he ought *not*; because, as he says Tully and not Tull for Tullius, so also is he bound, in Christian equity, to say Valery for Valer; but he cannot say either Valer or Valery. So here we are all in a mess. Thirdly, I charge him with saying Ovid for Ovidius: which *I* do, which everybody does, but which *he* must not do; for, if he means to persist in *that*, then, upon his own argument from analogy, he must call Didius Julianus by the shocking name of *Did*, which is the same thing as Tit—since T is D soft. Did was a very great man indeed, and for a very short time indeed. Probably Did was the only man that ever bade for an empire, and no mistake, at a public auction. Think of Did's bidding for the Roman empire: nay, think also of Did's having the lot actually knocked down to him; and of Did's going home to dinner with the lot in his pocket. It makes one perspire to think that, if the reader or myself had been living at that time, and had been prompted by some whim within us to bid against him, we—that is, he or I—should actually have come down to posterity by the abominable name of Anti-Did. All of us in England say Livy when speaking of

* Of this a ludicrous illustration is mentioned by the writer once known to the public as *Trinity Jones*. Some young clergyman, unacquainted with the technical use of italics by the original compositors of James the First's Bible, on coming to the 27th verse, chap. xiii. of 1st Kings, "And he" (viz. the old prophet of Bethel), "spake to his sons, saying, Saddle me the ass. And they saddled *him*;" (where the italic *him* simply meant that this word was involved, but not expressed in the original), read it, "And they saddled HIM;" as though these undutiful sons, instead of saddling the donkey, had saddled the old prophet. In fact, the old gentleman's directions are not quite without an opening for a filial misconception, if the reader examines them as closely as *I* examine words.

† He uses this and similar artifices, in fact, as the damper in a modern pianoforte, for modifying the swell of the intonation.

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the great historian, not Livius. Yet Livius Andronicus it would be impossible to indulge with that brotherly name of Livy. Marcus Antonius is called—not by Shakspeare only, but by all the world—Mark Antony; but who is it that ever called Marcus Brutus by the affectionate name of Mark Brute? "Keep your distance," we say, to that very doubtful brute, "and expect no pet names from us." Finally, apply the principle of abbreviation, involved in the names Pliny, Livy, Tully, all substituting *y* for *ius*, to Marius—that grimmest of grim visions that rises up to us from the phantasmagoria of Roman history. Figure to yourself, reader, that truculent face, trenched and scarred with hostile swords, carrying thunder in its ominous eye-brows, and frightening armies a mile off with its scowl, being saluted by the tenderest of feminine names, as "My Mary."

Not only, therefore, is Mr. Landor inconsistent in these innovations, but the innovations themselves, supposing them all harmonized and established, would but plough up the landmarks of old hereditary feelings. We learn oftentimes, by a man's bearing a good-natured sobriquet amongst his comrades, that he is a kind-hearted, social creature, popular with them all! And it is an illustration of the same tendency, that the scale of popularity for the classical authors amongst our fathers, is registered tolerably well, in a gross general way, by the difference between having and *not* having a familiar name. If we except the first Cæsar, the mighty Caius Julius, who was too majestic to invite familiarity, though too gracious to have repelled it, there is no author whom our forefathers loved, but has won a sort of Christian name in the land. Homer, and Hesiod, and Pindar, we all say; we cancel the alien *us;* but we never say Theocrit for Theocritus. Anacreon remains rigidly Grecian marble; but *that* is only because his name is not of a plastic form—else everybody loves the sad old fellow. The same bar to familiarity existed in the names of the tragic poets, except perhaps for Æschylus; who, however, like Cæsar, is too awful for a caressing name. But Roman names were, generally, more flexible. Livy and Sallust have ever been favorites with men: Livy with everybody; Sallust, in a degree that may be called extravagant, with many celebrated Frenchmen, as the President des Brosses, and in our own days with M. Lerminier, a most eloquent and original writer ("*Etudes Historiques*"); and two centuries ago, with the greatest of men, John Milton, in a degree that seems to me absolutely mysterious. These writers are baptized into our society—have gained a settlement in our parish: when you call a man Jack, and not Mr. John, it's plain you like him. But, as to the gloomy Tacitus, our fathers liked him not. He was too vinegar a fellow for them: nothing hearty or genial about him: he thought ill of everybody; and we all suspect that, for those times, he was the worst of the bunch himself. Accordingly, this Tacitus, because he remained so perfectly tacit for our jolly old forefathers' cats, never slipped into the name Tacit for their mouths; nor ever will, I predict, for the mouths of posterity. Coming to the Roman poets, I must grant that three great ones, viz. Lucretius, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus, have not been complimented with the freedom of our city, as they should have been, in a gold box. I regret, also, the ill fortune, in this respect, of Catullus, if he was really the author of that grand headlong dithyrambic, the Atys: he certainly ought to have been ennobled by the title of Catull. Looking to very much of his writings, much more I regret the case of Plautus: and I am sure that if her Majesty would warrant his bearing the name and arms of *Plaut* in all times coming, it would gratify many of us. As to the rest, or those that anybody cares about, Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, Martial, Claudian, all have been raised to the peerage. Ovid was the great poetic favorite of Milton; and not without a philosophic ground: his festal gaiety, and the brilliant velocity of his *aurora borealis* intellect, forming a deep natural equipoise to the mighty gloom and solemn planetary movement in the mind of the other; like the wedding of male and female counterparts. Ovid was, therefore, rightly Milton's favorite. But the favorite of all the world is Horace. Were there ten peerages, were there three blue ribbons, vacant, he ought to have them all.

Besides, if Mr. Landor could issue decrees, and even harmonize his decrees for reforming our Anglo-Grecian spelling—decrees which no Council of Trent could execute, without first re-building the Holy office of the Inquisition—still there would be little accomplished. The names of all continental Europe are often in confusion, from different causes, when Anglicised: German names are rarely spelled rightly by the *laity* of our isle: Polish and Hungarian

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never. Many foreign towns have in England what botanists call *trivial* names; Leghorn, for instance, Florence, Madrid, Lisbon, Vienna, Munich, Antwerp, Brussels, the Hague—all unintelligible names to the savage Continental native. Then, if Mr. Landor reads as much of Anglo-Indian books as I do, he must be aware that, for many years back, they have all been at sixes and sevens; so that now most Hindoo words are in masquerade, and we shall soon require *English* pundits in Leadenhall Street.* How does he like, for instance, *Sipahee*, the modern form for *Sepoy*? or *Tepheen* for *Tiffin*? At this rate of metamorphosis, absorbing even the consecrated names of social meals, we shall soon cease to understand what that *disjune* was which his sacred Majesty graciously accepted at Tillietudlem. But even elder forms of oriental speech are as little harmonized in Christendom. A few leagues of travelling make the Hebrew unintelligible to us; and the Bible becomes a Delphic mystery to Englishmen among the countrymen of Luther. Solomon is there called Salamo; Sampson is called Simson, though probably he never published an edition of Euclid. Nay, even in this native isle of ours, you may be at cross purposes on the Bible with your own brother. I am, myself, next door neighbor to Westmoreland, being a Lancashire man; and, one day, I was talking with a Westmoreland farmer, whom, of course, I ought to have understood very well; but I had no chance with him; for I could not make out who that *No* was, concerning *whom* or concerning *which*, he persisted in talking. It seemed to me, from the context, that *No* must be a man, and by no means a chair; but so very negative a name, you perceive, furnished no positive hints for solving the problem. I said as much to the farmer, who stared in stupefaction. "What!" cried he, "did a far-larn'd man, like you, fresh from Oxford, never hear of *No*, an old gentleman that should have been drowned, but was *not*, when all his folk were drowned?" "Never, so help me Jupiter," was my reply; "never heard of him to this hour, any more than of *Yes*, an old gentleman that should have been hanged, but was *not*, when all his folk were hanged. *Populous No*—I had read of in the Prophets; but that was *not* an old gentleman." It turned out that the farmer and all his compatriots in bonny Martindale had been taught at the parish school to rob the Patriarch Noah of one clear moiety appertaining in fee simple to that ancient name. But afterwards I found that the farmer was not so entirely absurd as he had seemed. The Septuagint, indeed, is clearly against him; for *there*, as plain as a pike-staff, the farmer might have read *Νωε*. But, on the other hand, Pope, not quite so great a scholar as he was a poet, yet still a fair one, *always* made Noah into a monosyllable; and that seems to argue an old English usage; though I really believe Pope's reason for adhering to such an absurdity was with a prospective view to the rhymes *blow*, or *row*, or *stow* (an important idea to the Ark), which struck him as *likely* words, in case of any call for writing about Noah.

The long and the short of it is—that the whole world lies in heresy or schism on the subject of orthography. All climates alike groan under heterography. It is absolutely of no use to begin with one's own grandmother in such labors of reformation. It is toil thrown away: and as nearly hopeless a task as the proverb insinuates that it is to attempt a reformation in that old lady's mode of eating eggs. She laughs at one. She has a vain conceit that she is able, out of her own proper resources, to do both, viz. the spelling and the eating of the eggs. And all that remains for philosophers, like Mr. Landor and myself, is—to turn away in sorrow rather than in anger, dropping a silent tear for the poor old lady's infatuation.

* The reasons for this anarchy in the naturalization of Eastern words are to be sought in three causes: 1. In national rivalships: French travellers in India, like Jacquemont, &c., as they will not adopt our English First Meridian, will not, of course, adopt our English spelling. In one of Paul Richter's novels a man assumes the First Meridian to lie generally, not through Greenwich, but through his own scull, and always through his own study. I have myself long suspected the Magnetic Pole to lie under a friend's wine cellar, from the vibrating movement which I have remarked constantly going on in his cluster of keys towards that particular point. Really, the French, like Sir Anthony Absolute, must "get an atmosphere of their own," such is their hatred to holding anything in common with us. 2. They are to be sought in local *Indian* differences of pronunciation. 3. In the variety of our own British population—soldiers, missionaries, merchants, who are unlearned or half-learned—scholars, really learned, but often fantastically learned, and lastly (as you may swear) young ladies—anxious, above all things, to mistify us outside barbarians.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

DANTE AND HIS BEATRICE.

[The principal facts in the following singular and pathetic episode in the life of the great Italian poet, though generally known to the literary world, will be new to many readers; and the writer's candid and kindly reconciliation of them with Dante's pure character and noble feelings, agreeable to all. The pleasing style, the intimate knowledge of Italian literature, and the fine poetical ability displayed in the article, lead us to suspect the author to be Dr. Cooke Taylor, one of the principal contributors to the Dublin.—Ed.]

There is not in literature a more remarkable contribution to the personal history of a great man than *The Vita Nuova* of Dante. It is a chronicle equally minute in analysis, and admirable in expression, of emotions the most profound; a record of real life, to which there is nothing superior in romance; a scene from our common existence, steeped in the most ethereal hues of poetry. It traces the master passion of the poet's life, from its dawn, through its first purifying phases of reverence and affliction; and not only is his heart laid bare before us, but we are made, as it were, to see the very processes by which his poetical genius wrought. Every incident, every emotion, out of which his verses grew, is there, side by side with the verses themselves,—and thus we are enabled to trace the workings of his shaping spirit of imagination, lifting the real into the ideal, or rather pouring its own golden light around a beautiful reality. Beatrice, with her sweet smile, her voice rich with the music of a noble heart, her infinite grace which made her supreme among the graceful, lives for us vividly as Imogen or Desdemona; and with a deeper interest, for we know that she was no mere being shaped out of the poet's brain, but a perfect woman, whose influence refined and ennobled the poet's heart, filling it with those yearnings after that ideal of beauty and goodness, which it is the peculiar office of woman to inspire. His dream, his guiding star, while she lived, Beatrice became his angel, his monitress, his aspiration, when dead. Her image cheered and sustained him through exile, and poverty, and desolation. She it was who opened that perennial fount of love which gushed for ever within his heart, and gave inspiration to his pen, so that he wrote of himself—

> "Io mi son un, che quando
> Amore spira, noto, ed in quel modo,
> Ch' ei detta dentro, vo significando."

To her he dedicated his inner soul, and to her ascribed all that was most worthy in its achievements. How all this came to be, the *Vita Nuova* tells us. Its very name shows the importance which Dante attached to the story it contains, and the worshipper of his genius will find no fitter clue to his personal character than it affords. Were it known as it ought to be, we should hear less of the sternness, the bitterness, and even ferocity, which are taken for granted by many as the leading features of his mind.

We therefore hail with pleasure the present attempt to transfer the work to our own language. Attempt we call it, because it has only been partially successful. Mr. Garrow has neither the nicety of apprehension, nor sufficient command of the riches of our language, to render fitly the simple, but strong and majestic, periods, or to echo the concise, yet suggestive and most harmonious verses of the great Florentine. Who indeed may? Dante has himself declared, "that nothing which is brought into perfect concord by the bonds of rhythm can be transmuted from its own tongue into another, without breaking up all its harmony and sweetness"—a position which must always be in a great measure true, but with Dante more than with any other writer; for no one better knew the fitness of words, or was more subtle in the selection and arrangement of his language. Still the tongue which Bacon and Milton spoke and wrote, is capable of much in capable hands, and we do not despair of seeing this book some day transferred to our literature, in a form worthy of its beauty.

We should have thought that no writer was likely, at this advanced period of our knowledge of Dante, to have adopted the foolish interpretation of the title of the book before us which the excellent Fraticelli and the imbecile Balbo have concurred in suggesting. Yet Mr. Garrow has, at the very threshold of his work, committed this flagrant mistake. *Vita Nuova*, all the world over, means new life. But leaving this, its common interpretation, which, on psychological grounds, is here also the fittest, Mr. Garrow has, for reasons too prosaic, and too trivial to require notice, translated the words "Early Life." What does Dante himself say? The opening sentence of the book runs thus:—

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"In that part of the volume of my memory, previous to which there is little that can be read, is found a rubric which says, '*Incipit Vita Nova*;' under which rubric I find written the words which it is my intention to record in this little book; if not all of them, at least such as are of leading import."

And then he goes on to relate the circumstances attending his first meeting with Beatrice. What can be plainer than this? The poet's life had been all but a blank—the usual mingled chaos of a boy's life—up to this period. He beheld Beatrice, and—

"His soul sprang up astonished, sprang full statured in an hour."

Then for him a new life began. From that hour the ambition of greatness, the intense love of the ideal, the struggle after perfection, took possession of his soul. There is nothing strained or unnatural in this construction. Nay, in the Purgatorio, Book xxx., he puts the very phrase, with this interpretation of it, into the mouth of Beatrice herself:—

"Questi fu tal nella sua VITA NUOVA
Virtualmente, ch'ogni abito destro
Fatto avrebbe in lui mirabil prova."

"In his new life, this man was such that he
Might in himself have wondrously display'd
All noble virtues in supreme degree."

If there were any room to doubt that the poet here refers to that period of his life when he was directly under the influence of the visible graces of Beatrice to *the new life*, in short, which he lived, between his first meeting with her, and her death, it would be removed by the lines which follow those we have just quoted. Where Beatrice rebukes him, because her influence over him diminished,—

"When she from carnal had to spirit risen."

"Quando di carne a spirto era salito, &c."

The period of the *Vita Nuova*, when he was animated by all noble impulses, passed, then, with her life. But, moreover, Beatrice died when Dante was not more than twenty-six, an age which surely can never be held as the culminating point of early life. Indeed, Dante has himself furnished us with his own opinion, as to what constitutes "early life;" for in his *Convito*, Book iv., cap. 24, he expressly records it as his estimate, that from twenty-five to forty-five is the youth and vigor of man's life, the previous stages being childhood and adolescence. If, again, we look to the poets to aid us in interpreting our poet, we shall find no difficulty in showing how common is the feeling which suggested the title in dispute. One instance from Schiller will suffice.

"His present—his alone—
Is this NEW LIFE which lives in me. He hath
A right to his own creature. What was I,
Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?"

It is a woman who speaks here—Theckla feeling, with the grateful generosity of love, that to Max. Piccolomini she owed whatever was high and good within her of knowledge, and impulse, and emotion. But the sex is of no consequence to our position. The feeling is as universal as love itself.

There is happily no need, at this time of day, to say one word upon the absurd idea of Rossetti and others, that no such person as Beatrice ever existed; that she was a mere allegorical phantom of the poet's fancy—a fiction as purely ideal as Ariel or Urania. If a man can read the *Vita Nuova* and yet maintain this, he has either a perversity of brain, or an obduracy of heart beyond mortal persuasion, and is only fit to be left to his own caprices. Not merely, however, does this book, but biography and history also, place it beyond a doubt, that Beatrice was not a being of such stuff as dreams are made of, but of that noble humanity with which heaven blesses, not unfrequently, this common earth. The Beatrice of the *Divina Commedia* had her type in the Bice, who played round the knees of old Folco Portinari, and smiled her own gentleness and purity into the heart of Dante. The Beatrice of the *Paradiso* is the Beatrice whom men turned round and crowded to gaze at, as she glided past them on the streets of Florence—the Beatrice, who for that mortal has put on immortality, and is now transfigured into a glorious presence, on which no soil of mortality remains. Earth bore the bud, which has ripened into that wondrous flower.

Why should we be slow to acknowledge that the poet actually saw and did not greatly exaggerate the spiritual beauty of this fair Tuscan girl? We all feel the force of the picture, and we can most of us refer it to some one whom our eyes have seen, when we read in Wordsworth of—

"The perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light."

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The same recognition of spiritual beauty, the same reverent faith in woman's worth, which produced these lines, inspired the heart and pen of Dante, first, when he penned the early sonnets of the *Vita Nuova*, with a trembling hope that the young Bice's eyes might rest upon them in no unloving mood, and afterwards, when her spirit hovered over him, as, with a more exalted fervor, he chanted the inspired strains of his great poem.

Much obscurity prevails in regard to the relation in which Dante and Beatrice stood towards each other. Both were of noble birth. Their families were not only neighbors but friends. They met at a May morning festival in her father's house. Their ages were nearly equal—Dante being about a year older. They were intimate, for on her father's death we find him close and assidious in his visits of condolence to the family. Beatrice's brother was among his dearest friends—"according to the degrees of friendship," as he says in the *Vita Nuova*, "my friend immediately next in order after my first." Dante, in position, education, and appearance, was "a man worth any woman." The interesting portrait by Giotto, which by rare good fortune was discovered in the Bargello, at Florence, in 1841, and which presents to us the Dante of 26—like, yet how unlike the Dante, of 50—proves him to have possessed features not only noble in their mould, but full of sensitiveness and sweetness. He was in fact eminently handsome, and in a way that has always been considered attractive to the sex above all others. Tall, well-formed, with a firm and dignified carriage, his features prominent and finely proportioned, his eyes dark, and deeply set, his complexion of a dusky olive, and his hair black and inclining to curl, his aspect showed him slow to move, but one, who, being once moved, might be trusted for ever. Courteous and full of true gentleness he must ever have been. He was, moreover, no recluse dreamer, but a man who mingled busily in life—a man whose valor lay not merely in his pen, but who knew both how to set a squadron in the field, and to lead it to victory.

With all these qualities and circumstances in his favor, and no positive dislike on the part of the lady to counteract them (for this much at least is certain), it seems strange that his love should not have found its issue in marriage. It did not, however, do so. The lady became the wife of Messer Simon de Bardi, a man, apparently, of considerable fortune, and died soon after, and before Dante could have recovered from the pang of this, to him, bitter affliction—for affliction, and most deep affliction, it must have been. Dante's love, in its origin, was no mere Platonism. It was the united devotion of heart, soul, and senses, centred on one object, and ambitious of achieving it for their own. Tremblingly and reverently he loved her ever—as a noble nature always will love the object worthy of its regard. But he loved her as a man loves, and with the passion that naturally perseveres to the possession of its mistress.

How it happened that this love was unsuccessful is a mystery, and the best solutions of conjecture are far from satisfactory. A straitened fortune has most commonly been supposed to have divided them. Yet this will hardly suffice, for Dante married, not many years after Beatrice's death, a lady in all respects her equal in rank and fortune.

Can it have been, that the poet long concealed the secret of his love, and only made it known when it was too late—when the fair Beatrice's hand had been, perhaps lightly, or to please her parents, pledged to another, in ignorance of the deep and noble passion she had inspired in Dante's heart. The extreme sensitiveness of Dante's nature makes the first part of this conjecture probable. No saint was ever worshipped with more reverent devotion than was the gentle Bice by her pensive lover. His was not a love of hope, but of trembling. When a chance gleam of joy struck across his heart, we find him doubting his claim to the fearful happiness:—

> "Deh! per qual dignitate
> Cosi leggiadro questi lo cor have!"

> "Alas! for what rare worth hath he,
> A heart that beats so lightly in his breast!"

Such men are slow to reveal their love, and their pride is able to veil it from the quick instinct even of its object. So it might have been, that the young Bice grew up into womanhood, and never dreamt how supreme she reigned in her dark-eyed lover's heart. So may they have talked perchance, hour after hour, like his own Francesca and Paolo,—the tongue ever avoiding the burning words that trembled upon the lips, till on some sad day, the pent-up heart of Dante swept down the barriers of bashfulness and pride—

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"Caught up the whole of love, and utter'd it,
Then bade adieu for ever!"

—adieu, at least, to all those words, which it was no longer meet should be whispered to another's bride.

The reader of Schiller's Don Carlos, who remembers the love of the prince for the queen, will feel no difficulty in following out this conjecture; and will see at once how possible it is that, after the event which separated Beatrice from Dante's side, he might have worshipped her with a love purer and more serene, though not less vivid, than before. He has himself said no word on the subject of her marriage, nor glanced at it by the slightest reference. But, though levity may smile, or ribaldry sneer, or prudery exclaim at the love of the poet for the wife of another, we feel assured that they do so without warrant. In his devotion to her, the man must have been pure and noble, whose great poem is pervaded by a worship of woman in her highest ideal, and whose sentiment it was, that no gentleman will ever utter a word which, if spoken in a lady's presence, would raise a blush upon her cheek. Her husband probably, and certainly her brother, were alive when the *Vita Nuova* was written; and had the footing on which the poet stood with the lady not been clear and unquestionable, he could not have spoken so freely and fervently of his devotion.

Here, too, it should be remembered, that Dante loved Beatrice from her girlhood. His passion was not kindled, like Petrarch's, by another's wife. There was no barrier to its growth in either duty or honor. It had become the pervading principle of his life, when he beheld her resigned to the bosom of another. What room is there for censure here? We keep no terms with such loves as those of Petrarch. All other considerations apart, they are unmanly—as what can be more unmanly, than to surround a woman with attentions, and besiege her with addresses, which, if they do not endanger virtue, may leave behind them wounds which a lifetime will scarcely suffice to heal. Let all such passions be left to the ridicule of women, and the scorn of men. They are not in the sense in which alone it should be known in the Christian world. Love is wise, thoughtful, pure. It

——"Hath its seat
In reason, and is judicious."

It nurses no unlawful aims, no impossible desires, it palters not with the claims of others—it equivocates not with right and wrong. Its essential condition is propriety and fitness. It needs not to plead the splendor of its fancies in mitigation of the aberrations of its judgment—to substitute a sonnet for an infraction of the decalogue, or to excuse its impertinence by its poetry. Far different from such selfish wilfulness was Dante's love. "In yielding to its sway," so he writes in the *Vita Nuova*, "I carried with me the full sanction of reason, in all those matters where it is of importance to listen to its counsel." When Beatrice married, Dante could not subdue his love—he could not make it, as though it had never been. For many a day its shadow must often have crossed him much too sadly for his peace. Nor was it necessary that he should forget a thing so noble. But he did what was better, yet what only a great and manly nature could have done—he triumphed over the pain. He uttered no complaint—his regrets were buried within his heart. But the faith, the aspirations with which she had inspired him, were still his. Of these Messer Simone de' Bardi could not deprive him. With these he dwelt, to these he clung, in these he found his solace. The real was transformed into the ideal, desire was elevated into idolatry. Anon came Death, a mightier lord, and took her from his eyes. But her spirit left its radiance with him, and spoke to him through all his tempest-shaken soul in every beautiful, and good, and noble thought.

We are surprised to find Leigh Hunt, in the "Essay on the Life and Genius of Dante," in his very pleasant "Tales from the Italian Poets," treating the poet's relation towards Beatrice with a levity and want of sympathy, which in one usually so generous is the more remarkable. Mr. Hunt taks credit to himself for stating what he calls "the probable truth of the matter," thus:—

"The natural tendencies of a poetical temperament (oftener evinced in a like manner than the world in general suppose) not only made the boy poet fall in love, but, in the truly Elysian state of the heart at that innocent and adoring time of life, made him fancy he had discovered a goddess in the object of his love: and strength of purpose, as well as of imagination, made him grow up in the fancy. He disclosed himself, as time advanced, only by his manner; received complacent recognitions in company from the young lady; offended

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her by seeming to devote himself to another; rendered himself the sport of her and her young friends, by his adoring timidity—see the 5th and 6th sonnets in the 'VITA NUOVA'—in short, constituted her a paragon of perfection, and enabled her, by so doing, to show that she was none.

"Now, it is to be admitted that a young lady, if she is not very wise, may laugh at her lover with her companions, and yet return his love, after her fashion; but the fair Portinari laughs and marries another. Some less melancholy face, some more intelligible courtship, triumphed over the questionable flattery of the poet's gratuitous worship, and the idol of Dante Alighieri became the wife of Messer Simon de' Bardi. It transpired, from a clause in her father's will; and yet so bent are the biographers on leaving a romantic doubt in one's mind, whether Beatrice may not have returned his passion, that not only do all of them (so far as I have observed) agree in taking no notice of these sonnets, but the author of the treatise entitled "*Dante and the Catholic Philosophy of the Thirteenth Century*,' 'in spite,' as a critic says, 'of the *Beatrice, his daughter, wife of Messer Simone de' Bardi*, of the paternal will,' describes her as 'dying in all the lustre of virginity.' The assumption appears to be thus gloriously stated, as a counterpart to the notoriety of its untruth. It must be acknowledged that Dante himself gave the cue to it by more than silence; for he not only vaunts her acquaintance in the next world, but assumes that she returns his love in that region, as if no such person as her husband could have existed, or as if he himself had not been married also."

This is smart writing; but it neither states the question fairly, nor shows an intelligent appreciation of the passion with which it pretends to deal. Why should Dante be made responsible for the absurdities of his biographers and commentators? What they may have said respecting Beatrice, or her death in the "éclatesse de la virginité," is beside the question. Dante did not mention her marriage; but the reason of this very plainly is, that he had no occasion to do so. In composing the *Vita Nuova*, he was chronicling the origin and permanent progression of his love—"fervida e passionata,"—up to the time of her death, just as subsequently he portrayed it in its calmer and more manly aspect—"temperata e virile"—in his *Convito*, and as it is finally seen, sublimated into spirituality, in his *Divina Commedia*. The mention of her marriage would have been out of place in a purely psychological treatise like this. The agonies which that event brought with it were between himself and heaven! That they must have been fearful might be divined, even without the well known record of his having fallen ill upon the occasion But Dante was neither a Petrarch nor a Rousseau, to lay bare such wounds as these; and moreover, it was not of these, which were evanescent, and of the hour, that he had in view to write, but of the spiritual influence of his attachment, which was permanent and immortal. It was, therefore, as we conceive, neither coxcombry, nor a wish to mislead, that dictated Dante's silence on this point. The beauty of this love-story needs no adventitious aids, whether of invention or concealment. In Dante's hands it is simple, earnest, and truthful; nor will true criticism either seek in it what it does not profess to give, or accumulate on it the delinquencies of foolish commentators.

We do not know where Mr. Hunt finds his warrant for saying, that the boy poet fancied he had discovered a goddess in the object of his love. There never, perhaps, was so much devotion with so little rhapsody as in the love poetry of Dante. Mystical and obscure he often is. The modes of thought, in which he had been trained, made him so. But he worships no phantoms. His Beatrice is pure flesh and blood—beautiful, yet substantial—a woman—

> "Not too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food."

In fact there is, perhaps, no love poetry in the world that deals less in the attributes of celestial charms, than the love sonnets of Dante. He does not leave the earth to seek for images of beauty to express her perfections. He could see in his dreams nothing more beautiful than the gentleness and harmony of soul that inspired her smile, and gave grace to her motions. Take for example the following sonnet from the *Vita Nuova*:

> "Love hath his throne within my lady's eyes,
> Whence all she looks on wears his gracious, mien,
> All turn to gaze, where she abroad is seen,
> And whom she greets, from him his color flies;
> With downward gaze he stands abash'd, and sighs,
> Remembering all his own unworthy blames.
> Anger and pride before her fly—ye dames,
> Lend me your aid, her matchless worth to prize!
> All gentleness, all thoughts serene and meek,
> Grow in the heart of him that hears her voice—
> To see her once is ever to rejoice.
> Her look, when a faint smile is on her cheek,
> Nor tongue can tell, nor memory hold in view,
> So winning—gracious is the sight, and new."

Or this other, which, in the original, is still considered to be, for beauty of thought, structure, and expression, the most beautiful sonnet in the Italian language:—

"So kind, so full of gentle courtesy,
My lady's greeting is, that every tongue
To silence thrills, and eyes, that on her hung
With mute observance, dare no more to see.
Onward she moves, clothed with humility,
Hearing with look benign her praises sung—
A being seeming sent from heaven among
Mankind, to show what heavenly wonders be.
Within her looks such stores of pleasaunce lie,
That through the gazer's eyes creeps to his heart
A sweetness must be tasted to be known;
And from her lips, with love in every tone,
A spirit soft and gentle seems to part,
Which to the soul keeps ever saying—'Sigh!'"

But, indeed, we might accumulate innumerable instances to confute Mr. Hunt's sneer, and to show, that Dante's praises of his mistress rested on her gentleness, her looks, that "whate'er they light on seem to bless," her dignity of soul, her grace of motion, her nobility of intellect—all of them good earthly graces,—and not on imaginary celestialities or impossible beauties.

Again, as to the circumstance of Beatrice joining with her friends in the smile at the love-stricken poet's discomposure, Dante may well afford the bard of Rimini his joke, if he can find one in an incident so finely told as this is by the poet. Let us look at the facts. Dante had been taken by a friend to a wedding party, and unexpectedly finding his Beatrice there, a sudden faintness came over him, which compelled him to lean against the wall for support. This naturally formed a theme for sport to the joyous circle of the sunny-hearted maids of Florence, who, at such a season, were, no doubt, more than usually mirthful, and in this Beatrice joined, or affected to join, for the latter is more probably the real state of the case. Dante retired.

"I returned," he says, "to my chamber, and there weeping, and blushing as I wept, I said to myself, 'If this lady know my condition, I do not think she would have made sport of my aspect as she did, but rather that she would have pitied me deeply.' So thinking, I determined to address some lines to her, in which I should indicate the reason of my agitation, telling her I was well aware she was ignorant of the cause, and that, had she known it, she would not have taken part in the mirth of her companions. They were these:—

"With other ladies thou dost smile at me,
Nor thinkest, lady, whence doth come the change,
That fills mine aspect with a trouble strange,
When I the wonders of thy beauty see.
If thou didst know, thou must for charity
Forswear the wonted rigor of thine eye;
For when Love finds me near thee, he so high
Dominion takes, and scornful mastery,
That on my trembling spirits straight he flies,
And some he slays, and some he drives away,
Till he alone remains to gaze on thee.
Thence am I changed into another's guise;
Yet not so changed, but that the pangs with me,
Which tortured so these parted spirits, stay."

Dante was quite as much alive as Mr. Hunt himself, to the ridiculous appearance occasioned by his emotion. But he could no more shake off the thraldom than a limed bird can escape from the fatal bough. He might protest, rebel, nay even forswear all vassalage to his mistress. Full soon, however the bondsman returns to his allegiance. "So soon," he continues, "as I summon up the image of her beauty, so soon am I seized with a longing to behold her, so intense that it banishes every unkind thought of her; and therefore, the passions which shook me before do not restrain me from seeking out her presence," and then his feelings find a vent in the following sonnet, which, in its mingled strength and pathos, reveals glimpses of the power that distinguishes his latter writings:—

"All angry murmurs die within my breast,
Fair jewel, whensoe'er I look on thee;
And when I'm near thy side, love whispers me—
'Fly, if to thee Death be no welcome guest!'
My heart's pale hue is on my cheek imprest;
Fails every prop, wherever I should rely,
The very stones cry out—'Die, die!'
So wild the promptings of my fierce unrest.
A sinful man is he, that sees me then,
Nor does not seek, by pity's kindly breath,
To cheer the soul in its so dread despair;
That pity which, alas! your scorn hath slain,
Whose sad effects speak in the death-like glare
Of these poor eyes, that fain would close in death."

These sonnets are from the *Vita Nuova*, and we are tempted to add to them two others closely akin to them in sentiment, and not less admirable for their strength and beauty:—

"IO MALEDICO IL DI.

"Curst be the day, when first I saw the beams,
That in those eyes of thine, fair traitor, play;
Accurst the hour, thou didst the fortress climb
Of my lull'd heart, to steal my soul away;
Curst be the labor of my love's fond dreams,
The burning thoughts, inwoven in many a lay,
Which I have clothed in fancy's brightest gleams,
To make thee famous through all future time!
And, oh! accurst my stubborn memory,
That clings to that which slays me hour by hour,
Thy lovely form, whence Love full oft is found
Launching his perjuries with malicious power,
Till all men make a mock of him and me,
That think of fortune's wheel to stay the giddy round."

"DAGLI OCCHI DELLA DONNA MIA.

"From the fair palace of my lady's eyes
There beams a light so noble, that, where'er
She shows herself, are seen such wonders rare,
And high, as awe into mute surprise;

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And from their rays upon my heart doth rain
Such fear, that I as with a palsy shake.
'Here will I come no more,' I say, but make
All my resolved vows, alas! in vain.
Still do I turn where I am still subdued,
Giving new courage to my fearful eyes,
That whilom shrank before a blaze so great.
I see her, and they sink, together glued,
And the desire that led my footsteps dies;
Then, Love, do thou take order for my state."

It is not against feelings so earnest as these that one would have expected the ridicule of a poet and critic like Mr. Hunt to have been directed.

But Mr. Hunt is not severe upon Dante only. He extends his sarcasm to Beatrice, and with peculiar bitterness. "By constituting her a paragon of perfection," Dante, he says, "enabled her to show that she was none. * * * * * The fair Portinari laughs and marries another." This is a very curt and simple way of disposing of the matter, and quite level, no doubt, to the apprehension of the multitude. Yet we think that the fair Portinari may both have smiled, and married another, and still in her heart have revered Dante's worth, and given him a place in its inner shrine, not inconsistent with her bridal vow, and not without its solace to the poet in his bereavement. Has the life that lies around us no stories to tell of a love so shut out from its desire, of hearts so comforted by the benign influence of those whom they never may possess? Does this story raise no other images but those of a moonish youth and wayward girl?

Beautifully and nobly has Landor treated this part of the poet's story, in his "Imaginary Conversation between Dante and Beatrice." Every word is valuable, but we can only select such short passages as bear immediately on this point:—

"*Dante.*—When you saw me profoundly pierced with love, and reddening and trembling, did it become you, did it become you, you whom I have always called *the most gentle Bice*, to join in the heartless laughter of those girls around you? Answer me. Reply unhesitatingly. Requires it so long a space for dissimulation and duplicity? Pardon, pardon, pardon! My senses have left me. My heart being gone, they follow.

"*Beatrice.*—Childish man, pursuing the impossible.

"*Dante.*—And was it this you laughed at? We cannot touch the hem of God's garment; yet we fall at his feet and weep.

"*Beatrice.*—But, weep not, gentle Dante!—fall not before the weakest of his creatures, willing to comfort, unable to relieve you. Consider a little. Is laughter, at all times, the signal or the precursor of derision? I smiled, let me avow it, from the pride felt in your preference of me; and if I laughed, it was to conceal my sentiments. Did you never cover sweet fruit with worthless leaves? Come, do not drop again so soon, so faint a smile. I will not have you grave, nor very serious. I pity you; I must not love you. If I might, I would.

"*Dante.*—Yet how much love is due to me, O Bice! who loved you, as you well remember, even from your tenth year. But, it is reported, and your words confirm it, that you are going to be married.

"*Beatrice.*—If so, and if I could have laughed at that, and if my laughter could have estranged you from me, would you blame me?

* * * * *

"Wicked must be whatever torments you; and will you let love do it? Love is the gentlest and kindest breath of God. Are you willing that the tempter should intercept it, and respire it polluted into your ear? * * * You have stored my little mind with many thoughts; dear because they are your's, and because they are virtuous. May I not, O my Dante, bring some of them back to your bosom? You have not given me glory, that the world should shudder at its eclipse. To prove that I am worthy of the smallest part of it, I must obey God, and under God my father. Surely the voice of heaven comes to us audibly, from a parent's lips? You will be great, and what is above all greatness, good. * * You must marry.

"*Dante.*—Marry?

"*Beatrice.*—Unless you do, how can we meet again unreservedly? * * * * * Be tranquil—be tranquil—only hear reason. There are many who know you; and all who know you must love you. Perverse and peevish creature! You have no more reason to be sorry than I have; and you have many to the contrary, which I have not. Being a man, you are at liberty to admire a variety, and to make a choice. Is that no comfort to you?

"*Dante.*—Bid this bosom cease to grieve?
Bid these eyes fresh objects see?
Where's the comfort to believe,
None might once have rivall'd me?
What, my freedom to receive,
Broken hearts, are they the free?
For another can I live,
When I may not live for thee?

"Is this our last meeting? If it is, and that it is, my heart has told me—you will not, surely you will not refuse.

"*Beatrice.*—Dante, Dante, they make the heart sad after; do not wish it. But prayers—oh! how much better are they! How much greater and lighter they render it! They carry it up to heaven with them; and those we love are left behind no longer."*

Mr. Hunt may say, that the beauty of Mr. Landor's fiction is no argument for its truth—as little, we reply, is the ungraciousness of Mr. Hunt's sarcasm a voucher for

* Landor's Works, vol. ii., pp. 152–154.

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its justice. Both have precisely the same facts to deal with—the smile of Beatrice at her lover's discomposure, and her subsequent marriage. The conclusions arrived at are widely different. But how much more worthy, how much more consonant to the spirit that elevates every line which Dante has devoted to his mistress, how much more true as well as generous in its estimate of the heart and principles of both parties is the dramatized argument of Mr. Landor, than the superficial scepticism of Mr. Hunt!

One other remark of Mr. Hunt's calls for observation. "Not only," he says, does Dante "vaunt the acquaintance of Beatrice in the next world, but he assumes that she returns his love in that region, as if no such person as her husband could have existed, or as if he himself had not been married also." Passing without comment the misplaced levity with which the remark is made, let us see whether the fact be as Mr. Hunt states. We are unable to find one word in the *Divina Commedia*, which assumes that Beatrice returns Dante's love in heaven. It would, indeed, have been inconsistent with the character of the poet's love, as well as with the conception of the poem, had he done so. While yet she brightened the earth for him, Beatrice was as a star, to whom he looked up with unutterable yearnings, yet almost without the hope of reaching it—a star so glorious, that he might scarcely fix a lasting gaze upon its radiance—"*ove non puote alcuno mirarla fiso.*" In the *Divina Commedia* she is raised still higher above him. Her words to him there are the words of rebuke—the rebuke of love, indeed, but of a love so pure and holy, that it were no less than profanity to speak of it in the terms employed by Mr. Hunt. Dante had fallen from the allegiance to the ideal of purity and perfection with which she had inspired him. He was a man of strong passions, and not even the light of her pure eyes could charm him from the paths of folly, and the seductions of sense. In this wise, therefore, she accosts him, reminding him of the days when his heart was kept pure by his dreams of her, and by the high imaginations of his youth.

"In his new life this man was such, that he
Might in himself have wondrously display'd
All noble virtues in supreme degree.
But all the kindlier strength is in the soil,
So do ill seed and lack of culture breed
More noxious growth and ranker wilderness.
I for some term sustained him by my looks;
To him unveiling my young eyes, I led
His steps with mine along the path of right.
Yet soon as I the threshold gain'd of this
My second age, and laid life's vesture down,
He turn'd from me, and gave himself to others.
When I from carnal had to spirit risen,
And beauty and virtue in me grew divine,
I was less dear to him, and less esteem'd;
And into devious paths he turn'd his steps,
Pursuing still false images of good,
That make no promise perfect to the hope.
Nor aught avail'd it, I for him besought
High inspirations, with the which, in dreams,
And otherwise, I strove to lead him back;
So little warm'd his bosom to my call.
To such vile depths he fell, that all device
Had fail'd for his salvation, save to show
The children of perdition to his eyes."

PURG. XXX.

Is there one word here to justify the assertion of Mr. Hunt?—one word inconsistent with the purest respect to her who had been the wedded wife of another, on the one hand, or with Dante's regard for the mother of his children, on the other?

Every line that falls from Beatrice is of the same character. The most important passage occurs in the canto of The Purgatorio immediately succeeding that from which we have just quoted. In it Dante, with a grace which is remarkable, mingles the woman's pride in the superiority of her own personal charms with her rebuke for his having stooped to lower feelings than his first noble aspirations towards herself. But the nature must be gross indeed, that cannot see the difference between this and the declaration of an earthly attachment:—

"Nature or art ne'er show'd thee aught so sweet,
As the fair limbs that girdled me around,
But now are scattered dust aneath men's feet.
And if the chiefest sweet by death were found
To fail thee so, what thing about thy heart
Of mortal mould should, after that, have wound?
Behoved thee, when first stricken by the dart
Of frail and fleeting things, aloft to spring
To me, o'er such uplifted high apart.
It not beseem'd that thou should'st stoop thy wing
To a slight girl, or other transient, vain,
Delightsome toy, that must thy bosom sting."

The concluding lines have been referred, by some commentators, to Gemma Donati, the poet's wife. Why will these busy speculators not allow to the poet the common virtues of a man? Dante was a true-hearted gentleman, and could never have spoken slightingly of her on whose breast he had found comfort amid many a sorrow, and who had borne to him a numerous progeny—the last a Beatrice. No. The obvious allusion is here the true one. Dante, with his strong and ardent passions, had, like meaner men, to fight the perennial

conflict between flesh and spirit. Shall we marvel, if he fell, and not rather praise the noble frankness of self-rebuke, that which dragged his short-comings into view, and stamped them with immortal reprobation?

It is only those who have observed or reflected little upon the human heart, who will think that Dante's marriage with Gemma Donati argues against the depth or sincerity of his first love. Why should he not have sought the solace and the support of a generous woman's nature, who, knowing all the truth, was yet content with such affection as he was able to bring to a second love? Nor was that necessarily small. Ardent and affectionate as his nature was, the sympathies of such a woman must have elicited from him a satisfactory response; while, at the same time, without prejudice to the wife's claim on his regard, he might entertain his heavenward dream of the departed Beatrice. Is not this the natural course of a strong and healthful nature, reconciling itself to the inevitable —not wasting itself in vain lamentations, but seeking comfort in those human sympathies, which are never without their balm, where rightly sought? How much better this, than the querulous solitude into which Petrarch rushed, to feed upon the morbid vanities of his own heart! And how does the essential difference between the love of the two men show itself in the results? In Petrarch, the unnatural fire, fanned by the wings of his imagination, droops and ultimately expires, and, in his old age, he blushes for the love-laden verses of his youth.* In Dante, on the contrary, the flame heightens and expands, shining onwards unto the end with a brighter and broader light; and the concluding pæan of his mighty voice sounds to the glory of her, to whom he tuned the music of his earliest song.

We have been at some pains to show the unfairness of Mr. Hunt's treatment of this subject, because the very breadth of sympathy for which that gentleman receives credit—and justly—is apt to secure a general assent to his opinions on a matter of this kind. Here, however—as indeed, in all questions that concern the man Dante —Mr. Hunt's usual fairness forsakes him. He has started with a prejudice, and this has led him to adopt every tale, however improbable, that supported it, and distorted his view even of those anecdotes which are authentic. For Ariosto and Tasso he can find extenuatious and generous constructions in all doubtful circumstances; but in Dante's case the worst construction seems to be hailed as the best, and with an eagerness too that becomes almost personal. Those who have studied Dante know how unjust is Mr. Hunt's estimate of his personal character. Let those who have not, read for themselves, nor allow their faith to be shaken in the noble heart and purpose of the man, whose genius as a poet is unquestioned and supreme.

Most love poetry dwells largely upon the personal graces of its themes, and revels in the minute painting of their various charms. Laura's fine eyes, her beautiful hand, her angelic mouth—"la bella bocca angelica," recur perpetually in Petrarch. The fancy of Ariosto is evermore straying among the golden locks that undulate luxuriantly over the shoulders of his mistress. Tasso paints for us the exquisite mouth of his Leonora in colors finer than Titian's:—

> "A crimson shell, where pearls of snowy sheen
> Do grow its smooth and curvèd lips atween."

There is little of this painting in Dante's verse. We gather the beauty of Beatrice more from the moral impression she produces, than from the express mention of any particular physical charms. Indeed we do not remember, in any of the unquestionably authentic poems, that any one feature is mentioned from which an artist could derive a suggestion, unless it be the pearly tincture of her skin. But if we may adopt, as genuine, the Canzone, which is generally known as "The Portrait," then we have perhaps the most complete picture of female beauty that ever was painted in words. Fraticelli rejects the poem as doubtful, and his chief reason for doing so is, what he thinks its dissimilarity to Dante's generally concise style. This, we confess, does not strike us. Dante, while he says more in fewer words than any writer, drew closely and minutely after nature; and he may very reasonably, we think, be supposed to have sketched the beauties of his mistress after this fashion:—

"THE PORTRAIT.

"I gaze upon those amber tresses, where
Hath love a golden mesh to snare me made,
Sprinkled with flowers, or with a tangled braid

* *Illa vulgaria juvenilium laborum meorum cantica, quorum hodie pudet et pœnitet, sed eodem morbo affectis, ut videmus, acceptissima.* De Red. Fam. *Epist. Lib. VIII. Epist.* 3. One of many passages that might be cited from his works to the same effect.

Of pearls,* and feel that I am all undone;
And, chief, I gaze into those eyes so fair,
That shoot through mine into my heart, with light
So keen, so radiant, so divinely bright,
It seems as though it issued from the sun.
Still higher doth their mastery o'er me run;
And thus, when I their charms so glorious see,
I murmur to myself with many a sigh,
Ah me! why am not I
Alone with her, where I could wish to be?
So might I then with those fair tresses play,
Dispart, and lay them wave by wave away,
And of her eyes, that with a lustre shine
Radiant beyond compare, two mirrors make to mine!
Next on the fair, love-speaking mouth I gaze
The spacious forehead, radiant with truth,
White fingers, even nose, and eyebrow smooth
And brown, as though it had been pencill'd there.
So gazing, I exclaim in sweet amaze,
'Behold what stores of witchery abide
Within that lip so pure, and vermeil-dyed,
Where every sweetness and delight appear!
Oh, when she speaks, to all her words give ear,
Feeling how soft, how gracious is their flow,
That doth the ear with choicest phrase beguile.
And oh, her smile
Outvies in sweetness all things else I know!'
Thus on that mouth it joys me still to pause,
Of it discoursing evermore, because
I would give all, that I on earth possess,
To win from that dear mouth one unreluctant yes!
Then next I view her white and well-turn'd throat,
Blending into her shoulders and her breast,
Her full, round chin, with dimple small impress'd,
More fair than limner's pencil might design,
And inly say, as I these beauties note,
'That neck, oh, were it not a rare delight,
To hold it in the arms enfolded tight,
And plant upon that throat a little sign!
Give fancy wings!' Thus runs this thought of mine,
'If what thou see'st be so surpassing fair,
What must those beauties be, are hid from sight?
'Tis by the sun and other cressets bright,
That with their glories gem heaven's azure air,
We think its deeps enfold our paradise.
So, if with fixèd eyes
Thou gazest, then full surely must thou deem,
Where thou canst see not lies all earthly bliss supreme.'
Her round and queenlike arms I next survey,
Her smooth, soft hand, snow-white; then deeply eye
Her fingers long, and tapering daintily,
Proud of the ring which one of them doth fold—
'Now wert thou laid,' thus to myself I say,
'Within these arms, a bliss so rare would stir
Through all thy life, divided so with her,
Might ne'er a tithe of it by me be told!'
How picture-like her every limb, behold!
There majesty with beauty holds her seat,
Divinely tinctured with a pearl-like hue;
Gentle and sweet to view
With looks for scorn, where scornfulness were meet;
Meek, unpretending, self-controlled, and still
With sense instinctive shrinking from all ill,

* "Her long, loose, yellow locks, like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire."
Spenser's Epthalmia.

Such grace celestial breathes her steps around,
All hearts before her bow in reverence profound.
Comely as Juno's bird her going is,
Self-poised, erect, and stately as a crane;
One charm peculiarly my heart hath ta'en—
A perfect elegance in act and air.
And wouldst thou truly know, how far in this
She doth her place o'er other maids maintain,
Look on her as she moves amidst a train
Of ladies, that be elegant and fair.
And as the stars, that gem the morning air,
Fade out before the sun's advancing blaze,
So fades each beauty when she shows her face.
Think then what is her fascinating grace,
That equal worth and beauty so displays,
And both in her are perfect and supreme.
Can naught to her or dear or worthy seem,
Save honor, courtesy, and gentle heart,
But in her welfare only set thy hopes apart!
My song, thou mayest fearlessly declare,
Since beauty first upon this mortal round
Reveal'd her gracious light, there was not found
So fair, unparagon'd a creature yet.
For blent in her are met
A perfect body and a mind as fair,
Save that some grains of pity wanting are."

Those who are for refining Dante's love into pure spirituality, will not willingly accept for his this beautiful, but most substantial, portraiture of his mistress. That he does not, in general, write in this strain, is no sufficient argument against the poem being his. The moods of a lover's mind are many and various, and in some hour of higher hope or more elated spirits, Dante may have written of his mistress in language wherein there is less of that profound reverence, and none of that haunting sadness which pervades nearly all the poems of which she is the theme.

A tender melancholy is unquestionably the prevailing character of his love poetry. From the first, his passion seems to have been overshadowed by a dim sense of misfortune. It was not merely the sadness which lies at the bottom of all deep emotion, but an almost prophetic foreboding of disappointment and early death. How strongly this feeling had taken hold of him is seen in the vivid recital of the vision or dream of her approaching death, which he thus records in the *Vita Nuova*, in words of which the following are but an imperfect echo:—

"A few days afterwards," he says, "it fell out that a most painful infirmity attacked me in a certain part of my body, from which I suffered, for many days, the most excruciating pain, and I was reduced thereby to such a state of extreme weakness, that I was unable to move. I say, that on the ninth day, feeling the pain to be intolerable, a thought presented itself to me, and that thought was of my lady. And when I had mused upon her for a certain space, my thoughts recurred to my own enfeebled life; and beholding how fleet-

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ing its duration was, even when it was untouched by disease, I began to mourn within myself because of so much affliction; whereupon, sighing heavily, I said unto myself—'It needs must be, that the most gentle Beatrice shall one day die!' And forthwith a consternation so strong took hold upon me, that I closed my eyes, and began to be disquieted like one beside himself, and to form imaginations in such wise, that in the first wanderings of my fancy, there appeared the faces of certain women with dishevelled hair, who said to me, 'Thou shalt surely die!' And after these, appeared to me certain other faces, horrible to behold, which said to me, 'Thou art dead!' My fancy having thus begun to wander, I came at last to this point; that I knew not where I was, and it seemed to me as though I beheld women passing before me weeping, and with dishevelled hair, marvellously sad; and methought, I saw the sun darkened, so that the stars were visible, and of a color which made me think they wept; and, methought, the birds, as they flew along, fell dead, and that the earth quaked fearfully. And, as I lay, wonder-stricken at these fantasies, and grievously alarmed, I imagined that a friend came to me, and said, 'Dost thou not know, thy admirable lady has departed from this world?' Thereupon, I fell to weeping most piteously, and I wept not only in imagination, but with my eyes,—bathing them with veritable tears. Then, methought I looked towards Heaven, and it seemed as though I beheld a multitude of angels, who were ascending upwards, and before them they carried a little cloud of exceeding whiteness. To me it appeared that those angels were singing gloriously, and the words of their song, methought were these: *Osanna in excelsis;* and other than that I did not hear. Then it seemed to me, that my heart, wherein is so much love, said to me, 'It is true that our lady lieth dead!' And, upon this, methought, I went to behold the body, in which that most noble and blessed spirit had been. And such force had my erring fantasy, that it showed me this lady dead; and it seemed to me, that women were covering her head with a white veil; and her features wore such an aspect of humility, that they seemed to say, 'Now do I behold the beginning of peace!' While in this trance, an humility so profound seized me on beholding her, that I called upon death, and said, 'Come to me like a churl; forasmuch as it behooveth thee to be gentle, seated where thou art. Then come to me, that do desire thee much. Thou seest that already I wear thy colors.' And when I had seen all the mournful mysteries completed, which are wont to be performed to the bodies of the dead, methought I turned into my chamber, and there I thought I looked up to heaven; and, so patient was my imagination, that I began to weep and cry aloud with my veritable voice, 'Oh! most lovely soul, how is he blest who beholds thee!' And, uttering these words with heavy sobs of woe, and calling on death to come to me, a young and noble lady, who was at the side of my couch, thinking that my words were lamentations caused by the pain of my disorder, was seized with great alarm and began to weep; whereupon, certain other ladies, who were in the chamber, perceived that I was weeping by the tears which they saw her shed, and having made this lady, who was the most nearly allied to me by blood, to leave my side, they drew near to wake me, thinking that I dreampt, and told me 'to sleep no more, and not to disquiet myself.' Hearing them accost me thus, the potent fancy ended, just as I was on the point of saying, 'Oh! Beatrice, may'st thou be blest!' And already had I said, 'Oh Beatrice!' when recovering myself, I opened my eyes, and saw that I had been deceived; and notwithstanding that I had pronounced this name, my voice was so broken by sobs and tears, that these ladies could not comprehend what I said. And although I was much ashamed, yet, upon a certain admonition of love, I turned round to them. And when they saw me, they began to say, 'He seems to be dead,' and to whisper among themselves, 'Let us seek to comfort him!' Whereupon they said to me many words to console me, and then they asked me, of what I had been afraid? Whereupon, I, being in some measure reassured, and conscious of the falsity of what I had imagined, replied to them, 'I will tell you what has ailed me.' Then beginning with the beginning, I told them all that I had seen, saying nothing of the name of this most sweet lady. When, afterwards, I recovered from this illness, I purposed to put in words the thing which had befallen me, forasmuch as it seemed to me, that it would be a thing delectable to hear, and so I composed this canzone."

Instead of giving this canzone, beautiful as it is, we shall cite what is, unquestionably, the finest of all Dante's canzoni, "The Dirge of Beatrice," as at once furnishing the best specimen of the *Vita Nuova*, and illustrating the argument which we have maintained in regard to Dante's love. As neither Mr. Garrow's nor Mr. Lyell's version pleases us, we adopt another.

"THE DIRGE OF BEATRICE.

"The eyes, that mourn in pity of the heart,
Such pain have suffered from their ceaseless tears,
That they are utterly subdued at last;
And would I still the ever-gnawing smart,
That down to death is leading all my years,
Forth in wild sobs must I my misery cast;
And now, remembering how in days long past,
To you, sweet ladies, gladly I address'd
My speech of that dear lady mine, while she
Yet lived, I'll urge my plea
To none save gentle heart in lady's breast:
And weeping, still of her my song shall be,
Who suddenly to heaven hath ta'en her flight,
And left Love with me here, a mournful wight.

"Yes, Beatrice is gone to yonder heav'n,
To realms where angels dwell, and are in peace;
You, ladies, hath she left with them to stay.
She was not hence, like other creatures, riven
By chill or calenture, or such disease,
But for her mighty worth alone was borne away.

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For her meek nature shed so bright a ray,
It beam'd to heaven, and with a light so blest,
As woke amaze in the eternal sire,
And kindled sweet desire,
To call a soul so lovely to his rest.
Then made He it from earth to Him aspire,
Deeming this life of care and sorrowing
Unworthy of so fair and pure a thing.

"Forth from the lovely habitation, where
Supreme in grace it dwelt, her soul is gone,
And in a worthy place shines starry bright.
He who can speak of her, nor weep, doth bear
Within his breast a worthless heart of stone,
Where no benignant influence e'er can light.
The grovelling heart could never gain such height
As to imagine aught of her; and so
It ne'er is moved by the desire to weep:
But sadness him assails, and yearning deep
In sighs and burning tears to vent his woe,
And o'er his soul a black despair doth creep,
Who hath, yea ev'n in thought, at any time
Seen what she was, and how we lost her in her prime.

"With deepest anguish is my bosom rent,
When rushes to my mind the thought of her,
Who in my heart doth hold the chiefest place,
And oft-time, when my thoughts on death are bent,
A wish so sweet doth then within me stir,
That death's pale hue mounts up into my face,
And wrapt in fancy thus, such pain apace
Doth o'er each nerve, and trembling fibre run,
As breaks the dream that made my sorrow less;
And such my sore distress,
That all for shame my fellow-men I shun;
Then, weeping lonely in my wretchedness,
I call on Beatrice, 'Oh, thou art dead!'
And calling so on her, am comforted.

"Such tears and sighs, and wailings and dismay,
Burst from my heavy heart, when none is near,
As none might hear, nor be with pity wrung:
And what my life has been since that sad day,
When my dear lady sought a brighter sphere,
May never be expressed by mortal tongue.
Thus ladies, you to whom I oft have sung,
What now I am, I cannot fully speak.
So wasted in my misery I be,
My whole heart struck from out me utterly,
That every man who sees my death-like cheek,
Seems as he said—'I will not aught with thee!'
But what I am my lady doth regard,
And still from her I hope for my reward!

"My plaintive song, take now thy mournful way,
And find the dames and damosels, to whom
Thy sisters joyful-gay
Were wont to bear the light of sunny gladness,
And thou, distressful daughter of my sadness,
Go thou and dwell with them in cheerless gloom!"

Out of the depth of anguish, in which this beautiful poem was written, Dante raised himself after a season. He underwent the martyr's pangs, and he overcame them. Comfort came—that comfort which Heaven denies not to the heart which sorrow has stricken most deeply—that comfort which comes from self-conquest, and from the recognition of the lofty destinies of the soul, whose struggle here is but to emancipate the wings, that are to bear it through eternity. Then he gathered up his strength, and set himself to higher tasks than he had dreamt of before. No more of wail and lamentation! Beatrice is "where angels dwell and are in peace," and to the bereaved Dante, "in dreams and otherwise," come admonitions, that he must aspire, striving ever upwards towards that glory into which she has ascended. Therefore, he writes, in concluding the *Vita Nuova*, "Did I determine to write no more of this dear saint, until I should be able to write of her more worthily; and of a surety she knows that I study to attain to this with all my powers. So if it shall please him, by whom all things live, to spare my life for some years longer, I hope to say that of her, which never yet hath been said of any lady. And, then, may it please Him who is the Father of all good, to suffer my soul to see the glory of its mistress, that is, of this sainted Beatrice, who now, abiding in glory, looketh upon the face of Him, *qui est per omnia secula benedictus*."

And though no poet ever raised tribute so noble to his mistress, as Dante has done in his *Divina Commedia*, yet let us not believe that worth exalted as that of Beatrice is without its peer. Earth has many such—pure, patient, gentle, wise and helpful spirits—who minister strength, and guidance, and consolation, without thanks, it may be, or even recognition, yet still pursue in tranquillity and content their gracious ministry of good. Happy he, who recognises their perfections ere yet it is too late!

'Tis only when they spring to heaven, that angels
Reveal themselves to you; they sit all day
Beside you, and lie down at night by you,
Who care not for their presence—muse or sleep—
And all at once they leave you, and you know them!

Death of a Publisher.—We have to record the death of Mr. Hall, the publisher, of the firm of Chapman and Hall, on the 7th instant, and only in the 47th year of his age. He had been long in precarious health. His loss will be regretted by not a few of the literary world; for it may truly be said, that in his connexion with it he acted throughout in an enterprising, straightforward, fair, and liberal manner. We trust that his surviving partner will (as we have no reason to doubt he will) carry on the concern with the same spirit and good feelings as when he had another in union with him, and with whom, in all the numerous transactions honorable to them, he must have cordially, co-operated.

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From the Edinburgh Review.

LIFE OF SARAH MARTIN—PRISON VISITING.

1. *A Brief Sketch of the Life of the late Miss Sarah Martin of Great Yarmouth: with Extracts from the Parliamentary Reports on Prisons: and her own Prison Journals.* 8vo. Yarmouth: 1844.
2. *Selections from the Poetical Remains of the late Miss Sarah Martin of Great Yarmouth.* 8vo. Yarmouth: 1845.

The town of Great Yarmouth in Norfolk, which has been for many ages a place of considerable commercial importance, was originally a mere fishing-station. The men of the Cinque Ports, who were in early times the principal fishermen of the kingdom, used to assemble on that coast during the herring-season; and a sand-bank, situate at the mouth of an arm of the sea, which then flowed far into Norfolk, was their usual landing-place. There, upon the deanes, or *dunes*, by the sea-shore, they spread their nets to the sun, repaired their boats, and cured or otherwise disposed of their catch of fish. The recession of the sea, the convenience of the situation, and the periodical visits of a concourse of busy men, led to the permanent occupation of this bleak and barren spot. The rearing of a few huts for the residence of such handicraftsmen as could assist the fishermen in the repair of their barks and nets, and of such dealers as could supply their accustomed wants, was the first advance towards a settlement. The next was the erection of a little chapel upon a green, bent-covered hill in the sand, which was indiscreetly dedicated to the patron of black monks, Saint Benedict. Hence arose discord and confusion. The men of the Cinque Ports had probably begun to doubt the efficacy of the winds which they bought before they started upon their voyages; and, in lieu of the ancient application to the wise woman, now took with them a chaplain, some true clerk of St. Nicholas, the seaman's universal patron. The fisher-priest soon quarrelled with the clerk of St. Benedict upon the subject of oblations; and, as must have seemed likely from their respective habits of life, the worshipper of St. Nicholas, "removed, expelled, and evil-intreated,"* his adversary. He probably even pulled down the little opposition chapel to the ground; for antiquarian diligence has never been able to discover the slightest trace of it. But the triumph of this vigorous stroke of conservative policy was short-lived. Some few years afterwards, a bishop of Thetford, the same who removed that see to Norwich, happened to be the king's chancellor, and a church-builder. He heard the Norfolk priest's cause in his equitable tribunal, and, with an appearance of kindness, as well as impartiality, settled the dispute, by himself erecting, not far from the mouth of the river Yare, a church so large, that *both* priests might officiate in it at separate altars! and, by way of compensation to the prescriptive rights of the men of the Cinque Ports, he dedicated the whole building to the true saint of the sea-shore, St. Nicholas. The church thus erected was rendered by subsequent additions one of the largest parish churches in England, and remained, until a comparatively recent period, the only church in Yarmouth.

Within the next hundred years after the settlement of this church question, the importance of Yarmouth increased rapidly, and, at the end of that time, the town was raised into the first rank of English municipalities by a royal charter, which conferred upon the burgesses a great variety of privileges, and, amongst them, that of trying pleas of the crown, or criminal causes, "according to the law and custom of Oxford." Hence arose the necessity for a prison; and a building was erected for that use on the site of the present strange, grotesque, and in part ancient jail, whose ugliness seems intended to aid the law in exciting feelings of terror and aversion in the minds of evil-doers.

According to the theory of our ancestors, the people of Yarmouth had now advanced to the point of completeness as a borough. Law and gospel had each its representative amongst them. Their sanctions and their penalties were brought home to every man's own door. When men sinned, the church assessed a compensation to Heaven, in the shape of penances, and insisted upon external marks of contrition before the offender

* Swinden's History of Yarmouth, p. 9.

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was permitted to resume his standing in the visible congregation of the faithful. When men committed crimes, the law mulcted them in pecuniary fines, or deprived them of their liberty, sequestered them from kirk and market, but, instead of aiming at reformation, or even at penitence, sought only punishment; secluded them in loathsome places of confinement; subjected them to the tyranny of ignorant, and often brutal keepers, who were responsible only for their safe custody; and herded them all together, whatever their ages, stations, or offences, without occupation, without instruction, and sometimes even unfed and unclad, save by the poor proceeds of a begging-box, the rattling of which invoked the charity of passers-by. Strange as this now seems, it continued for centuries. The church was the first to awake. She discovered that her outward penances were unavailing towards the rectification of the heart, and following out that principle, effected all the changes of the ecclesiastical Reformation. There, for a time, the course of social improvement seemed strayed. The law, in spite of this glimmer of right reason in its sister institution, still held its ancient way. Jails were thought to be places by means of which men were to be intimidated from crime; but it was not seen, or the fact was disregarded, that *such* jails were mere academies of crime, and that, through their instrumentality, the law itself was the principal teacher of the science of law-breaking.

Yarmouth was one of the last places in the kingdom to become convinced of this fact. The town, however, increased in size and importance. A spacious quay afforded accommodation for the numerous fleet which carried the produce of Yarmouth fisheries, and the manufactures of Norwich, to the remotest quarters of the globe; noble mansions testified to the wealth of Yarmouth merchants; while no less than four hundred narrow lanes, locally termed *rows*, by which the principal streets are intersected at right angles, demonstrated the existence of the dense population. The whole place looked prosperous, cheerful, busy; and gay visitors flitted about, in search of health or pleasure, upon that very beach on which the men of the Cinque Ports had spread their nets. Still there stood that jail, with its long succession of corrupt and ever-corrupting inmates. Infinite changes and improvements had taken place around it, but within, the system of mismanagement remained almost untouched. Generation after generation passed along that narrow street, and looked with the outward eye upon that hideous abode of misery and guilt; but their feelings were so thoroughly engrossed by their own affairs, their merchandize or their farm, their pleasures or their griefs, that they remained mentally unconscious of the guilt which the continued existence of such a building and such a system was entailing upon society at large. And this continued down to the year 1819, and even much later. There was no schoolmaster, no chaplain, no attempt at occupation or reformation. "The doors were simply locked upon the prisoners . . . their time was given to gaming, swearing, playing, fighting, and bad language; and their visitors were admitted from without with little restriction."* There was no divine worship in the jail on Sundays, nor any respect paid to that holy day.† There were "underground cells" (these continued even down to 1836), "quite dark and deficient in proper ventilation. The prisoners described their heat in summer as almost suffocating, but they prefer them for their warmth in winter; their situation is such as to defy inspection, and they are altogether unfit for the confinement of any human being."‡ The whole place was filthy, confined, unhealthy; and its occupants were "infested with vermin and skin disease."§ Such a state of things could not continue for ever. It is the great comfort and consolation of all persons who seek after social reformation, that the abuses of society have within them a principle of decay, under the influence of which no power can long uphold them against the peaceable assaults of advancing civilization. Human impatience has often caused premature reformation, after many a hard struggle, to stop short of the point which might have been attained with ease, if the over-hasty hand could have been stayed, until the arrival of that "fulness of time" which the laws under which all human things exist are surely bringing about. At Yarmouth, that fulness of time was allowed to travel onwards at its slowest pace; but arrive it did at last, and then these iniquities fell before the touch of apparently the weakest instrument that could have been raised up to wield a lance against them.

In August, 1819, a woman was committed

* Life of S. Martin, p. 27. † *Ibid.*, p. 12.
‡ Report of Inspector of Prisons, Northern District, 1836, p. 67.
§ Life of S. Martin, p. 27.

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to the jail for a most unnatural crime. She was a mother who had "forgotten her sucking child." She had not "had compassion upon the son of her womb," but had cruelly beaten and ill-used it. The consideration of her offence was calculated to produce a great effect upon a female mind; and there was one person in the neighborhood of Yarmouth who was most deeply moved by it. She was a poor dressmaker; a little woman of gentle, quiet manners, possessing no beauty of person, nor, as it seemed, any peculiar endowment of mind. She was then just eight-and-twenty years of age, and had, for thirteen years past, earned her livelihood by going out to the houses of various families in the town as a day-laborer in her business of dressmaking. Her residence was at Caister, a village three miles from Yarmouth, where she lived with an aged grandmother, and whence she walked to Yarmouth and back again in the prosecution of her daily toil. This poor girl had long mourned over the condition of the inmates of the jail. Even as long back as in 1810, "whilst frequently passing the jail," she says, "I felt a strong desire to obtain admission to the prisoners to read the scriptures to them; for I thought much of their condition, and of their sin before God: how they were shut out from society, whose rights they had violated, and how destitute they were of the scriptural instruction which alone could meet their unhappy circumstances."—(*Life*, p. 11.) The case of the unnatural mother stimulated her to make the attempt, but "I did not," she says, "make known my purpose of seeking admission to the jail until the object was attained, even to my beloved grandmother; so sensitive was my fear lest any obstacle should thereby arise in my way, and the project seem a visionary one. God led me, and I consulted none but Him."—(*Ibid.*, p. 12.) She ascertained the culprit's name, and went to the jail. She passed into the dark porch which overhung the entrance, fit emblem of the state of things within; and no doubt with bounding heart, and in a timid modest form of application, uttered with that clear and gentle voice, the sweet tones of which are yet well remembered, solicited permission to see the cruel parent. There was some difficulty—there is always "a lion in the way" of doing good—and she was not at first permitted to enter. To a wavering mind, such a check would have appeared of evil omen; but Sarah Martin was too well assured of her own purposes and powers to hesitate. Upon a second application she was admitted.

There has been published an interesting account of Mrs. Fry's first entry into the female ward of Newgate. Locked up with viragos, amongst whom the turnkey had warned her, that her purse, her watch, and even her life, would be in danger, "she addressed them with dignity, power, and gentleness," and soon awed them into compliance with a code of regulations which there was a committee of ladies ready to aid her in carrying into execution. All this was very admirable, and, in its results, has been most beneficial. But Mrs. Fry was a woman of education, and had something of the dignified bearing of a person accustomed to move in the higher walks of life; she was also a practised speaker in the meetings of the religious community of which she was a member, and was supported by influential and well-tutored assistants. Sarah Martin's position was the reverse of this in every respect. "My father," she says, "was a village tradesman. I was born in June, 1791; an only child, deprived of my parents at an early age, and brought up under the care of a widowed grandmother, a poor woman of the name of Bonnett, and by trade a glover, at Caister." Sarah Martin's education was merely such as could be obtained at a village school; all her real information was acquired by self-tuition in after-life. At fourteen she passed a year in learning the business by which she was to earn her bread, and, after that time, being a superior workwoman, was constantly employed. She had no other preparation for becoming a jail-visitor than could be acquired from teaching a class in a Sunday-school, or from occasionally reading the Scriptures in the sick-ward in the workhouse. Without in any degree undervaluing, but, on the contrary, highly applauding the labors of Mrs. Fry, we think there was something far more simple, and far more nearly heroical, in the conduct of her humbler sister. Of Mrs. Fry's adventitious advantages Sarah Martin had none; but she had drunk deep into the spirit of that book, "which ever tells," she says, "of mercy," and in the strength of that spirit she proceeded, without confidant or companion, to convey comfort to those wretched outcasts.

The manner of her reception in the jail is told by herself with admirable simplicity. The unnatural mother stood before her.

She "was surprised at the sight of a stranger." "When I told her," says Sarah Martin, "the motive of my visit, her guilt, her need of God's mercy, &c., she burst into tears, and thanked me!" Those tears and thanks shaped the whole course of Sarah Martin's subsequent life. If she had been rudely repelled, even her fortitude might have given way. But the messenger of mercy is ever welcome to those who feel their guilt, and the more guilty the more welcome, if the glad tidings be but kindly proclaimed. "I read to her," she adds, "the twenty-third chapter of St. Luke;" —the story of the malefactor, who, although suffering justly by man's judgment, found mercy from the Savior.

Her reception at once proved the necessity for such a missionary, and her own personal fitness for the task; and her visit was repeated again and again, during such short intervals of leisure as she could spare from her daily labors. At first she contented herself with merely reading to the prisoners; but familiarity with their wants and with her own powers soon enlarged the sphere of her tuition, and she began to instruct them in reading and writing. This extension of her labor interfered with her ordinary occupations. It became necessary to sacrifice a portion of her time, and consequently of her means, to these new duties. She did not hesitate. "I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in a week from dressmaking, * * * * * to serve prisoners. This regularly given, with many an additional one, was not felt as a pecuniary loss, but was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me."

Her next object was to secure the observance of Sunday, and, after long urging and recommendation, she prevailed upon the prisoners "to form a Sunday service, by one reading to the rest; * * but aware," she continues, "of the instability of a practice in itself good, without any corresponding principle of preservation, and thinking that my presence mightexert a beneficial tendency, I joined their Sunday morning worship as a regular hearer."

After three years' perseverance in this "happy and quiet course," she made her next advance, which was to introduce employment, first for the women prisoners, and afterwards for the men. In 1823, "one gentleman," she says, "presented me with ten shillings, and another, in the same week, with a pound, for prison charity. It then occurred to me that it would be well to expend it in material for baby clothes; and, having borrowed patterns, cut out the articles, fixed prices of payment for making them, and ascertained the cost of a set, that they might be disposed of at a certain price, the plan was carried into effect. The prisoners also made shirts, coats, &c. * * * * * By means of this plan, many young women who were not able to sew, learned this art, and, in satisfactory instances, had a little money to take at the end of the term of imprisonment. * * * * * The fund of £1 10s. for this purpose, as a foundation and perpetual stock (for whilst desiring its preservation, I did not require its increase), soon rose to seven guineas, and since its establishment, above £408 worth of various articles have been sold for charity."

The men were thus employed:—

"They made straw hats, and, at a later period, bone spoons and seals; others made men's and boys' caps, cut in eight quarters—the material, old cloth or moreen, or whatever my friends could find up to give me for them. In some instances, young men, and more frequently boys, have learned to sew grey cotton shirts, or even patch-work, with a view of shutting out idleness and making themselves useful. On one occasion I showed to the prisoners an etching of the Chess-Player, by Retzsch, which two men, one a shoemaker and the other a bricklayer, desired much to copy; they were allowed to do so, and being furnished with pencil, pen, paper, &c., they succeeded remarkably well. The Chess-Player presented a pointed and striking lesson, which could well be applied to any kind of gaming, and was, on this account, suitable to my pupils, who had generally descended from the love of marbles and pitch-halfpenny in children, to cards, dice, &c., in men. The business of copying it had the advantage of requiring all thought and attention at the time. The attention of other prisoners was attracted to it, and for a year or two afterwards many continued to copy it."

After another interval she proceeded to the formation of a fund which she applied to the furnishing of work for prisoners upon their discharge; "affording me," she adds, "the advantage of observing their conduct at the same time."

She had thus, in the course of a few years—during which her mind had gradu-

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ally expanded to the requirements of the subject before her—provided for all the most important objects of prison discipline; moral and intellectual tuition, occupation during imprisonment, and employment after discharge. Whilst great and good men, at a distance, unknown to her, were inquiring and disputing as to the way and the order in which these very results were to be attained—inquiries and disputes which have not yet come to an end—here was a poor woman who was actually herself personally accomplishing them all! It matters not whether all her measures were the very wisest that could have been imagined. She had to contend with many difficulties that are now unknown; prison discipline was then in its infancy; everything she did was conceived in the best spirit; and, considering the time, and the means at her command, could scarcely have been improved.

The full extent to which she was personally engaged in carrying out these objects, has yet to be explained. The Sunday service in the jail was adopted, as we have seen, upon her recommendation, and she joined the prisoners, as a fellow-worshipper, on Sunday morning. Their evening service, which was to be read in her absence, was soon abandoned; but, finding that to be the case, she attended on that part of the day also, and the service was then resumed. "After several changes of readers, the office," she says, "devolved on me. That happy privilege thus graciously opened to me, and embraced from necessity, and in much fear, was acceptable to the prisoners, for God made it so; and also an unspeakable advantage and comfort to myself."—(*Life*, p. 13.) These modest sentences convey but a very faint notion of the nature of these singular services. Fortunately, in a report of Captain Williams, one of the inspectors of prisons, we have a far more adequate account of the matter. It stands thus:—

"Sunday, November 29, 1835.—Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled; a female, resident in the town, officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the liturgy of the Church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well—much better than I have frequently heard in our best-appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the profoundest attention, and the most marked respect, and, as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterwards to the female prisoners."—(*Second Report of Inspectors of Prisons*, 1836, p. 69.)

Sarah Martin is here brought before us in a new character. Hitherto we have seen her pursuing, energetically and successfully, certain definite practical ends of plain and obvious utility. She now claims our attention as a moral teacher. From the commencement of her Sunday labors, which began probably in 1820, or shortly afterwards, up to 1832, she read printed sermons; from that time to 1837, she wrote her own sermons; from 1837 to the termination of her labors in 1843, "I was enabled," she says, "by the help of God, to address the prisoners without writing beforehand, simply from the Holy Scriptures."—(*Life*, p. 13.) We were curious to know what kind of addresses a person so intimately acquainted with the habits and feelings of criminals would think it right to deliver to such an audience, and have been kindly permitted to peruse her unpublished notes of various sermons delivered by her in the year 1835. They have certainly surprised us.

We believe that there are gentlemen in the world who stand so stiffly upon the virtue of certain forms of ministerial ordination, as to set their faces against all lay, and especially against all female, religious teaching. We will not dispute as to what may, or may not, be the precise value of those forms. They ought to confer powers of inestimable worth, considering how stubbornly they are defended—and perhaps they do so; but every one amongst us knows and feels, that the power of writing or preaching good sermons is not amongst the number. The cold, labored eloquence which boy-bachelors are authorized by custom and constituted authority to inflict upon us—the dry husks and chips of divinity which they bring forth from the dark recesses of the theology (as it is called) of the Fathers, or of the middle ages, sink into utter worthlessness by the side of the jail addresses of this poor uneducated seamstress. From her own registers of the prisoners who came under her notice, it is easy to describe the ordinary members of her con-

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gregation:—pert London pickpockets, whom a cheap steam-boat brought to reap a harvest at some country festival; boors, whom ignorance and distress led into theft; depraved boys, who picked up a precarious livelihood amongst the chances of a seaport town; sailors, who had committed assaults in the boisterous hilarity consequent upon a discharge with a paid-up arrear of wages; servants, of both sexes, seduced by bad company into the commission of crimes against their masters; profligate women, who had added assault or theft to the ordinary vices of a licentious life; smugglers; a few game-law criminals; and paupers transferred from a work-house, where they had been initiated into crime, to a jail, where their knowledge was perfected. Such were some of the usual classes of persons who assembled around this singular teacher of righteousness. Their characters were as distinct as their crimes. A few extracts from Sarah Martin's "Prison Records" will exhibit their variety:—

"W. W. Homely villager. Very good natural powers; temper good; grateful for instruction; desirous of improving.

"W. Wa. Inferior capacity: inoffensive; always behaved well; does not seem to have had a bad character.

"J. B. Extremely ignorant; low habits.

"B. P. Quiet; slow in capacity and habits; shrewd in his way, and sly.

"W. T. Depraved; deceitful; full of pretence; obsequiously obliging; troublesomely forward in manners.

"J. S. With me, still and almost dumb—he soon compelled the governor to order him to the cell for the most violent conduct.

"J. C. One of the very worst. Foolish; hardened; idle; lazy; and destitute of the wish to improve. In prison a corrupter."

Judging from the notes which we have seen, her addresses to this strange auditory were formed upon a regular system, which was calculated to set before them that particular view of Christian truth which she thought best suited to their circumstances and comprehension. She principally urged three points. I.—The inseparable connexion between sin and sorrow; the great fact, that, in spite of all the allurements and artful promptings of temptation, misery "doth vice, e'en as its shade, pursue," and with the same certainty that effect follows cause in any of the physical operations of nature. This was a foundation upon which, before such an auditory, she might most safely build; and, whilst she reiterated the position in many varieties of expression, her hearers must have felt bitterly conscious that she was not dealing with an imaginary case, but with a stern truth of which they were themselves the evidences and the victims. II.—Her second point was, that there was a similar and equally indissoluble connexion between goodness and happiness. Station, wealth, and the pleasures of life, when viewed at a distance, seem to lead to a different conclusion. They promised fairly, but if approached, or partaken of, it became evident that they excited hopes which it is not in their power to gratify, and that, unless united to goodness, sorrow was their inseparable adjunct. God is eternally happy only because He is immutably good, and man can procure exemption from misery only by attaining to freedom from the shackles of vice. III.—Her third point was, to lead her auditory to the ever-open door of mercy, and, in glowing strains of Bible-eloquence, to invite, entreat, and urge them to enter in. The Almighty was held forth to them as desirous to communicate of his own sinless happy nature to all who came to Him as the willing servants of the crucified Redeemer; ready by his own Spirit to purify and guide them; to be to them as a hiding-place from trouble, a pavilion in which they shall be kept secretly from the strife of tongues, a place of refuge in which they should be compassed about with songs of deliverance. Thus were the realities of their position traced to their fountain-head, a way of escape was pointed out, and, in the midst of their sin and shame, they were affectionately allured towards the service of God, as that which should give them freedom, peace, and happiness. There is reason to believe that these doctrines, urged with a kindly, warm-hearted sincerity, were eminently successful. The respect and attention which would not have been yielded to a preacher who had endeavored to excite alarm by the enforcement of religious terrors, were willingly conceded to an instructor who sought to win them to a love of purity, by considerations which, without being directly personal, flowed naturally out of a knowledge of their feelings. The papers we have seen are, for the most part, mere skeletons or rough notes of sermons, and their entire publication would not be desirable; but in any more extended biography, a few extracts from them might be very usefully introduced.

In the year 1826, Sarah Martin's grandmother died, and she came into possession

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of an annual income of ten or twelve pounds, derived from the investment of "between two and three hundred pounds." She then removed from Caister to Yarmouth, where she occupied two rooms in a house situated in a row in an obscure part of the town, and, from that time, devoted herself with increased energy to her philanthropic labors. A benevolent lady, resident in Yarmouth, had for some years, with a view to securing her a little rest for her health's sake, given her one day in the week, by compensating her for that day in the same way as if she had been engaged in dressmaking. With that assistance, and with a few quarterly subscriptions, "chiefly 2s. 6d. each, for bibles, testaments, tracts, and other books for distribution," she went on devoting every available moment of her life to her great purpose. But dressmaking, like other professions, is a jealous mistress; customers fell off, and, eventually, disappeared. A question of anxious moment now presented itself, the determination of which is one of the most characteristic and memorable incidents of her life. Was she to pursue her benevolent labors, even although they led to utter poverty? Her little income was not more than enough to pay her lodging, and the expenses consequent upon the exercise of her charitable functions: and was actual destitution of ordinary necessaries to be submitted to? She never doubted; but her reasoning upon the subject presents so clear an illustration of the exalted character of her thoughts and purposes, and exhibits so eminent an example of Christian devotedness and heroism, that it would be an injustice to her memory not to quote it in her own words: "In the full occupation of dressmaking, I had care with it, and anxiety for the future; but as that disappeared, care fled also. God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said, 'Whatsoever is right I will give you.' I had learned from the scriptures of truth that I should be supported; God was my master, and would not forsake his servant; He was my father, and could not forget his child. I knew also that it sometimes seemed good in his sight to try the faith and patience of his servants, by bestowing upon them very limited means of support; as in the case of Naomi and Ruth; of the widow of Zarephath and Elijah; and *my mind, in the contemplation of such trials, seemed exalted by more than human energy; for I had counted the cost, and my mind was made up. If, whilst imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation, so momentary to an individual, would not admit of comparison with following the Lord, in thus administering to others.*"—(*Life*, p. 30.)

Noble woman! A faith so firm, and so disinterested, might have removed mountains; a self-sacrifice founded upon such principles is amongst the most heroic of human achievements.

This appears to have been the busiest period of Sarah Martin's life. Her system, if we may so term it, of superintendence over the prisoners, was now complete. For six or seven hours daily she took her station amongst them; converting that which, without her, would have been, at best, a scene of dissolute idleness, into a hive of industry and order. We have already explained the nature of the employment which she provided for them; the manner of their instruction is described as follows:—"Any who could not read I encouraged to learn, whilst others in my absence assisted them. They were taught to write also; whilst such as could write already, copied extracts from books lent to them. Prisoners who were able to read, committed verses from the Holy Scriptures to memory every day according to their ability or inclination. I, as an example, also committed a few verses to memory to repeat to them every day; and the effect was remarkable; always silencing excuse when the pride of some prisoners would have prevented their doing it. Many said at first, 'It would be of no use;' and my reply was, 'It is of use to me, and why should it not be so to you? You have not tried it, but I have.' Tracts and children's books, and larger books, four or five in number, of which they were very fond, were exchanged in every room daily, whilst any who could read more, were supplied with larger books."—(*Life*, p. 32.)

There does not appear to have been any instance of a prisoner long refusing to take advantage of this mode of instruction. Men entered the prison saucy, shallow, self-conceited, full of cavils and objections, which Sarah Martin was singularly clever in meeting; but in a few days the most stubborn, and those who had refused the most peremptorily, either to be employed or to be instructed, would beg to be allowed to take their part in the general course. Once within the circle of her influence, the effect was curious. Men old in years, as well as in crime, might be seen striving for the first time in their lives to hold a pen, or bend-

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ing hoary heads over primers and spelling-books, or studying to commit to memory some precept taken from the Holy Scriptures. Young rascals, as impudent as they were ignorant, beginning with one verse, went on to long passages; and even the dullest were enabled by perseverance to furnish their minds and memories with "from two to five verses every day." All these operations, it must be borne in mind, were carried on under no authority save what was derived from the teacher's innate force of character. Aware of that circumstance, and that any rebellion would be fatal to her usefulness, she so contrived every exercise of her power as to "make a favor of it," knowing well that "to depart from this course, would only be followed by the prisoners doing less, and not doing it well."—(*Life*, p. 104.) The ascendency she thus acquired was very singular. A general persuasion of the sincerity with which "she watch'd, and wept, and pray'd, and felt for all," rendered her the general depository of the little confidences, the tales of weakness, treachery, and sorrow, in the midst of which she stood! and thus she was enabled to fan the rising desire for emancipation, to succor the tempted, to encourage the timid, and put the erring in the way.

After the close of her labors at the jail, she proceeded, at one time of her life, to a large school which she superintended at the work-house, and afterwards, when that school was turned over to proper teachers, she devoted two nights in the week to a school for factory girls, which was held in the capacious chancel of the old church of St. Nicholas. There, or elsewhere, she was everything. Other teachers would send their classes to stand by and listen, whilst Sarah Martin, in her striking and effective way, imparted instruction to the forty or fifty young women who were fortunate enough to be more especially her pupils. Every countenance was riveted upon her: and, as the questions went round, she would explain them by a piece of poetry, or an anecdote, which she had always ready at command, and, more especially, by Scripture illustration. The Bible was, indeed, the great fountain of her knowledge and her power. For many years she read it through four times every year, and had formed a most exact Reference Book to its contents. Her intimate familiarity with its striking imagery and lofty diction, impressed a poetical character upon her own style, and filled her mind with exalted thoughts. After her class duties were over, there remained to be performed many offices of kindness, which with her were consequent upon the relation of teacher and pupil; there was personal communication with this scholar and with that; some inquiry here, some tale to listen to there; for she was never a mere schoolmistress, but always the friend and counsellor, as well as the instructor.

The evenings on which there was no tuition, were devoted by her to visiting the sick, either in the work-house, or through the town generally: and occasionally an evening was passed with some of those worthy people in Yarmouth by whom her labors were regarded with interest. Her appearance in any of their houses was the signal for a busy evening. Her benevolent smile and quick active manner communicated her own cheerfulness and energy to every one around her. She never failed to bring work with her, and, if young people were present, was sure to employ them all. Something was to be made ready for the occupation of the prisoners, or old materials to be adjusted to some new use, in which last employment her ingenuity was pre-eminent. Odd pieces of woollen or cotton, scraps of paper, mere litters, things which other people threw away, it mattered not what, she always begged that such things might be kept for her, and was sure to turn them to some account. If, on such occasions, whilst everybody else was occupied, some one would read aloud, Sarah Martin's satisfaction was complete; and at intervals, if there were no strangers present, or if such communication were desired, she would dilate upon the sorrows and sufferings of her guilty flock, and her own hopes and disappointments in connexion with them, in the language of simple, animated truth.

Her day was closed by no "return to a cheerful fireside prepared by the cares of another," but to her solitary apartments, which she left locked up during her absence, and where "most of the domestic offices of life were performed by her own hands."* There she kept a copious record of her proceedings in reference to the prisoners; notes of their circumstances and conduct during such time as they were under her observation, which generally extended long

* Poems of S. Martin, p. x.

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beyond the period of their imprisonment; with most exact accounts of the expenditure of the little subscriptions before mentioned, and also of a small annual payment from the British Ladies' Society, established by Mrs. Fry, and of all other moneys committed to her in aid of any branch of her charitable labors. These books of record and account have been very properly preserved, and have been presented to a public library in Yarmouth.

During all this time she went on living upon her bare pittance; in a state of most absolute poverty, and yet of total unconcern as to her temporal support. Friends supplied many of her necessities by occasional presents; but, unless it was especially provided, "This is not for your charities, but for your own exclusive use and comfort," whatever was sent to her was given away to persons more destitute than herself. In this way she was furnished with clothes, and occasional presents were sent to her of bread, cheese, eggs, fruit, and other necessaries of a simple kind. Some members of the corporation were desirous that a pecuniary provision should be made for her out of the borough funds; but the proposal was soon laid aside, in deference to her own most strenuous opposition. In 1841, the question was renewed, and the wife of one of the magistrates wrote to her:—"We consider it impossible, from the manner in which you live, that you can long continue your arduous labors at the jail, &c. Mr. —— and myself will feel angry and hurt if you refuse to accept it. I must entreat you to do this," &c.

Angry, forsooth! Poor lady! Sarah Martin's answer ran thus:

"Here lies the objection which oppresses me: I have found voluntary instruction, on my part, to have been attended with great advantage; and I am apprehensive, that in receiving payment my labors may be less acceptable. I fear, also, that my mind would be fettered by pecuniary payment, and the whole work upset. To try the experiment, which might injure the thing I live and breathe for, seems like applying a knife to your child's throat, to know if it will cut. . . . . Were you so angry as that I could not meet you, a merciful God and a good conscience would preserve my peace; when, if I ventured on what I believe would be prejudicial to the prisoners, God would frown upon me and my conscience, too, and these would follow me everywhere. As for my circumstances, I have not a wish ungratified, and am more than content."—(*Life*, p. 35.)

Such scruples should have been held sacred. Corporation gratitude should have been exhibited in some way which would not have excited a feeling of self-degradation; but, alas! a jail committee does not enter into questions of feeling. It was coarsely intimated to this high-souled woman, "If we permit you to visit the prison you must submit to our terms," (p. 36;) and these worshipful gentlemen, who were then making use of Sarah Martin as a substitute for the schoolmaster and the chaplain, whom it was by law their bounden duty to have appointed, converted her into their salaried servant by the munificent grant of L.12 *per annum!* If the domestic liberality of these gentlemen bears any proportion to their corporate generosity, one would be curious to know after what rate they remunerate their maids-of-all-work and their shop-boys.

Sarah Martin lived for two years in the receipt of this memorable evidence of corporation bounty. In the winter of 1842 her health began to fail, and it was with pain and difficulty that she continued, day by day, up to the 17th April, 1843, to visit the jail, "the home," she says, "of my first interest and pleasure." From that day she was confined to her apartments by a painful disease, accompanied by extreme bodily weakness. But nothing could restrain the energy of her mind. In the seclusion of a solitary chamber, "apart from all that could disturb, and in a universe of calm repose and peace and love;" when, speaking of herself and her condition, she remarked, in words of singular beauty,

——————"I seem to lie
So near the heavenly portals bright,
I catch the streaming rays that fly
From eternity's own light;"

at such a time—she resumed the exercise of a talent for the writing of sacred poetry, which had been early developed, and had even been occasionally exercised in the midst of the occupations of her busy life. A selection from her poems is the second of the books named at the head of this article. The publication is a kind, but, as we think, not altogether a wise one. The fact that Sarah Martin wrote such poetry is important in her biography. It is deeply interesting to know, that after some of the most exciting incidents of her life—the establishment of a fund for the relief of prisoners

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after liberation—the death of her grandmother, and that of the father of a lad whom she had reclaimed—an opposition or a success which she met with in the jail—she could retire to her chamber and pour out her heart in strains of Christian praise and gratitude. It is, above all things, interesting to be told that this brave woman could cheer the sacred loneliness of her entrance into the dark valley of the shadow of death, with songs of victory and triumph. The compositions here published not only prove all this, but they evidence the existence in the mind of their author of an unquestionable vein of real poetry. They exhibit some specimens of true poetic ore, and contain separate lines, and occasionally whole stanzas, which evidently came fresh from the mint of a strong mind and fervid heart. But her compositions have those defects which mark the imitative and unpractised artist. They are the poems of one whose time was devoted to the acting of poetry rather than to the writing of it; and it would have been better if the author of the clever memoir which is prefixed to the volume before us, had interwoven such facts and lines as are worthy of being remembered, with a complete biography, rather than have published the whole poems in a separate volume.

Sarah Martin struggled against disease for many months, suffering intense agony, which was partially relieved by opiates. A few minutes before her death, she begged for more of the opiate, to still the racking torture. The nurse told her that she believed the time of her departure had arrived. She clasped her hands together, exclaimed, "Thank God! Thank God!" and never spake more. This was on the 15th October, 1843. She was buried at Caister, by the side of her grandmother; and a tombstone in the churchyard bears a simple inscription, written by herself, which commemorates her death and age, but says not a word of her many virtues. The Yarmouth corporation ought to erect a tablet to her memory; either in the jail, or in the chancel of the church of St. Nicholas, in which she taught her class of factory girls. Her services, and the debt of gratitude which the whole town owes to her, will not be forgotten, although no marble tell the tale: but such a monument, if erected by the corporation, would relieve them from the suspicion that they were as ignorant of the moral worth, as they were of the money value, of such labors as Sarah Martin's. Since her death, the corporation has been compelled to appoint both a jail-chaplain and a schoolmaster.

The length to which a detail of individual cases would necessarily run, alone deters us from quoting many instances in which there can be no doubt that Sarah Martin's labors were followed by most happy results. We will give a few cases:—

"B. B., age about twenty-three. Could neither read nor write. Offence, smuggling. After the lapse of twelve years from his imprisonment, Sarah Martin writes: 'He entirely learned to read and write in prison, and immediately after his discharge left off smuggling. He wrote to me afterwards, and expressed the comfort he found in being able to write. . . . . I have heard from him many times. He sails in a small vessel from Dunkirk to London, to sell butter and eggs.'

"R., E. C., and four others. Offence, smuggling. Had been in prison before for the same offence. Were supported in Yarmouth jail by a band or club of smugglers. After the lapse of four years, this is Sarah Martin's report:—'E. C. had a wife and six children in Harwich, where they now live. The profits of smuggling were tempting, but he afterwards told me he found it impossible, as he then viewed the thing, to engage in the traffic again, and abandoned it. Since his discharge, I have received four letters; two written by him, one by his wife, and another written partly by him and partly by his wife. Also, I have seen him twice, when the schooner to which he belongs sailed through Yarmouth Roads. By him I was informed, in August last, that the five who were in prison with him had all left off smuggling. He gave me a satisfactory account of each. These men, when I took leave of them, seemed reluctant in promising to give up a profession of fraud, involving habitual lying, &c., &c., yet allowed me to believe that, ceasing to reconcile them to its principles, they wished, and would not be unwilling, to do it.' She writes subsequently:—'February 5, 1840.—This morning, R., the former master of the smuggling vessel . . . . called upon me, being the first time he has been in Yarmouth since his discharge. He is now master of the St. Leonard, a respectable merchant-ship. His gratitude for what he thought his obligation to me, led him to bring from France a present of a vase covered with shells, and a curious glass box. He was fourteen months without a vessel after his discharge, with a wife and family to support, and desiring to get free from the traffic of smuggling.'

"R. M., aged seventeen; offence, felony; six months in jail. Former character, idle and profligate. After three and a half years, she writes: 'Effectually reclaimed. After considerable perseverance, he obtained a gentleman's service, and has earned his living respectably and honestly ever since. He is now butler in a gentleman's family. I frequently saw him before he left Yarmouth. Have seen him twice since, when he came to see his mother and grandmother, and continue to hear of him twice or more every year.'

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"S. B., aged thirty-nine, charged with felony. Could neither read nor write. Accounted a disorderly person and a thief, and had been in prison before. After three and a half years. 'Perfectly reclaimed. She has never been guilty of any immoral practice since, and seems to have been the means of reclaiming her husband, whose former character was bad. I see her every month or two. She has suffered much from poverty and illness, without complaint.'

"A. B.; offence, felony. After two and a half years. 'Since his discharge he has conducted himself well towards his family, and borne an honest character. He keeps cows, and carries about milk to sell. His wife told me last week, it was a good thing her husband learned to read in the jail, as he now takes up a book of an evening; and it was a good thing he learned to write, too, because he can now keep his accounts, and write his milk bills."

"T. B., aged eighteen; offence, felony. Five months in Yarmouth jail, and afterwards in the Penitentiary at Milbank. After nine and a half years. 'After his return from the Penitentiary, he immediately called upon me. His parents were poor, living in a row, and keeping a small vegetable shop. With no character, he seemed destitute. His next step was this: he went to his father's, and took a small box, which he had left locked up, containing L.102 and some shillings, and carried it to his master, from whom it had been stolen. Mr. D. entreated him to take L.5 of the sum returned, but could not prevail; all he accepted was the odd L.2 and shillings, saying, 'Sir, I robbed you of more than that.' The circumstance became public. Mr. B., tailor and salesman, took him for two years to learn his trade. He conducted himself better, Mr. B. informed me, than any former apprentice. Since then, he has been married to a young woman who was taught by me in a Sunday school, and by honorable and successful industry supports himself, by keeping a respectable little shop as a tailor and salesman in the ——.'"*

Such cases, which are as instructive as they are interesting, might be multiplied manyfold out of the papers of Sarah Martin. If they exhibit the results of careful, kindly prison instruction, every one would wish that such instruction could be rendered universal. With such cases before us, who shall doubt that many of the ignorant and the weak, those who have failed in their duty to their neighbor, because they have been permitted to go forth into the world unarmed against its temptations, and uninstructed in their duties, are still within reach of the reclaiming efforts of active benevolence? But such cases give no encouragement to any cold philanthropy, if any such can be; nor to any kind but weak enthusiasm, which seeks for proofs of amendment of life in the mere raptures of excited feeling; nor to that proud and condescending bounty, which chills even whilst it overpowers with a multiplicity of obligations. Sarah Martin governed these people, and reformed them, as their cases testify, not merely by instructing them in useful arts, and inculcating in their minds right principles of duty and action, and informing their understanding as to their real interests; but more especially by opening her own heart to them, by entering with warm and genuine sympathy into their real feelings and condition, and by aiding them in devising and carrying out measures of true practical amelioration, suited to their circumstances, and their habits of thought and feeling. She did not shower down bounties as from a heaven above, but, placing herself upon a par with them in everything but their guilt, was ever ready to drop a tear over their misery, and to join with them heart and soul to procure relief. They who would obtain Sarah Martin's success must feel her sympathy, and acquire her true practical wisdom.

"The high desire that others may be blest,
Savors of heaven."

The words are her own, and her life was a comment upon them. "Her simple, unostentatious, yet energetic, devotion to the interests of the outcast and the destitute," remarks Captain Williams, one of the inspectors of prisons, who had many opportunities of judging of her labors, and whose experience gives great value to his testimony—"her gentle disposition, her temper never irritated by disappointment, nor her charity straitened by ingratitude, present a combination of qualities which imagination sometimes portrays as the ideal of what is pure and beautiful, but which are rarely found embodied with humanity.* . . . She was no titular Sister of Charity, but was silently felt and acknowledged to be one by the many outcast and destitute persons who received encouragement from her lips, and relief from her hands, and by the few who were witnesses of her good works."†

It is the business of Literature to make such a life stand out from the masses of ordinary existences, with something of the distinctness with which a lofty building uprears itself in the confusion of a distant view. It should be made to attract all eyes, to excite the hearts of all persons who think the welfare of their fellow-mortals an object

* Fifth Report of Inspectors of Prisons, p. 124.

* Letter of Captain Williams.—*Life*, p. 126.
† Eighth Report of Inspector of Prisons, p. 128.

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of interest or duty; it should be included in collections of biography, and chronicled in the high places of history; men should be taught to estimate it as that of one whose philanthropy has entitled her to renown, and children to associate the name of Sarah Martin with those of Howard, Buxton, Fry—the most benevolent of mankind.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LITERARY LEGISLATORS.—NO. V.

MR. SMYTHE.

Within a very brief period of parliamentary activity, Mr. Smythe has achieved for himself unusual reputation. Among his political compeers, his name is invested with an interest that increases with each display of his rare and perfected powers. Few and far between as those displays have been, the remembrance of former successes, of the delight inspired by his speeches, so pregnant with thought and illustration, so powerful and polished in their language, has at all times revived instantaneously in the minds of his audience, and to his past accumulation of praise has from time to time been added new admiration. He has never lost ground since he first attracted the regards of the House of Commons. His reputation has been of the kind that is most to be coveted. It rests on the most noble claims, springs from the least exceptionable sources. It is not founded on utilitarian services; nor on the acceptableness of envenomed personalities, nor on successful sallies of political passion: he has pandered to no faction's hatreds; he has been the pupil of no party: his position, albeit as yet undefined and unconsolidated, has been of his own sole achievement. He is already named with Macaulay, Shiel, Disraeli, as one who assists to elevate the character of contemporary parliamentary oratory. Younger by some years than any other speaker of promise, except Lord John Manners, his purely intellectual excellence has already cast such a lustre around his name, that, had his career been abruptly terminated, his memory as a politician would still have been cherished with admiration, and his ultimate distinction predicted with confidence. With so little seeming effort has he stamped the conviction of his superiority on the minds of his contemporaries in the legislature, that it is possible this praise may appear exaggerated to the general reader; especially to those who have been accustomed to consider notoriety an essential evidence of talent or political importance, who think no reputation of value that is not talked of in the market-place. But those who have heard Mr. Smythe speak, or even those who have read the few speeches he has made, will at once be ready to acknowledge how unique, pregnant, distinguished, are his brief orations. Mr. Smythe is one of a band of young and enterprising men, at once daring, original, and highly cultivated, who seem destined to remove from our parliamentary oratory the imputation of mediocrity; and place the present age, in that respect, on a level with some of the most illustrious periods in our history. It is by contrast, however, that the speeches of Mr. Smythe acquire much of their brilliancy.

Certainly, a foreigner would form but a mean opinion of our leading statesmen, were their speeches in parliament to be his test of their talents. When, admitted by the courtesy of either house to the gallery appropriated to strangers, distinguished natives of other countries have an opportunity of hearing those prominent men of the day, the Peels, the Russells, the Greys, the Bentincks, whom from their high favor in parliament they presume to be great orators and statesmen, their feeling is almost always one of disappointment. Labored efforts and pompous delivery, achieving but ambitious commonplace, only occasionally enlivened by originality of thought or finish of language, when they find them the passports to such high places, give a mean impression of the average intellect of the country. They look in vain for great strokes of mind, for philosophy familiarized, for historical illustrations, for refined and ingenious combinations of thought, for antithesis, for imagery; such as illumine the

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speeches of their Guizot or their Thiers: they perceive only a dead level of sensible commonplace; obvious platitudes, trite truisms, hackneyed axioms, self-evident propositions, put forward with all the air of high sagacity or new discovery; and, above all, they are disgusted with the covert appeals to the selfishness and vanity of the British public, the subserviency to national or class prejudice, the sacrifice of great principles to petty gains, the low, narrow utilitarianism, which, unexplained, they see over-riding, except in rare instances of general unanimity of feeling, all the nobler impulses which ought to guide statesmen. What we can understand to be the necessary concessions or reservations of leaders who are forced to conciliate followers of the most varied and opposite characters and sentiments, seem to them only ostentatious assertions of the most sordid political philosophy. And if they should have the curiosity or the courage to take up next day the morning paper containing the reports of what they have heard the night before, perhaps their weariness and disappointment will be still greater. Those cumbrous, interminable columns of print, that ocean of words in which they dive in vain for the few pearls of the discourse, those endless repetitions, those long dreary sentences, weak with the weight of words that are common without being simple or forcible, will make them wonder indeed at the extraordinary appetite of the English for quantity rather than for quality. All their natural sneers at our culinary customs, our passion for masses of heavy half-raw food, become transferred to our taste for political speeches. After hunting through seven or eight columns of a speech of Sir Robert Peel for the few striking ideas which pleased them when they heard it delivered, they rise from the wearying task in anger, comparing that copious undigested mass with the light, clear, terse, polished reports they have read in their own journals of the speeches of their most distinguished statesmen, speeches from which they have not only derived instruction in a striking form and easily remembered, but also extreme amusement and delight. We know that these complaints are made, not by foreigners merely, but by Englishmen also; and in some respects they are well-founded. But it is fair to our chief party-leaders to observe, in defence of their lumbering speeches, that they are speaking to the public as well as to the House, that they are often obliged to be tediously didactic, because it is required that they should explain almost the very elements of political knowledge and opinion, and that in enforcing their views on the House, they are compelled, as an advocate does with a jury, to resort to repetition. It is fair also to say, that much blame rests with those who report the speeches. Aiming conscientiously at truth and faithfulness in their reports, their fidelity degenerates into mere literal accuracy. They give too close a copy. They render you the blunders, the inelegancies, the bad grammar even, with the same laborious honesty which ensures your having the beauties and graces. Not knowing that speakers are indebted to a reporter for judicious and cautious criticism while rendering their ideas rather than their language, which temporary causes may render confused, those gentlemen, in spite of the attainments they are understood to possess, seem to allow their better judgments to be coerced by a slavish deference, which loses sight of the spirit in the accidental form, and converts their pursuit into a mere exercise of mechanical skill. The French reporters throw more mind into their calling. Quite as faithful, when it is necessary, as their English brethren, they are not afraid occasionally to take cognisance of the difficulties and embarrassments of a speaker, and with good taste, one great element of which is an abstinent caution, to reproduce from time to time the idea of the speaker according to his meaning, rather than to his words. The consequence is, that very often the reports in the French papers are delightful to read, as models of composition; while in England we are compelled to resort to those admirable summaries of the debate of the night before, which our editors have found it necessary to prefix to the reports, as at once an index and a warning. A daguerreotype portrait is a very good thing; but it is better as a foundation for a miniature in the hands of an artist. And so with the reports of nine-tenths of our speeches in parliament.

But the characteristics we have ascribed to a large class of speeches do not, happily for us, apply to the whole. A few speakers there are whose eloquent harangues yield perpetual delight, giving to the debates in parliament from time to time that tone which they so much need. They choose, by preference, subjects more or less removed from that range of legislation which is confined to the immediate necessities of the hour; though even these they occasionally

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illustrate with an originality and power not to be met with in the speeches of the more practical statesmen. Their orations, as well from the intellectual vigor which stimulates them to continuous development, and the fervor which inspires them with the highest eloquence, as from their extraordinary pregnancy and copiousness of allusion, test to the full the powers of the reporters, so often, as we conceive, abused when exercised on speeches of a different cast. Here they cannot be too faithful, as far as the mechanical part of their art is concerned; while all the resources furnished them by their education and general reading are brought into perpetual play, under the most disadvantageous circumstances. Often such speeches are exquisite models of composition; and not unfrequently they become brilliant disquisitions on great historical questions, or on the principles of government, not surpassed, in some respects, by the recorded or traditionary triumphs of any of the great masters of oratory in this country. Among these speakers, Mr. Smythe already occupies a place.

Mr. Smythe's parliamentary career embraces a period of only between five and six years. He first began to speak in May, 1841, and in January, 1846, he was made by Sir Robert Peel Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—a just and remarkable tribute to his distinguished talents, offered by a man who, whatever his own deficiencies may be, has at least one attribute of greatness—the faculty of detecting, and the determination to reward, unknown ability. As we have said, Mr. Smythe has not spoken very frequently, so that his success has been the more striking; nor has his promotion been the natural result of the subserviency of a patron's partisan. An average of two speeches a year would afford a fair estimate of the frequency of his intrusions on the House; and that he on more than one occasion satirised Sir Robert Peel, is the best proof that his advancement by that minister has not been unfairly earned.

Generally, however, he gave Sir Robert Peel a liberal and enlightened support, not hesitating as occasion required to mark his dissent from his policy. The indications that minister gave of his determination to pursue a policy of enlightened Conservatism, seem from the first to have fascinated the liberal spirit of Mr. Smythe. It is observable that he never gave his support on narrow or party grounds, but always allied it with some view not inconsistent with Conservative principles, but which recognised the right of a community rapidly increasing in wealth and intelligence to more liberal legislation. In advocating Sir Robert Peel's modified tariff of 1842, he called to account the agriculturists for their virulent opposition to the manufacturers. He called on the great landed proprietors to appreciate, "the great boon and blessing of machinery, without which Manchester would have been as Woodstock, Liverpool a fishing village on the Mersey, and their rent-rolls comparatively insignificant." He hailed the measure as the first instalment of a wiser and more enlarged policy—as an earnest that the proportions of our monster tariff were to be reduced at last to something like seemliness and shape. Again, two months afterwards, he gave a bold and decided support to the Income-tax, as being at that crisis a wise, just, and necessary measure, although he admitted that it partook somewhat of the dictatorship of ancient Rome, and was inimical to the common practice of the constitution. Addressing himself to a favorite argument of the opponents of the Income-tax, that its imposition was unnecessary because Europe was at peace, he ridiculed in the words of Burke their "geographical morality," and pointed to India. Was the march across the Indus less important, or did it require less exertion, than if it took place nearer our own doors? Let not that indifference which had driven Clive to suicide, and reduced Hastings to beggary and proscription, and which would fain have detracted even from Lord Wellesley's magnificent proconsulate, find support. Let it not be said within the walls of parliament, that civil spirit was allowed to make light of these difficulties and these dangers. This was well and boldly put with terseness and vigor, unusual in these days of diffuse wordiness; but it derived still more force from the contrast of the language used, and the eloquent, manly bearing of the speaker, with the extreme youthfulness, almost boyishness, of his personal appearance.

By the year 1843 his political views had become still more decided. He yearned for a revival of the liberal sentiments and policy which illumined the early speeches of the second Pitt, but which were so unfortunately postponed to the subsequent necessities of a nation which, for so many years, was almost continually in a state of warfare. By this time, too, not less the

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sympathy excited by congeniality of pursuits and similarity of talents, than that scarcely obvious but most powerful oppression exercised by dull mediocrity on young politicians of originality and independence, had induced him to form a more compact alliance with what was then termed the Young England party. He adopted and re-echoed some of their favorite views, without allowing himself to be carried away by their enmities. But while he ranged himself among them, he was one of their most distinguished members; and some of the few speeches he made at that time will bear comparison with almost any effort of his gifted companions. In deploring the state of Ireland, he said that if conciliation had been frustrated by the No-popery feeling of England, it had not been the less so by the perpetual Toryism of our policy towards that country. In a strain of high eloquence he expressed his deep regret that Pitt should have been frustrated in his great plans for doing justice to Ireland. It was untoward that attachment to the great question of Roman Catholic Emancipation should have estranged Mr. Canning from his political friends, and have cast a gloom over the last moments of his existence. In the same spirit he did not scruple to sneer at Sir Robert Peel, when he "regretted that he and not Mr. Canning—not the hand that had been raised in defence of Emancipation, but the hand always ready for attack—should have been the means of carrying that great measure." The speech was full of liberal views towards Ireland. Defending Maynooth, he said that "priests for the people should be of the people;" and he declared his conviction, that had the priesthood of Ireland been fostered at the commencement of this century, they would have been found, as in the west of France, the advocates of order and peace, and the preventers of agitation and excitement.

In the following year, Mr. Smythe was brought rather prominently before the House and the public by a quarrel he had with Mr. Roebuck. He acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all parties. At that time he was acting openly with the Young England party; and although in common with them he placed himself in opposition to Sir Robert Peel, he never indulged in the coarse abuse which disgraced some of those gentlemen, or went the length of that refined malignity and unrelenting hatred which conferred notoriety on others. His satire, if poignant and forcible, was always confined within the limits of courtesy, by which its effect was rather increased than otherwise; and there was nothing in his conduct throughout the campaign which could have stood in the way of future cooperation between him and the right honorable baronet. The quarrel we refer to arose out of one of the movements made by the Young England party in defence of Mr. Ferrand, in his affair with Sir James Graham and Mr. Hogg. Mr. Roebuck in the course of the debate had been paying vigorous court to Sir Robert Peel, whom, no doubt, he admired for having sacrificed party considerations to his views of the public good; and Mr. Smythe made a strictly parliamentary attack on the member for Bath, to whom, he said, the mischief of the whole matter before the House was due. He "believed that there had been something like an understanding between Purity (*i. e.* Roebuck) and Power (Peel)," and he formed his opinion from an intimate observation and study of the political character of the honorable gentleman. He was not to be deceived by the mock asperities of spurious patriotism; that assentation which masks itself beneath the guise of cynicism, assailing all men, but sparing one man; continually inferring, that were one not the Diogenes of Bath one would wish to be the Alexander of Tamworth. That, he added, was the surest of flatteries. The surprise at Mr. Roebuck's proceedings was increased, when it was remembered that he presented a remarkable antithesis in his own person, being at once the Rebel's Agent and the Queen's Counsel,—the Champion of M. Papineau and the Defender of a Secretary of State. Now these remarks were, no doubt, very severe, but they came strictly within those courtesies of expression required by parliament. In the days of Pitt and Fox the implied charge would have been made more broadly and coarsely; but modern statesmen, seeing that they cannot prevent imputations which are the natural consequence of party spirit, have wisely determined that at least the decencies of language shall be observed, and that the insinuations shall be well dressed. But Mr. Roebuck, in his reply, did not so well observe these courtesies. When he is angry he usually forgets them, and substitutes for the biting sarcasms he wishes to express only envenomed personalities and elaborate displays of the forcible-feeble in spitefulness. Mr. Smythe con-

strued his remarks into a charge that he had violated honor and integrity by voting, under feelings of disappointment at not having received office, contrary to what he would have done had he been employed in the public service; and he sent to Mr. Roebuck what amounted to a challenge. The latter, having a fit of parliamentary purism on him, laid the letter before the House, and Mr. Smythe was obliged to apologise for his violation of order. But the general feeling was, that he had been hardly used by being forced into a false position; and he was much admired for his conduct (as far as the House was concerned), which exhibited great self-possession and a dignified gentlemanly bearing. He began to acquire a specific character and weight among his political compeers.

Shortly after, he had another fling at Sir Robert Peel, which was characterized by much tact and delicate satire. The Maynooth-bill was before the House, and Mr. Ward of Sheffield had characterized Sir Robert Peel incidentally as the great "doer" of his age. "No doubt," said Mr. Smythe, "the right honorable gentleman would 'do' Maynooth as he had 'done' Emancipation." He was not deceived by the extreme Protestantism of the right honorable gentleman's adolescence, for he then represented the University of Oxford. Nor was he among those who believed that the right honorable gentleman was the enemy of Ireland. He had some doubt, however, whether Ireland was not the enemy of the right honorable gentleman; he treated it so considerately, so caressingly—almost as caressingly as if it were an opposition: he carried all the measures that it wanted; and among them none was ever wiser, juster, or more necessary than this particular bill. Indeed, among the many contrasts which the right honorable gentleman's career afforded, there was none which history would record more favorably than the contrast between Mr. Secretary Peel and Sir Robert Peel, the prime minister of England. The young and proscribing partisan had become the clement and beneficent ruler;—the young Octavius of intolerance had merged in the Augustus of conciliation and of grace. The reader, we believe, will forgive our having recalled these passages, because the raillery they convey is at once so fine and so effective. They appear to us to be legitimate efforts of parliamentary satire, and of a high order. They were remarkable as coming from so very young an orator, and as being listened to with pleasure by the House, at a time when the affairs under discussion were of such grave importance that the legislature could not allow their time to be trifled with.

Another passage exhibits both his talents and his integrity in a highly favorable light. Mr. Smythe, as the representative of Canterbury, where strong anti-Catholic opinions prevail, showed great courage in declaring his liberal views on the subject of Maynooth. But men of the order of mind to which he belongs are above the petty selfishness which degrades men into partisans, or still worse, into the interested slaves of prejudice; and, accordingly, he spoke out from a full mind. Sir Robert Peel, he said, might rely on the sincerity of his support of this bill (Maynooth), because he well knew what it would cost him. He knew what odium he had incurred with an archiepiscopal constituency by his support of Maynooth grant in a former year, and that he should now be again at issue with that same archiepiscopal constituency. But although he preferred his own convictions to theirs in this matter, he was not surprised that theirs were so strong, considering the pains that had been taken to create them:—the pamphlets, the tracts, the speeches, the itinerant lecturers, trading on their own imaginary crapulence: even a member of that House had condescended to string together a bead-roll of indecencies, a rosary of abominations. Suppose the Irish were to retaliate; suppose they were to compile a *cento* from the class-books of our colleges and schools; suppose you took the celebrated line of Euripides,—

"My tongue has sworn it, but my mind's unsworn;"

suppose they took a passage from Terence, an ode of Catullus about Mamurra, a sentiment from the *Symposium* of Plato, or a morality of Seneca;—surely it would be quite as easy to alarm the Wesleyans and affright the Independents. Away, then, with this pharisaical hypocrisy, which objects to books of examination catechetically distributed, but which flings its Lemprières broad-cast among children; which strains at the Calendar, but swallows the Mythology. This is a captivating mode of speaking, in which forcible argument is enhanced by a dazzling antithesis in the style. In the same speech Mr. Smythe very happily quizzed Mr. Gladstone's incomprehensible course as to the Maynooth-bill, voting for

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it, as he did, "against his most cherished convictions." Alluding to the "Anglican opposition" to the bill, he asked, What was its position? What was the principle of that opposition? It was an old enemy with a new face; the worst principle of absolutism, disguised in the worst language of the Jesuits; the principle of Alva in the language of Escobar. It began in the fiction that, because the State has once placed its affiance to a particular system, it was bound to perpetuate that system to the exclusion of all others to all time. This, to be true, should be universally true; and if it were to have prevailed in this country, we should still have the Ptolemaic system in our observatories, and Sir Isaac Newton might only be known somewhat as Mr. Gladstone must be known,—as a crotchety theologian, but an excellent Master of the Mint. But if this principle began in fiction, it ended in pains and penalties; if it began in sophistry, it ended in persecution; it was, in one word, the old, vicious, effete, cruel principle of Uniformity. And then employing Colbert's language to Bossuet in favor of revoking the Edict of Nantes, he exclaimed to Mr. Gladstone,—"All this (intolerance) belongs to your conscience of Oxford; there is another conscience within you,—let that speak." That conscience, he continued, would put things more broadly and to the purpose; would tell him that an ardent and susceptible people, whose alliance with their priesthood was solemnized at a time of tribulation and misfortune, were not to be divorced from them at the first dawn of a happier era. Not open violence, not the "vicious perfection" of the law, not Arms-bills, not Coercion-bills, not laws of Mortmain, by which they were harassed, nor *c'y près* constructions, by which they were robbed,—none of these things had been able to put asunder those whom persecution had joined together! And he believed the present more insidious design would also fail, which was lisping with all the insolent euphonism of an old proprietary, that "you would disarm the Irish priest by making him a gentleman." A gentleman!—that was something more of an abbé and something less of a curé; something more of a chaplain and something less of a priest; one who will look more to the patron and care less for the poor;—in a word, "a man of the world," but not of the next world!

These passages are as pregnant with thought as they are pointed and epigrammatic in style. Perhaps some apology is due to the reader for having indulged at such length in extracts from Mr. Smythe's orations; but their intrinsic merit will, perhaps, be held to furnish a sufficient reason. Mr. Smythe's parliamentary life is in his speeches; and as we have at the outset awarded him a place among his contemporaries which common fame would scarcely uphold, we were bound to give some specimens of his powers, to show in what respect he differs from all but a few of the most conspicuous members of parliament. Regarded as eloquent essays on politics, there are passages in them which have not been surpassed by even the most gifted of our parliamentary orators. Not even Macaulay, and still less Disraeli, has been able to crowd so much thought, so many brilliant and pertinent examples, into so few sentences; to urge so powerfully by illustration; to be didactic and entertaining in the same breath. It remains to be seen, whether, in the more laborious and less exciting or attractive parts of a senator's life, in the dry details of business and legislation, or the daily annoyances and irritations of official life, Mr. Smythe will display equal aptitude,—will be able to curb and tame his Pegasus, and make him do shaft-work. But we should be inclined confidently to predict that he will; for, under all the flash and glitter of his holiday style, there is always a substratum of sound solid thinking: the ornament is assigned its proper place,—it never interferes with the usefulness of the discourse.

There was one speech he made early in the present session of parliament from which we are tempted to quote one or two passages, and to which we would point the reader's attention, as combining, in a small compass, most of the beauties and graces of Mr. Smythe's style. It was on the subject of Cracow; and many and eloquent as were the speeches that were made by even the first orators of the day on that exalted, difficult, and fruitful theme, none exceeded in brilliancy, force, applicability, and historical interest, the brief speech of Mr. Smythe.

Our quotations will be brief. The conduct of Austria and Russia, in the final annexation of Cracow, filled Mr. Smythe with indignation. But more especially, having learned to wonder at the comprehensive intellect and sagacious policy of Metternich,

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he was moved at his share in the transaction :—

"It is surely," said he, "a melancholy thought that Prince Metternich, whose name for half a century has been a synonyme for moderation, whose policy of wise adjustment and honorable compromise has been stamped upon our age, should, at the sequence of his long and illustrious career, have connected himself with so immoderate a plunder, with so Cadmæan a conquest, with an acquisition where the gain was so trivial and the loss so immeasurable; where the gain is a geographical atom, and the loss is the unsettlement of Europe."

In answer to the praise which had been bestowed on the policy of Austria and Russia, on the strange ground that it had been magnanimous, he burst out :—

"Magnanimous policy! Truly, of the two, between the magnanimous policy which, I will not say connived at, but, at the end of thirty years, permitted misery, permitted ruin, permitted those results from which the charge of Prince Metternich is constructed, and the mercy of decision which annihilated Cracow, and for which the noble lord (Lord George Bentinck) has thanked the three powers, I am almost inclined with him to prefer the latter. But then, I will say, that the two combined,—the magnanimous policy and the mercy of the decision,—have no parallel in history, not even in the example furnished in that prince whose precepts, I am afraid, other princes have consulted. It is only in a fable we can look for a precedent. It is the legend of Semiramis, who suckled Ninus and then debauched him. The three powers suckled Cracow, and then debauched it; and they went further than Semiramis, for they destroyed it."

This was a bold image, one of a class not very usual in these degenerate days of House of Commons oratory. He attributed the Cracow affair to the rupture of the understanding between England and France.

"If the *entente cordiale* between the two great constitutional countries of the world had existed, then the independence of Cracow would have been maintained. And I believe not the less that the Three Powers would have maintained their legitimate object—the security of their own territories—but in a different manner:—*Multa fiunt eadem sed aliter*. I will shortly explain my meaning. The art of government at the expense of the governed was first taught, if we are to believe the ancients, in a stable by a Centaur; that is, a cross between a man and a horse. The interpretation of the myth is this,—that where address cannot be employed, force must be applied; where you cannot use your hands, you must use your hoofs. Well, sir, if the *entente cordiale* had been in force, I believe that the three powers would have used their hands, instead of using their hoofs."

And in urging on Lord Palmerston the renewal of the *entente cordiale*, he argued that it was quite as necessary against democratic reaction in Europe as against Absolutism, a point well put.

"I would venture," he said, "with all respect, to press it upon the noble lord the member for Tiverton, to renew that *entente cordiale*, and to resume that intimate alliance. I would implore him so to do, in the interests of public order and European peace, not only in prevention of acts such as these, but in prevention of that democratic reaction which is smouldering wherever there has been or is misgovernment; which flashed forth the other day, the whole length of the Apennines, from Genoa to Calabria, and which may some day blaze forth into more serious demonstrations. But the knowledge of a renewal of friendship between the two great constitutional powers would be, at any rate, a better protest against this untoward event than the refusal to pay the interest of the Russo-Dutch loan. If the three powers in their mimetic immorality have annexed, that is no reason why England should repudiate."

We have said that Mr. Smythe's political life consists in his parliamentary speeches. Except in an occasional electioneering harangue, he has not otherwise appeared before the public. Those speeches have already secured for him deservedly a high place in the opinion of his contemporaries: how far their promise of excellence may hereafter be realized it is of course impossible to say, so disappointing, too often, is early genius. But unless some strange fatality should intervene to blight his powers, we should be inclined to predict with confidence that he will one day attain a very high eminence. And this we say, not merely because he has made a few brilliant speeches. A well-trained man, with a fair portion of the imaginative faculty, with a taste for composition, and a sufficient perception of the beauties of style, and especially of that terse, antithetical style, which is pleasing to a popular assembly, by providing short cuts to important conclusions without requiring the labor of reasoning, any man with leisure, thus advantageously situated, may compose in the closet very striking essays on political subjects, well furnished with the best quotations, and thickly studded with historical illustrations, which he may laboriously commit to memory, and faithfully repeat in his place in parliament. Every session sees a few illustrious orators of this order, who, if they do not forget their speeches and break down ignominiously, create a brief excitement and sensation. But Mr. Smythe appears

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to have in him something more than all this. It is clear that he prepares his speeches with great care, and remembers them with an accuracy worthy of an Emerson Tennent. They are also full of unusual references, unexpected illustrations, and much of the paraphernalia of regular scholastic oratory. But these are not, as with some, the whole merits of his speeches. They are not adopted for mere ornament or display; they are subservient to a higher purpose. They are a necessary exercise of the functions of a highly cultivated mind, which sees things through an historical and a classical medium. For men like Mr. Smythe, the present is not all-sufficient. Their minds are crowded with parallels; and they strive to draw wisdom, and deduce warnings, from a comparison of consequences.

Mr. Smythe belongs to a class of minds which, it is to be hoped, represent Young England more faithfully than did the club or clique of young politicians to whom the caprice of party gave that name. It is, let us hope, not the deceptive characteristic of the growing mind of the country, that it is anxious to fling off prejudice, prejudice in favor of the new as much as that on behalf of the old; and to view human affairs by the light of reason, aided by a general liberality of sentiment. Their political views embrace something better than expediency, something less than faith. They look upon the past as a vast collection of facts, sometimes forming invariable precedents, sometimes embodying awful warnings, alike to the bigot as to the speculative philosopher. They enter upon life as on an unexplored region, which the vast changes in the social aspect of society render fit for great experiments; but they would make those experiments, not with the rash arrogance of the empiric, but with the cautious assured audacity of the scientific inquirer. They think that their contemporaries of the elder generation have much to unlearn, that many of their fixed ideas have outlived the circumstances which harmonized with them, and have become worse than useless; that, in fact, prejudice unchallenged constitutes itself the apologist of injustice. The defensive armor wisely adopted at a time of danger may, they conceive, be safely discarded in a period of security, especially as great precautions, where there is no palpable cause for fear, are rightly regarded as evidences of cowardice. They would wish to see the government and all the institutions of the country in the utmost possible harmony with the altered conditions of society, believing that such harmony is the best possible guarantee for stability. The difference between them and the expediency-men is that while the latter never see beyond the wants of the hour, and never act till they are forced on from behind, they would take a more prophetic view of the future, and by anticipating its dangers render the present more secure. Of all the young men in parliament who have given utterance to such sentiments, who would have established a species of enlightened Conservatism, as among their opponents there is a striving after a philosophical Radicalism, Mr. Smythe seems to be the most practical. In politics, he must not be confounded with Lord J. Manners and Mr. Disraeli. For a short time he acted with them, when, with some few others, they constituted the "Young England" party; but, with the same yearning to nationalize the refinements derivable from aristocratic example, his Liberalism on the other hand was translated into the current language of the people. They were for Protection; he was for Corn Law Repeal. They were the sworn supporters of continental Absolutism; he was the warm friend, and would be the avenger of unhappy Poland. And in European struggles, he would look on, with an indifferent eye, at rival rascalities.

The speeches of Mr. Smythe reflect with much faithfulness these characteristics of his mind. They are pitched in a higher key, and affect a loftier tone, than those of any but a select few of our parliamentary orators. Prepared with the most elaborate care, they are frequently very beautiful models of composition; and they seldom fail to throw a new and original light on the subject. They please the taste, like a perfect sonnet, a fine strain of music, a beautiful sculpture. It is true, the language is ambitious, occasionally unnecessarily recondite, and often above the average comprehension of the auditory; but it is amply borne out by the thoughts, by the original views, the unfamiliar historical illustrations, the happy parallels, for which all literature is ransacked with a practised memory and a well-cultivated mind. Mr. Smythe has the faculty of insight. He goes directly to the point, seizes at once on all the material issues of a question, and frames a fine network of opinion upon them. He is not contented with hackneyed commonplaces; but strikes out bold and origi-

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nal views of his own. In his various literary efforts—which are chiefly of a fugitive character—we find the same selection of original themes, the same sublimation of thought. His book, entitled *Historic Fancies*, though falling far short of what it is probable he may yet accomplish, contains striking evidences of clearness of perception and grasp of mind. Besides some poems, which prove that he possesses the poetic faculty in no mean degree, and some general illustration of the Romance of History, there is a series of admirably written sketches of the chief actors in the French revolution. They show that he has well studied the greatest phenomenon in the world's history—that he has caught the thread in that labyrinth of crime—that strange battle field of vice and virtue. The peculiar characters of the notorious actors in the scene—their circumstances, disposition, and all the nice shades of distinction—are drawn with great power of observation, and much graphic skill. Mr. Smythe is of a free mind. He is not afraid to do justice even to criminals. He is quite ready at all times, according to the proverb, to give a certain infernal potentate his due. His opinions on some of the leaders in the revolution are not those which have hitherto found favor in this country. They are at least original and well demonstrated, if not always true.

A person reading one of those speeches of Mr. Smythe, on which many will consider we have bestowed too much praise, but not having seen him, would be struck with the contradiction presented by his physical to his mental attributes. He would observe in the latter, a vigor the most masculine: in the former what might almost be called effeminacy. His person is slim and graceful, and of the middle stature; and the expression of the face, while it teems with intelligence and amiability, is not marked by distinctive traces of that mental superiority with which we have shown he is gifted. Even after a very close scrutiny of his exterior, you would rather expect for him a triumph in the drawing-room than in the senate. In his case Nature is a little late in harmonizing the outward to the inward man. Rarely as discrepancy is to be found in her work, she must be in this case accused of something very like putting an old head on young shoulders. But this juvenility of appearance enhances the interest of Mr. Smythe's speeches.

It is quite possible that Mr. Smythe may have already arrived at his highest point of performance. At present, his parliamentary life has been but holiday-work. He has made some brilliant speeches, with all the advantage of preparation and of not having been required to speak *extempore*. It remains to be seen, whether he will be as effective in the real fight as he is skilled and graceful in the tourney. There are those who confidently predict that he will fail when he comes to hard blows. Our own opinion is sufficiently expressed in the foregoing pages. That he should have been selected for office by so sagacious an observer as Sir Robert Peel, is strong *prima facie* evidence; although, on the other hand, it was confidently asserted at the time that Sir Robert, on the principle of *divide et impera*, had selected him in order to break up the Young England party, and at the same time effectually annoy Mr. Disraeli. But even those who may not be prepared to praise him to the extent we have done, will at least admit that his speeches have exhibited a progressive improvement—that they are distinguished, if not by eloquence, certainly by unusual combinations of thought—and that if, at his present early age of twenty-nine, his powers are to come to a full stop, or to retrograde, some of the most ordinary rules of nature must be reversed to his prejudice. What his capabilities for business may be, we cannot say; but this much may with truth be asserted, that whether or not he makes an useful official in Downing Street, he is at least a very ornamental member of the Senate.

Central Fires in the Earth.—The increased temperature, found at increased depths in digging the Artesian wells, more particularly that of Grenelle in France, has been adduced by M. Arago, and other philosophers, as proof of central fires in the earth. Commander C. Morton, of the Royal Navy, known as the propounder of the "*electrical origin of hail-stones*," and the vegetable origin of the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway, and those of Staffa, merely regards the increased temperature at increased depths as the natural consequence of the increased pressure of the atmosphere, and as much a matter of course as the increased cold or diminished temperature found to exist on ascending mountains, according as the atmospheric pressure diminishes in the ascent. The beautiful simplicity of this theory may, perhaps, induce the conviction of its alliance with nature. In corroboration, we may justly remark that the artificial compression of air does elicit heat.

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From the North British Review.

LORD LOVAT AND DUNCAN FORBES.

Lives of Simon Lord Lovat, and Duncan Forbes of Culloden. From original Sources. By JOHN HILL BURTON, Advocate, Author of "The Life of David Hume." London, 1847.

[The following sketch of two prominent actors in the struggles connected with the Revolution of 1688, though animated by a far more liberal spirit, makes an admirable counterpart of the stirring memoir of the Marquis of Montrose, lately republished from the Quarterly Review. Besides the intrinsic interest of the characters and careers described, their relation to one of the most important epochs in the history of England and of freedom, gives the article great and permanent value.—ED.]

WE lately had occasion, in this Journal, to consider at some length the more prominent features of the Jacobitism of the last age. Our remarks were confined chiefly to the effects produced by the commotions arising out of the downfall of an ancient dynasty, on the general interests of the country, rather than on the destiny of individuals. The generalities with which, with such an object, we were obliged to deal, compelled us to disregard many of those picturesque details of individual biography, which constitute the most interesting part of this branch of Scottish history; and it is therefore with much gratification, that we are now enabled to fill up blanks that were unavoidable, by a rapid sketch of the story of the leading Jacobites, and of one of the few prominent Royalists whose name has descended to us untarnished by incapacity or cruelty.

When we glance over the history of the Jacobites, even in their most fortunate and happy moments, we are amazed to find how little of real ability they displayed; and how, instead of conduct rising with the occasion, they wasted themselves in a fondness of transient applause—courted by vanity, given by flattery, and vanishing in show, like the qualities which acquired it. Such were Mar and all the leaders of the first rebellion; and if there was more self-sacrifice in the Jacobites of the '45, they have little claim to respect on the score of energy in improving victory or remedying defeat. There was one exception to the mediocrity, which would, ere this, have covered them with oblivion, were it not for the heroism of their deaths; and he who organized, and as often betrayed their schemes, who crushed the first rebellion, and was himself overwhelmed in the second, deserves notice as well from the historical importance he has thus obtained, as from the extraordinary exhibition of character he has left us, and the extraordinary adventures of which he was the hero. In Lovat's life will be found a better insight into the social, and therefore real condition of the people of the north of Scotland, in the transition-time in which he lived, than can be found anywhere out of the Waverley Novels.

He joins together the old age of feudal misrule, and that of settled government—connecting the reigns of the last Stuarts with the era of Hume and Robertson, and the kindred spirits who threw so bright a light on the commencement of our literary history. His biography has thus a charm in illustrating both epochs by his own example. The feudal tyrant in the wilds of Stratherick—a law unto himself—exercising unbounded power over the lives and fortunes of a numerous vassalage, is found united in the person of the same man who shone as a courtier in the palace of Louis le Grand—who was the correspondent and friend of literary men, and devoted much of his leisure to writing pious letters to the pious. There is, too, so much of the bandit in this man's history, that no fictitious narrative of border feud can exceed it in interest. We read it now with far livelier feelings than it would have produced in his own age; for, in proportion to the maturity of our civilization, is our interest in the portraiture of ruder times—the novelty of the descriptions being aided in producing this effect, by a latent contrast in favor of present comforts. Since then—a century has passed away—dynasties have been extinguished;—Europe has been revolutionized, and its social condition has undergone a change, more complete than had been felt in all the previous ages since the Crusades.

Lovat was born in the year 1676, in the reign of Charles the Second. He was the second son of the peer of Lovat, and was early sent to the University of Aberdeen, at which he appears to have been diligent. He acquired there the extensive acquaint-

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ance with the precepts of morality, scattered through the ancient classics, and which he applied with much facility and tact in the exigencies of his subsequent career. Is there any man who accuses him of treachery, which at the particular moment it did not suit his purpose to disclose, he cites you from Virgil the picture of a good man, the victim of the world's slander, and the object of divine commiseration;—is he anxious to condole with one whose father or brother he has hurried to his account, he brings from Seneca solemn reflections on mortality; and if he wishes to describe a patriot's death, he applies to himself the language of Horace, as to the beatific rapture consequent on dying for one's country.

After leaving the University, his first act was to induce his cousin, the then Lord Lovat, to endeavor to disinherit his only child, a daughter, and to call to the succession, to the honors and estates, Simon's father and himself, as the nearest male-heirs. The cousin died in the year 1696, and then began a long struggle, which occupied about thirty years, between Lovat on the one hand, and the heiress and her friends on the other, in regard to the succession. Her uncle, the Marquis of Athole, was at that time influential with the Government; and from that influence, and the violence of his opponent, he was enabled to direct against Lovat the whole artillery of the law, with which, indeed, the latter had a stand-up fight until the day of his death. Athole first attempted to soothe his ambition or work upon his fears; but the terms offered were either insufficient in value or in security, and they were rejected; and as Lovat is the sole historian of the transaction, they were rejected with the indignation becoming a virtuous man insulted,—

"I do not know what hinders me, knave and coward as you are, from running my sword through your body. You are well known for a poltroon; and if you had one grain of courage," &c., &c.

These were the brave words put together in the security of after years, when, in a fit of Jacobitism, he composed what he jocosely terms "Memoirs of his Life;" and in which all his powers of imagination as to facts are well illustrated. If there was one characteristic of the man, it was the hypocrisy with which he rubbed gently down any victim on whom he had designs—the words of eastern adulation with which he plied his vanity, and the patience with which he suppressed the appearance of his half-robber, half-savage ferocity—covering its outbreaks, by bewailing it always as the indiscreet zeal of an unruly clan.

Being somewhat diffident as to the result of a litigation with the Marquis of Athole, acting for his niece, he devised and executed, far away among his Highland hills, a scheme worthy of his genius, and direct and speedy in its results. In after life, when experience had sharpened his capacity, we find specific foresights and preparations for all contingencies, until success had made him presumptuous, and the relaxation of age had unstrung his vigor; but in his eager pursuit of the inheritance, his caution overleaped itself, and he fell on the other side, into a number of difficulties, for which he was obliged to endure, many a year, a vagabond life of wandering. An unsuccessful attempt to marry the heiress was followed by the next best thing—a successful one to marry her mother. This lady was at the time living at Castle Dounie, the old seat of the Frasers; and without any warning, she one morning received a visit from Lovat, who carried her, screaming for mercy, to an inaccessible retreat used by him in his more recondite schemes.

The old castle is now in ruins. The victors of Culloden, after their labors on the field were ended, devoted themselves to the destruction of the strongholds of the rebel chiefs; and Castle Dounie was among the number. In the vaults of this pile, Lovat kept the victims on whom he meant to operate; but when clamant reasons of expediency demanded it, he furnished to them a more secure retreat from worldly distractions. An island of the name of Aigas, in the midst of the rapid Beauly, which bubbles and rushes past it with resistless violence, formed an excellent natural prison, to which the Dowager-Peeress was immediately conducted.

The account of the marriage has been taken from the records of the judicial proceedings, immediately instituted by her infuriated family.

"The said Captain Simon Fraser takes up the most mad and villanous resolution that was ever heard of; for, all in a sudden, he and his said accomplices make the lady close prisoner under his armed guards, and then come upon her with three or four ruffians in the night time, and having dragged out her maids, he proposes to the lady

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that she should marry him; and when she fell in lamenting and crying, the great pipe was blown up to drown her cries, and the wicked villains ordered the minister to proceed."

The lady fainted, and bemoaned to the idle winds; "the bagpipe is blown up as formerly, and the foresaid ruffians rent off her clothes, cutting her stays with their dirks, and so thrust her into bed." The succeeding morning displayed her in all the agony of outraged honor, her face swollen, and stupified with grief. "For Christ's sake," she implored one of the witnesses at Lovat's trial, "take me out of this place either dead or alive." The house at the same time was surrounded by armed ruffians, who played up the bagpipe, when returning consciousness enabled the lady to express her sufferings by her screams.

The Scottish privy council, who, in the absence of the Sovereign, conducted the government of Scotland, found the doings of Lovat to come peculiarly within their jurisdiction. They accordingly debarred the lieges from giving him and his father food or lodging, and commission was given to a commander of troops to enter his domains and seize him, dead or alive. The army in Scotland at that period was small enough; but Lovat in his usual grandiloquent style, in his later life, made the most of what he termed "the several regiments of cavalry and dragoons," whom he of course defeated, and whom he laid under the sanction of an oath, when he thought it unnecessary to keep them prisoners:

"They renounced their claims in Jesus Christ, and their hopes of heaven, and delivered themselves to the devil and all the torments of hell, if they ever returned into the territories of Lord Lovat, or occasioned directly or indirectly the smallest mischief to Lord Lovat."

Lovat was tried in the Court of Justiciary, for having assembled in arms, with his followers, and carried off Lord Saltoun, who had gone to the assistance of the heiress. This act, according to the wide sweep of the criminal law of those days, was construed into treason—conviction followed; and his name and honors, with those of his father, were declared for ever extinct, and their lands and possessions forfeited. He was the last man tried in Scotland, where a conviction was obtained, and a sentence pronounced, in the absence of the accused.

In the midst of these difficulties his father died, and he immediately assumed the title. But this increase of rank brought no cessation to the ceaseless pursuit which followed his conviction. From one fastness to another, from valley to mountain, he was hunted with unrelenting perseverance, deriving from his clan a precarious subsistence. Away in the remote regions of Glen Strathfarar and Stratherick, he kept up a band of devoted desperadoes, by whose ready assistance he carried on the war against the flying parties from Fort-William. Over his own people his influence had no limits. He once mildly said, that "the Highland clans, to a man, would regard it as their honor and boast, to cut the throat, or blow out the brains of any one, be he who he would, who should dare to disturb the repose of their laird."

The indolence of the Highlanders is proverbial; and they may also be set down as among the dirtiest even of Celts. If it is so in our day, when every motive to exertion exists, in the near community of an active population, it was far more so in that of Lovat, when our civilization was young. What the bravoes were in Italy, the retainers of a Highland chief might be considered here—they kept themselves, and paid their rent in the personal services rendered to their Lord. Lovat found in the course of a long life of war upon the world, many occasions for unhesitating service. He made it a point of sacred policy, to keep his vassals in training; and no man of the last age did more to preserve alive the feeling of clanship throughout the half-savage regions of the north—making obedience to the chief be regarded in the light of an honorable duty. If there was some danger in this kind of existence, it had its advantages in its ease and idleness. Their "houseless heads and unfed sides, their looped and windowed raggedness," were matters that their thorough *goût de la vie vagabonde* made endurable; far more so at least, than the monotonous pursuits of peaceful industry.

At last, Lovat found that he was unable to cope with the forces sent against him; and having by skilful flattery of Argyle, at that time the dictator of Scottish affairs, obtained his interest with King William, he hurriedly left Scotland, and presented himself in pursuit of pardon, before that monarch in the Low Countries. He was so far successful, that he received a qualified pardon. It remitted all the crimes for which he had been already tried; leaving the outrage on Lady Lovat yet unreprieved.

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The former proceedings being thus quashed, he was cited at the instigation of Athole to stand trial on the 17th February, 1701, for the abduction of the Dowager. Here again he made no appearance at the trial—proceeding coolly to manage his estates and to keep up a horde of retainers—to levy rents, and to act with as much vigor, as if he had been the undoubted owner of property handed down to him unchallenged through a long line of ancestors.

He was declared an outlaw, and was again compelled to flee his country. He sought a refuge from the pursuit in France, leaving his brother John to act as lieutenant in his absence, to exact rents, levy contributions, and keep the whole district of the Aird and Stratherick in commotion. To meet this, the Privy Council, at the instance of the heiress, issued an abundance of orders and proclamations; and, as was their custom with disobedient districts, they hounded out upon the Frasers some neighboring clans to ravage and desolate.

At this period, Lovat was uncertain whether or not the Stuarts would be restored; and upon this depended the course to be adopted, amid the difficulties by which he was surrounded. Upon the whole, it seemed more probable that they would. Shortly after the commencement of the reign of Anne, her opinions began to glide into the jure-divinity toryism at which they settled. She had no violent antipathies against her brother; and if she had no violent affection to gratify by his restoration, there was at least a greater probability that she would lean to this, than call an obscure German Elector to the throne held for generations by her family. Minds as astute as Lovat's, and nearer the scene, were deceived by such appearances even at a later date, when the quarrel with Marlborough and his Duchess sealed the doom of the Whigs. In the meantime, Lovat, who cared nothing for the person who filled the throne, provided his own interests were not affected, did no disgrace to his sagacity in adhering at that time to the Stuarts.

Prior to the Union indeed, there were circumstances that might have been worked up into a national cause, under which they might have been restored. From the accession of Anne down to the incorporation of the parliaments, causes of dispute between the two countries, productive of exasperation, jealousy, and distrust, were hourly occurring. There was first the celebrated Darien scheme, annihilated by William to conciliate the English East India Company; but whose train of disasters were not terminated in the reign of Anne. The massacre of Glencoe left behind it a deep feeling of insult and of wrong. Then followed the seizure of the English ship Worcester, and the execution (insisted for by the Edinburgh rabble) of Captain Green, and two of his crew—a judicial murder, perpetrated against evidence, against the convictions of the judges, and against the will of Government. Of all the men of note in this matter, the only person who appears to have had moral courage to resist the popular fury was Duncan Forbes, then a young student at college, who, in the debate on the Porteus riots in the House of Commons, referred with honest pride to an incident of his early life, when he had the courage, in the midst of a universal fury, to expose the pusillanimity of the Privy Council, who signed the order for the execution. "I was," said the orator, "so struck with the horror of the fact, that I put myself in deep mourning, and with the danger of my life, attended the innocent but unfortunate men to the scaffold, where they died with the most affecting protestations of their innocence. I did not stop here, for I carried the head of Captain Green to the grave; and in a few months after, letters came from the captain for whose murder, and from the very ship for whose capture, the unfortunate men suffered, informing their friends that they were all safe." This execution was resented in England as a national insult, and produced a bitterness scarcely credible at the present day. Then came the vexed subject of the succession to the crown—the fruitful source of national jealousy, followed as it nearly was by actual hostilities. At last the noted Act of Security of the Scottish Parliament was passed. It was magnified in England into a declaration of absolute independence, and was followed up by an act of the English Parliament, professing to remedy its alleged mischiefs. This last act was effectually a declaration of open war by England against Scotland, unless in a few months the crown should be settled on the German Elector.

Matters had, by these means, come to a crisis at the end of the year 1705. The people in both nations had revived the national hatreds which had slept for many years. Nay, even the very governments of the same Sovereign seemed determined to run counter to one another in all their coun-

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cils; and every Parliament wished only to outstrip its predecessor, in heaping insult upon the other country, and placing obstructions on its commerce. England laid a new impost upon Scottish cloth; Scotland prohibited all the English woollen manufacture in general, and exported all her own wool to the continent; the sister country thereupon proceeded to prohibit the importation of Scottish cattle, and to interrupt by force our long-established trade with France.

It was unfortunate for the Stuarts, that amid all these conflicting elements of disunion, they had no able head to plan a national conspiracy. There were, indeed, many plots at this period, hatched on their behalf, but they all came to nothing, through the treachery or imprudence of their agents. We shall immediately see the part adopted by Lovat, in regard to one of the most feasible of these, which he himself concocted and destroyed.

On his arrival in France, he proceeded to the country-house where embryo statesmen resolved and re-resolved upon the affairs of Europe. James II. had carried his single-minded bigotry to the grave, and Mary of Modena became openly, what she had in reality ever been, the source and lifespring of Jacobitical intrigue. To her, Lovat applied himself with his accustomed dexterity and Highland shrewdness. He appeared before her with protestations of inviolable attachment; and, what was more to the purpose, he made assurances as to the fidelity of the clans. He never, indeed, neglected the great principle of accommodation to his company, *inter lupos ululandum*. A short time, however, had elapsed, when he saw through the whole farce of the do-nothing secretaries, and endeavored to free himself from the idle kind of life to which he was doomed. It was here he devised the only scheme that was ever practical for the restoration of the Stuarts. England being furiously Protestant, and Lowland Scotland sternly Presbyterian, it was hopeless to look there for a successful rising. Through the Highlands alone—the strong-hold of the Stuart family—could an impression be made; and, accordingly, Lovat fixed upon the weak point with a sagacity that experience justified. To give his scheme feasibility, he drew of course largely upon his imagination, in stating himself to be the authorized agent of the clans.

The last days of the glory of old Louis le Grand were approaching; but the prestige of the name that had long awed Europe still survived. The victories of Marlborough at this period of 1702, when Lovat landed in France, had not yet convinced the world that he was no longer the invincible; and Mr. Burton somewhat anticipates the desolation which overtook the French monarchy. With the old monarch, Lovat obtained an interview, and impressed him—a shrewd judge of character—with a high notion of his abilities. He retired from the presence of the king, to consult with his ministers; and while his proposals were cautiously received, he had the satisfaction of being sent back to his own country for further information, and with an assurance of assistance on any favorable conjuncture. On his arrival in Scotland, he had some interviews with the Highland chiefs, when a new light as to his own interest dawned upon him. He immediately wiped his hands of his mission, and one night entered the presence of the Duke of Queensberry, the commissioner to the Scottish Parliament, with the startling intelligence of the organization of a rebellion. The Duke, overjoyed at being the instrument through whom such important information was procured, "entertained Lovat with some money," and many promises. The Government, on being informed of the matter, became alarmed, as the account implicated men who had much to lose, and who would, therefore, not rush blindly into rebellion. A message was conveyed to Parliament, and strong resolutions were passed. The Marquis of Athole, one of the parties falsely implicated by Lovat, having got intelligence of the trap laid for him, immediately addressed the Queen, in a memorial, which exposed the character of his assailant, and the means by which Queensberry had been duped, in crediting all his informant's calumnies. The affair vanished in smoke. No evidence could be found against any of the Jacobites; and the Queensberry plot added another to the hundred-and-one plots of the day, leaving Lovat in the disagreeable position of having fallen between two stools.

Being under sentence of outlawry still, Athole opened the bull-dogs of the law once more upon him in full cry, and once more he was obliged to retire to the continent. Rotterdam was the place he selected as a kind of neutral position, from which he could soothe the roused spirits of the Scottish Jacobites and the Court of St.

Germains on the one hand, and also induce the English Government, on the other, to retain him in their pay. With all his invincible humor of lying, it was difficult for him, in telling this portion of his history, to prevent some inkling of the truth. The Jacobites discovered some of his letters; and as there was no destroying the relation of identity between twice two and four, it was impossible to avoid the awkward conclusion to which his Jacobite friends found themselves obliged to come. To some he put his defence for betraying them, upon the ground of anxiety to serve their interest; and nothing can be better than the mode in which the paradox is supported. With regard to others again, who had not so clear evidence against him, he took the easier course of indignant denial:—

"I believe," he writes from Liege to a Scotch Jacobite, "all the devils are got loose to torment me—with you I am abused, ruined, and my reputation torn. Here I suffer by those whom I served, and am treated like a traitor and a villain, and if I had not had good friends here of strangers, I had perished like a dog. I do not yet know what my fate will be; but I have dear bought my conversation with those you call my real friends. You tell me that K (Keith?) betrayed me to A (Athole), and now we hear of his sufferings for me; but none in England could wrong me (*anglice expose him*) but he or you, and if either of you has wronged me, I cannot trust myself, or any flesh and blood; my comfort is, that I neither betrayed my trust or my friends, nor would not for the universe (!!!). For my part I believe the day of judgment is at hand, for I see a great many of the symptoms of it."

After waiting at Rotterdam for some time, he found it expedient to quit it in the disguise of a Dutch officer; and having fled to France, he was very disagreeably astonished, by being immediately seized, and engaged in the Bastile, or in the Castle of Angoulême.

We have followed the history of this strange being, whose moral nature was as rotten as his intellect was acute, aided by the certain light of contemporary documents. He now, however, glides off the public stage, beyond the view of the letter-writers, and the reach of the legal warrants, which have enabled us hitherto to follow him. For ten years he lived in France, and during part of that time, there can be no doubt he was in prison. He appears, however, to have been liberated, and to have taken holy orders, joined the Jesuits at St. Omer, and, according to some accounts, to have officiated as curé at that city.

During his protracted absence, the heiress of Lovat had married a gentleman of the name of M'Kenzie, who had got hold of the estates, but not of the affections of the clan. They ever regarded Lovat as their chief; and deep was their sorrow, when a report was spread, that "he had rotted in the Bastile." No communication appears to have been allowed between him and his vassals in Scotland; and, as a last resource, they determined to send a special embassy to discover, and if possible relieve him. The person selected was a Major Fraser, who has given an amusing account of the disastrous chances he suffered in his journey. Having discovered his chief among the Jesuits at St. Omer, it was found impossible to obtain the consent of the French authorities to his liberation. The two accordingly concerted an escape, which they effected by means of an open boat, which landed them on the English shore in the year 1714, at the critical moment of the death of Queen Anne. His arrival in London being soon known, his old enemy Athole once more set the officers of the law upon his track, and he only found rest to his weary footsteps, when he arrived among the wide solitudes of his own mountains.

The rebellion of the '15 was raging on his arrival in the North. The indecisive battle of Sheriffmuir proclaimed the weakness of Government, and the danger of energetic action on the part of the Jacobites. It was fortunate, therefore, that so influential and clever a man as Lovat, in the vigor of manhood, and with his abilities sharpened by experience, sided with the Government, and recalled the whole clan of the Frasers who had gone to join the rebels. As soon as they returned, he put himself at their head, and along with Duncan Forbes, reduced the town of Inverness, on the day that the battle of Sheriffmuir was fought. This quieted the North. It prevented many from engaging in the rebellion, and cut off the communication between the rebel army and the source of its supplies. It had the effect, indeed, of extinguishing the rebellion throughout the country; and on its importance Lovat did not fail duly to descant. "This," he said, "was the greatest service that was done in this country to any king."

The first fruit of gratitude was his unqualified pardon, and the gift of the forfeited estates of M'Kenzie, the heiress's husband, who had joined the rebels. He

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thus obtained a legal title to the life interest of the Lovat estates; and it was lucky for his neighbors that his attempt to obtain the full property kept him in litigation for many years.

When he went north, he found Duncan Forbes fortifying Culloden House, and immediately struck up a strong attachment for a young lawyer who had the ear of Argyle, and was rising fast to influence and honor. Indeed, there was nothing to which Lovat more devoted his attention, than the securing the support of young men evidently rising in the world, and who would be likely to remember it when themselves great men. It was this which induced him, in a field near Edinburgh, now a street, to entwine his arms in endearing rapture round the neck of Henry Home, and protest how much he was overwhelmed by his beauty. "Haud awa'," said the embryo Lord Kames, "I ken very weel that I am the ugliest and most black-a-vised fellow in a' the Court of Session: you needna think to impose upon me wi' your fair-fashioned speeches. Hae dune—hae dune!" "Weel, Harry," said Lovat, "ye're the first man I ever met with wha had the sense to withstand flattery." "Thank ye, my Lord—very glad to hear ye say it." *Et rem acu tetigerat.*

To secure the grant of the Lovat estates, the legal knowledge of Forbes was put under requisition. "I want a gift of the escheat (forfeited property) to make me easy; but if it does not do, you must find me some pretence or other, that will give me a title to keep possession." He also implored Forbes to prevent the pardon of his neighbors Glengarry and The Chisholm, and to divert some of their forfeitures his way.

In the midst of the war of litigation, which he found it necessary to set agoing, to secure the estates, he appears to have tried the honesty of his agent to the utmost. The scrupulous Writer to the Signet was under the necessity of reading a lecture to his master; and he received, in answer, a detail of those principles which ought to guide a practical man, in his intercourse with mankind.

"I had," said Lovat, "the honor of your fine morale and philosophicale letter by this post, and tho it is writ in a very pathetick, smooth way, yet I have read so many good authors on the subject, without being able to reduce their advice to practice, that an epistle from a Scotch lawyer can have but very little influence on me, that now by long experience knows, that those fine moral reflections are no more but a play of our intellectuals. You may give me as many bonnie words as you please, but words will never gain me the estate of Lovat, nor my peerage, without assiduously acting that part I ought, to get that effectuat; and though some people charged me with liking some of the Roman Catholic principles, yet I do assure you, that I do not expect new miracles in my favors, and that I am fully resolved to use all the ordinary meanes in my power to save my family. I must tell you I alwise observed, since I came to know anything in the world, that an active man with a small understanding, will finish business, and succeed better in his affairs, than an indolent lazy man of the brightest sense, and of the most solid judgment; so, since I cannot flatter myself to have a title to the last character, I ought to thank God that I am of a very active temper, and I'll be so far from relenting that I'll double my activity if possible."

The dispute relative to the estate was referred to the arbitration of two lawyers of eminence, who, in deciding in Lovat's favor, fixed upon him a small burden to the persecuted M'Kenzie. "I have," said Lovat, with his Highland emphasis of expression, "been cheated, abused, sold; my papers embezzled, robbed, and given up to my enemies; in short, treacherously, villanously, and ungratefully betrayed and sold." Upon the authors of his wrongs he pours forth at length, consigning them ultimately to the contempt of mankind and the judgment of Heaven.

Litigation operated as a sedative on the corrosions of unabsorbed energy, under which he chafed. But having brought his lawsuits to a triumphant close, he began, as was the manner of Highland lairds, to "birse yont;" and thus by gradual squatting on the grounds of a neighbor, contrived, by the aid of a little confusion as to the principle of property, to appropriate now and then a field, or perhaps a mountain, or a loch. If the neighbor grew troublesome and grumbled at these inroads, he generally received a visit from Lovat's gillies, who were reasonable if they did no more than hough his cattle, or fire his house about his ears. He never in this way owed any man ill-will; he always made present payment.

Lovat's history is the best illustration of the blessings resulting from the annihilation of the hereditary jurisdictions. The petty chiefs in their own straths, exercised a despotism, which though it had its origin in custom, was not less absolute than that of the sultan over a nation of Turks. In the middle of last century, these personages

hanged their vassals according to their pleasure; and when we remember, that, over all the north, these nuclei of mischief existed—that every chief had a quarrel with his neighbor, in which his vassals were always involved, and that the sole education these miserable wretches received, was that of robbery or murder, as exemplified in the conduct of Lovat towards them, it may truly be said, that no single act did more to change the face of Scotland, than the destruction of the source from which these evils flowed. The law administered by a bad government is often hard to bear; but the lion is not such an object of dismay, as the swarms of little loathsome animals that arise from his dead carcase, each crawling in a way of its own. The connexion between chief and vassal had begun to decline when Lovat was settled in his domains; and he set to work, with all his energy, to create a resurrection of the departed spirit. He discouraged schools, hunted out disaffection, and plied the people with every flattery that would rouse military ardor, or devotion to himself. He knew almost every man in the Highlands, of the slightest note. When he met one having pretensions to be a Duinheuassail, he bombastically praised the clan whose name he bore, and instanced its acts of bravery in former days. Prophecies and dreams, and the language of Holy writ, he was ever ready with, as occasion served; and when, with supernatural agency, he had worked his hearers up to the requisite enthusiasm, he would leave them with a dexterous insinuation as to the downfall of their greatness, unless they rallied round their chief. If he would meet with one, whose circumstances were lower by a fifth or a tenth part, he would ask his name, and his father's, of whom in his latter days he pretended ignorance; but generally said: "I believe I knew your grandfather very well, and a worthy man he was; well did it set him to wear a belted plaid, and a broadsword; there are but few like him now-a-days; you resemble him very much, but not quite so brawny." A sentence or two would then be given, as to the old gentleman's intrepidity on the fields of Cromdale and Killicrankie, or he would trace him up to the days of Montrose—fighting against the Covenanters. The smaller gillies had also their genealogy traced backwards for generations; and an undying devotion kindled in their hearts, by proof tendered by him of their relationship to himself. He could do with them what he pleased. He led them in favor of the Government, in the first rebellion, after recalling them from the service of Mar; he led them against the Government in the '45, and at one blow struck down the fruit of all his policy.

He sometimes issued pious proclamations, in which, with some end to serve, he would ascend through the whole gamut of virtuous emotion—from Christian forgiveness to seraphic love. To heighten the effect, he would tell them he was on his death-bed, as in the following instance, wherein he whips them up to the requisite enthusiasm:—

"My Dear Friends,—Since, by all appearances, this is the last time [he had a great number of last times] of my life I shall have occasion to write to you, I being now very ill of a dangerous fever, I do declare to you before God, before whom I must appear, and all of us at the great day of judgment, that I loved you all; I mean you and all the rest of my kindred and family, who are for the standing of their chief and name; and as I loved you, so I loved all my faithful commons in general, more than I did my own life, or health, or comfort, or satisfaction. I did design to make my poor commons live at their ease, and have them always well clothed, and well armed after the Highland manner, and not to suffer them to wear low country clothes, but make them live like their forefathers, with the use of their arms, that they might always be in a condition to defend themselves against their enemies, and to do service to their friends, especially to the great Duke of Argyle, and his worthy brother the Earl of Islay. And you may depend upon it, and you and your posterity will see it and find it, that if you do not keep steadfast to your chief, I mean the heir-male of my family, but weakly and falsely, for little private interest and views, abandon your duty to your name, and suffer a pretended heiress and her Mackenzie children to possess your country, and the true right of the heirs-male, they will certainly, in less than an age, chase you all by slight and might, as well gentlemen as commons, out of your native country, which will be possessed by the Mackenzies and the Macdonalds; and you will be like the miserable unnatural Jews, scattered and vagabonds throughout the unhappy kingdom of Scotland; and the poor wives and children that remain of the name, without a head or protection, when they are told the traditions of their family, will be cursing from their hearts, the persons and memory of those unnatural, cowardly, knavish men, who sold and abandoned their chief, their name, their birthright and their country."

King, in his Monumenta Antiqua, has given us the experiences of James Ferguson the astronomer, as to the nature of life at Castle Dounie, where he resided for some months. Lovat's house, considered accord-

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ing to modern ideas, was comfortless enough. He received his company and kept public table, after the manner of a petty court, in the room where he slept; and the only place his lady had, was also her bed-room. The servants and retainers had nothing but straw, spread on the four lower apartments in the house. About four hundred persons would often thus be kennelled together; and Ferguson declares, that of these wretched dependants, he has seen three or four, and sometimes half a dozen, hung up by the heels, for hours, on the trees around the mansion, to expiate offences.

The tables ran along the length of the room, and were carried out at the door to the lawn in front of the house. Near the chief were set the distinguished guests or neighboring chief, entertained with claret and French cookery; next in progression were the Duinheunassails of the clan, who had beef and mutton and a glass of port; the "pretty handsome fellows" came next, and were honored with sheep's head and whiskey; and, lastly, the mass of the useless, old, and maimed, waited on the lawn for such relics as their betters left. Under this system everything was eaten. But the best part of it all was the discriminating courtesy with which Lovat noticed his respective guests. "My lord, here is excellent venison—here turbot. Call for any wine you please; there is excellent claret and champagne on the side-board." To the next class it would be,—"Pray now, Dunballoch, or Kinbockie, help yourselves to what is before you; there are port and lisbon, ale and porter excellent." Then raising up his voice for the rabble,—"Pray, red-haired Donald," or by whatever other name the gillie would be known, "Pray, help yourself and my other cousins, to that fine beef and cabbage; there are whiskey-punch and beer for you."

But life at Castle Dounie began to get dull. A pension from Government and the estates secured, were not enough. His inroads upon his neighbors, too, were not always attended with the desired success, and he bitterly complains of Glengarry, who would "as soon part with his liver or his lungs" as with one acre of his lands. Ease and plenty just gave him a lever for a renewed war with existing things. All the loyalty and obedience called forth, like beautiful frost-work, in the season of his exile, dissolved under the warm sun of prosperity.

Tolle periculum
Jam vaga prosiliet frenis natura remotis.

From the year 1719 down to the '45, he was continually engaged in fomenting rebellion; on the point of being often exposed, and obliged as frequently to take all kinds of oaths, and make all sorts of declarations in favor of Government, always coming to his determinations according to the law of the strongest, which was his gospel, and settling his cases of conscience according to his interest. In the year 1719, he wrote Lord Seaforth that he would be ready to join the ill-concerted Jacobite scheme of Spanish invasion then concocted. His letter was communicated at London; and he posted south to meet his vile calumniators by denouncing them; applying the maxim to the defence of character—that it is the best security of one's own country to carry the war into the enemy's.

His accustomed success attended him; the newspapers of the day announcing that "His Majesty had done the Lord Lovat the honor to be godfather to his child." Ten years later, in 1729, he was on the point of being again found out, through "the barbarous villany," as he terms it, of one of his own clan; but being more secure this time in the matter of evidence, he could assume, with considerable firmness, the tone of injured innocence. "I bless God," this good man meekly said, "I never was, in my life, guilty of a base or villanous action; so I do not fear this wicked calumny." In an elaborate memorial, which he afterwards sent to Lord Islay, he argues the matter from the acknowledged facts, and next according to the theory of probabilities. It is really very shocking to find such a man, taking the most solemn subjects in his mouth, and protesting, as he "believed in God and a future state," that he was innocent of the crimes he was at the very moment industriously hatching.—"Since the year 1719, I solemnly declare before God, and as I must answer to him at the great day of judgment, I did not write any one single letter beyond seas, or to any man in the Pretender's service or interest." At the time he wrote this, he was in correspondence with the Jacobite court for his patent of a dukedom.

His wavering inclinations took shape in 1737, when he was at the head of the disaffected parties in the north. On his trial, he said justly, that "for many years I was the life and spirit of the king's (James) affairs in these countries." Inaccessible as

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were his dominions, news of his proceedings reached the Government, to whom it appeared necessary immediately to remove so dangerous a man from everything like legal power. One by one, therefore, his offices of Lord-Lieutenant and Sheriff of Inverness, and his command of the independent company raised there, were taken from him. Of course innumerable letters, with outbursts of indignation descriptive of innocence wronged, trampled on, and abused, were written; all the figures of a copious rhetoric, employed during a whole life-time in deploring the success of slanderers, and the unhappy fate of the virtuous, were laid under contribution.—"I bless God," he concludes, "that whatever I suffer, or may suffer, no power can take away the comfort I have, of a clear conscience and an upright heart, that never betrayed a private man nor a public cause." In 1740, he had an interview with Lord Islay, when in the midst of the organization of the rebellion, and hourly expecting his patent. Accused of Jacobinism, "I answered his lordship with a little warmth that these stories were calumnies and lies." To prove this, he entered into a confederacy with the patriot party, who opposed the Government, but equally hated the Jacobites. He immediately set to work to create votes in Inverness-shire, and found among his Jacobite friends some ridiculous scruples, on the ground of being obliged to take the oaths to Government, to obtain the qualification. "Write strongly," he said, "to Glengarry, to persuade him to take the oaths. I know he has no regard for them; *so he should not stand to take a cart load of them, as I would do to serve my friends.*" This is the character of Simon Lord Lovat, summed up by himself, in brief terms.

With the exception of a single Fraser—"a poor covetous narrow greedy wretch," who had renounced his chief and kindred," and had "discovered himself to be an unnatural traitor, an infamous deserter, and an ungrateful wretch to me his chief, who had done him such signal service," he appears to have been successful. The fate of this ungrateful slave is hinted at. "Duke Hamilton and several other lords asked me, in a joking way, whether that fellow that has deserted his chief and his clan, is still alive or not?—I answered that he was, '*by my precise and express orders;*' and I said but what was true." Lovat thus speaks in the year 1740.

Prince Charles landed; and then began the contest between present competence with safety, and future greatness with the risk of the loss of all. His patent of a Dukedom and his commission of Lieutenant-General of the Highlands had been received; but there stood in front of him the grim spectres he had seen swinging on the scaffolds of the '15, and he had known from experience the long train of confiscation that was sure to follow. Even in the *tourbillon* of his passions, he could estimate the character of parties. In youth he never was an enthusiast; and in old age he was not likely to be led away. He saw, however, but little, presumed a great deal, and so jumped to his conclusion; hastening from the wish conceived to the end contemplated. After Lochiel had declared, and before he himself had taken active measures, he wrote that chieftain a characteristic letter, which much tickled Sir Walter Scott by its shrewd estimate of his countrymen—"My service to the Prince; but I wish he had not come here so empty handed—siller would go far in the Highlands." At the same time he sent off a letter, in the manly style, to the Lord-Advocate, requesting a supply of arms for his clan; for no ill-usage would "alter or diminish my zeal and attachment for his Majesty's person and government." He next commenced a correspondence with Duncan Forbes, then Lord President, in the same strain. He was unable to tell the issue of the conflict, and so kept see-sawing backwards and forwards, making the most solemn protestations of fidelity to both parties, until the battle of Prestonpans, which appeared so decisive that the fiery cross was sent over the whole Fraser country, and 700 men were enrolled for the rebels. That battle, indeed, was magnified throughout the north into the complete annihilation of the Government troops; and one can easily imagine the kind of frantic enthusiasm described in the following letter of Duncan Forbes, then engaged in suppressing the rebellion.

3d October, 1745.

"I have just received the twenty bolls of meal you sent me, for which I shall pay you on demand. The concern I am under, for the folly of some of my neighbors, is very great. The late unexpected successes their friends have met with, at Edinburgh and near it, has blown up their hopes to that degree, that they are apt to look upon the whole affair as over, and to rush upon a danger, which seems to them to be none at all, but to me appears to be almost certain destruction. They will not believe the London Gazette, which name the Swiss and Dutch regiments that have actually

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come into the river Thames. They look upon what it says of the embarkation of 10 British batallions at Williamstadt as a fiction; nor will they believe one word of the preparations in the north of England to resist them. Full of their vain hopes, they are flocking together with the intention to go southward and share in the expected glory and spoil. But I have still some faint hopes that they will recover their senses ere it is too late; and I shall leave nothing undone, that is in my power, to prevent their folly and stop the contagion."—*From MSS.*

Cautious to the last, Lovat would not appear openly, and thus trusted that, in case of a reverse, he would escape the meshes of the law. On the score of ill health he wrote the Prince, that his son, a young lad of 19, would lead the clan, and at the same time despatched a letter to the Lord President, to the effect that "there was nothing ever out of hell more false," than that he had anything to do with it. On the contrary, the clan were mad, and his son was mad, and he, an old man, was unable to keep them from rushing into "the villanous, malicious, and ridiculous rebellion." The correspondence has all the effect of farce. We have, turn about, a letter to Murray of Broughton, the Jacobite secretary, and to Duncan Forbes as the organ of the Government. The encouraging, bombastic, self-glorifying styles come out strongly in the Jacobite letters; the pathetic, indignant, resigned, injured, meekly forgiving styles are the characteristics of those to the President. Had Swift seen his correspondence, he would never have written as he did: "As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty."

Forbes entreated, expostulated, reasoned, until even *his* patience failed him. The Frasers marched—all too late for any good—and then Forbes wrote the well known letter, first given in the Culloden Papers, which for solemnity of warning, and earnest reproof, is only exceeded by its thorough appreciation of his correspondent's character; and in which the whole devices of Lovat are as plainly exposed as if he had done it himself.

"I can no longer remain a spectator of your Lordship's conduct, and see the double game you have played for some time past, without betraying the trust reposed in me, and at once risking my reputation and the fidelity I owe to his Majesty as a good subject. Your Lordship's actions now discover evidently your inclinations, and leave us no further in the dark about what side you are to choose in the present unhappy insurrection. You have now so far pulled off the mask, that we can see the mark you aim at, though on former occasions you have had the skill and address to disguise your intentions in matter of far less importance; and indeed, methinks, a little more of your Lordship's wonted artifice would not have been amiss. Whatever had been your private sentiments with respect to this unnatural rebellion, you should, my Lord, have duly considered and estimated the advantages that would arise to your Lordship from its success, and balance them with the risks you run if it should happen to miscarry; and above all things, you ought to have consulted your own safety, and allowed *that* the chief place in your system of politics, which I persuade myself would have induced your Lordship to have played the game after quite a different manner, and with a much greater degree of caution and policy. But so far has your Lordship been from acting with your ordinary finesse and circumspection on this occasion, that you sent away your son, and the best part of your clan, to join the Pretender, with as little concern as if no danger had attended such a step. I say, sent them away; for we are not to imagine that they went of themselves, or would have ventured to take arms without your Lordship's concurrence and approbation. This, however, you are pretty sure can't be easily proved, which I believe, indeed, may be true; but I cannot think it will be a difficult matter to make it appear that the whole strain of your Lordship's conversation in every company where you have appeared since the Pretender's arrival, has tended to pervert the minds of His Majesty's subjects, and seduce them from their allegiance."

This was the harbor of refuge into which Lovat thought he could in the day of danger take shelter. By writing strongly to the Government officials in favor of the Government, and conjuring his Jacobite friends to destroy all his letters, he had hoped that however the moral evidence might preponderate, there would not be legal evidence to procure a conviction. How he must have been startled, then, to find from the President that enough was already known to seal his doom!

"Give me leave," continues the President, "to tell you, my Lord, even this falls under the construction of treason, and is no less liable to punishment than open rebellion, as I am afraid your Lordship will find when once this rebellion is crushed, and the Government at leisure to examine into the affair. And I am sorry to tell you, my Lord, that I could sooner undertake to plead the cause of any one of those unhappy gentlemen who are just now actually in arms against His Majesty, and I could say more in defence of their conduct than I could in defence of your Lordship's. What shall I say in favor of you, my Lord?—

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you, who have flourished under the present happy establishment?—you, who in the beginning of your days forfeited both your life and fortune, and yet by the benignity of the Government were not only indulged the liberty of living both at home, but even restored to all you could lay claim to; so that both duty and gratitude ought to have influenced your Lordship's conduct at this critical juncture, and disposed you to have acted a part quite different from what you have done; but there are some men whom no duty can bind, nor no favor can oblige."

This letter produced only an answer in the superlative style of injured innocence. "I see by it (the letter) that for my misfortune in having an obstinate stubborn son, and an ungrateful kindred, my family must go to destruction, and I must lose my life in my old age. Such usage looks rather like a Turkish or Persian government, than like a British. Am I, my Lord, the first father that has had an undutiful and unnatural son?"

The retreat from Derby told the downfall of his hopes. The ragged and miserable Highlanders, after their temporary triumph at Sterling, received their last defeat on the barren moor of Culloden. On that day Lovat saw Charles for the first and last time; and, amid the panic of disaster, he alone retained the energy of manhood. Each of the unhappy fugitives looked only for a refuge from the pursuing royalists. All community of action or of counsel vanished. In vain Lovat (after the first agony of defeat had passed away) reminded the Chevalier that Bruce had lost eleven battles, and established his country's independence by the twelfth. In vain he proposed to raise a force of 3000 men, to defend the mountain passes, and compel at least an honorable capitulation. The spirit was dead within them; and unrestricted scope was given to the remorseless barbarity that pursued the wrecks of the rebel army.

The fate of Lovat did not remain long undetermined. Upwards of 80 years of age, corpulent and weakened by disease, which rendered him unable to walk, he had not the least chance of escape. He wandered through the barren regions that skirt Inverness and Argyle, tended by his gillies; and was at last apprehended in a hollow tree swathed in flannel. He was conveyed in a litter by easy stages to London, growing most boisterous in his buffoonery, as he saw his destiny fixed; and when placed at the bar of the House of Lords, to be "worried," as Horace Walpole called it, by the ablest lawyers of England, the old battered intriguer often put them off with a laugh, or a happy repartee, or by the exercise of a native humor that never failed him. Murray of Broughton, the king's evidence, who *propter vitam vivendi perdidit causas*, he rebuked in the best moral style of his most eloquent letters; and some compassion was excited by this pitiable appeal against the then barbarous mode of trials for treason in the south—"My Lords, I have not had the use of my limbs these three years; I cannot see, I cannot hear; and I beg, if your Lordships have a mind I should have any chance of my life, that you will allow either my counsel or my solicitor to examine my witnesses, and to cross-examine those produced on behalf of the Crown, and to take notes." He was unanimously found guilty, and left the bar, bidding their Lordships an everlasting farewell. About a fortnight afterwards he was led out to execution. Without affectation of indifference, or levity unbecoming the solemnity of death, he went through the last scene with a Roman fortitude and with a Horatian sentiment in his mouth. And thus died the most powerful of the Highland chieftains—a man who, with the name of virtue continually on his lips, cared not a rush for all the virtue in the world, though he would have given much to have been able to secure a good character.

We have now to deal with a man, the opposite of Lovat, in all but intellectual capacity; in reading whose history we become prouder of our country, because it was his. A portrait of Duncan Forbes, with all his fund of overflowing affection, sketched in the way Dickens has drawn fictitious characters, would be a delightful study. Much of him is now lost—it being only from a few letters that we can obtain a faint insight into the character of one, who stood in the foremost rank, if his great abilities be regarded in combination with their useful application, and if his claim on the approbation of the world be united with that on its gratitude. Without the high talents that dazzle and astonish, he had the enduring and sterling virtues which have made immortal Rome's proudest names—her sublimest natures. His country he roused from inaction to industry—saved her by his energy and his courage, improved her by his labors, adorned her by his virtues, and ennobled her by his talents and his fame.

One hundred and twenty pages are de-

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voted to this man's life. The space was scarcely sufficient to give half the interesting relics of him that remain, and the finer impulses of so good a heart are lost for ever, since all his writings refer to the public matters in which, against his own happiness, he was so largely mingled. Like the brilliant spots on the highest mountains, when the sun has withdrawn his beams from the rest of the hills and valleys, we may still perhaps discover, amid the obscure mass of papers on public affairs, a bit here and a bit there, illustrative of the delicacy and loftiness of principle, the gentleness of heart, of one who, though involved in the strife of insurrection and civil war, has been consigned to an envied immortality, in the praises of the men whom his courage subdued.

Duncan Forbes was the second son of a country gentleman, the proprietor of the estate of Culloden in Inverness-shire. He was born in 1685—of a family which had, by the economy of successive heirs, risen to considerable opulence. They were of high Presbyterian principles, and partook largely of the persecutions to which that national party had been exposed. After the Revolution, the estates of Forbes's father were ravaged by the troops of Cannon and Buchan, as a punishment for his adherence to the usurper. For this he received, as compensation, the right to make whiskey at a small duty, on his barony of Ferintosh, unhampered by the excise restrictions as to the nature of the still. Being thus allowed to use the small stills, which give a more highly flavored material, the name of Ferintosh became famous, and its proprietor was in the fair way to fortune.

Forbes's parents were everything that was amiable and excellent. Their children were children of many a prayer; and his mother especially, even when he had arrived at manhood, preserved the same tender watchfulness over his happiness. His only other near relation was a brother, with whom he lived in terms of the most endearing affection; and indeed it seems to have been impossible for any one to come within the sphere of Forbes's influence, without being hurried into liking him.

At the age of 19 he was sent to Edinburgh to college, and thereafter he went to Leyden, as was the manner of the Scottish lawyers of his day. He only remained a year abroad, returning in 1707 to commence life by marrying Mary Rose, a daughter of Hugh Rose of Kilravock, who only survived a short period, leaving her husband an only son, by whom he was succeeded in his estates.

He passed at the Scottish bar in 1708, and soon rose to high distinction as a judicious and eloquent pleader. In that day the patronage of lawyers was, in like manner as of literary men, not the patronage of the public, but of some great man; and Forbes was lucky in securing that of the great Argyle. From the correspondence preserved, this appears to have partaken more of friendship than of the connexion of patron and vassal, though Forbes managed all the Duke's estates, for which however he would never accept payment.

He was actively engaged in the suppression of the Rebellion of the '15, and materially assisted Lovat in the reduction of Inverness. In his military operations equally as in his more comprehensive civil designs, he displayed a judgment that we look for in vain, amid the professed military commanders of his day. He seldom undertook any design which he did not accomplish—and when the rage of strife had passed, he was the first to sympathize with the unhappy vanquished, and his purse was ever ready to relieve them. How noble a trait is this, in civil war, when men forget that they are brethren! The strife in such a case is not ended with a triumph and a treaty. The desolation which follows the victory, exceeds in intensity all the horrors of ordinary warfare, in which a prudent regard for the morrow restrains the hands of the victors of to-day. The ferocity of opposition being stimulated by the necessity for after security, the subjugation is not complete unless there is an extinction of the last gleam of hope; and while a foreign country recovers from its disasters, on the retreat of an invading army, the effects of civil war are felt in the long misery of years—the forfeitures of possessions—the trials and the brutalities of executions. It was difficult for any mind, however well balanced, to preserve its tone of justice, under the party fury of the civil wars of the last century; and it certainly is one of the rarest things, to find not only justice, but sympathy and active assistance, given by the conqueror, to the man whose broadsword erewhile had been at his throat.

Forbes was, at the time of the rebellion, a depute of the Lord Advocate; and holding that office, it was his duty to appear as the accuser of his countrymen. This, however, was a duty so distasteful to his feel-

ings, that he refused. But he saw, that the mere abstinence on his part, from discharging this duty, would only throw them into hands less merciful. To sustain them, therefore, in their sorrow, and afford them the chance of a fair trial, we have the following instance of his forgetfulness of official duty:—

"*Edinburgh, November 16th*, 1716.

"Dear Brother,—The design of this is to acquaint you, that a contribution is a carrying on, [*which himself set agoing*] for the relief of the poor prisoners at Carlisle, from their necessitous condition. It is certainly Christian, and by no means disloyal, to sustain them in their indigent estate until they are found guilty. The law has brought them to England to be tried by foreign juries; so far it is well. But no law can hinder a Scotchman to wish that his countrymen, not hitherto condemned, should not be a derision to strangers, or perish for want of necessary defence or sustenance, out of their own country. Therefore, if any contribution is carried on for the above purpose with you, it is fit you should give it all the countenance you can by exhortation and example."

It is said that in after life, he was, at the Court of George II., reproached for this humanity. He replied as became the purity of his motive; and the reply was never remembered to his advantage.

He also published a fierce pamphlet, in which he, a young barrister, presumed to lecture the powerful Sir Robert Walpole, on the impolicy of a war of extermination in the Highlands. He suggested other remedies than the coarse implements of the hangman; condemning in unsparing terms the whole conduct of the Government—their cruel rigor to some, their favoritism to others—the inequality of punishment when there was equality of crime—the abuses connected with the forfeiture of possessions, and the calamities that must result from the unceasing persecution of whole masses of the unhappy Highlanders, "punished with want and misery, for the offences of their friends; suffered to wander about the country, sighing out their complaints to heaven, and drawing at once the compassion, and moving the indignation of every human creature."

Forbes was of a cheerful disposition, which rendered him in his younger days the life of convivial meetings. He sometimes, however, after the manner of the day, drank himself into excesses which affected his health. Lovat refers to an illness thus, in a letter to his brother: "Clarkey (Dr. Clark) swears if he keeps to his directions, that in two years he will be as strong and as well, and as fit for drinking as he was twenty years ago." His experience in this way was useful to him, for by treating the electors, he carried the election of the Inverness Burghs, for which he was returned to Parliament in 1722. It has been unusual for a Scottish advocate practising in Edinburgh, to enter Parliament, unless called there by official duty; but Forbes was a man never at rest, unless engaged in some public schemes, which he could only enforce on the public arena of Parliamentary debate. He found no scope for his ambition in the limited routine of professional duty in a provincial town; and, though at the head of his profession, he went to Parliament, at great pecuniary sacrifice. In London he became acquainted with men who have bound their names to the English Language. He is stated in the Scots Magazine, in a contemporary sketch, to have been on intimate terms with Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Gay. He was certainly very intimate with Walpole, Lords Lyttleton and Hardwicke; and he addressed Lord Mansfield, as "Dear Will,"—being often a coadjutor with him in the appeals from Scotland to the House of Lords, in which he was almost always one of the counsel.

Of his appearances in the House of Commons, we can find as little trace as of other contemporary orators. Reporters were not then in being to marry the orator's burning words to immortal print. He does not appear to have been a frequent speaker; but we rather think that Mr. Burton underrates the quality of his oratory, for in a contemporary memoir, the mode in which he was regarded in the House of Commons is thus stated: "The uprightness and integrity of his heart, with his pathetic and learned discourses, were soon taken notice of in the House of Commons. What flows of eloquence proceeded from his tongue let the learned say." After he became Lord-Advocate, his attendance upon Parliament was of the most unremitting description; for in 1734, when his brother was dying, he wrote the whipper-in of Government an excuse from Edinburgh in the following terms:—

"You can recollect, that since first I had the honor to serve the Crown, *I never was one day absent from Parliament*. I attended the first and the last, and every intermediate day of every session, whatever calls I had from my private affairs to be here; while at the same time, my

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friend the Solicitor-General, was permitted to stay out the whole term in this place; the attendance of one of us upon the courts, in term time, being thought necessary for his Majesty's service."

In a letter which he wrote long aftewards, when occupying the office of President of the Court of Session, he refers incidentally to the difficulty he had in inducing English statesmen to attend to Scottish affairs. After informing his correspondent, Lord Mansfield, then Solicitor-General, of the Bills he had drawn up, and which the Lord-Advocate had carried with him to London, he thus proceeds:—

"Now, dear Sir, what brings you this trouble is an apprehension that my Lord-Advocate may stand in need of assistance to rouse the attention of the men of business, who take the lead in parliament, to what may concern this remote country, unless the evil to be obviated is very mischievous to, and sensibly felt in England. What degree of acquaintance or familiarity my Lord-Advocate stands in with the leaders in Parliament, I cannot tell; but as I, who in my day had the good fortune to stand pretty well with our Government, found it extremely difficult to bring them with any great degree of attention or concern to think of Scotch matters, I greatly doubt he may find it at least as much so, at a season when their thoughts are employed in subjects rather more interesting; and therefore my earnest request to you is, that you will undertake the management of it in the full conviction that the fate of Scotland, at least for this generation, depends on it."—*MSS.*

The Lord-Advocate appears to have been overawed by the great men of the South; and Forbes, whose disposition was as unbending as iron, when there was anything at stake affecting his country's interests, immediately denounced this complying disposition, on the ground that "nothing can be more dangerous to this country than that turn in a man of your Lordship's character and abilities, when the laws or constitution of it is in question."—*MSS.*

In the year 1727, Dundas of Arniston—Forbes's rival at the bar, and his successor as President of the Court—resigned the office of Lord-Advocate, in consequence of one of those changes in the politics of Scotland, the object and nature of which are now unworthy of resuscitation. Forbes was appointed his successor, and from the vantage ground of official position, he commenced his operations on behalf of his "Poor Country," as he affectionately called it. It is beyond our limits to give even a catalogue of the measures relative to the commerce, agriculture, manufactures, and laws of Scotland, which this most energetic man prepared, and in a great measure carried through. One remarkable circumstance in his history at this period, was the crusade which he made against the use of Tea—an article which may be said to have revolutionized the social habits of mankind. In room of this, he wished to substitute ale, which afforded a lucrative tax. His letters on the subject cover scores of pages; and he persecuted every man of any influence, until he effected somewhat by means of importunity, what he might not have obtained as the consequences of argument. Cobbett himself could not more forcibly bewail the miseries consequent on the disuse of malt. After giving a gloomy description of what might be expected, if the malt-tax should not be productive, he bitterly puts it down, that "the cause of the mischief we complain of is, evidently, the excessive use of tea, which is now become so common, that the meanest families even of laboring people, make their morning's meal of it, and thereby wholly disuse the ale, which heretofore was their accustomed drink; and the same drug supplies all the laboring women with their afternoon's entertainment, to the exclusion of the two-penny." In letters to Lord Hardwicke, he often enforced the same views: "If England," he said, "is not as yet so sensible of the mischief, as to be willing to submit to the necessary cure, I can answer for this poor country that they will readily submit to any prohibition, however severe, that shall deliver them from the insufferable use of those drugs."—*MSS.* To encourage them in this, he set to work to put down smuggling by the arm of the law and the powers of argument; and, what must have been agreeable to himself, he succeeded with the latter. "The President," said his friend Dr. Murdoch in a letter to his son, dated in 1744, "was very well a few weeks ago, and has been roaring so loud against smuggling, in a very honest vehement pamphlet he printed, that most of the smuggling counties, gentry as well as commonalty, have entered into combinations for its extirpation."—*MSS.* The Justice-Clerk (Lord Grange), when he was a young man, only showed him "a grim sort of civility," because he was "so plaguey stubborn," and this character he maintained throughout his whole life, in regard to any measure he ever undertook. The harmless tea found in him an unrelenting enemy, when almost every person had adopted it. "A

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philosopher," said Pangloss, spitting out his last tooth with his expiring breath, "should never change his opinions."

He managed the affairs of Scotland in such a way that the Government, in the year 1725, abolished the office of Secretary for Scotland; and although it was revived in 1731, and continued in existence till 1746, yet Forbes, till the day he died, was the real administrator of Scottish affairs, civil and military. The generals, the revenue officers, and the officers of justice, received his instructions and obeyed them. His mode of carrying his purposes into effect, came with the almost invincible recommendation of being urged with temper—by his always cautiously feeling his way, in case his measures should rub against some favorite prejudice, or affect some personal interest. The spirit thus infused into his conduct formed a universal language, understood by all men, and was listened to with pleasure even by those whom it did not convince.

The most comprehensive statement we can make, loses all its effect in the generalities to which our space confines us. In his memorials, instructions, and letters, upon all subjects—as they are contained in the Culloden Papers, in the life by Mr. Burton, and in a mass of MSS. which has been communicated to us, and of which we have made considerable use—there is a racy vigor of which we find ourselves able to exhibit but a few specimens. A reference to these books will illustrate not merely the personal character of Forbes, but affords also considerable insight into the comparatively obscure civil history of Scotland at that day. It was an era in our history, when Scotland had obtained repose from the almost ceaseless revolutions and tumults of two hundred years. The union had swept away innumerable sources of dispute and national jealousy. The people, left to direct their energies to the pursuits of industry, fell into regular subordination, shook off the remains of barbarism, and grew wise from the past experience of their dissensions and their ignorance. If Forbes did not see all the remote relations and indirect tendencies of the change—if he was often too desponding in the view he took of the future destinies of his "poor country,"—he has the entire merit of having invigorated her by his example and his counsels; and—sending her shooting a-head of the richer land which had taught her the lesson—he left a country affording equal exercise for memory and for hope.

As a specimen of the spirit with which he watched over the Scottish manufactures, when he was President of the Court of Session, the following may be taken from a letter to Lord Tweeddale, the secretary for Scotland in 1743:

"I spent, by your Lordship's direction, some time this summer, harvest, and winter, with my Lord-Advocate on this subject. He promised to me he would leave nothing undone. I well know that, without powerful intercession, he will not be listened to; and it is upon your Lordship this poor country depends for that intercession. It is of some consequence for me to know whether anything is in this session to be effectually done; because if it is, I, for my part, will cheerfully go on, and drudge, as heretofore; but if nothing is likely to be done, I shall choose to be quiet, and not give myself unnecessary trouble."—*MSS.*

On the same day he wrote on the same subject to Sir Andrew Mitchell, who was afterwards minister at Brussels—

"I verily believe that you have left nothing undone to forward a design so essential to the being of this miserable country; and I must suspect that the reason why I have heard nothing from you is, that you have had nothing comfortable to say. My Lord-Advocate has been now a month in London, and as he carried along with him the product of our joint labors, I should think by this time it should have settled the point, whether anything is to be done for us in this session of Parliament or not. If nothing is to be done, there is an end to very flattering hopes; and those manufactures, from which alone I looked for a sort of resurrection to this dead country, must infallibly die."—*MSS.*

In 1734 his brother died, and he succeeded to the estates of Culloden. About this time, too, a marked change came over his religious opinions, which deepened in intensity, and he was thus induced to commence the study of Hebrew, for the purpose of acquiring a more thorough knowledge of the Scriptures. He is said to have become a proficient in the Oriental languages; and he clothed in print some views upon religious subjects, in two works, being "A Letter to a Bishop," and "Thoughts concerning Religion, natural and revealed,"—works which Warburton, in a letter to Hurd, pronounced to be "little jewels." He defended in these books, with much acuteness, the Hutchinsonian theology—a system which professed to find in the Hebrew scriptures, when interpreted according to the radical import of the Hebrew expressions, a complete system of Natural Philosophy as well as of religious truth.

Another incident deserves mention as il-

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lustrative of uncompromising independence. The Porteus Mob has been rendered immortal by the genius of Scott. It was one of those daring acts that we would look for only in lawless times. A band of conspirators, regularly organized, broke the city jail, dragged to the gallows, where they hanged him, a criminal whom the Queen, as Regent during the sovereign's absence, had pardoned. Never was there a storm more furious raised in London. The ministry took up the matter with a heat equal to the Queen's, and introduced into Parliament a Bill which degraded and imprisoned the chief magistrate of Edinburgh, abolished the city guard, and inflicted other acts of degradation. It was a vindictive measure, introduced by men in the furor of passion, and when of course they were all the more unreasonable and impatient of opposition. The person who ought to have introduced this measure, was the Lord-Advocate of Scotland; but the man who was most persevering in his opposition, was that important officer. The Attorney and Solicitor-General of England took the place which he had deserted; and to the amazement of the whole country, a Lord-Advocate opposing the wishes of Government and of the Queen, in a matter where their feelings were so keen, was exhibited by Forbes, at a time when the chief law office of his country had become vacant. His opposition, and that of Argyle in the Upper House, was so far successful, that the bill was shorn of much of its offensive matter before it passed into a law.

The Government perhaps saw, that they could not avoid offering the Presidency of the Court of Session to the first lawyer and most eloquent advocate of his day. Perhaps, they had also virtue enough to admire his independence; at all events, he took his seat as Lord President, in June, 1737; and there he effected a revolution, greater even than in any department he had hitherto intermeddled with.

The Court of Session, at the beginning and near the end of the last century, was one of the most inefficient in existence. Fifteen judges sat at once upon the Bench; and of course the necessary consequence of such a crowd was a continual bickering among themselves, and the use of epithets towards each other, which supplied in vigor, what they wanted in courtesy and decorum. Their number freed them from responsibility; and their votes were given as much from caprice, or friendship, or enmity to party or counsel, as from any regard to law or justice. No reports have survived, except on the faint breath of tradition, of the stormy scenes that sometimes disgraced the Court; but enough remains to tell us that the Bench, when Forbes took the chair, was in its lowest state, and that before he left it, he brought it to a condition that it has perhaps never equalled since. Mr. Burton has forcibly shown this, by calling attention to the fact that it was while Forbes was President, the greater number of those "leading cases," preserved by Kilkerran, which have guided our subsequent jurisprudence, were pronounced. Let a decision be cited from that era, and it is beyond attack. A more remarkable proof of the talents of Forbes, as a lawyer, could not be advanced. While much before him, and much that followed, in the decisions of our Courts, has fallen before the learning and investigation of later times, the decisions of his time have stood unassailable. The change was perceptibly felt even in his own day, since Hardwicke even is found writing him thus:—"I conceive great pleasure in the different degree of weight and credit with which your decisions come before the House, from what they did a few years ago, an alteration which I presaged would happen, and do most sincerely congratulate your Lordship on the event."

To effect all this, he had much to contend with in the obstinacy of his colleagues. But his firm spirit, his established fame, his great talents, and the superiority of the man, silenced opposition, and ultimately procured, if not sympathy, at least acquiescence. He could not prevent their voting according to their interests or their passions, but he was there to administer a rebuke, which he was not the man to omit, if it served his purpose. He got rules of Court passed for the expediting business, and carried them into effect with a pertinacity that no *vis inertiæ* of his colleagues could resist. Three years after his advancement to the Bench, he could make the boast to Lord Hardwicke, that, at the expense of "several hundred hours' extra labor, no cause ripe for judgment remained undetermined, a circumstance which has not happened in any man's memory, and of which the mob are very fond." Like Lord Kenyon, too, he was ever a friend to the poor suitor, if he saw him oppressed. Nay, he was at his old practices, in getting up subscriptions among the judges themselves, for the relief of the unhappy, in the consideration of whose for-

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tunes judges have so much to do. His compassion was always of this description—"I pity him five shillings; how much do you?" His contemporary biographer, describing him as a judge, says, that "he was so mild and affable that none could resist his persuasion; he encouraged the Lords to do justice, and if he observed any bias in them, proceeding from the face of a great man, he would say, By God's grace I shall give my thoughts sincerely, and your Lordships will judge in this matter as you will be answerable to God. When he spoke there was a profound silence—the lawyers and Lords put themselves in a listening posture."—A profound silence in the old Court of Session!

The Rebellion of '45 found Forbes engaged in the active duties of his own profession, in the concoction of new schemes for the promotion of manufactures, and in endeavoring to get adopted a policy towards the Scottish Highlanders, which, if adopted, would have saved them from the calamities that afterwards overtook them. He proposed that regiments on behalf of Government, should be raised out of the disaffected clans, and commissions granted to their chiefs. But the Government refused to adopt the scheme, notwithstanding the obvious disaffection in the North. Forbes, who knew the Highlanders well, saw the insecure foundation on which public tranquillity was based, and he continued his entreaties, in the hope that some happy accident might have fallen out, some lucid interval, some convenient crisis of circumstances, or juncture of inclination, before it should be too late. Aware of the strength of Government, and the folly of an insurrection, he took all means to prevent the evils which he well knew the government would avenge.

News arrived that the Prince had landed, and Forbes immediately hastened to the North. As soon as he arrived, the old man sat down to the labor of entreaty, of anxious prayer to the Jacobites whom he wished to save. No man was too low to be overlooked. He detailed in innumerable letters, the powers of a Government established, their own insufficient resources, the desperate chance of success, and, above all, the calamities of defeat. He implored them, as they loved their country, their ancient name, the value of peace and security, not to be hurried away by the enthusiasm of the hour. He prevailed. The influence of his character, the strength of his arguments, the terror which his threats inspired, had the success he wished. Ten thousand men never joined the Chevalier, that might otherwise have enabled him to carry a victorious army into London. This was not all. When, in spite of remonstrances, Lovat and Lochiel, and the rest of them, rushed upon their destiny, the President was as energetic in his military operations. In fact, what with incompetent commanders, and the incompetency of the ministry, he was left alone, unaided by either money or instructions. A few companies of soldiers were in the North, but totally unable in point of numbers to meet the enemy. Not a penny was sent him by the Government, to defray the large expenses consequent on insurrection. Lord Tweeddale wrote him, however, that of whatever sums he advanced he would get repayment. In vain he protested against this official inanity. In vain he told them that unless they sent ammunition and money all his exertions would be useless. "Such," he said, "is the state of this country, from the confusion of the times, and the stop of communication, that all coin is locked up, and none can be commanded. I cannot command a shilling that is owing to me; and even bank bills are of no currency. I do as well as I can in respect to small expenses, but sums of any value cannot be compassed." His great wish was "to keep out of the rebellion a greater body of men than those who are hitherto engaged in it," by making an early demonstration of military force. But the only supplies he received did not arrive till after the retreat of the rebels from England; and as to the mode in which these were sent, he thus writes Lord Tweeddale:—

"The too late arrival of the sloop with arms and money, which I had long solicited, was the cause why the rebellion gathered fresh strength in this country, after the rebels' flight from Stirling. Had those arms come in time to have been put into the hands of men, who were ready prepared to receive them, the rebels durst hardly have shown themselves on this side the mountains; but as those did not arrive on our road, till the very day that the rebels made themselves master of the barrack in Ruthven of Badenoch, within twenty-six miles of us, it was too late to assemble the men we had prepared; and in place of making use of the arms, we were obliged to keep them as well as the money on shipboard, for our security."—*MSS.*

As government thus withheld the supplies, he had been obliged to appropriate for the public service all his own funds, and then resort to borrowing. It is delightful to see, in all those harassing vexations, the

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equanimity of his temper. He never let fall one word of asperity against the rebels, for whom he could find no harsher name than "the poor gentlemen in arms." His voice never loses its melody, nor his entreaties their sweetness; and in looking forward to the day of reckoning, he put, in all his letters, a saving clause—not to make his advice novel when the day arrived—that retribution should "be done gently." The finer and sterner elements of our nature were indeed joined in delightful matrimony in this true-hearted old man, who is, moreover, another example of the truth, that coldness of temperament is not a necessary requisite to soundness of judgment.

To the value of his services, all his contemporaries bear witness; and even the Jacobites spoke with genuine affection of his catholic humanity. Being driven northwards by the rebels, he was not present at the battle of Culloden; and, fortunately for himself, he arrived when the greater part of the butcheries were ended. What he did see, however, roused him to the spirit of his best days. He reminded the Duke of Cumberland, *quem et præsens et postera respuat ætas*, that victory did not sanction cruelties unpractised in the wars of civilized Europe, and that a prisoner had still the protection of the law. Of the first, the Duke mentioned it to his officers, as a saying "of the old woman who talked to me about humanity," and "as to the laws of the country, my Lord, I'll make a brigade give laws, by God."

This was brutal; the rest was in order. As the Government began with fatal errors, they finished by atrocious crimes. A feeble vacillation was succeeded by a rigid application of the *ultima ratio regum*. In one of his unprinted letters, Forbes mentions that he had been dismissed—"The Duke judges it unnecessary that I should follow him any further." Nay, he had to endure something utterly disgraceful to the character of the Government which sanctioned it. They allowed him to be dunned and persecuted by creditors, for the money he had borrowed to support the troops!!!

"About nine months ago," he wrote the Secretary of the Treasury, "my zeal led me into this country (the Highlands) to quench a very furious rebellion, without arms, without money, and without credit. I was forced to supply the necessary expense, after employing what money of my own I could come at in this country, by borrowing upon my proper notes such small sums as I could hear of. The rebellion is now happily over; and the persons who lent me this money at a pinch, are now justly demanding payment; and I, who cannot coin, and who never hitherto was dunned, find myself uneasy."

The money, we believe, was never repaid him or his descendants; and the estate of Culloden is now of half the extent it was when Forbes acquired it.

In regard to the measures introduced into Parliament to prevent the recurrence of like commotions, it appears that he never was consulted; nay, that the men in power, as the best justification of themselves, threw ridicule on him, traduced his character, and neglected his recommendations. He spoke of this in the same dignified strain, as of the other insults that clouded his latter days. In a letter to his friend, Sir Andrew Mitchell, which he never imagined the world would hear of, we obtain a better view of this part of his life, than from almost anything we now possess. We give it entire, as it has not hitherto been printed:—

"EDIR. 15*th July*, 1746.

"Mrs. M'Laurin sent me yours of the 5th. I am sensible of the concern you take in what affects me, and very thankful for it. It was no small misfortune to the public, as well as it was abundantly mortifying to me, that the want of harmony in the Ministers, prevented the furnishing the supplies called for, which, had they arrived in due time, would have put an end long ago to the calamities that attended an actual rebellion. I do not at all wonder that my conduct was ridiculed by those to whom the steadiness of it was some reproach. But I am a little surprised that they found anybody to listen to them. These things, however, are now over, and I trouble my head with them no more. I did what my conscience told me was my duty. I acted, I believe, to the conviction of all the King's enemies, like a man: my conscience acquits me; and I don't care twopence what those, who are so silly as to be my enemies without provocation, may think or say. My knight-errantry is now at an end—I hope for ever. I have been sweating for these six weeks past at my regular drudgery, without meddling with any other business; but under very great concern, I must confess, for this unhappy country, which is like to suffer for crimes it is not guilty of, and seems in its distress to have no eye to pity it, nor hand ready to interpose for its relief.

"Upon the rebellion receiving its finish-

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ing stroke from the Duke, it was my opinion that our Ministers would conclude the settling the peace of this unhappy country. And the forming a system for preventing proceedings so dangerous and destructive for the future, required the most mature deliberation. I must confess I had vanity enough to imagine, that I should have been called upon for my sentiments on that subject, as my zeal ought to have been unsuspected, and as the consideration of it was delicate, and to my thinking, of very great consequence. If I had not known more than most people of the complexion of the country, I could not have performed half the service that such of our leaders as are in tolerable good humor with me, affect to tell me, they believe I did. But to my great convenience, though not much to the satisfaction of my mind, the undertakers for quieting and for keeping quiet this part of the Island, have not given me the trouble of answering them any question; neither have they dropt the least signification, that my attendance is wanted, where those things are to be consulted about. This, dear Andrew, is my present situation; and as the duty of my office required my attendance in this place (unless it had, under the Royal sign-manual, been dispensed with), you would not at all wonder at my being where I now am. What may happen when the term is over, and when my duty no longer requires my attendance in this place, I cannot exactly say. I know how little likely advice obtruded is to prevail; and yet I am not certain that the same sort of zeal, flowing from the same principles that led me northwards after the last summer session, may not lead southwards after this. I am sensible the opposition I may now meet with is more formidable, and less likely to be got the better of by my puny influence, than that of the Highlanders appeared to me to be last year. But if, upon summing up all considerations, when I have some more leisure than I possess at present, it shall appear to me to be my duty to move towards you, I certainly shall march."

He did not long survive this. His death took place in December, 1747, at the comparatively early age of 62. A few weeks before he died, he wrote his son, advising him "to go to London, where I believe I may have some friends yet. They will tell the King that his faithful servant Duncan Forbes has left you a very poor man. Farewell." His son hurried to his bedside, and preserved a memorandum of his last hours.

"My father entered into the everlasting life of God, trusting, hoping, and believing through the blood of Christ, eternal life and happiness. When I first saw my father on the bed of death, his blessing and prayer to me was—'My dear John, you have just come in time to see your poor father die. May the great God of heaven and earth ever bless and preserve you! You have come to a very poor fortune, partly through my own extravagance, and the oppression of power. I am sure you will forgive me, because what I did was with a good intention. I know you to be an honest-hearted lad—Andrew Mitchell loves you affectionately—my heart bleeds for poor John Steel—I recommend him to you. There is but one thing I repent me of in my whole life—not to have taken better care of you. May the great God of heaven and earth bless and preserve you. I trust in the blood of Christ. Be always religious; fear and love God. You may go; you can be of no service to me here.'"

And thus he died, according to the universal opinion, of a broken heart. A deep melancholy laid him prostrate; he was unable to endure the outrages which he had no influence to prevent. His was not one of those minds which sink in self-estimation, to the level to which the world has reduced them, and accommodate themselves with equanimity to their fortune. Too liberal for his own interest, and too sensitive for his own happiness, he became the victim of an exquisite sensibility, under the calumnies of malice and the judgments of ignorance; and the struggle ended, as in kindred natures it has often done, in entire dereliction of himself and despondency at last.

It is difficult to speak of such a man as Forbes, without ascending to extravagance and hyperbole. If he was not one of the flaming constellations which has shot to its station in the heavens, he was, at least, one of the few of the departed great, that will live in Scottish history. Of such, we have only four or five in all; and in ranking the patriot of the 18th, with the two great Reformers of the 16th centuries, and with the heroes of the war of Independence, we do no injustice to their glorious memory. He has the same claim, in his patriotic labors, to our gratitude and applause. There was no apathy with him, dead to all feeling but what was personal; and while, like all men,

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he could bear another's misfortunes very much like a Christian, he differed from most men in this, that he never rested till he had relieved them; nor, under the mask of sentiment, did he allow interest or vanity to speak. Though loving retirement, he did not court it at the expense of duty; and as soon as he had taken and comprehended the dimensions of his country's wants, he urged forward with an energy that never slackened till the day he died, that country's regeneration.

Like the Reformers of the 16th century, we find him always practical—never lost among dreams, and broken thoughts, and wild imaginations; but, under the guidance of a shrewd, experienced sagacity, he unquestionably did more for the land of his birth, than all the Scotsmen, of every rank, in the whole century in which he lived. The eulogy of Thomson, who knew him well, has consecrated the name of one, who with talents to conduct, to persuade, and to command, never forgot his high mission as an apostle of humanity.

"Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind;
Thee truly generous and in silence great,
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd,
And seldom has she known a friend like thee."

Or take the better delineation by the great master of character:—

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, this was a man."

In his most prosperous days, when he was the correspondent of the great statesmen and lawyers of the South, and swaying the whole influence of Government in Scotland, he was as natural and true-hearted as when a young lad on his father's hills. To the baser passions he was a stranger—without servility as without avarice; and even the ambition of fame he little cared for. It was not for that he labored. We question if he once thought of self, in the long life of self-sacrifice he lived. It would be unjust to say less than this; it would be difficult to inflict more praise than he deserved, or to express the extent of our obligation in language too eulogistic. Vigorous measures, promptitude of decision and of action, a determined will and clear perspicacity, he united to a nature gentle and lovable, considerate with regard to human frailty, and generous in its estimate of human motive. The finest hair casts a shadow, and he had his failings, like all men; but his generous aspirations, and his labors of a lifetime, will excuse errors arising from too profound sensibility, warmth of heart, and passionate enthusiasm for what promised prosperity to his country.

Such is the man of whom it may be said, that antiquity can offer nothing more touching than his death, or modern times more honorable than his life. Nothing more illustrates the inborn loftiness of his character, than the magnanimity with which he was inspired, amid his own fallen fortunes and ruined hopes, at the long train of proscriptions, beneath which he despaired of any resurrection of his country's prosperity and independence. It would have saved him at least one pang, had he lived a few years longer, to behold how, out of the arbitrary doings of a ruthless soldiery, liberty arose; how prosperity sprang from conquest, and a nation was saved even in being subdued.

Yet, after all, how dim is the reputation of this lawyer statesman even in the country which his virtues adorned. His fame yields to that of the poor poets whom he cherished. His friend Thomson, and even Allan Ramsay, can boast a wider celebrity. It has thus ever been the case with those whose labors are spent upon contemporaries. How obscure, for example, is the fame of Pitt, or Fox, or Mansfield, or Thurlow, when compared with that of the contemporary writers who have left enduring memorials of their genius—Gibbon, Hume, Goldsmith, or Burke. Any book, therefore, to preserve such men "against the tooth of time and razure of oblivion," would be a service to mankind. Even as it was, the knowledge of Forbes's history was becoming known to others than a few readers of the Scots Magazine, or a few black letter lawyers. The passing traveller now pays a visit to Culloden Moor, for other purposes than to get melancholy on its reminiscences; and what the Roman orator has eloquently said, as to the localities of Athenian patriotism, is coming true of one, of whom even the rugged Warburton could thus speak—"I knew and venerated the man; one of the greatest that ever Scotland bred, as a judge, a patriot, and a Christian."

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From How it's Journal.

CHILDHOOD.

BY GEORGE S. PHILLIPS.

Ah, happy childhood! I look back to thee
With joy unspeakable. Through all the pain
And sufferance of thought's infinity
Have thy bright visions hovered o'er my brain,
Like pictures in the firmament of Heaven.
And in the horrid sloughs of wild despair,
And in the darkness that to doubt is given,
Thy golden glory rushing, has burst through the air,

And kindled with fresh flames the altar fire,
Long dead as ashes in my weary heart.
Ah, happy childhood! Thou canst not expire;
Thy glorious dreams and images are part
Of God's invisible, eternal life.
Strange, mystic, wonderful, and wise art thou,
If man could find thee out amid his strife,
And read thy burning eyes, and thine immortal brow.

Ah, happy childhood! Thou art ever free
From the sad plight of unproductive years;
Thy temple is the cloistered canopy;
Thy anthems are the music of the spheres;
And thy young soul goes forth in storm and shine,
Nor doubts the deep religion;—but reposes,
With sweet and holy truthfulness divine,
In every marvellous truth which nature's book discloses.

* * * * *

No more!—I sing no more of childhood's dreams,
Far reaching in the infinite profound;
Its wild, deep insight of eternal themes,
And purity which makes earth holy ground.
And now, poor child, another lore is taught,
And worldly reasonings stupify thy brain.
From wrapt *unconsciousness* thou wak'st to *thought*
Whose fiery presence burns thy being like a pain.

And thou must pass through many trying states;
Through fires baptismal ere thou come to bliss;
Through gloomy realms, inhabited by fates,
And lurid darkness where the tempter is.
And doubt and agony thy soul shall tear,
In the great shadow of the vale of death;
And thou shalt dwell in dungeons of despair,
Till hope unlock the bars, and give thy spirit breath.

Then Faith shall come, and lead thee by the hand
Into the temple of thy holy sorrow;
And thou again, a little child, shalt stand
And worship evermore, without a morrow.
The Godlike Martyr on his cross shall be
The great Exemplar of thy life and aim,
The type of conquering humanity,
And thou shalt dwell in him, and he in thee, the same.

And 'mid the twilight gloom of those lone isles,
In meditation wrapped, thine eyes shall see
All heavenly secrets; and the dusky piles
Of pillared arches, with their imagery
Symbolical, shall flame like vivid speech.
And man's great destiny shall be revealed
In visions, which no *intellect* can reach,
And which, save Sorrow's worshippers, to all are sealed.

From Lowe's Magazine.

OLD FRIENDS.

O! mighty is the spell that lies
In having shared life's spring-time weather;
The heart has some deep melodies
Old friends alone can sing together.

And all the charms of April hours,
Of sunny joys, and transient tears,
Linger, like dew on early flowers,
Round friendships of life's morning years.

We may have other, holier ties—
We may be severed far and wide;
(And dearer, deeper sympathies,
For all, and each, may Heaven provide!)

But still the sealed up, sweet spring,—
The fountain of life's freshness gone,
Where Hope first bathed her rainbow wing,—
Can flow for early friends alone.

And still when bows the suppliant knee
To blend beloved names in prayer,
The sweet, sad voice of memory
Whispers of early loved ones there.

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From Jerrold's Magazine.

HYMN TO THE SPRING.

BY JOHN HAMILTON DAVIS.

Sweet prime of Spring!
Delicious freshness in thy earliest breath
Fills all the earth, as, after Winter's death,
On fleet and dewy wing
Thy myriad beauties rise,
Chequered with a thousand dyes,
In wood and vale, from morn to eve,
Where lovely nymphs unseen, their flowery garlands weave.
Sweet, lulling Spring!
Thrice welcome art thou in thy leafy stole,
Thrilling with ecstasy the expectant soul,
When many zephyrs bring
Thy incense-odors rare—
Sweet perfumes on thy balmy air,
Offerings of the flowers to thee,
Hight Queen of all their hosts—fair-zoned majesty.
Returning Spring!
Of old, they worshipped thee where fountains well
Amid the groves, and Naiads syllable
In dulcet murmuring
Thine ever-gladdening name;
And flowery-kirtled maidens came
To bend them lowly at thy shrine,
When, to the soul of man, thy beauty showed divine.
Oh! gentle Spring!
Of olden Nature the sublimest child—
The first that on primeval Eden smiled,
Ere Death had found his sting.
Thy voice is full of love,
Directing all our hopes above,
And giving to mortality
Emblems of bright spring-time in blest eternity.
Thus, lovely Spring!
Thou hast a voice to every willing ear,
And to the aching heart, in every year,
Thy many blossoms bring
A token of that glorious time,
When rising from the grave, sublime,
The sons of earth new forms shall wear,
And with angelic hosts immortal honors share.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

BY REV. H. F. CARY, THE TRANSLATOR OF DANTE.

Thrice has the dart of Death my peace bereaved;
First, gentle mother, when it laid thee low,
Then was my morn of life o'ercast with woe,
And oft through youth the lonely sigh was heaved.
But in a child I thought thou wert retrieved;
She loved me well, nor from my side would go
Through fields by summer scorch'd or wintry snow;
How o'er that little bier at noon I grieved!
Last when as time had touch'd my locks with white,
Another now had learnt to shed fresh balm
Into the wounds, and with a daughter's name
Was as a seraph near me, to delight
Restoring me by wisdom's holy calm.
O Death, I pray thee next a kinder aim!

THERE'S ONE COMING.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

I have seen an infant born,
With clear light in his eyes like morn;
He won my heart—he is so mild;
He is very strong for so young a child.

He cries,—I have sent my heralds before
The Press and the Railroad, and fifty more;
And all will know me when I come,
Though I wave no banner, and beat no drum.

The king awaketh out of his sleep;
The priest hath started from slumber deep;
The rich man taketh his hoarded wealth,
And giveth it wings, for his soul's health.

And all men look for—they know not what;
But poor men look for a better lot;
And each prepareth, as he can,
For the child that is almost a man.

STEAM IN THE DESERT.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

"God made all nations of one blood,"
And bade the nation-wedding flood
Bear good for good to man:
Lo, interchange is happiness!—
The mindless are the riverless!
The shipless have no pen!

What deed sublime by them is wrought!
What type have they of speech or thought?
What soul-ennobled page?
No record tells their tale of pain!
Th' unwritten History of Cain
Is theirs from age to age!

Steam!—if the nations grow not old
That see broad ocean's "back of gold,"
Or hear him in the wind—
Why dost not thou thy banner shake
O'er sealess, streamless lands, and make
One nation of mankind.

If rivers are but seeking rest,
E'en when they climb from ocean's breast
To plant on earth the rose—
If good for good is doubly blest—
Oh, bid the severed east and west
In action find repose!

Yes, let the wilderness rejoice,
The voiceless campaign hear the voice
Of millions long estranged:
That waste, and want, and war may cease!
And all men know that Love and Peace
Are—good for good exchanged.

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Progress of the British Nation.—It is only from the commencement of the present century that anything like correct population returns have been received. The increase in the first half of last century was—omitting fractions—not more than 17 per cent.; in the second half it rose to 52 per cent. The number added to the population of the kingdom from 1801 to 1841, was 10,700,000, but in 1846, this had risen to 12,000,000; nearly as much as the whole number of inhabitants in 1811. This increase is in a ratio 3 to 1 greater than that of France, which country doubles her population but once in a century, while England doubles hers in fifty years.

In 1801, the number of marriages was 67,288; in 1840, 115,548. The number of houses in the first year of the century was 1,467,870, but in 1841 it had increased to 2,753,295, or nearly double in the space of forty years; the yearly value at the latter period was L.23,386,401, in 1815 it amounted to L.14,290,889. To meet the wants of the rapidly increasing population, an addition of house accommodation to the amount of L.10,000,000, and 1,000,000 tons of shipping, are required annually.

With an increasing population we have a decreasing rate of mortality. In 1700, 1 in 39 died; in 1800, 1 in 47.

The number of persons employed in agriculture has diminished, and in manufactures increased. Where formerly the labor of seven families was required to produce a certain amount of food, the same quantity is now raised by five. Between the years 1811 and 1831, the agricultural class increased 7 per cent., and the trading and manufacturing class 34 per cent.

The greatest progress is seen in manufactures: the exports of woollen goods, which in 1829 were between four and five millions, now exceed L.8,000,000 annually. Between the years 1835 and 1839, one hundred and thirty-two woollen and worsted factories were built in addition to those already existing, and the increase of operatives in those branches of industry for the same period was 15,137. It is well known that the population of some of the Yorkshire towns, the principal seat of the woollen trade, has more than doubled since the commencement of the century.

In 1801, 54,203,433 pounds of cotton were imported; but so unparalleled has been the increase in this branch of trade, that the quantity entered in 1844 was 554,196,602 pounds. In the same year the value of cotton goods exported was L.25,805,348, having increased from L.16,516,749 in 1820. Two pieces of calico per week was the utmost a hand-loom weaver could produce; but the steam-loom weaver of the present day produces, with an assistant, twenty-two such pieces in the same space of time. The article of bobbin-net employs nearly two hundred thousand persons in its manufacture, at an annual expenditure in wages of L.2,500,000. The linen trade of Ireland has shared in the general expansion; the value of linen goods exported having advanced in the first quarter of the century from L.34,000,000 to L.55,000,000.

The progress of steam navigation is striking. In 1814, the United Kingdom and colonies owned but two steam vessels; in 1815, they had 10; in 1820, 43; in 1830, 315; and in 1844, 988. Scotland, which took the lead in steam navigation, has ever since shown a large proportional list of vessels. Of the above 988, England had 679, Scotland 137, Ireland 81, Guernsey, &c., 3; and the colonies 88. The total burden was 125,675 tons. The number of steam vessels in all the world besides, is stated in another table at 719, of which the United States had 261, and France 119. It thus appears that Scotland has more steam vessels than all France.

The diminution in the number of capital punishments is perhaps the most hopeful indication of moral progress. Not more than twenty-five years ago, it was not at all uncommon to hang one hundred criminals in the course of twelve months. From 1805 to 1825 there were one thousand six hundred and fourteen executions; from 1825 to 1845 six hundred and twenty-six. Of the latter, one hundred and eleven have been hanged in the last ten years—less than the number executed in 1813 alone.

German Singing Festival.—It may not be amiss to inform those who in the ensuing summer intend to visit Germany, that in the month of July a great *Sänger Fest*—singing-festival—is to be held at Ratisbon. A similar one took place a year or two ago at Wurzburg. It is a custom in Germany for the inhabitants of the different towns to form what they call a *Lieder Kränz*; a club, or society, of those possessing good voices and some knowledge of music. They meet together on certain days of the week to practise their songs; and when a certain number have been thoroughly studied, an evening is appointed for a concert, to which their friends and their families are invited. We have never heard anything finer than the choruses of male voices, the quartetts and quintetts, sung on such occasions. But to return to the Ratis-

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bon *Sänger Fest*. To this festival all such *Lieder Kreanze* are invited, so that the number of singers expected is not less than 1000. From Munich, Landshut, Straubing, Nuremburg, Augsburg, Wurtzburg, &c., &c., many are coming to lend their aid, and participate in the pleasure of such a meeting. On the 25th of July all the different societies will go in procession to the grand hall, erected in the open air, where the festival is to be held; each one preceded by its own banner. Arrived there, the songs, in which all join, immediately commence. The first is a psalm; afterwards, as might be expected, will also be sung "Was ist das deutsche Vaterland?" The other songs which we have heard named are all admirable specimens of German melody. The selection has been made with care, and will, we doubt not, be satisfactory to every one who may have the good fortune to be present at the performance.

Milton's House at Chalfont.—It says much for the proprietors of the cottage at Chalfont, and for the feeling of the country in general, that this simple dwelling has been sacredly preserved till this time. You see that all the others near are much more modern. This is of the old framed timber kind, and is known, not only by the whole village, but the whole country round, as Milton's house. Mr. Dunster, in the additions of his edition of "Paradise Regained," says that the cottage of Chalfont "is not pleasantly situated; that the adjacent country is extremely pleasant; but the immediate spot is as little picturesque or pleasing as can well be imagined!" He might have recollected, that it could signify very little to Milton whether the spot was picturesque or not, if it were quiet, and had a good air; for Milton was, and had been long, quite blind. But, in fact, the situation, though not remarkably striking, is by no means unpleasing. It is the first cottage on the right hand as you descend the road from Beaconsfield to Chalfont St. Giles. Standing a little above the cottage, the view before you is very interesting. The quiet old agricultural village of Chalfont lies in the valley, amid woody uplands, which are seen all round. The cottage stands facing you, with its gable turned at the road, and fronting into its little garden and field. A row of ordinary cottages is built at its back, and faces the road below. To the right, ascends the grass field mentioned; but this, with extensive old orchards above the house, is pleasing to the eye, presenting an idea of quiet, rural repose, and of meditative walks in the shade of the orchard trees, or up the field, to the breezy height above. Opposite to the house, on the other side of the way, is a wheelwright's dwelling, with his timber reared amongst old trees, and above it a chalk-pit, grown about with bushes. This is as rural as you can desire. The old house is covered in front with a vine: bears all the marks of antiquity; and is said by its inhabitant, a tailor, to have been but little altered. There was, he says, an old porch at the door, which stood till it fell with age. Here we may well imagine Milton sitting, in the sunny weather, as at Bunhill Fields, and enjoying the warmth, and the calm sweet air. Could he have seen the view which here presented itself, it would have been agreeable; for though in this direction the ascending ground shuts out distant prospect, its green woody upland would be itself a pleasant object of contemplation; shutting out all else, and favorable to thought. The house below consists of two rooms, the one on the left, next to the road, a spacious one, though low, and with its small diamond casements suggesting to you that it is much as when Milton inhabited it. Here he no doubt lived, principally; and to all probability, here was "Paradise Regained" dictated to his amanuensis, most likely at this time his wife, Elizabeth Minshull. The worthy tailor and his apprentice were now mounted on a table in it, busily pursuing their labor.—*William Howitt's Homes and Haunts of British Poets.*

Lamartine's New Work.—The intelligent correspondent of the Literary Gazette thus characterizes the long expected work of Lamartine:

"L'Histoire des Girondins" has obtained a success due to curiosity. The work is written in the taste of the day. 'Tis the *roman-feuilleton*, written at times with excessive negligence, and at other times with a rare good fortune in scenic effects, in graphic details, in anecdotes more or less authentic, but all amusing. This will explain to you how it was that 6000 copies were sold in five days, and how it was that an enterprising publisher was found next day who offered 300,000 francs (12,000*l.*) to M. de Lamartine if he would, after the "Histoire des Girondins," write "L'Histoire des Montagnards." The offer was forthwith accepted. The "Histoire des Montagnards" will extend to eight volumes, and will thus complete the History of the French Revolution, which M. de Lamartine will have written in two portions. However, if the noble poet does achieve a mob triumph, he achieves it at the expense of his popularity in the higher circles, where people are revolted at the *sécheresse de cœur* with which he speaks of Louis XVI., and especially of Marie Antoinette. The unfortunate queen, indeed, is inexorably sacrificed to the imprescriptible rights of the sovereign people; and M. de Lamartine, clothing in burlesque this noble figure of a young woman, a stranger, devoted without defence to the revolutionary hydra, has dragged to light against her all the miserable calumnies accumulated in the pamphlets of Jacobinism. These views, so contrary to the antecedent political and diplomatic opinions of M. de Lamartine, have painfully affected most of his readers.

A New Symphony by David.—Félicien David was not fortunate when, after the great success of the *Désert*, he ventured upon a second attempt of the same kind. *Moïse* was very coldly listened to, and we might have for a moment believed in the total eclipse of this new star, which had suddenly risen with such splendor. But a third trial decidedly ranks Félicien David among the first composers whom we now possess; and the symphony of *Christophe Colomb* will ever, we believe, remain a remarkable work. The subject is well chosen, and, when a symphony is in question, the subject is an important point. The declaimed stanzas are sufficiently full of imagery to maintain the mind soaring at the poetic height required by an auditory, when listening to music of a severe and scientific character. We witness the preparations for departure; the embarkation, accompanied by the prayers of the people; all the incidents of a long navigation—a dead calm—a halt under the tropics—a storm—the rising and setting of the sun on the waters—a *rêverie* during the watch—a revolt amongst the sailors; and lastly the arrival, and the act of taking possession of a new world in the midst of wild Indian songs and dances.

Amongst the portions most applauded in the new symphony, we must notice the magnificent *crescendo*, the description of a fine night, the storm; and

amongst the songs, the first *barcarolle* of Christopher Columbus, the farewell duet, the prayer on the shore, the chorus of the spirits of the ocean, the ballad of the sailor, the chorus of the Indians, and especially the sweet melody entitled "La mère Indienne." The choruses of men's voices, almost all accompanied in unison by stringed and wind instruments, are written after the model of Handel's oratorios, and are rather too monotonously similar to the Gregorian chant. But, upon the whole, *Christophe Colomb* is a fine work, and we hold for certain that, from this day forward, all the lyrical theatres of Paris and the whole world are open to M. Félicien David.

Personal Appearance of Gilfillan.—An American traveller describes the gifted and popular author of "the Gallery of Literary Portraits," in the following graphic way:

"While in Dundee, a few days since, I saw George Gilfillan, author of 'Gallery of Literary Portraits,' one of the most remarkable books of the age. He is a thoroughly evangelical clergyman, theoretically and ostensibly. He is a devoted admirer of Carlyle, Channing, Emerson, Shelley, Lamb, Wordsworth, and his portraits of them are most striking. Gilfillan is a tall, vigorous looking man of thirty-three; strong though not stout, with a large six storied auburn-thatched head; an eye small but bright as an eagle's, darting its rays fiercely through the glasses which he wears for protection against the sun-light; a florid, fiery countenance; excitable temperament, not abated any by his use of tea and snuff; large ruddy shaped mouth fortified by an army of strong teeth, which, however, one could hardly call 'regulars;' prominent and well built olfactory establishment; and 'take him all in all' one of the strangest, strongest looking geniuses (for he is a genius) I have met with. I went to hear him preach. He labored like a mountain to bring forth an exposition of the parable of the good Samaritan; but the pulpit is not his sphere. He figures there like a giant in small clothes: like Pegasus in a yoke: like a lion in a net. He said some telling things; and now and then would bring his fist down like a blacksmith's sledge, when sparks would fly out in all directions so as to make one look out for his eyes. Privately and socially, he is a plain dressed, free-and-easy, unaffected man; his rugged storm-crested nature being easily subdued, at which time he is as peaceful and playful as a child. His conversation is full of images, like his friend Carlyle's, some of which he is a wee bit inclined to worship. But they are images representative of great spiritual thoughts, and such as would grace the gallery of any mind."

Birth-day of Neander.—On the 16th of January, the venerable Neander celebrated his birth-day at Berlin, and according to custom, the greater part of his more intimate acquaintances met at dinner at his house, besides the principal theological and historical professors of the university, his younger friends and scholars, and the deputies sent by the students. Many affectionate allusions were made to the debt of gratitude which most of those present owed to the celebrated professor: Ehrenberg spoke of the importance of Neander's great work on Church History, and another mentioned the high estimation in which he was held abroad. It is him that Edgar Quinet names "*une des âmes les plus élevées de l'Allemagne.*" In the evening the students appeared in great numbers before his house, with torches, and song, and music; a deputation of the students then brought a large drinking-cup, which they offered to their honored teacher as a birth-day gift to him, "the man of freedom, of love, and of faith; to the man who first introduced them all to a right understanding of the revelation of divine truth and divine beauty, and in whose hand they freely and joyfully deposited the vow which they had made to remain true to the recognised truth." Allusion was also made at this interesting festival to a work which has lately appeared at Potsdam; a translation, namely, of "the memoirs of the great Englishman," Thomas Arnold; which, in compliance with Neander's wish, one of his scholars undertook to translate. The motto affixed to the work by Neander is as follows: "We have here rich memoirs of the life of one of the noblest and most enlightened men of his age;" an opinion to which all who knew Arnold will heartily subscribe.

Death of Mdlle. Mars.—Mdlle. Mars died the day before yesterday, after a few weeks' illness. A daughter of the actor Morivel and of Madame Mars, she entered quite a child the Théâtre Montansier (now the Theatre of the Palais Royal). She left the French stage only five or six years ago. In consequence, during nearly fifty years (she lived to the age of 69), she maintained her dramatic career, in which success, generally so ephemeral, constantly and faithfully kept her company. I remember, when she was sixty years of age, the creation by her of the part of a young girl of eighteen, (in the play of M. A. Dumas, "Mdlle. de Belleisle,") and the personification met with the unanimous applause of a wonder-struck audience. To-day all these palms are blighted, the arch look is deadened, the sweet voice is dumb; and in a few years this magical name will only live as a tradition in the memory of a few old men. Previous to her death, Mdlle. Mars received all the succor religion could afford; and her reconciliation with the church will leave no pretence for those scandalous discussions which arise sometimes from the Papal excommunication which still weighs over comedians.—*Cor. Lit. Gazette.*

A Old Temperance Address.—A late number of the Chinese Repository contains a curious document on wine-drinking. It is found in one of the standard books of China, and is nearly three thousand years old. About 1150 B. C. the Chinese empire was cursed by the tyranny of Chu-sin, the last of the Shang dynasty. His successor, Wan-wang, deeply impressed with the evils which the excesses of Chu-sin had introduced, is represented as making a "wine announcement" to the Governor of Mei, of which the following extract is a part: "Your venerable predecessor, Wan-wang, founded a kingdom in the Western land, and warned and cautioned all the states, all the officers, together with the assistants and managers, morning and evening, in sacrifices to use this wine. Heaven only sent down the decree at first for our people (to use the wine) on account of the great sacrifices. Heaven's sending down inflictions on our people, and causing formidable rebellions, and the destruction of virtue, is invariably on account of wine: *only that does it.* And the cause of the ruin of small and large states is also invariably on account of wine. That is the sole fault. Wan-wang instructed the youth, the office holders, and men of business thus—'Don't be constantly guzzling wine. And let the occasion of national drinking be when sacrifices are offered; and then use it moderately, so as not to become intoxicated.'"

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No doubt, it is a boon to the surgeon to know that he can achieve what he knows to be essential for his patient's welfare, without, at the same time, inflicting on him an instant's pain. He will be very thankful

by day, week by week, and month by month; they have reasoned calmly of that which they believed to be surely carrying them onward to their grave; and yet they have turned, trembling and appalled, from the thought of an operation which a turn of

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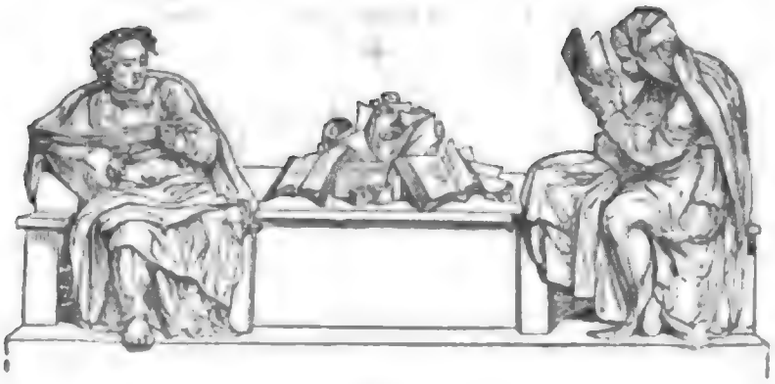

THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JULY, 1847.

From the North British Review.

PAINLESS OPERATIONS IN SURGERY.

1. *A Treatise on the Inhalation of the Vapor of Ether, &c.* By J. Robinson, Surgeon-Dentist, &c. London, 1847.
2. *Notes on the Inhalation of Sulphuric Ether, in the Practice of Midwifery.* By J. Y. Simpson, Professor of Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh, 1847.
3. *The Medical Periodicals*, passim.

[The following article has an interest as deep and wide as human suffering, as a clear and entertaining description of one of the most remarkable discoveries of the age. The author's great familiarity with the subject, as well as his evident learning and experience as a surgeon, give his statements great authority; while the enthusiasm and humor which his graphic delineations evince, not only take away all professional abstruseness, but give the article extraordinary literary attraction.—Ed.]

At first sight, this subject may seem to lie beyond the strict range of our Journal, and to belong rather to those periodicals which treat exclusively of physic and surgery. But a moment's reflection makes it very plain how this is a matter which touches all members of the human family alike; or, if there be any difference, patients are more interested than practitioners—the laity more than the profession—the mass more than the medical section of mankind. No doubt, it is a boon to the surgeon to know that he can achieve what he knows to be essential for his patient's welfare, without, at the same time, inflicting on him an instant's pain. He will be very thankful to find a fellow-being placid, and calm, and motionless, under an operation which used to cause much torture, as evinced too plainly by writhings, and shoutings, and groans. His hand is all the steadier; his head all the more cool and collected; his feelings are comparatively untouched; and his heart, all thankful, is incomparably at ease. But surely the boon is greater far to the victim—to the suffering portion of humanity. Injury and disease often require operations of dread severity; fearful in themselves, and still more fearful in anticipation. In war, the bravest hearts, who cared not for the foeman's steel, and scarce felt the wound it made, have yet shrunk back from the friendly knife which in kindness had to follow. In disease, the sternest minds, and the most possessed, have looked death steadily in the face, day by day, week by week, and month by month; they have reasoned calmly of that which they believed to be surely carrying them onward to their grave; and yet they have turned, trembling and appalled, from the thought of an operation which a turn of

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their malady may have rendered expedient or imperative. Many a wise, as well as many a bold man has refused to submit to what his own conviction told him was essential to his safety; and many a valuable life has thus, in one sense, been thrown away, which otherwise might have been saved, or at least prolonged. And why? Simply because, in the operations of surgery of a graver kind, there has hitherto been such cruel pain as frail humanity, even of the highest class, is fain to shrink from. We remember the case of a gallant admiral—one of the bravest hearts that ever beat, in a service whose men of every grade are, to a proverb, dauntless—who, in the opening of his distinguished career, had been engaged in cutting out an enemy's frigate. From the gunboat, he climbed up the ship's steep side, and, foremost of his crew, had reached the bulwarks, when, receiving a stunning blow, he fell backwards into his boat again, striking his back violently on the tholepin. Many years afterwards, a tumor had grown on the injured part; and at length, the admiral—grey, and bent in years—found it advisable that this growth should be removed. The man that never feared death in its most appalling form, while in the discharge of duty, now shrank from the surgeon's knife; the removal, contemplated with a feeling almost akin to fear, was long deferred; and at length, half-stupified by opium though he was, a most unsteady patient did he prove during the operation. Women—mothers—who, for their kindred, have been at any time ready to sacrifice their lives, by watching and privation, in loathsome and tainted chambers of infectious disease—have, when themselves become victims of that which they know requires a surgical operation, and which, without this, they are well assured, must miserably consume them away;—even these noble minds, resolute in the fear of death, have yet quailed under the fear of suffering; they have studiously concealed their malady from their nearest friends, and deliberately preferred the misery of a fatal, and unchecked, and ever-gnawing cancer, to the apprehended torture of an operation, temporary though it be. We repeat it; even the best portions of humanity have an instinctive dread and shrinking from the pain of deliberate cutting of the living flesh. And does it not concern us all, that, in God's good providence, a remedy has sprung up for this?—that now a fair prospect is afforded of even the most dreaded of these dire proceedings being performed during a happy unconsciousness of the patient? Not merely with little suffering, but absolutely with none.

Than the subject at the beginning of our page, we can conceive nothing more catholic;—it affects the whole human race. Even editors and critics must stoop to arrange themselves among the benefited; and in this question may well say—confessing their humanity, and throwing aside for once the almost supra-human obscurity in which they love to dwell—"*Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

We do not propose to enter fully into the subject of Etherization, but shall content ourselves with little more than a narrative of the principal events connected with it; making also some observations regarding the application of the discovery, which it may be at once useful and interesting for the general public to know.

It has always been a leading object in practical surgery, to diminish as far as possible the amount of suffering during the manipulations of that art. Accordingly, in some operations, tight pressure has been made above the part to be cut, applied by a tourniquet, by bandaging, or by the powerful grasp of an assistant. Sometimes, but more frequently in obedience to the urgent request of the patient than of the operator's own free will, opium, or some other narcotic, has been given previously to the hour of operation, in the hope of producing thereby a comparative deadness to pain; always, however, with an imperfect and unsatisfactory result as to the object sought to be attained, and almost always with the effect of subsequent disadvantage accruing, in the form of headach, feverishness, or other general disorder. Each individual operation has had its details oftentimes considered and changed in the hope of accelerating the speed of operating, while safety might be retained; and many ingenious instruments have been invented with the like object in view; surgeons seeking in every way to arrive at a due combination of the "*tuto et celeriter:*" always giving to the former the first place in importance, and yet, perhaps, pursuing the latter with a great earnestness and perseverance. In this, it is gratifying to know, that surgery has, of late years, made no inconsiderable advance. The operation for stone, for example, used to average many minutes in duration, now it seldom occupies

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above three or four; often it is completed in two; and, withal, the average mortality is found rather abated than otherwise; the search for the "*celeriter*" has been successful, and the "*tuto*" has been retained. In like manner, the old method of amputating by "circular incision" has been, in a great measure, superseded by the modern operation by "flaps," and the cutting procedure, in consequence, has been abridged of fully one-half its period of duration; while better stumps are formed, and the casualties affecting life are at least as few. Still, the results of such attempts, however successful, have been but imperfect; pain has still been inflicted, with all its intensity unbroken; the saving has merely been as to the tortures actually endured whilst under the knife, and that not with reference to acuteness or amount, but only as to the term of duration. And furthermore, no slight evil may well be supposed to have occurred, in the temptation to hurry in operating, held out, more especially, to those surgeons whose duty led them to public exhibition of their professional skill. A false criterion of operative power was apt to be raised—not merely in the vulgar mind; the dexterity of the hand was apt to be estimated according to the rapidity of its movement; the judgment and tact of the head, which planned an operation, were apt to be gauged by the time occupied in performance; and, in consequence, the surgeon may not unfrequently have been urged, almost unconsciously, if not to precipitancy in the use of his knife, at least to an unwarrantable sacrifice of the "*tuto*" to the "*celeriter*"—in plain language, to a sacrifice of his patient's best interests in favor of his own precarious and ephemeral reputation. "If it were well done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." But it were a poor economy, on the part of the patient, to obtain a moment's absolvence from pain, at the cost of misadventure which may bring life into hazard, or which may entail weeks or months of protracted suffering. In a recent publication, Professor Syme has stated, in reference to a particular operation, "I have completed the operation in less than a minute, and on other occasions have found nearly half an hour requisite for the purpose. If all operators had paid as little regard to the time occupied, I believe that the unfavorable results on record would not have been so numerous as they are." And this, we doubt not, is just an indication of the right feeling which pervades all truly good surgeons, who, as operators, are usually rapid—but rapid because skilful, and rapid only when safe; and who well know that, in some procedures, attempted rapidity will not fail to prove injurious, and must ever be abstained from. Still, there is no doubt, the operative surgery of modern days is decidedly more rapid than that of the olden times, and, on the whole, fully as safe in its immediate results. In consequence, a real saving of pain *has* thus been achieved in favor of humanity.

And in another way has good progress been made in this direction. It has been the pride of modern surgery, as it has been its aim, not to multiply instruments and the means of using them; not to enlarge the operative field, but to circumscribe it; not to expend blood and pain, but by gentler means to arrest disease, and remedy disaster. Joints are saved, and made supple again, which used to be amputated; growths are made to disappear by their own act, which used to be dug out or cut away; and accidental wounds are brought to heal more rapidly and more kindly, with less use of the probe, sewing needle, and knife. The modern surgeon finds his mission to be "not to cut but to cure."

By the skill and diligence of surgeons, then, and by the advance of improvement in their art, operations have been reduced in frequency, and shortened in performance. Still, however, they are almost everyday occurrences in each extensive practice; and, until within these few months, they were still inseparable from such suffering as even the bravest minds would fain recoil from.

"Pneumatic medicine," as it was called, was in vogue at the end of last century; that is, the treatment of disease by the inhalation of gases or vapors. The names of Drs. Beddoes, Thornton, and Pearson, are prominently associated with this; and it is well known that Sir Humphry Davy, in his early years, repeatedly risked his life in recklessly inhaling gases which are now ascertained to be poisonous. His experiments were not without their fruit. Advances in the general sciences of chemistry were attained; and, as will afterwards be shown, a very near approach to the present discovery was also made. Indeed, a very fair question may be raised, as to whether Sir Humphry be not actually entitled to rank as the discoverer of what has been

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termed "the Letheon"—or, at least, of the system of "Letheonizing."

Dr. Pearson, in 1795, recommends the inhaled vapor of sulphuric ether as "remarkably serviceable in phthisical cases. It abates the hectic fever, checks the sweats, removes the dyspnœa, and greatly improves the smell, color, and other qualities of the expectorated matter. . . Patients who have inhaled it two or three times, find it so grateful to their feelings that they are disposed to have recourse to it too often, and cannot readily be prevailed upon to lay it aside when it is no longer necessary." His mode of applying it was to pour "one or two teaspoonfuls of ether into a tea saucer, holding it to the mouth, and drawing in the vapor with the breath," continuing the inhalation till the saucer became dry, and repeating it "two or three times a day, or oftener if necessary." His ether, too, was duly rectified. The best having been got, "lest it should contain any loose acid, it is advisable to put a little alkaline salt into the bottle in which it is kept, and to shake them together now and then." And he was not content with using ether alone: he impregnated it with musk, camphor, opium, assafœtida, and the like, and squill seemed a favorite addition with him; for, says he, "the finer particles of the squill applied to the lungs in this manner, along with the vapor of ether, gently stimulate the secreting surfaces of the bronchia, and promote the mucous discharge; and if applied in sufficient quantity, produce sickness, which takes off the spasm, and is otherwise serviceable in such (asthmatic) cases."

Nysten, in 1815, published a strong recommendation of etherial inhalation as an anodyne, especially in pulmonary complaints, and described suitable inhaling apparatus.

In Brande's Journal of Science and the Arts, 1818, an author writes "on the effects of inhaling the vapor of sulphuric ether," showing how it may be conveniently managed, what risks may be expected, and how these may be avoided.

The medical use of gaseous inhalation, however, fell into desuetude. The profession let it slip, empiricism took it up, and between the neglect of science and the favor of quackery, it lapsed not only into disuse, but also into disrepute.

And yet it has been reserved for the simple inhalation of a gas,—a revival of the erewhile forgotten and despised "pneumatic medicine,"—to achieve in surgery that for which surgeons have for centuries labored, and labored in vain.

Sulphuric ether,—a subtle fluid, obtained by the action of concentrated sulphuric acid on rectified spirit, colorless, very volatile, pungent in taste, and of a penetrating odor, —has long been used in medicine; narcotic, when taken in large doses, either by the mouth or by inhalation; in smaller doses, stimulant, anti-spasmodic, and carminative. "In hysteria, asthma, palpitation, gastrodynia, nervous colic, and the like, it is an invaluable remedy, especially when united with opium."* Many a time has the vapor of ether been inhaled for the relief of oppressed lungs; many a time has the sought relief been thus obtained; and just so many times has the discovery of the wonderful anodyne properties of this gas, as affecting all bodily suffering, been brushed past and overlooked. Philosophers may often be likened to men diving into deep waters in search of what is floating on the surface, and against which, as they emerge, they may often almost brush their check. Medical philosophers were busy seeking to alleviate pain, prosecuting search after search, and devising scheme after scheme, and yet were in the daily or at least familiar use of what, if pushed only a little further, would have gained the end in view. And something less than medical philosophers had gone a step nearer the discovery. Certain medical chrysalises, commonly called apothecary shop-boys, have long been in the habit of testing each new comer to their sphere of labor, by his power of sustaining the vapor of ether. The novice may have passed an inductive examination satisfactorily as to general acquirements, the indenture may have been duly signed and lodged, the fee may have been duly paid, the apron may have been donned, and a place at the counter appropriated; but an ordeal had still to be passed through. In some remote corner of the shop, and at some lone hour, his impish brethren of the craft resolve themselves into a mysterious tribunal, to elicit his grade of manliness. They form a circle round him, and, holding to his mouth and nose a sponge, handkerchief, or towel, saturated with ether, through which he must breathe, they watch the effects. If he soon faint and fall, he is placed low in the list, as freeman of the shop; but if he long resist the vapor, he rises in estimation, and

CHRISTISON.

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at once has assigned to him a high place among his compeers. It is odd that such tricksy atoms of humanity never thought of pinching, puncturing, or cauterizing their hapless victims that fell and lay in a swoon. If they had, some one of them might have proved the lucky stumbler on the strangely anodyne properties of what they, as well as their betters, had so long regarded, in full doses, as a mere narcotic.

An old gentleman, too, was near it, some forty years ago.* He had discovered that the fumes of ether could lull him into forgetfulness of the pains and discomforts of a bustling and a chequered life. He was a man of research, in his way; curious in beds, and baths, and professing to cure disease better than his fellows. But he was loose in principle, as well as weak in science, and no doubt, most deservedly, had many roughnesses in life which he could wish to rub away. His mode was this. Obtaining an ounce or two of ether, he leisurely sniffed up its vapor, according to the plan of Dr. Pearson; sitting softly the while, and manifestly enjoying a time of calmness and repose. And, on being interrogated, he was in the habit of answering, "soothing, sir, soothing, to an immeasurable degree." In this placebo for the cares of life, he was in the habit of indulging many times a day; and again, it is to be regretted that some experimental pinching or puncturing had not been applied, in his listless moments—the more especially as there seems good reason to believe that no fitter subject could well have been got for such experimenting, according to the old adage, of "*in corpore vili*," &c. He had discovered that the fumes of ether could relieve, temporarily, from the pains of a mind ill at ease; but he was not deemed worthy of knowing that it could still more wonderfully assuage the body's worst suffering.

This discovery Providence has, in inscrutable wisdom, held back till the present day; and with its divulgement the names of two Americans are prominently associated, Doctors Jackson and Morton, the one a physician and chemist, the other a dentist, in Boston. To the former, the chief merit of the discovery seemed due, the latter having been but auxiliary to the testing by actual experiment. On the 13th of November, 1846, Dr. Jackson writes to the French Academy of Sciences, stating that he wished to communicate to that body a discovery which he had made, of much importance, as a means of relieving suffering humanity, and very valuable to the art of surgery. Five or six years before, he had observed that inhalation of the vapor of pure sulphuric ether had the power of inducing a peculiar state of insensibility. He had inhaled it himself, partly for the mere purpose of experiment, and partly for the relief of a very unpleasant affection of the chest, which had followed the inhalation of chlorine. Struck with the thought that this trance or insensibility might be turned to a good account, he advised Mr. Morton to make trial of it in the pulling of teeth. This Mr. Morton was not slow to do, and had the satisfaction, by means of the ether, of pulling teeth without pain, and of finding no unpleasant consequences attendant on his experiments. Mr. Morton subsequently, at the request of Dr. Jackson, proceeded to the public hospital of Massachusetts, and there administered the vapor to a patient about to undergo a painful surgical operation; and the result was again prosperous—no pain during the operation, and a good recovery. Then came further trials in the hospital; fast enough, and all successful—no pain, and "the recoveries remarkably good, apparently on account of no shock having been sustained by the nervous system."

On the 28th of November, Dr. Bigelow writes to his friend Dr. Boott, in London, announcing the "new anodyne process," and giving instances of its success.

On the 14th of December, Dr. Boott sends Dr. Bigelow's letter to Mr. Liston, naturally anxious to make so important a communication without loss of time to one so pre-eminent in the operative department of surgery. And that distinguished surgeon, worthy of the confidence reposed in him, speedily put the matter to test in the hospital of University College. His success was most complete, on the 21st of December.

On the morning of the 23d of December, his former pupil, Professor Miller of Edinburgh, was not a little surprised, doubtless, to receive the following epistle, which, having obtained, we venture to make public, availing ourselves of the permission of one of the parties at least. It is very characteristic of the writer, dashed off in hurry and excitement, and showing a fine generous enthusiasm; moreover, it may be regarded with something of historic interest, under the circumstances. The writer will, we

* *Lancet*, No. 1123, p. 164.

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hope, pardon us for the liberty we take with a private communication, which bears the form, indeed, rather of a despatch than of an ordinary letter. It is verbatim, as follows:—

"HURRAH!

"Rejoice! Mesmerism, and its professors, have met with a 'heavy blow, and great discouragement.' An American dentist has used ether (inhalation of it), to destroy sensation in his operations, and the plan has succeeded in the hands of Warren, Hayward, and others, in Boston. Yesterday, I amputated a thigh, and removed, by evulsion, *both* sides of the great toe nail, without the patient's being aware of what was doing, so far as regards pain. The amputation-man heard, he says, what we said, and was conscious, but felt neither the pain of the incisions, nor that of tying the vessels. In short, he had no sensation of pain in the operating theatre. I mean to use it to-day, in a case of stone. In six months no operation will be performed without this previous preparation.* It must be carefully set about. The ether must be washed, and purified of its sulphureous acid and alcohol. Shall I desire Squire, a most capital and ingenious chemist, to send you a tool for the purpose? It is only the bottom of Nooth's apparatus, with a sort of funnel above, with bits of sponge, and, at the other hole, a flexible tube. Rejoice!

"Thine always,

"R. L."

This was read by Professor Miller to his class, within an hour after its receipt; and a somewhat similar announcement was also made by Professor Syme, in the after part of the day. A few days afterwards, Professor Simpson had occasion to visit London; and, witnessing the effects of ether in hospital practice, obtained the best instrument for inhalation he could then procure. This apparatus, speedily after his return to Edinburgh, was put to the test in an amputation performed by Dr. Duncan in the Royal Infirmary of that city, and proved entirely successful; the operation having been completed without the infliction of any pain. In due time Mr. Liston supplied Professor Miller with the promised "tool;" and that apparatus also proved eminently successful in sundry cases in the Infirmary, astonishing both patient and practitioner. Professor Simpson was, with accustomed energy, not slow to prosecute the discovery in connexion with his own peculiar department; still with success. Professor Syme seemed less eager than his colleagues to lend confidence to the ether, and his first public trials were unsatisfactory. On the use of efficient apparatus, however, he too became a painless operator. Instrument makers, medical practitioners, and medical students, seemed struck with a fever of invention as to inhaling apparatus; in rapid succession many varieties were constructed and tried; some with unsatisfactory results, but the great majority all succeeding in the main object—procuring the forgetfulness of pain. From the metropolis the news quickly spread throughout the provinces; for the papers of the day, not unnaturally, had lent their power towards dissemination of the good news for humanity; and in Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness—by this time, doubtless, throughout all Scotland—the truth of the at first scarcely believed reports became speedily attested by the voice of actual experience. Already, by many hundreds of cases, the efficiency of inhaled ether in averting or subduing pain, its applicability to the majority of cases for operation, and the safety with which it may, in proper hands, be administered, are facts—assailed, but not overthrown.

Thus went the narrative of the discovery, up to the beginning of March. Then, however, a little new light dawned upon the subject. A Mr. Horace Wells, of Connecticut, United States, dentist, is announced as having practised letheonizing since October, 1844; beginning upon himself, using both nitrous oxide and sulphuric ether in his inhalations, and ultimately preferring the former. At the first it excited, as "the laughing gas" is well known to do; but after some time a thoroughly sedative effect was induced, less transient than that of ether. He did not stumble on the thing by accident, but was led to it by a process of reasoning, as he thus explains:—

"Reasoning from analogy, I was led to believe that surgical operations might be performed without pain, by the fact that an individual when much excited from ordinary causes may receive severe wounds without manifesting the least pain; as, for instance, the man who is engaged in combat may have a limb severed from his body, after

* Of course, this is not to be considered as Mr. Liston's deliberate opinion; but just the first flash of enthusiasm, at once natural and becoming, in the circumstances.

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which he testifies that it was attended with no pain at the time; and so the man who is intoxicated with spirituous liquor may be treated severely without his manifesting pain, and his frame seems in this state to be more tenacious of life than under ordinary circumstances. By these facts I was led to inquire if the same result would not follow by the inhalation of some exhilarating gas, the effects of which would pass off immediately, leaving the system none the worse for its use. I accordingly procured some nitrous oxide gas, resolving to make the first experiment on myself by having a tooth extracted, which was done without any painful sensations. I then performed the same operation for twelve or fifteen others, with the like results; this was in November, 1844."

His discovery he had no wish to keep concealed, or to cover by a patent. He at once disclosed it to the members of the profession with whom he came in contact, and, amongst others, to Drs. Jackson and Morton; making a journey to Boston for the express purpose. Dr. Warren of that city made trial of the experiment; but, somehow, his first attempts failed, and he desisted. Drs. Jackson and Morton professed themselves incredulous; Mr. Wells fell sick; and so the discovery lay dormant for awhile. Drs. Jackson and Morton, however, though incredulous, were not oblivious; they seem to have been brooding over the matter; and at length emerged from obscurity in the borrowed light of their more single-minded countryman. What degree of *credit* attaches to these gentlemen, we shall leave others to judge. The first mention of their names in this country was associated with very qualified praise, on account of their seeking to trammel, for their own pecuniary interests, a discovery which plainly interested all mankind, and which was declared to have emanated from a liberal and enlightened profession, the members of which—in this country, at least—are not in the habit of so "protecting" their inventions and discoveries which affect the life and death of their fellow-men. That praise will be still more qualified now, when it is understood that what they sought to patent, was not their own, but had been filched from a professional brother; one who had been generous enough to make it known to them, and who had wished to publish it to the wide world.

Has regret ever arisen within the breast of any Briton, that so important a discovery had not originated in his own land? Or are our transatlantic brethren self-elated, at so large a boon in favor of humanity having come from the New World? Surely both feelings, if they exist, will receive a healthful chastening, by the reflection how untowardly the boon has been ushered into operation. Really, Gentlemen, it is too bad. Must you have both a patent and a piracy? *Proh pudor!*

We need not stop here to describe the various forms of apparatus employed; nor, among so many, shall we attempt to decide the question of comparative merit. Most are efficient; some are strikingly so; and the simplest is the best. To children the vapor is efficiently enough applied, by laying over the mouth and nostrils a cambric handkerchief dipped in ether—a method long ago recommended by Dr. Pearson. We shall rather attempt to describe the effects, when suitably inhaled. The first mouthful or two is felt to be harsh, and unpleasantly pungent; but, in continuance of inhalation, that feeling gradually disappears, and the sensation becomes rather grateful than otherwise—sometimes intensely so, as in the case of the nitrous oxide gas, the inhaler obstinately and violently refusing to forego his delectation, if attempts be made to take the tube from him. Coughing is not always produced; but more frequently than not; and, in some cases, it proves so distressing as to impose on the practitioner a great difficulty in proceeding, even with the best assistance on the part of the patient. In general, however, by letting on the full supply of ether gradually, the coughing proves slight, and speedily ceases. Sometimes a profuse discharge of saliva takes place from the mouth; in almost all cases the secretion from the lining membrane of the windpipe and lungs seems to be very considerably increased; and, from this latter cause, a cough with expectoration may come on, during the latter stage of prolonged inhalation, quite independently of any direct irritation by the pungency of the ether. In the course of some time, varying from one to twenty minutes, but usually within two or three minutes, when the inhalation is duly conducted from the first, the patient shows signs of a departure from his ordinary condition. His face grows pale and leaden, sometimes with a livid congestion about the mouth and nose; his eyes are less brisk in their movements, and their glance is less keen; the eyelids move sluggishly over the eyeballs, and tend to droop; the hands and feet grow cold, and so do the legs and arms

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by and bye; bent positions of the limbs gradually relax themselves; the patient breathes more slowly and fully; his chest is seen to take in large supplies at each inspiration, and his cheeks blow like a bellows; if previously seated, the trunk of the body now falls back; if previously recumbent, a change may be observed indicative of still further relaxation. The pulse has been all along becoming more and more rapid in its beats, it is now very frequent; and soon it may run away to nothing, almost ceasing to be felt. The eyelids are now motionless; on elevating the upper one, it falls slowly down again, evidently under no control of muscle. The pupil of the eye began to dilate early; and the dilatation has kept pace with the progress of inhalation. The eyeball is now glassy, fixed, often turned upwards, and thoroughly "void of speculation." Then is the evidence of full etherization complete; and the operation may be proceeded with.

Such is a sketch of the ordinary effects as observed; but there is great variety. Sometimes the pupils are but slightly dilated, if at all; and sometimes the pulse, too, is slow to alter. Sometimes the patient withdraws the tube from time to time, to tell his feelings with great volubility and energy. Sometimes, but rarely, he expresses a strong dislike to it, and is with difficulty coaxed to resume its use. Sometimes he mutters through the tube, sometimes incoherently, sometimes sanely enough, in reference to circumstances which he observes. Sometimes he laughs immoderately, as if under the influence of nitrous oxide gas, and yet without recollection of any ludicrous idea after recovery. Sometimes he twists his limbs about, and sometimes he rolls his head from side to side, with a wild motion of his eye, and with a stupid yet strong expression of inquiry in its gaze. Sometimes he takes to low moaning or whining through the tube; more especially if he has been much agitated by previous apprehension. Sometimes he comes to breathe more heavily, and with more snorting noise than is quite agreeable. Sometimes a tendency to convulsions manifests itself, requiring instant disuse of the inhalation.

Supposing the trance complete, the phenomena educed by the operation vary. In general the patient remains quiet and motionless, as if inanimate,—the muscles often quivering slightly, however, at each play of the knife, as if by the mere physiological stimulus which their contractility receives; and knitting of the brows, occasional or fixed, is extremely common,—giving an expression, by frowning, rather of annoyance than of pain. Sometimes there is slight shrinking of the part from the knife, the patient seeming to make some little effort to move it away. Sometimes the part is violently contorted, requiring more than the usual complement of assistants to restrain it. Sometimes the patient gives sundry abrupt, loud exclamations, as if in pain; sometimes he moans and breathes hard; sometimes, though rarely, he roars lustily. And all this may happen without any sensation, or at least without any subsequent remembrance of pain.

The effects, as indicated by the patient's own recollection, are also very various. In general they are somewhat as follows:—A pleasing sense of soothing succeeds the first irksomeness of the pungent vapor,—a soothing of both mind and body. Ringing in the ears takes place, with some confusion of sight and intellectual perception. The limbs are felt cold and powerless; the hands and feet first, then the knees; and the feeling is as if these parts had ceased to be peculiar property, and dropped away. This sensation may gradually creep over the whole frame,—the patient becoming, in more senses than one, truly etherialized,—reduced to the condition of no body and all soul. The objects around are either lost sight of or strangely perverted; fancied shadows flit before the eyes, and then a dream sets in,—sometimes calm and placid, sometimes active and bustling, sometimes very pleasurable, sometimes frightful as a nightmare. Emerging, the figures and scenes shift rapidly, and grow fainter and fainter; present objects are caught by the eye once more, the ringing of the ears is heard again, consciousness and self-control return, a tendency to excited talking is very manifest, movement is unsteady, and, both in mind and body, very unequivocal signs of intoxication are declared. In plain language, as in plain fact,—there is no disguising it,—the patient is drunk. The tipsiness, however, is of a light and airy kind,—very pure, very pleasant, and very passing, and, when gone, leaving very little trace behind. If the ether be good, "there is no headache in a gallon of it."

Sometimes the dream is exquisitely charming, and the patient seems passed into another and a better world. Sometimes the opposite state obtains, the patient betraying manifest uneasiness while in the

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trance, by restless, staring, anguished eyeballs, by groaning, and by wrestling movements of the body. And these are not loath to emerge from the effects of the drug, while the former part with them grudgingly. One poor girl, we well remember, had struggled hard during an amputation, yet felt no pain; and, on coming to herself, thankfulness was expressed in every feature, as well as by her blithe tongue, for she "thocht the deil had a grip o' her a' the time." Sometimes the dreamer is falling from a great height rapidly, down and down into some unfathomable abyss. Very often the dream is connected with the operation, —may be said to be the operation embellished and disguised,—done into poetry,—and all without pain. Sometimes, again, the dream is the most opposite thing possible to the operation: the otherwise most painful things may be doing, and all the while the patient, without swerving a hair's breadth, may be grinning, and nodding, and winking, and chuckling, and making various nautical-looking observations, with his fingers on his nose, industriously endeavoring to convey to the bystanders some notion of the exquisite treat of which he himself is then in the full enjoyment. Sometimes an obscure perception of something being done to the part, suggests, as if by association, the idea of accidents and injuries there of another kind. Sometimes the dream is warlike,—personal to the dreamer,—or of bygone days, implicating Napoleon, or Soult, or Wellington; and the crack of tooth-pulling has sometimes passed off as the din of ordnance. Sometimes it is a contention with unearthly things,—a tugging or battling with gnomes, and spirits of an evil mien, victory swaying now one way, and now the other. Sometimes, in youth, the dream has been "all fun," and the dreamer has been anxious to be back into the midst of his pleasant pastime again, even at the cost of another tooth-drawing. The patient, if a wanderer, and then in a strange land, may dream pleasantly of home: "she had been home,—it was beautiful,—and she had been gone a month." So said one poor woman in the midst of what, without the ether, would have been agony. Sometimes the dream is of drowning: a gushing in the ears, a choking, and a sense of being lost, without pain, or struggle, or effort to save one's self;—a rapid, smooth, and pleasing descent beneath the waters of deep oblivion. Sometimes the complex, circumstantial details of years, as in other dreams, are condensed into one lucid glance: the events of early youth have seemed compressed into a circle. Sometimes the dream passes steadily on to completion; sometimes it is abruptly closed by some critical procedure on the part of the operator,—the extraction of a tooth with a wrench, for example. Some go "with their uncle to Gravesend;" some "have been they don't know where: all they know is, they felt nothing."

Sometimes, too, the dreaming has connexion with previous habits and tendencies. A soldier dreams of guns, and bayonets, and strife, and clamor; a sailor, of ships, and storms, and grog; an Irishman, of whiskey, and shilelaghs, and a "skrimmage;" a boy, of marbles, tops, and "lots of fun;" a mother, of home, and children; a girl, of gala-days, and finery,—"bonny, very bonny," one kept ever saying, with her eyes fixed and straining, evidently on a print or bonnet. A tippler fancies he is in the grog-shop, and there he may enjoy himself rarely,—or he may dream "his wife came to fetch him." Quarrelsome men grow pugilistic, and coats may be doffed with appropriate accompaniment of word and action. Young men, having some one in their list of female acquaintance dearer than the rest, grow active lovers, and in lone walks, earnest conversations, or soft whisperings, seem to make rare progress in their suit. The swearing and dissolute may indulge in oaths, and profane jests. The man of fervent piety, who is habitually looking heavenward, may not only suppose himself translated to the realms of bliss, but may take part in imagined exercises there. We have seen a patient thus employed immediately after a painful operation: four verses of a psalm were sung by him very loudly, with his eyes fixed, his body in a tremor, and intense fervor shown in every movement. He would not be interrupted, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to leave the operation-room, seeing that he found himself so wonderfully happy there; he said he had been in Heaven, and had seen his Saviour; on reaching his bed, he fell on his knees, and was rapt in prayer. Not always, however, is the dream consistent with the character. For we have heard, among other instances, of one young, simpering, and innocent damsel, who, addressing a most amiable and excellent dentist, knitting her brows into something more than a frown, clenching her fist, and scowling defiance, vowed, in the voice of a Stentor, that

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if he ventured near her with his profane touch, "big blackguard, as he was, she should certainly knock him down,"—doing him, no doubt, some grievous bodily harm. And staid, demure, elderly gentlemen,—lawyers, too,—have, in most abandoned gaiety, insisted upon the operator forthwith joining them in a joyous "Polka."

When the illusion is very pleasant, the dreamer almost always evinces a strong aversion to being interrupted: all questioning he deems impertinent, and he answers snappishly, and in monosyllables,—if at all. It is no uncommon thing for him to say that "an answer will be given *to-morrow*;"—plainly implying that he is busy, well employed, and will not be disturbed. On coming out of the trance, whether this have been pleasurable or not, hysterical crying is very common in the young, and especially in the female. Grown men, however, are not exempt from this frailty. On recovering from their unconsciousness, and for the first time beholding a raw stump, where a leg or thigh had been, even they are very apt to lapse into most unsentimental blubbering.

The effects, as already said, bear a strong resemblance to those of excess in strong drink. Sometimes the patient seems to be made aware of this, by the sensations which are induced in the early period of inhalation. "You'll have me drunk!" cried one. "Oh, you blackguard! I know what you are,"—evidently supposing that he had fallen into loose society, and that his companions had a design on him. But it is in the state of emergence that the intoxication shows most. The eye, mouth, general expression of features, the walk, articulation, and pantomime, are all those of the tippler. He sways as he tries to stand, and reels as he walks; is garrulous and sprightly, often effectively humorous; and his leer and gesture are meant to be diverting. Often he insists on shaking hands with all and sundry; often, as already stated, he grows lachrymose, like one who, in Scottish phrase, might be termed "greetin' fou." The unsteadiness of gait, and lightness of head, sometimes have an inconvenient length of duration. One lady we have heard of, who, leaving the dentist too soon, had to grope her way along the railing of the street, in noonday, and ran no slight risk of losing all reputation for sobriety. Sickness, too, is not uncommon, very like that of a debauch. And next day, though it brings not its headache, brings some uncomfortable feeling in the interior, with a strong desire, usually, for more of the deluding vapor. This desire for more, indeed, occurs at two periods,—immediately after the affair is over, just as a man not fully drunk, but only excited, is eager to have "one glass more;" and, again, next day, just as a man drunk over night seeks for "a hair of the dog that bit him." In Dr. Pearson's time it was the same, though with him the ether was not pushed to unconsciousness; for, in the passage formerly quoted, we find him complaining that he found difficulty in preventing his patients who had once tasted the sweets of ether, from recurring to it far too frequently. Patients themselves, too, liken it to drink: they call for "more grog," and declare it to be "glorious," "good stuff, better than pop."

The duration of the ether's influence is an important matter. It is brief; and yet it is odd that the ether itself seems to remain long in the system; being plainly, and even offensively, felt in the breath, not merely for hours, but even positively for days, after protracted inhalation.* The full effect seldom lasts above a few minutes; time enough for the performance of some operations; such as that of tooth-drawing. When more protracted procedure is contemplated—as in amputation, stone, rupture, removal of tumors, &c., the inhalation is proceeded with during the operation, at what in steaming is termed "half speed." The ordinary signs having evinced attainment of the full effect, the operation is begun; and then the inhalation may be for a few moments discontinued, to be afterwards renewed; or, what is better, the mouth-piece is kept continuously applied, with the valve in the tube, for entrance of atmospheric air, either partially or wholly open, so as to dilute the vapor. And if at any time the patient show signs of prematurely returning consciousness, the valve is shut, and the full power of ether restored; the patient being made to breathe much or little of the vapor, according to the effects observed.

At first, it may seem that this brief duration of the ether's influence is a disadvantage. The operator soon learns, however,

* The rapidity with which the ether pervades the whole system is also well shown, by amputated parts retaining a strong flavor of ether, even for many days after removal; although perhaps not more than two or three minutes had been spent in inhalation previous to the making of the incisions.

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that it is the contrary. Prolonged duration is readily within his power, by continued inhalation; and much of comfort and safety resides in the fact of the effect being transient. The manageability of the ether is not its least virtue. Were the period of duration ordinarily less brief, the inhaler would be a dangerous instrument, even in the hands of the skilful and prudent. But, as it is, in the hands of the duly qualified it seems perfectly safe. Repeatedly have we observed unpleasant effects beginning to show themselves, during an operation; and, to prevent or remove them, it was only necessary to discontinue the inhalation. There was no necessity to fly hither and thither in search of antidotes or restoratives, or to annoy the patient and interrupt the operator by the administration of them. It was enough to cease to administer the ether. Repeatedly have we seen an operation begun, without any sign of pain; by and bye some wincing and moaning came; the ether was let on;—a lull followed, the limb becoming passive and deadlike as at first—in more senses than one, the patient "breathed again;" once more sensation revived, and again it was lulled asleep; and so, several times in succession, until all was safely and painlessly completed. Repeatedly have we seen the tedious process of stitching a wound illustrate this manageability of the ether's influence; one stitch accompanied with some sign of pain, the next as if placed in a dead part; and so on in varying succession, just according to the cessation or continuance of the ether's administration.

Sometimes, however, the effect is not transient; a heavy stupor remaining, with small pulse, perhaps, and an unpleasant expression of countenance. Cold water, dashed on the face, or a current of cold air applied to it, are good restoratives. Indeed, their power of bringing the patient out of the trance is often exhibited unintentionally, and inconveniently, during the operation. If a wound be sponged with cold water, for example, the patient who had borne cutting without a wince, will often complain of the cold lustily. One victim of a severe operation, when asked if she felt any pain, said she "felt that window"—which, happening to be open, had to be shut. The internal restoratives are wine, spirits, or ammonia; the last, probably, to be preferred. Should respiration and circulation still flag, heat to the surface, friction of the chest, and ammoniated stimulation of the nostrils, will naturally be resorted to. If opportunity serve, oxygen gas may be inhaled, to arterialize the blood; it being supposed that etherization, when extreme, tends to evil, by sending venous blood through the general circulation.

When the patient does awake fully to consciousness, it may be supposed that he awakes to much misery, because to much pain. But it is not so. Not unfrequently, every sense is fully restored except the sense of pain. The patient sits up, talks rationally and calmly, is aware of every circumstance, knows of his wound, by seeing and hearing of it, and yet feels no pain; the smarting of a raw wound is often averted for some hours in this way; and when it does supervene at length, there is good reason to believe that in many cases it comes in a mitigated form. Often the patient sobs and cries, immediately or soon after return to consciousness—a state resembling hysteria, or else very like the maudlin grief of a drunken man; but such tears are no sign of suffering; on the contrary, they are not unfrequently the offspring of dreamy joy and gratitude.

For the successful administration of ether, certain things are very essential. The instrument must be suitable, and in good working order; and, especially, there must be sufficient width of bore to admit of a free draught for the trachea. The ether must be strong and pure; washed with water, to remove any acid that might remain, and which would cause irritation to the lungs and fauces; afterwards decanted from the water, and distilled over chloride of calcium. A mixture of chloric ether with the sulphuric has been tried, but with unsatisfactory results; the mixture proved more grateful to the patient at the time of inhalation, but the stupifying result was longer of being produced, and the after effects were not only protracted, but disagreeable. There was a loss of power; and, as with many compound things, what was pleasant to the taste, at first, became bitter afterwards. The patient should be comfortably and conveniently arranged: he should be as warmly clothed as circumstances will admit of; and the temperature of the room should be little if at all below 60°. The warmth is obviously favorable to the production of etherial vapor, and it is also favorable to the due effect on the recipient. In a room of low temperature, a cold shivering is apt to come on shortly after inhala-

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tion has been begun, disturbing and impeding the process. The patient should be spoken to kindly, and reassured, in the first instance; the mode of inhalation should be illustrated and made plain to him; and it may be well to make him breathe through the tube, experimentally, before the ether is poured into the apparatus. A position is arranged suitable to the operation, and also as suitable as possible to the inhalation. Recumbency, with the head slightly elevated, is usually to be preferred. All arrangements as to securing limbs, denuding the part to be operated on, sorting pillows, stationing attendants, &c., should be completed before inhalation is begun; for, quietude is very essential to success. The patient should not be spoken to, or touched, or in any way have his attention taken from his self-intoxicating occupation. A question, the fall of a jug or basin, a tap at the door, a sneeze, or other accidental noise, may interrupt the process very seriously; rousing the patient from the advancing stupor, perhaps rendering him restless and unmanageable. The respiration should be steady, slow, and full; the patient filling his chest completely, and emptying it completely, at each inspiration and expiration. To prevent coughing, or other disagreeable consequences of the pungency of the vapor, a considerable dilution by atmospheric air is expedient at first; the amount of dilution being gradually diminished, as the patient is found to bear it. And to effect this very important part of the procedure, the tube is provided with a valve, which, when open, admits a full stream of atmospheric air, and which can be opened or shut—gradually or suddenly—at pleasure. The merit of inventing this important part of the apparatus is due, we believe, to Mr. Squire, chemist, London, who constructed the instruments first used successfully by Mr. Liston. The operator, or some duly qualified assistant, watches the pulse, breathing, countenance, and eye; careful to note the time when the operation may be begun, and equally careful to observe any untoward sign which might render temporary abstraction of the ether necessary.

In general, no unpleasant sign showing itself, the inhalation is carried to the point of complete stupefaction; and this, as already stated, is sought to be maintained by a continued, though minor use of the ether. An odd fact, however, comes now to be stated; namely, that stupefaction is by no means essential. Experience has fully shown that the brain may be acted on so as to annihilate for the time what may be termed the faculty of feeling pain; the organ of general sense may be lulled into profound sleep, while the organ of special sense and the organ of intellectual function remain wide awake, active, and busily employed. The patient may feel no pain under very cruel cutting, and yet he may see, hear, taste, and smell, as well as ever, to all appearance; and he may also be perfectly conscious of everything within reach of his observation—able to reason on such events most lucidly, and able to retain both the events and the reasoning in his memory afterwards. We have seen a patient following the operator with her eyes most intelligently and watchfully, as he shifted his place near her, lifted his knife, and proceeded to use it; wincing not at all during its use; answering questions by gesture, very readily and plainly; and after the operation was over, narrating every event as it occurred—declaring that she knew and saw all; stating that she knew and *felt* that she was being cut, and yet that she felt no pain whatever. Patients have said quietly, "you are sawing now," during the use of the saw in amputation; and afterwards they have declared most solemnly, that though quite conscious of that part of the operation, yet they felt no pain. We have seen a patient enduring amputation of a limb without any sign of suffering, opening her eyes during the performance, at its most painful part, descrying a country practitioner at some distance—under whose care she had formerly been, and whom she had not seen for some considerable time—addressing him by name, and requesting that he might not leave town without seeing her. And one of the first successful operations in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh well illustrates the same point;—the patient managing all the details of the inhalation himself, loudly insisting that the experiment was quite a failure, and would never do, that the matter must be deferred to another opportunity—and all the while the painful operation being busily proceeded with, preparing an agreeable surprise for the talkative sceptic. More examples to the same effect might be adduced, if necessary: the fact is undoubted. And physiologists, accordingly, are somewhat puzzled as to the exact statement of the effects produced by etherial inhalation on the nervous system. Of the brain proper, the spinal system, and the ganglionic system—as the

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different parts of the nervous system are termed—which is the part affected? Strychnine is supposed to influence the spinal system mainly; digitalis, the ganglionic;—which does the ether affect? It is probable that the brain proper is the part mainly influenced; and sometimes only a portion of it; for, as has already been stated, the intellect may be active, and the special senses, too, may retain all their acuteness, while the patient is wholly unconscious of a procedure which otherwise could not fail to be accompanied with the severest torture. General sense may be asleep, while intellectual and special sense may be wide awake.

The first effect of the inhalation would seem to be decidedly stimulant; afterwards it becomes powerfully sedative. Just as other things may be stimulant, in small doses, or lightly applied;—sedative in large doses, or long continued. Opium is a familiar example of this; causing excitement in small doses, and proving the most powerful of all narcotics when largely administered.

But it is now time that we speak somewhat more fully of the evil consequences which ether, taken by the lungs, may produce. 1. It may produce coughing, expectoration, or other sign of irritation of the air passages. And this irritation may sometimes prove so embarrassing, as to frustrate the attempt at letheonizing. 2. It may produce excitement; just as the nitrous oxide gas does; the patient becoming talkative and restless, or violent, and intolerant of restraint. 3. In females, or in males of highly nervous temperament, it may induce hysteria. 4. It may cause sickness and vomiting; and the younger the patient, the more liable is this to occur—more especially if the inhalation have been protracted and imperfect. More than once we have seen the tube untowardly saturated with the fluid contents of the stomach. 5. Convulsions may occur; slight or violent; transient or protracted. Of course, the first appearance of them is, the signal for discontinuance of the ether—to be resumed, if the operation be not completed, so soon as the system has again become quiet. 6. Fainting may take place, the pulse becoming very rapid, and at last imperceptible; and the faint may prove of such intensity and duration as to cause serious alarm. But this is not likely to occur, except in the case of diseased heart. 7. Signs of congestion in the brain may manifest themselves; the patient threatening to pass into what is technically termed the condition of *coma;* as indicated by complete insensibility, dilated pupils, relaxed muscles, snoring and labored breathing. 8. Lastly, the experiment may fail; the patient becoming excited and confused, but not dead to pain. This result, however, we feel convinced, will seldom if ever occur, *when good ether is well administered by means of a suitable apparatus.*

Such are the immediate results of an untoward kind; and the most of them, we believe, may be averted by a graduated, rapid, and quiet exhibition of good ether; should they threaten, inhalation is discontinued for a time, and warily resumed. Others may possibly show themselves at a more remote period. There may be a condition of system induced, resembling what is termed *irritative fever;* and by this recovery may be delayed. It is possible, also, that irritation of the air passages may leave some permanent traces behind; threatening to pass on into bronchitis or pneumonia.

A direct proof, however, of such casualties is, happily, still wanting. In one fatal case of amputation below the knee, in the Edinburgh Infirmary, in which ether had been successfully used, bronchitis and pneumonia were both discovered; but the woman died of inflammation of the veins, with acute abscess in the wrist and knee joints; and, besides, she had been for years in bad health, and at the time of the operation had a chronic affection of the lungs. In another patient, a boy, who had his thigh amputated, recovery was delayed by the occurrence of a slight attack of pneumonia; but then it did not show itself till a fortnight after the operation; and, at that period, the ether could certainly not be justly blamed.

Some seem to entertain a fear that a state of system untowardly favorable to inflammation of the veins, to erysipelas, and to tedious successive suppurations in various parts of the body, may be engendered by the ether. And some cases in the Edinburgh Infirmary may have lent some coloring to the fancy, and, we honestly believe, nothing more than coloring—certainly no proof. It so happened that, in several cases of operation, in which ether had been used, these affections did occur, and proved both troublesome and dangerous. But it also happened that these same diseases, with similar dangerous and troublesome results, were occurring in other patients, in

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the same wards, and at the same time, to whom no ether whatever had been in any way administered. In fact, the season, at that time, was very unhealthy; and these affections prevailed then in the hospital, in an epidemic form, attacking patients who had ether and who had not, indiscriminately. A "fatal case" has been reported in England; a coroner's inquest has sat on it, and the decision has been, "death by ether." But we will venture to say, that no unprejudiced surgeon, of experience in such matters, will think the verdict just or warranted. The woman had a large "osteosarcomatous, malignant" tumor extirpated by tedious dissection from the upper part of the thigh; the operation lasting, according to the statement, 25 minutes, according to another, 55 minutes; the etherization proving quite ineffectual, the patient wincing under each stroke of the knife, and saying afterwards that she felt it. After the operation, a state of great depression was observed; and this continued. The operation was performed on a Tuesday forenoon, and the patient, sinking, died on the morning of Thursday following. Now, what is there in all this, but what has been observed again and again, in ordinary practice, before the days of ether? Under the shock of less severe operations than this, susceptible frames have sunk in less time. And though it was very natural for the surgeon, in this case, to lay the blame on the ether, shifting it from himself and his knife, we suspect that he will find but few competent judges in the profession to agree with him. Obviously, had ether been even pushed in the case, the result could not have attached blame to its use; for the result is none other than what has been often seen without ether. But there is another question. The ether here was ineffectual; so far as the anodyne effect is concerned, the operation may be said to have been without etherization, and the patient sank by continuance of the shock. Had ether, by due administration, proved effectual as an anodyne, the painful and emotional part of the shock would have been averted; and might not the patient, in consequence, have been still alive? The "Crowner's Quest" verdict is, in truth, imperfect. It was "death by ether." Ought it not rather to have been, "death (by want of) ether?"

We are further told, "the patient who underwent the Cæsarean operation died." No wonder. How many have lived after such procedure? "Another patient, on whom extirpation of the eyeball was performed, sank." Is that anything new? "A clergyman, whose leg was amputated, never rallied after the operation." Have there not been thousands of such cases before the days of ether?

It is worth while, in connexion with this subject, to look to Travers on Constitutional Irritation—an old and valued authority. There we find many examples of sudden death after operations and injuries, some of them slight and trivial, which, had they occurred in these days, with the use of ether, would have placed in the hands of that agent's enemies, much more plausible arguments and facts for denouncing it as the cause of misadventure.

Let us not be mistaken. We do not say that fatal and formidable results may not happen, and have not happened, from ether's use in surgery. All we mean to assert is, that formidable and fatal results from ether's use in surgery have, in no one case as yet, been proven. And we go a step further. Ether, as an anodyne in surgery, is on its trial; it has been openly accused of fatal and formidable results; we seek for a thorough and impartial sifting of the evidence, *pro* and *con*; and we confidently claim, so far as the present state of evidence goes, a verdict very different from that of the "Crowner's 'Quest;" not merely a "Not proven," but "Not guilty."

Obviously, etherization ought never to be practised but by, or in presence of, the faculty,—it being essential that a competent person should be at hand, to detect the signs of coming evil, and to apply those remedies which circumstances may demand. Like other powerful agents for weal or for woe, it will no doubt be found,

> "Sacra vitae anchora, circumspecti agentibus
> Cymba Charontis, in manu imperiti."

As obvious is it, how the ether's use may be turned to sinister purposes. Persons may be lulled into unconsciousness, for the purpose of nefarious acts being committed on their person or purse. Should itinerant tooth-drawers take to ether, and the public foolishly take to them, we advite the unhappy victims to look to their pockets, and leave all their personal movables, of any value, at home.

Is it necessary to recount the advantages which the use of ether affords in surgery? Not surely at great length. 1. The most obvious benefit is that which accrues direct-

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ly to the patient by the annulling of pain. 2. And, from this, again, there results an important matter; namely, that patients, coming to have little or no dread and apprehension of operations, will readily submit to them when assured by their medical advisers that their performance has become necessary, or even expedient; and they will not be tempted to conceal diseases, in the cure of which they imagine that operative measures may be required. In many operations, heretofore, it has been the experience of all operators that the patient has often been "more afraid than hurt." Now, we may almost say, in none will he be either hurt or frightened. 3. Heretofore, also, the *shock* of all serious operations has been formidable. The patient, however resigned and courageous, was deeply depressed in system: the pulse became feeble, the surface cold and pale, the eye dim, respiration troubled, and the whole powers of life were brought low. With ether we expect to see less of this; and much less we do see. Thighs may be amputated, stones extracted, and tumors removed, with little sign of shock imparted; the chief deviations from the normal characters of health being such as are known to be the effects of ether,—and, accordingly, both manageable and transient. Of course, we do not expect all shock to be removed. Shock may be said to consist of three parts, —mental or emotional,—the effect of the suffering of pain,—and an impression, independent of pain and emotion, made on the ganglionic and spinal systems of nerves. Removal of the two first is certainly within the power of etherization; but the last, —often formidable,—will still remain. 4. What is termed *reaction* from the shock used to be troublesome; of two kinds; strong and active, tending to inflammation; weak and tumultuous, tending towards irritative fever, and equally important,—perhaps the less manageable of the two. Now, by the avoidance of shock, wholly or in great measure, it is not unreasonable to suppose that such untoward consequences of shock may be avoided, also, wholly, or in great measure. And experience, on this point, has already spoken favorably. 5. Some observers have thought that rather more blood flowed from operations conducted with ether, than from those without it. And some seem tolerably confident that there is a greater tendency to what is termed secondary bleeding;—that is, bleeding taking place some hours after the operation, when the patient is warm in bed. As to the first objection, our own observation tends rather the other way; and we do not well understand how it should be otherwise; for, when the ether's charm works well, the placid condition of the part and patient is surely favorable to a gentle circulation, and to a moderate flow of blood from cut vessels. Should the patient and part become excited and unruly,—as *sometimes* happens,—then, no doubt, some trouble by many bleeding points may be expected. But such an event ought to be the exception to the general rule. As to the secondary bleeding,—this may be explained in another way, without placing blame on the ether. In many operators, using ether without much experience of its effects, there is a natural desire to hurry over the work as rapidly as possible, lest the patient wake up and complain of pain; and, in consequence, there is a temptation to close the wound, and dress it finally, after having secured the main vessels only, without looking narrowly for minor points, or waiting to see if fresh bleeding orifices show themselves, as is ordinarily, and ought always to be done. And when this is not done, bleeding, by and bye, can scarcely fail to occur, to a greater or less extent,—obviously the fault, not of the ether, but of the ether's employer, the surgeon. With skilful etherization, and the ordinary precautions of deliberate operating, we are inclined to believe that a saving of blood will be the result. 6. Instead of hurry being imparted to the surgeon's hands, by the ether's use, they ought, on the contrary, to move with greater steadiness and deliberation. There is one operation in surgery which is always done slowly, because thus, and thus only, it can be done well,—and that is trephining. There is, indeed, no excuse for haste, the sawing of the skull,—the patient ordinarily insensible,—being a painless operation. And, in like manner, during the painless operations of these days, the same deliberate movements should be practised; the more especially, as we know that the manageability of the ether is such, as to enable us to maintain the desired state of unconsciousness almost for an indefinite period. It is very plain, however, that such increased steadiness, deliberation, and consequent perfection of operating, is not to be expected until the surgeon has become familiar with the ether's use, and confident of the power with which he can thereby command the sensibilities

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of his patient. In fact, so manageable is the agency, that we have often been forced mentally to liken it to the power of steam, which may be turned off or turned on as we list. Working a vessel up a difficult channel, how often is the power of progression increased, slackened, turned off, or reversed! In ether, we have no reverse in the power itself; but, during an operation, it would be no great misapplication of terms to find the superintending surgeon regulating his anodyne powers by "Set on!" or, —as it is an American discovery,—"Go a-head!" "Ease her!" "Stop her!" Unfortunately, there is no "Back her!" or "Astern!" But, if a bright look-out is kept, and no rash way made upon the vessel, the necessity for such a cry, we fondly think, will not often arise. How many operations with ether must have now taken place,—many, too, it is no want of charity to suppose, with bad ether, bad apparatus, and want of caution; and yet, so far as we know, there is not one instance of fatal casualty which can be ascribed directly to the ether's use.

But it is not in *cutting* only that ether is of use. As an opponent of muscular resistance, it promises to be of great service in surgery. In dislocations of old standing, more especially of the larger joints, as the hip and shoulder, it is well known that great difficulty is experienced in effecting reduction; and this mainly on account of the resistance which is afforded by the muscles, whose spasmodic action is partly involuntary and partly in obedience to the will. However resolute and calm the patient may be, and anxious to assist the surgeon in every way, yet, so soon as violent extending force is applied to the limb, he cannot help straining himself greatly, fixing his chest during deep inspirations, and rendering the muscles connected with the displaced joint as rigid as if they were of wood or plaster. Now, all this straining, the effect of the will, etherial inhalation is calculated to avert entirely; and we have seen it so averted. Consequently, one great obstacle to reduction may, by the ether, be overcome. We are not so sanguine of its proving a successful opponent of involuntary spasm; having repeatedly witnessed much and violent spasmodic movement during amputations, of the pain of which the patient felt nothing. In hernia, too, the remedy promises well, in preventing the straining of the patient, which every experienced surgeon knows is so greatly obstructive of reduction. In a recent case of rupture operated on, the bowels were constantly protruding from the wound, and could not be replaced, on account of the great and incontrollable action of the abdominal muscles; ether was administered, the patient became unconscious, the abdomen lay quiet, and the protruded parts were then, without the slightest difficulty, replaced and retained. Even supposing, therefore, that etherial inhalation be found ineffectual in allaying involuntary spasm, it promises much aid, by the averting of voluntary muscular action, in the reduction of dislocated joints, and in hernia—which may not inaptly be regarded as a dislocation of bowel.

But, further, the ether's use is not to be limited to the province of surgery alone. It is applicable to every department of the healing art. In the practice of medicine, and in midwifery, we may expect its cautious employment to be followed by signal benefits, in certain circumstances. In the latter department, Professor Simpson has already reaped no slight success. His first application of ether was to a difficult case of turning, in a deformed mother. A painful operation had to be performed within the womb; and then the child had to be pulled forcibly away. Much force was necessary; in ordinary circumstances, much pain must have been endured, and the after recovery would in all probability have proved tedious. As it was, no pain whatever was felt; there was no shock, or lowering of the system; and "on the fourth day she had walked out of her room to visit her mother." In several cases of extraction by forceps, the results of etherization have been equally satisfactory. In every case, "the uterine contractions continued as regular in their recurrence and duration after the state of etherization had been induced, as before the inhalation was begun. . . . . Indeed, in some cases the pains have appeared to me to have become increased as the consciousness of the patient became diminished. This has more particularly occurred with one or two patients, who breathed ether combined with tincture of ergot, or containing a solution of its oil."* And thus, though in some cases of surgery, ether may seem to labor under a disadvantage in not proving a successful opponent of involuntary muscular action, here, in the obstetric art, the greatest possible advantage is derived from that circumstance. Parturition is shorn of pain, and yet not retarded.

* *Monthly Journal, March*, 1847, p. 724.

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Our own impression is, that etherization will ultimately be found more available in the obstetric, than in any other department of the healing art.

In medicine, the inhalation of ether has been applied with success to relieve the painful paroxysms of asthma, and to assuage the intense suffering attendant on neuralgia. And to other diseases, attended with much pain, we have no doubt that in due time the application will be extended. "Pneumatic Medicine" is revived.

In tetanus, we do not look sanguinely for success; for, as already stated, etherization is not likely to control involuntary spasm, and it acts but slightly, if at all, on the true spinal system—unless pushed very far. When, however, in tetanus, amputation is deemed expedient, etherization will then prove unspeakably valuable in averting an aggravation of suffering, during the operation, which might otherwise prove almost beyond the limit of human endurance.

In public practice, etherization has been found very useful in detecting feigned diseases. The patient having been, *nolens volens*, thrown into helpless unconsciousness, stiff joints have become supple, crooked backs have grown straight, and various other decrepitudes have thawed into normal shape and form—unmasking the impostor.

One field of inquiry, vast and important, seems just opening up to the profession; namely, the inhalation of other remedial agents, in the form of vapor, with or without ether—as practised by Dr. Pearson and others, in the end of last century. And who knows, but, by the resuscitation of "Pneumatic Medicine," many diseases may be brought more thoroughly under control; the remedies, in small quantity, being directly mixed with the circulating blood—borne along thereby, rapidly pervading the whole system, and both speedily and effectually exercising their remedial agency.* Professor Simpson has already used the ergot in this way, as formerly stated; and we doubt not this is but the commencement, by him and others, of further investigation in this important, interesting, and hopeful direction.

And not merely to the human being is the ether's use to be limited. The lower animals partake also of its benefits. Already, horses and dogs have been relieved from troublesome and dangerous affections, by operations rendered painless.* Vicious horses have been shod, too, with safety and comfort to themselves and others. In the department of Van Amburgh, there is no saying what may be achieved.

And as if Medicine did not afford a wide enough field for ether, that of Law has been slightly broached upon. A proposal has been made to extend etherization to the Justiciary Courts; and a convict, lately, we see, has begged to be executed while under the Letheon's influence. Hanging-made-easy, however, is scarcely to be expected. The innovation would hardly be consistent with justice, however it might be regarded in law.

But we must hasten to apologize for indulgence in aught jocular, in a matter so grave and important as etherization; which in this and other countries has already removed all pain, and no little danger, from thousands of operations of every grade and kind in surgery; which has already made some progress in the successful treatment of disease; and which has already brought no slight help to the most interesting portion of mankind, in those hours of heavy trial which they have hitherto borne, with the greatest fortitude, indeed, but also with the intensest agony of pain; from which, in short, within a few brief months, a vast amount of good has already come, and from which we still, not unreasonably, hope for good, to an extent that is almost incalculable.

Do not let us be carried away, however, by enthusiasm, natural in the circumstances. All new discoveries run as much risk of damage from the unwise zeal of their partisans, as from the hostility of their opponents. Let our advance in this hopeful path be cautious and sure. Let wisdom, honesty, and candor attend on every observation. And let every man, old and young,

* According to Wagner, vaporizable substances thus applied to the bronchial cells "seem to make their way into the blood through the unbroken vascular membrane, with the same certainty and ease as when they are injected directly into the veins."

* We observe that a recent experimenter on horse-flesh has been making an ingenuous exposé of his adventures with ether. His first trials, instituted apparently for no earthly purpose, except just to see what would happen, did not satisfy him; and the want of success he attributed to "the *too free entrance of atmospheric air*" in inhalation. Accordingly, in his next experiment, he determined to prevent, if possible, the ingress of one particle of that fluid, so dangerous and unsuitable for lungs; and he succeeded marvellously; choking his victim as thoroughly as if he had hanged him by a halter. Perhaps he thinks that the ether had something to do with the casualty!

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casting aside all prejudice, and anxious only to know the truth, do what in him lies to ascertain how much of actual good there is, or may be, in the ether's use; how much of possible evil may attend on it; how the latter is to be averted or subdued, and how the former may be best secured and still further extended.

And in conclusion—should our fond hopes be realized, and etherization perform all that it offers—let us not forget from whom the favor has really come, and to whom our thanksgiving is really due. What lay hid for ages, eluding the anxious search of the wisest, has been unexpectedly revealed, under humble and unlooked-for agency. And in such an event there is surely a manifest declaration of the sovereign power of Him who doeth all things wisely and well,—"The author of every good and of every perfect gift." Let us humble ourselves at the thought of man's weakness, and shortness of sight; powerless even when strengthened by experience, or when enlightened by philosophy. Let us cease not to extol Him who is all bountiful, as he is omniscient and almighty; who has been graciously pleased, in these latter days, to mitigate in part the temporal punishment which sin had brought into the world; who, while He hateth sin, yet loveth the sinner; who is "of great kindness, and repenteth Him of the evil;" who "retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy."*

From the Dublin University Magazine.

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

It is a remarkable fact that the three individuals who have rendered themselves most conspicuous in history, as the first movers of the great Revolution in France, all belonged to that class against which that political catastrophe more especially directed its thunders. Mirabeau, Talleyrand, and Lafayette, were severally members of the *ancienne noblesse*.

These illustrious persons entered life almost all together. *Mirabeau* was born on the 9th March, 1749, *Talleyrand* on the 13th February, 1754, and *Lafayette* on the 6th September, 1757. The first lived only to speak the prologue of the drama; the last two were upon the stage at the fall of the curtain.

The family of Talleyrand was ancient and noble. It preserved among its traditions, alliances with the Bourbons themselves. In the middle ages the *Perigords* were petty sovereigns, who, not unfrequently, resisted even the monarch in arms. Before the Revolution, the elder branch was extinct, and the younger consisted of two stems, one of which is at present represented by the Princes of Chalais, and the other by the grand nephew of the celebrated diplomatist, the Duke Archambauld de Perigord.

Although Charles-Maurice was the eldest of his branch, he was, for some reasons now unknown, an object of neglect with his parents. Abandoned in infancy to the mercenary care of a nurse in the Faubourgs of Paris, he suffered an accident which rendered him lame for life, before he completed his first year. Either from this or some other cause, he was, by the arbitrary will of his family, deprived of his birth-right, stripped of those advantages to which, by primogeniture, he was under the then existing usages entitled, and saw the wealth, titles, and honors which should have been his, transferred to his younger brother, Archambauld. In fine, he was consigned to that receptacle then reserved for the younger members of noble families—the Church.

From the roof of his nurse he passed to the College of D'Harcourt, from whence, in succession, as he grew in years, he was transferred to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and the Sorbonne. From his birth to his adolescence, he never once slept under the paternal roof—a circumstance which he never afterwards ceased to remember, and which assuredly mingled in no small degree with the incentives which prompted him

* Since writing the preceding pages we have seen the new Number of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*; and are delighted to find the accomplished Editor of that influential Journal upholding the same general views in regard to etherization, as we, more feebly, have ventured to advocate.

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later to aid in the demolition of that corrupt aristocracy of which he was, by birth and blood, a member, and by unnatural neglect, and personal cruelty, a victim. Deprived of that protection and guidance, which well-directed paternal care might have supplied, he was, from the earliest infancy, thrown upon the resources of his own mind. He presents a rare instance of one who, being born with all the advantages of title, rank, and wealth, has had, nevertheless, to struggle against the difficulties of a parvenu, and has risen by the sheer force of natural genius to a position even higher than that of which the injustice of his parents had deprived him.

It rarely happens that education produces on highly endowed minds changes so important as those which Talleyrand exhibited. Naturally acute, he became learned; naturally quick, he became contemplative; naturally rash, he became cautious; naturally strong, he became adroit; naturally ardent, he became reserved; naturally precipitate, he became circumspect.—Few have been more highly gifted by nature, and still fewer have been more largely indebted to educational discipline. The destination assigned to him by his family as the sure means of covering him with obscurity, and consigning his name to oblivion, proved to be the certain and efficacious means of surrounding him with splendor, and registering his name on the page of history, beside, and above, those of monarchs.

To the ecclesiastical discipline of St. Sulpice and the Sorbonne, he was largely indebted for the culture of that faculty of patient observation, and the sharpening of that perspicacity, which conferred upon him his matchless penetration into human character. The habits of thought, and practice of investigation, there acquired, taught him to moderate the ardor of his ambition, and proceed towards its objects by sure but slow processes, making good each step before venturing further progress, and never advancing without the utmost circumspection. He there, also, first gained that aptitude to seize opportunity, as circumstances procured it, that promptitude to accept all the advantages of events without precipitating them, and that unparalleled power of directing the will of others to his own purposes, which so eminently distinguished him in his long career.

It was near the close of the reign of Louis XV. that he took priest's orders, and entered the world as the *Abbé de Perigord*. The new ideas which from the academy had spread through society, were not rejected by ecclesiastics. At the same time that liberal doctrines in politics found advocates among the priesthood, the general corruption of morals also found acceptation there. Lafayette never forgot a characteristic scene of which as a youth he was a personal witness, and which signalized the age in a remarkable manner:—

"When I was first presented to his Majesty Louis XV.," that venerable patriot of two revolutions used to say, "I well remember finding the eldest son of the Church, the King of France and Navarre, seated at a table between a bishop and a prostitute. At the same table was seated an aged philosopher, whose writings had conferred lustre on the age in which he flourished; one whose whole life had been spent in sapping the foundation of Christianity and undermining monarchy. Yet was this philosopher at that moment the object of honor from monarchs and homage from countries. A young abbé entered with me, not to be presented to royalty, but to ask the benediction of this enemy of the altar. The name of the aged philosopher was VOLTAIRE, and that of the young abbé was CHARLES MAURICE TALLEYRAND!"

Such was the state of morals when Talleyrand, in opposition to all his instincts, was enrolled among the priesthood. Ill at ease in the position into which he was thus forced, and countenanced by the almost universal practice of his colleagues in the sacred profession, he plunged into that libertinism which, far from retarding advancement in the Church, was often the surest means of obtaining it. But although given without scruple to the indulgence in licentious pleasures, and courting rather than shunning notoriety for gallantry, his serious hours were devoted to those studies which the struggle, whose advent he plainly perceived, would require. He saw that the existing system of society was tottering. He knew that the hour was at hand when something would be necessary to command success and rise to eminence, more than an illustrious family, brilliant accomplishments, sparkling wit, and seducing manners. In the midst of vice, therefore, he studied philosophy; in the midst of national profusion, he studied political economy; involved in the intrigues of a corrupt court, he studied men; and rioting in the licentious pleasures offered by the wantons of a palace, he acquired a consummate knowledge of the practical business of life, and prepared

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to aid in pulling down the social edifice preparatory to its reconstruction, when the destined time should arrive. It was his fate to see it in ruins, and to witness at fourscore the complete structure which has been erected on its foundation.

Such was Talleyrand, entering the world of action; uniting the ardor of youth with the experience of age; mingling gallantry, play, and pleasure, with philosophy, business, and politics; affiliated to the sect of economists; a favorite of the boudoir; consulted by financiers; courted by the sex; a favorer of social progress; a patron of Anglo-American doctrines; mixing in the intrigues of the cabinet; lending the aid of his wit and his pen successively to Necker, Calonne, and Brienne, and again to Necker; and, in fine, combining with those external graces of manner which seduce, all the sarcasm and sang-froid which excite fear and compel respect.

A portrait of the future diplomate, drawn at the time with some ability, by one who had abundant opportunities of observing him, has come down to us. He is described under the pseudonyme of Amene:—

"Amene is gifted with those charming forms which would embellish even virtue itself. The first instrument of his success is his excellent understanding. In his judgment of men he exercises that indulgence, and in his estimate of events that sang-froid; in all cases he observes that moderation which are the genuine marks of wisdom. * * * He does not imagine that the structure of a great reputation is to be raised in a day. But he will assuredly accomplish that object, for he will never fail to seize those occasions which Fortune so frequently offers to those who do not violently assail her."

Before the Revolution, the clergy, constituting one of the estates of the realm, possessed immense wealth. Its annual income amounted to not less than one fourth of the whole revenue of the kingdom. They appointed their own intendants and ministers, and taxed themselves. The management of this immense property was placed under the superintendence of a general agent, who held his office for a period of five years, and reported to the assembly of the clergy the state of their revenues. The Abbé de Perigord having manifested great capacity for affairs, and being recommended, moreover, by his descent, was elected to this office in 1780. In the exercise of its functions, he still further developed his ability as a man of business and a financier, and rose rapidly in public estimation.

How little influence his professional position had in withdrawing him from the active interests of life, is illustrated by an anecdote which has been transmitted of him at this period. The American war then excited universal interest, in which the general agent of the French clergy largely shared. Moved by this feeling, he, in concert with his friend *Count de Choiseul Gouffier*, fitted out a privateer, to be sent against the English, for which the *Marshal de Castries*, then Minister of Marine, supplied guns. The building and fitting out a privateer by an Abbé, to aid a population in arms against their legitimate sovereign, is strikingly characteristic of the times in which Pope Benedict XIV. accepted from Voltaire the dedication of Mahomet, and when the sallies of Beaumarchais against the follies and vices of the *noblesse* were listened to with applause by the court.

In fact the dominant power of reason was just beginning to assert itself, and to be tacitly admitted by those whom its abuse was soon destined to involve in one general ruin. Its irresistible influence had already softened the rigors of the despot, mitigated the intolerance of the priest, and lowered the arrogance of the noble. Without yet confounding classes, it had created social relations between them. The Revolution had commenced unperceived. It was, however, as yet confined to mental and moral effects—property did not tremble, and rights were not menaced; the understanding alone was agreeably stimulated by the novelty of the theories which were passed before it, invested with the glowing language and magnificent imagery of those whose works have since commanded the admiration of another generation. Material possessions were undisturbed—ideas alone were changed. Hopes of the future had all their enthusiasm—the losses and the evils of change had not yet produced their regrets. It was in such a condition of society that Talleyrand made his *debut* in active public life, as a pupil of that school which had Voltaire for its master, sovereigns and illustrious nobles for its disciples, the rights of intellect for its creed, and human progress for its object.

The disorder of the public finances produced extensive operations among speculators on the Bourse, and in these transactions, Talleyrand mingled extensively, acquiring that ill repute for stock-jobbing and

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gambling in the funds which adhered to him throughout his entire public life. Intimately connected with Mirabeau, as well by the common objects of their ambition, as by dissolute habits and unbounded indulgence in pleasure, they plunged together into all the delirium of speculation which constituted the business of financiers during the last years of the monarchy. Meanwhile, the condition of the State became worse and worse. Minister succeeded minister—each transferring to the shoulders of his successor a heavier and heavier deficit, and each affording more conclusive proof of the inefficacy of all palliatives. At length the spectre of the Revolution elevated its terrific form behind the cloud of fiscal embarrassments. The States-General, in fine, were convoked, and the three orders—the Nobles, the Clergy, and the Commons—were brought face to face in solemn conclave.

When the revolution of ideas had ripened into the revolution of institutions, Talleyrand was selected as one of that assembly of Notables convened to ascertain the public wants, rather than to satisfy them. When the States-General, which alone could effect real reforms, were convened, he was elected as the deputy of the diocese of Autun, over which he had been nominated bishop in 1788. On that occasion he addressed to his constituents a discourse, in which, deeply convinced of the vast changes which were impending, he, with that instinct for which he was afterwards so remarkable, went boldly in advance of events, and proclaimed those doctrines afterwards established at the sacrifice of so much blood. A noble, he asserted the equality of classes, and the community of rights; a prelate, he claimed the freedom of thought. Such were the declared principles on which he presented himself in the States-General, where he immediately became one of the most zealous partisans of the Revolution. There he found himself associated with kindred minds, animated by common sympathies, and each pursuing the same object by various means, according to the peculiar qualities and characters with which they were respectively endowed. While Talleyrand consecrated to that great cause his ability, Sieyés gave it his intelligence, Mirabeau his eloquence, Bailly his virtue, Lafayette his high chivalrous honor, and a constellation of other illustrious men, their genius and their devotion.

Having entered the constituent assembly, he at once took that place to which his superior talent and precocious experience so eminently entitled him. After the question of the union of the orders had been settled, the next in importance was the establishment of a perfect freedom of voting. This could not be regarded as compatible with the observance of pledges, which had been in many cases extorted from candidates at the elections, as has been since so often the case elsewhere. Against such pledges Talleyrand emphatically declared himself, and demonstrated that the observance of them would deprive the assembly at once of its dignity and utility; that it would convert a solemn deliberative body, intended to exercise the most exalted functions, into a mere assembly of commissioners, each of whom would be limited to the mechanical utterance of the messages of the bailiwicks. This opinion triumphed, and the assembly emancipated itself from the trammels of pledges, so that nothing remained, to confer on its discussions complete freedom, except to quell the power assumed and exercised by the court. This was accomplished for it by the populace, on the memorable day of the fourteenth of July.

On the evening of that day, when the announcement of the destruction of the Bastille had filled the assembly with astonishment and the palace with terror, a committee of eight members was named to prepare the draft of a constitution. Among these Talleyrand held the second place, between Mounier and Sieyés. As a member of this commission he contributed largely to the re-organization of the State.

But the work, which originated at this early epoch of the Revolution, and which is, and must always be, inseparable from the renown of Talleyrand, was his plan of national education.

The constituent assembly considered that the best means of completing its work, and giving stability to the reforms it desired to effect, and the institutions it proposed to establish, would be to prepare the people for them, by a due cultivation of their understanding. With this purpose they confided to Talleyrand the most extraordinary task ever undertaken by an individual; they charged him with producing a plan of public instruction which should prepare the coming generations for their new destinies!

Hitherto public education had been exclusively conducted by the clergy. The

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first object of the new project was to secularize it. It was to be the business of a civil institution, and to proceed from the State, and not from the Church. The Report which Talleyrand presented to the assembly on this subject has surrounded his memory with undying renown. In it education is considered in its origin, its object, it organization, and its methods. It was the first time that the subject was so treated, with the immediate view to the use of a great people. Instruction is examined as required for all degrees, ages, and conditions; as addressed to the understanding, the powers of which are to be developed; to the soul, the moral instincts of which have to be awakened and directed, and to the body, of which it has to improve the address, the activity, and the strength. Without neglecting the more polite arts, and the ancient literature which establishes a relation between the present and past, and preserves the intellectual union of the whole human race, as it has existed in the stream of time, the author never forgot that the first and greatest object of all is to acquire that knowledge which is necessary to constitute a useful citizen and a good man.

Infancy was to derive its acquaintance with those principles of things, which its capacity fits it to apprehend, in primary schools to be established in every canton. In these, first ideas were to be obtained without attempting to penetrate into the depths of knowledge. Secondary schools were to be established in the chief town of each district, where the youth would acquire that more extended knowledge which is equally necessary for all conditions of life. These institutions would receive the children coming from the primary schools of all the cantons of the district. Special schools were designed for each department, to which the pupils of the secondary schools should pass, in order to acquire that peculiar knowledge necessary for the professions or callings to which they were to be devoted on entering life. Here, law, medicine, theology, the military art, &c., would be taught. Finally, a great national institute would be established in the capital, where the most profound researches in science and literature would be encouraged, forming a body whose mission should be the advancement of human knowledge in its highest departments, and which should centralize the national mind, as the legislature centralizes the national will.

In this project of public education the studies were well defined, but the agency by which they were to be conducted was not efficiently organized; perhaps it could scarcely be expected that a perfect organization could be attained at once, and conceived, as it were, *à priori*. Such an organization must necessarily spring, in a great degree, from experience, and grow out of the working of the project.

Allowing all the praise which this plan of national instruction so highly merits, it cannot be denied that it had one capital defect. Although the cultivation of moral principles formed a prominent part in it, and was an object of special instruction and avowed solicitude, yet no other origin was assigned to them, save the understanding, and no other sanction save utility. They were made the subject of demonstration, and based exclusively on temporal motives. No reference to any religious sentiment was admitted; integrity was taught as a science, and virtue founded on calculation. This, it is true, was the prevalent spirit of the time. An unbounded confidence was entertained in the force of the human mind. Demonstration superseded feeling. Nothing was granted but what the evidence of sense or the conclusions of reason established. This may explain, but cannot excuse the character of the memorable measure to which we refer. If the omission of all higher sanction than interest were the sincere result of the judgment of the author, it will derogate from the respect with which posterity will regard his faculties; if it were a concession to the prevailing spirit of the nation in that moment of popular effervescence, it will derogate from the respect with which it will regard his principles.

The convulsions which soon followed the commencement of the great Revolution, distracting public attention and paralysing all healthy legislation, postponed the realization of this magnificent and philanthropic measure. It remained a barren project, existing only in the parchment on which it was written, until the second Revolution (1830), combining order with the spirit of liberal reform, gave a new impulse to public opinion. At that epoch, it was the good fortune of France to see M. Guizot, elevated to the office of Minister of Public Instruction, devote his eminent talents to carry out in practice the project of Prince Talleyrand.

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To return to the subject of this notice. M. Talleyrand did not limit his enlightened labors to public instruction. He, at the same period, proposed the adoption of an uniform system of weights and measures, founded on some natural and unalterable units, so as to give uniformity to commercial and private transactions, and render their present records comparable, certainly and accurately, with the commerce of future ages. It was then that the degree of the meridian and the length of the pendulum were proposed as the standard of measure, and the gravity of a given volume of pure water at a given temperature as the standard of weight. He also proposed the abolition of lotteries, showing the enormous unfairness of these systems considered as games of chance, and their immorality considered as objects of revenue. He was one of the propounders of the Declaration of Rights, and proposed a plan for abolishing tithes, on the principle of commutation by purchase. He was also a member of the committee of finance, in which the adjustment of taxation to income was settled, and the foundation of the present system of public contribution to the State was decided on.

It is well known that the more immediate cause which produced the Revolution was the disorder of the public finances, and the consequent decline of national credit. The constituent assembly was beset with difficulties, to surmount which would have been a severe trial for a legislative body of much older standing and more mature experience. Moved on the one hand by its proper mission to effect great political reforms, and urged on the other by the pecuniary exigencies of the state, it could not satisfy the one without sacrificing the other. The theories it was called to realize, far from augmenting, would destroy the finances. All reforms, even those best directed towards ultimate and permanent good, produce a temporary paralysis of the public revenue. In all these difficulties and embarrassments, M. Talleyrand rendered himself honorably conspicuous by his persevering assertion of the paramount necessity of keeping faith with the public creditor. He supported the several propositions of Necker for supplying the demands of the state by loans. He advocated, in several eloquent speeches, the establishment of the credit of the state by a sinking fund, which would facilitate the liquidation of the public debt, and tend to restore order to the finances. But the case was not of that ordinary nature in which common fiscal expedients could suffice. The malady of the government had already become acute and desperate, and demanded extraordinary remedies. Palliatives had been tried again and again, by minister after minister, and each bequeathed to his successor only augmented debt and diminished revenues. A crisis had now arrived, and an alternative was presented of a national bankruptcy, or the adoption of some bold and novel expedient, which could scarcely be found without resorting to some measure which Conservatives would regard as revolutionary.

Talleyrand in this emergency signalized himself by a proposition which at once placed at the disposal of the public treasury a capital of not less than eighty millions sterling. In short, he proposed the sale of the property of the Church, and the appropriation of its proceeds to the uses of the Nation. He professed to demonstrate that this was public property; that it had been conferred upon the Church, not with the view of personal interests, but for the public service, and that the State, if it provided efficiently for this service otherwise, could re-assume the possession of it. In short he proposed that Public Worship should be provided for directly by the Treasury, and that the enormous property of the Church should be seized by the State. To mitigate the severity of this blow against the Church, he proposed that the condition of the inferior clergy should be improved and their salaries raised, thus endeavoring to win over in favor of the measure the numerical majority of the clergy themselves.

The assembly adopted the proposition so far as the confiscation of the revenues of the Church went, but omitted the equitable and politic part which involved the liquidation of the demands of the public creditor. The sale of this immense property was effected by the issue of the notes called assignats, each of which represented the claim of the holder of it for the amount therein expressed against the property to be sold. This monstrous mass of paper was forced into circulation, and Talleyrand had the sagacity to predict the result of the proceeding with circumstantial minuteness. The financial ruin which impended was not averted but only retarded. A large property, until then inalienable, and struck with mainmort, was divided, the regime of the Church was changed, the clergy, hither-

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to had subsisted on its proper revenues, became a charge on the State, and formed an item in the annual budget. Such was, in effect, the object really attained by this memorable proceeding.

In proposing the confiscation of the revenues of the Church, Talleyrand broke irrevocably with the party of the clergy and the noblesse, and threw himself into the Revolution. Immediately a swarm of bitter enemies were raised against him, who it was feared would not hesitate even at removing him by assassination. He felt, however, that neither the time nor the situation was one which admitted of hesitation or doubt. A decided and consistent course was indispensable, and that course he adopted. It was he who proposed in the constituent assembly, that on the 14th of July (the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille), Deputies from all the provinces of France should assemble in Paris, for the purpose of a patriotic federation. An altar was erected for the purpose in the Champ de Mars. There, in the presence of three hundred thousand spectators, intoxicated with the enthusiasm of the occasion, in the midst of the deputies of Paris and the departments, all prompted by the same wishes, and animated with the same purposes, in the presence of the royal family and the national assembly, Talleyrand, in his episcopal costume, mounted the altar to inaugurate the future destinies of France.

To complete the civil organization of the Church, it was proposed to place the clergy in submission to the state, by imposing on them a solemn oath of allegiance. Although Talleyrand did not propose this obnoxious measure, he gave it his earnest support, and thereby augmented the number and stimulated the acrimony of his enemies. His support of this proceeding was, however, in some measure redeemed by his exertions to throw protection round the recusant clergy. He urged, with all his eloquence, the expediency of still allowing those who refused the test and declined to submit to the new law, to enjoy, nevertheless, its protection, and to continue freely the exercise of their sacred functions. Almost all the bishops refused to take the oath proposed by the assembly, and the electors nominated their successors, to whom the Bishop of Autun and the Bishop of Lida gave canonical institution. At length, M. Talleyrand, exposed to attacks on every side, embroiled with the clergy of his diocese, threatened with excommunication by the Pope, refused to accept the Archbishopric of Paris, resigned the Bishopric of Autun, and retired into civil life.

It was impossible that two spirits such as Talleyrand and Mirabeau could move in the same political arena without being either allied by friendship or opposed by enmity. They maintained an intimate correspondence before the outbreak of the first violences of the Revolution. Mirabeau had been sent on a mission to Berlin—an appointment which he owed to the influence of Talleyrand. While there their correspondence was continued. Soon afterwards, obeying one of those inexplicable impulses, by which he was sometimes moved, and forgetful of the rights of friendship, and the common principles of honor, Mirabeau sold and published the private correspondence which took place between them during his residence at Berlin, which contained many secret anecdotes of that court, at the epoch of the death of Frederic the Great. As nothing could excuse or palliate so flagrant a breach of confidence, this step on the part of Mirabeau produced an immediate estrangement between them, and their friendship terminated for life. The emotion, the stupor, we may say, with which all Paris was struck when it became known that Mirabeau was sinking under a mortal malady, will be fresh in the recollection of every reader of European history. Never was the existence of an individual more important to his country, than was that of Mirabeau at that juncture. He was the last stay of constitutional monarchy, the last hope of royalty, the last barrier between anarchy and order. At such a moment, and in such circumstances, Talleyrand forgot all his resentments and forgave all his injuries, and went like all others who had the well-being of the nation at heart, from hour to hour, to seek a glimmering of hope at the gate of the expiring statesman. Mirabeau, as his last moments approached, expressed a wish to see him. On the 1st of April, Talleyrand was conducted to the bedside of his dying friend, where an immediate reconciliation ensued. "One-half of Paris," said Talleyrand, "waits in the agony of fear at your doors, trembling at the calamity they must sustain at your loss; I came there like all the rest, with my melancholy inquiries hourly, and bitterly regretted not being permitted to enter." He remained two hours, alone, engaged in earnest con-

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versation with the dying Tribune, who was deeply touched with this revival of friendship at his last hour. All that passed on this occasion will not be known until the day arrives at which those posthumous memoirs left by Talleyrand can, under the conditions of his will, be published. But we know that Mirabeau placed in his hands the manuscript of his discourse on the law of succession in the direct line, in the composition of which he was surprised by the inexorable hand of death, and desired Talleyrand to read it in his name to the assembly. In accordance with this request, the next day, a few hours after the death of Mirabeau, Talleyrand ascended the tribune of the Assembly, to discharge this last duty. The emotion was universal and intense, when he said—"Mirabeau is no more; I bring you his last work, and so inseparable were his thoughts and feelings from the good of his country, that in listening to me reading this to you, you may consider that you receive his last sigh."

When the importance of the measures which it brought into practical effect, and the various vested interests which were struck by them, are considered, it will not be surprising that the Assembly became the object of bitter attack, and that its proceedings were misrepresented, and its motives maligned. In fact, these assaults on the part of large and influential classes became so serious, that it was at length deemed necessary to reply to them, and to vindicate the Assembly from the aspersions thus cast upon it. It was, therefore, resolved to prepare and publish an "Address to the Nation," justifying all that the Assembly had done, and all that it desired to do. Talleyrand was charged with the composition of this important document, which was read by him to the Assembly twice, on the 10th and 11th February, 1790, amidst the most enthusiastic manifestations of admiration and applause.

This discourse has ever been regarded as a chef-d'œuvre of parliamentary style. Never were more generous sentiments clothed in more noble language. It was the most perfect expression of that fervent desire for the public good, that hopeful optimism, that unbounded confidence in the force of the human mind, and in the good instincts of human nature, which were conspicuous in all the proceedings of the constituent Assembly, and which sometimes exposed it to the commission of evil in the too impetuous and unreflecting pursuit of good.

In this address, after having explained and defended all the proceedings and the measures adopted by the Assembly, until February, 1790, the author says:—

"Behold our work, Frenchmen, or rather behold yours, for we are only your organs, and it is you that have enlightened, encouraged, and sustained us in our labor. And yet what has not been said, what has not been done to efface from your minds the impression of the great good that has been effected?

"We are reproached with all that we have pulled down. True, but let it be remembered that it was our mission to re-construct. We are told that our proceedings have been precipitate. Precipitate! But who is ignorant that in order to be effectually delivered from abuses they must be attacked with promptitude?

"Our meetings, it is said, have been tumultuous! Be it so; but what does that matter if our measures have been provident? Far be it from us to offer the details of our debates for your admiration. More than once we have been ourselves afflicted by them, but we felt at the same time that it would be unjust not to make allowances for excesses.

"We are charged with aspiring to a chimerical degree of perfection; a reproach under which it is easy to perceive the desire to perpetuate abuses.

"It is impossible, we are told, for a nation like France, old and corrupted, to be regenerated. We answer that it is the corrupted only that desire to perpetuate corrupting abuses, and that a nation recovers its youthful vigor when it resolves to be free.

"We have exceeded our powers!—The answer is obvious. We were charged to make a constitution. Does not the very nature of such a commission infer the plenitude of power?"

Then, presenting a view of all the reforms which the constituent Assembly still intended to effect, but which hitherto it had not time to accomplish, the author closed his discourse by an eloquent appeal to the nation to maintain the public tranquillity, to aim at the preservation of concord, to respect the law, and the king, the constitutional guardian of the law, to practise generosity towards the party over whom the revolution had triumphed, and whose regret for the advantages they had lost was natural and excusable:—

"Courage, perseverance, generosity! Those virtues of liberty we ask you in the sacred name of liberty itself. Do not retard, do not dishonor the most noble work which has ever been recorded in the annals of a nation. As for us, pursuing steadily our laborious task, consecrating ourselves to the vast work of the Constitution—your work as much as ours—we will complete it, aided by

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all the lights of our age, and surmounting all the obstacles opposed to us. With consciences satisfied, with understandings convicted, happy in the happiness our work must confer on you, we will place in your hands the sacred deposit of the Constitution, under the safeguard of those new virtues which will spring up in your souls on the first day of your freedom. Raised to the rank of citizens, eligible to all offices, enlightened censors of the public administration, or taking yourselves an active part in that administration, sure that all that is done is done by you, or for you, equal before the law, free to act, to speak, and to write, accountable for your thoughts only to good, moved by a common will, can any condition be more noble? Lives there a citizen really worthy of the name who would dare to turn his looks on the past, who would desire to raise again the wreck with which we are surrounded, or to reconstruct the ancient social edifice?"

When, we consider, on the one hand, the terrible events which soon followed the promulgation of this address, and the flagrant contradiction which they gave to the high-sounding anticipations so eloquently there set forth, and on the other hand the undisputed sagacity and matchless foresight of its author, it is impossible not to admit a doubt that he really entertained that faith in his heart, and that conviction in his understanding, which are there expressed. Had he really those high hopes of national regeneration which he expressed with such fervid eloquence? or did he play the part of a mere advocate, pleading what seemed most for the advantage of that body in whose name he spoke, without any innate conviction of the reality or truth of what he uttered?

Without charging Talleyrand on this occasion with culpable hypocrisy or duplicity, and without derogating from his known penetration and foresight, it may be easily perceived that, in composing such an address, he may have had covertly the purpose of making it serve as an exhortation to the nation as well as a defence of the Assembly. Indeed, it is not difficult to perceive in it a desire to awaken generous sympathies, oblivion of injuries, and love of order.

The prominent part which Talleyrand had now taken in the Assembly, rendered him extremely obnoxious with many parties holding various and opposing opinions, and actuated by different and conflicting interests. On the one side the whole body of the superior clergy and a large part of the inferior ecclesiastics, were furious against him as a renegade from their order, who had wrested from them their property, stripped them of their influence, degraded them from the independence of a separate branch of the state, placed them in subserviency to the civil power, and subjected them to an offensive and inadmissible civil test. The animosity of this body was even pushed to projects of assassination. The secular aristocracy was not less hostile to him than the ecclesiastical. Of noble descent, he had, according to them, belied his ancestors by the part he had acted. A renegade aristocrat, he helped to pull down the body he had deserted.

On the other hand, the extreme radical party had now begun to rise into influence, and the elements of Jacobinism were fermenting. The majority of the constituent Assembly, of which Talleyrand had been one of the leaders, and since the death of Mirabeau, the chief leader, was split into sections, advocating different courses, and led by different orators. The populace outside had begun to make itself audible within, and powerfully influenced the deliberations. The future terrorists and Jacobins saw in Talleyrand nothing but a personage odious in every point of view—odious as a bishop—odious as an aristocrat by birth, and above all, odious by the moderation of his revolutionary doctrines.

Thus beset with hostility on every side—hated equally by the friends of monarchy and the partisans of revolution, it is but justice to admit that his consistency and perseverance in the same line of moderate constitutional reform indicate great moral courage, a lively faith in the rectitude of the course he followed, and a tenacity of purpose manifested in the face of proscription and persecution which ought to command respect.

The course of affairs soon produced an occasion by which that talent was elicited, the exercise of which was destined subsequently to surround the name of Talleyrand with so much renown, and to place him in the highest rank of diplomacy. Being elected under the legislative assembly as one of the Directors of the Department of the Seine, with Sieyés, the Duc de Rochefaucauld, and Rœderer as colleagues, he was charged with an important mission to London. The members of the Assembly being excluded from all executive functions, he could not be nominated to the office of Ambassador. The Girondist ministry, however, were so persuaded of the benefit of his talents in the mission, that they contrived to elude the difficulty by giving the

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title of Ambassador to M. de Chauvelin, a young man without abilities or importance, leaving the functions of the Legation to be discharged by M. Talleyrand. He accordingly left Paris on the 15th of January, 1792, specially accredited to the cabinet of St. James, to negotiate a national alliance, in contradistinction and opposition to the family alliances which the agents of the court had contracted with the houses of Austria and Bourbon.

The uncertain state of political affairs in France, and the violent disagreement between parties, left the English government little disposed to contract a close union with France. But a strict neutrality in case of war, which, at the moment, was the policy of England, was not difficult to be obtained. In this Talleyrand fully succeeded. The object of the Continental powers, at that epoch, was to suppress the revolutionary movement in France, by the combined operation of their own armies and the navies of England. This object was frustrated by a declaration of neutrality, which Talleyrand procured from the Cabinet of St. James. Such was the negotiation by which this illustrious diplomate commenced his career, on the spot where, forty years afterwards, he succeeded in attaining the same object.

On the occasion of this visit to the British metropolis, he was, as might be expected, coldly received by the Tory party, who then had almost a monopoly of office. He was, however, cordially received by Fox and Sheridan, with whom he contracted a friendship, and left among the Whig party recollections which were revived, when, at the end of another half century, he was called on to fill the office of French Ambassador at London, and bring the two nations into that close alliance, which, in all the political changes which he witnessed, and in which he participated, had ever been a favorite object of his policy.

Having returned to Paris a short time before the 10th of August, he witnessed the catastrophe of that memorable day. This, and the terrible proceedings which immediately succeeded it, inspired him with the strongest desire to quit the scene of events which he could neither approve nor effectually oppose. Being unable or unwilling to associate himself with the party of the emigration, of whom he had already incurred the hatred, he solicited of Danton, then a member of the provisional executive Council, a passport, to return to London, and to act there in a semi-official capacity, to prevent a rupture between England and the new government at Paris. Here, although not charged with any real functions, yet, desiring to be useful to his country, at least by his counsels, if not by his acts, he addressed to it rules for its foreign policy, marked by most prudent and enlightened moderation. On the new republic he endeavored to impress the policy of showing itself disinterested in its triumphs. He showed that the territory of France was sufficient for her greatness, and for the future development of her industry and wealth; that her interest as well as her honor was engaged, not to attempt acquisition by conquest; that every addition she might make to her actual territory would be a new source of danger to her, by raising against her a swarm of enemies, and a stain upon her glory, by belying the solemn declarations made by her at the commencement of the Revolution; and in fine, that her policy should be directed, not to the acquisition of territory, but to the emancipation of other nations.

Soon after these wise and moderate counsels were offered to France, the revolutionary fever, as is well known, attained its crisis, and wisdom was unheard in the tempest of passion which ensued. It was impossible that Great Britain could continue to stand neuter with the atrocities committed in Paris going on under her eyes. Equally obnoxious to the Tories of London and the Jacobins of Paris, Talleyrand was simultaneously the object of attack by both. Almost on the same day he was denounced by the party of Robespierre, in the one capital, and ordered by Mr. Pitt, in the other, to quit England in twenty-four hours. Europe was closed against him.

Accompanied by M. Beaumetz, another moderate member of the Constituent Assembly, he embarked for the United States, where, during the convulsions of the Reign of Terror, the descendant of the Perigords, the ex-bishop, the ex-constituent, the ex-diplomatist, occupied himself in mercantile affairs, and augmented the resources which remained to him, by speculating in sugar and cotton.

After the fall of Robespierre, he addressed a petition to the Convention, to demand that his name should be erased from the list of emigrants, on the ground that he had never in fact emigrated, having been sent officially to England, and been prevented from returning by the violent and

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unjust proceedings of the Terrorists. A long delay having ensued in the arrival of the answer to this petition, he resolved on making a commercial voyage to India, and with that view had freighted a ship, and was in the act of embarking, when he received a despatch which informed him of his recall to his native country. The Convention, having recovered from the fever of violence which was at its height under Robespierre, and returned to sentiments of moderation and justice, had been urged by Chenier, at the instance of Madame de Stael, to recall Talleyrand.

"I claim from you Talleyrand," said Chenier. "I ask him for the sake of the numerous services rendered by him to the cause of the Revolution; I demand him in the name of national equity; I demand him in the name of the Republic, which he can serve by his talents."

"He is not an emigrant," added Boissy d'Anglas: "if he had returned to France after the decree against him, he would inevitably have been sacrificed, and you would have had the loss of one more man of genius to lament. Since you would have given your tears to his memory, why should you not be just to himself and to his talents, which may be rendered so useful to the Republic I move that the decree for his recall be put to the vote."

The resolution was carried by acclamation on the 4th of September, 1795, accompanied by the most flattering compliments to the illustrious exile.

The National Institute had just been founded at this period, in accordance with the great plan of public instruction which Talleyrand had prepared, and which we have already alluded to. Without waiting for his return to France, that distinguished body elected him one of its members. This was an appropriate and acceptable homage to him whose conception it realized, and who had given it its name. Called to the section of moral and political sciences, he took his seat there on his return to France, and soon after accepted the office of secretary to it. He read at a later period at its meetings two memoirs, the first upon the commercial relations between the United States and Great Britain. This essay presented the result of his observations, during his residence in America, on the political and social condition of that country. The second was upon the advantages of establishing French colonies in lieu of those which the nation lost in the Revolution. By means of these he proposed to open a new field of action for that large number of French citizens, in whom the Revolution created a yearning after adventurous projects, and in whom it had raised hopes still unsatisfied.

Literary success, however, was with Talleyrand a secondary object. He regarded it merely as means towards an end. His views were directed towards public affairs, in which it may well be believed that he was conscious of his high capacity.

On returning to Europe, thinking that matters were not yet ripe for him in Paris, he established himself in Hamburgh, whence he might observe the progress of events. It was there he became acquainted with Mrs. Grant, a lady of great personal beauty, whom at a later period, when at the epoch of the Concordat he succeeded in persuading Pope Pius VII. to restore him by a brief to the secular state, he married.

He remained in Hamburgh until the constitution of the third year of the Republic was established. The Directory having then assumed their functions, he considered that circumstances had become sufficiently favorable to his views, and accordingly came to Paris with the intention of accepting public office, which could not fail to be offered to him. His arrival in the capital after so long an absence, during which political and social events so momentous had occurred, produced a considerable sensation. Lively impressions of the part he had formerly played in the great revolutionary drama, still remained in the memories of those who survived, and amidst those scenes of pleasure and dissipation which succeeded the terrors of 1793-4, in that strange society which then figured in the salons of Paris, composed of such heterogeneous elements, he found no difficulty in resuming that eminent position due to his talents, and in turning to the profit of his ambition, the reputation of his name, the charms of his wit, and the polish of his manners.

He soon established a connexion with Barras, and was assiduous in his devotions to Madame Tallien, Madame de Stael, and Madame Beauharnais, whose salons were then the focus of all the genius and distinction of Paris. At the house of the last he formed the acquaintance of Bonaparte before his departure to assume the command of the army of Italy, and when he had not yet invested his name with that renown which the Italian campaign conferred upon it.

The ambition of Talleyrand for office did not remain long ungratified. Proposed more than once by Barras, for the Ministry

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of Foreign Affairs, his appointment was opposed by Carnot, whose extreme democratic principles were not in harmony with the moderation of the aspirant. When, however, the proscription of Carnot and Barthelemy had been resolved on by the other Directors, Talleyrand was called to replace Delacroix in the department of Foreign Affairs.

This occurred in the latter part of July, 1797, and about a month before the coup d'etat of the 18th Fructidor, in which the new minister took an active part, cooperating with the majority of the Directory, not only against their own minority, but against the majority of the legislative body. This proceeding led to an intimate correspondence between Talleyrand and Bonaparte, whose victories at that moment engrossed the public attention and attracted universal admiration. The foreign minister was too far-sighted not to foresee the approaching fall of the government under which he served, nor did his sagacity fail to recognise in the victories of Italy the harbingers of that great power, which was soon destined to leave such memorable traces to the annals of Europe.

Meanwhile it was an object of high importance to compel the old Powers of Europe to acknowledge the Revolution. This was accomplished by the only means which could attain it—the force of arms. Thrones being menaced, their possessors trembled and negotiated. Spain and Prussia entered into treaty with the revolutionary government at Bale, and the King of Sardinia acknowledged it at Cherasque, at the time Talleyrand took the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. This presented him with the first opportunity of carrying out in practice the views which he urged upon the government in 1792, that the mission of France was not conquest, but the emancipation of nations, and the consolidation of peace secured by the wide diffusion of constitutional liberty. In attempting to realize this theory, the Ligurean, Cisalpine, Helvetic, Roman, and Batavian Republics were successively established; the peace of Campo Formio was forced upon Austria; and the conferences of Rastadt and the negotiation of Lille seemed to indicate the approaching resignation of all Europe to the results of the Revolution.

The military enthusiasm of which the French people were so signally susceptible, was kindled. The cold indifference required by the Theory of democracy could not be sustained. Faith in religion was destroyed; faith in principles had no living activity. Faith in something was required by the very constitution of human nature, and eminently demanded by the French nature. Talleyrand clearly saw that the issue would be *personal* faith. He recognised in the young conqueror, whose victories had already challenged comparison with those of Alexander, the object of the new worship. He saw in him all the conditions to ensure success and to promise eminence. Trained in the school of war which has given to the world so many illustrious men, he would gain that quickness of apprehension, that precision of view, and that promptitude of action, which are necessary to govern a people, to negotiate with governments, to decide the fate of empires, and to gain that self-possession so indispensable in terrible emergencies. Accordingly, when the victorious general returned to Paris, after having gained five pitched battles, destroyed four hostile armies, taken one hundred and fifty thousand prisoners, a hundred and seventy standards, and above six thousand cannon, forced the Italian government to submission, and signed a peace with the imperial house of Austria, he became at once the centre of all hopes and the object of all admiration. He was saluted with the title of "hero," and an ovation was prepared for him at the Luxembourg, where he presented to the heads of the government, in the midst of the flags he had taken, and accompanied by the thunder of artillery, the treaty of Campo Formio. On the occasion of this solemnity, M. Talleyrand, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, presented him to the Directory, and did not scruple to predict his approaching destiny. "Far from fearing," said he, "what will be called his ambition, I am persuaded that the day is at hand when it will behove us to solicit it."

Notwithstanding the elegant flattery of Talleyrand, and the base servility of Barras, Bonaparte at this epoch had sagacity enough to see that the government was not yet sufficiently embroiled by the parties into which it was divided and those who were opposed to it, to render any movement on his part safe or expedient. He determined to wait till France, fatigued by faction, would hail with unanimity his elevation to political power, and accordingly the expedition to Egypt was projected, and he departed to pave the way to his future dictatorship by new victories.

His departure seemed to be the disap-

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pearance of the good genius of his country. Victory and success departed with him. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, no longer supported by so powerful an auxiliary, soon found himself and the government involved in difficulties. The congress of Rastadt, which had met to settle the basis of a general peace, was dissolved by the influence of Great Britain. The conferences with that power, which had been opened at Lille, proved to be delusive. France, distracted by internal dissensions, and deprived of the services of her greatest general, was regarded as an easy object of subjugation. War ensued, which, on the part of Great Britain, was considered as war to the knife. Europe, which had been on the eve of pacification, was again in flames. Victory deserted the French flag. The Minister of Foreign Affairs now became the object of popular attack. He was charged with the responsibility for all the difficulties of the situation; and although, by the dissensions of the government, he was almost excluded from its deliberations, he was overwhelmed by the Press with accusations for its faults. Sieyés, who had just then entered the Directory, demanded his dismissal, which was feebly opposed by Barras and the other Directors, when, by a *coup d'état* aimed by the legislature against the executive, three members of the Directory were removed. The Jacobin party, encouraged by this state of things, now raised violent clamors against Talleyrand, who, perceiving that a new crisis was approaching, prudently resigned.

Although the resignation was accepted with acknowledgments from the Directors sufficiently complimentary to the retiring minister, yet his retreat was followed by such a torrent of accusations from the press and the public that he found it necessary to publish a vindication, which appeared under the title of *Eclaircissemens donnés à mes concitoyens*. In this pamphlet he reviewed his public acts during his ministry, and defended them. The charges universally circulated and credited of his insatiable desire for wealth, and the unscrupulous manner in which he was used to gratify it, he passed over in silence. Perhaps it would have been difficult to have replied to it in a satisfactory manner. To the charges of Royalism, which then rendered him much more obnoxious than any of the objectionable modes of obtaining money with which he was accused, he answered with great spirit and success. After enumerating all the causes for which he must be detested by the Bourbons and the party of the emigration, he added :—

"In the present excitement of the public mind there are but three suppositions possible; either the Republic will be established in the midst of the present chaos, or we shall fall back into confusion and anarchy; or in fine, royalty will resume its sway over us with increased tyranny and exasperation. Every other supposition appears to me a mere chimera, and surely I am sufficiently committed against the last two. The fate to which the one or the other would consign me is well known. It is, therefore, demonstrated, a thousand times proved that I have not, and cannot have, any other desire than for the establishment and glory of the Republic."

It is impossible for an impartial biographer to give the great diplomatist credit for sincerity in these declarations. He well knew, none better than he, that there was another side to the political dilemma. He knew that at the moment he wrote what we have quoted another solution to the situation was floating over the waters of the Mediterranean, who would assuredly return, under one pretext or another, to seize the helm of the state, and sway the destinies of France.

Six months after the resignation of Talleyrand, Buonaparte landed at Frejus, on his unexpected return from Egypt. The Directorial government was then in a crisis. Talleyrand hastened to put himself in communication with him. Sieyés, then occupying an influential position, had formerly had a difference with Buonaparte, which had not been reconciled Talleyrand devoted himself to bring about a *rapprochement* between two personages, whose cooperation he knew to be necessary for the fulfilment of his designs, and succeeded. He also prevailed on the weakand vacillating Barras to retire from the Directory, at the critical moment when his absence was necessary, and having gained over Sieyés and Roger Ducos, he effected the dislocation of the government. Fouché used his best exertions to keep the Jacobins quiet, while Talleyrand completed his work by tranquillizing the moderate party, over which he never ceased to exercise a considerable influence. In a word, the revolution of 18th Brumaire was planned and executed.

The reward for his zeal and wise counsels was soon conferred on him. The Consular government was established on the 22d November, 1799, and a week afterwards Talleyrand assumed his place in the Hotel des Affaires Etrangères. The establish-

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ment of the Consulate was hailed with an expression of joy and hope by all France. Glory, order, and liberty, these three great national objects, the combination of which is so rare, seemed to be combined. Such was the illusion of the moment, an illusion soon to be dispelled, for it speedily became evident that liberty was obliterated from this triple combination. But glory remained. The splendor of victory dazzled the eye of the nation, and the dying moans of freedom were overpowered by the artillery which announced the triumph of Marengo. Such, however, was France; a country of soldiers rather than citizens, ever ready to submit to the yoke, if only it be covered with laurels.

In the office of Foreign Affairs Talleyrand exercised over the first Consul a salutary influence. He won upon him by the vivacity of his admiration for his talents, which was most sincere, as well as by the accordance of their opinions at that time. He rarely left him, and when he was obliged by indisposition, in the summer of 1801, to go to the waters of Bourbon l'Archambaud, he wrote to Buonaparte:—

"I leave Paris full of regret at being removed from you, for my devotion to the grand views which animate you is not without its use in promoting their accomplishment. But," added he, "even if what you think of, what you meditate, and what I behold you do, were only a spectacle to me, I should still feel my present absence the most severe privation."

Sharing in the various projects in which the First Consul engaged, he aided him, in a very great degree, in the restoration of religious order in the country, by his successful negotiation of the Concordat. It was on this occasion that he succeeded in procuring a private brief, to which we have already alluded, authorizing him to resume the civil state, an authorization, however, which Talleyrand had in fact assumed ten years before.

The victories of Marengo and Hohenlinden led to, and facilitated the negotiation for a general peace, which was brought by Talleyrand to a conclusion, which appeared satisfactory. The treaty of Luneville, which extended to Germany the influence of the Revolution, by secularizing the ecclesiastical principalities; the treaty of Amiens, by which England was brought to acknowledge the conquests of France, and the effects of the Revolution on the Continent; the conference of Lyons, by which the Cisalpine republic was constituted, were the great diplomatic measures in which, at this epoch, Talleyrand was the chief negotiator.

Although limited by his office to the administration of Foreign Affairs, his influence was felt scarcely less in the internal settlement of the nation. After the general amnesty was granted to the emigrants, his example and his influence contributed to rally round the Consular Government many persons of station and character in the old regime. In short, his prudence and moderation were felt as a salutary check upon the spirit of his colleagues, while the refinement of his manners, and the nobleness of his descent, rendered him more acceptable to the established aristocracies of Europe.

If he had his share of the good attending the new government, he was not, at the same time, exempt from a participation in its evil movements. Drawn on by the universal tendency of all powers unaccompanied by adequate responsibilities to enlarge its field of action, and taking advantage of the enthusiasm which the splendor of his military success had created in his favor, Bonaparte began already to undermine the public liberties. The orators of the Constituent, who had theorized so eloquently on the subject of national rights, and denounced so bitterly the encroachments of absolutism, and all the tribunes of the Convention, now transformed into courtiers, vied with each other in the ardor and the zeal with which they aided the first Consul in the immolation of one liberty after another, liberties which had but lately cost so much blood, and so many tears. The ex-bishop of Autun was not the least obsequious of the agents of the aspirants to a military dictatorship. It must, however, be admitted that these liberties and rights, now so easily surrendered, had not as yet acquired a practical existence. They were acknowledged on paper, but had not yet passed into action; and it may be said, in palliation, if not in defence, of those who gave themselves up to the rule of the future Emperor, that if a despotism must have existed at all, it was better and less humiliating to submit to the victor in a hundred battles, surrounded with glory, and covered with laurels, than to sink under the knives of a band of cut-throats, or yield to the regime of licentious charlatans, courtezans, and robbers.

But, unfortunately for the memory of Talleyrand, all his compliances cannot be

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so easily palliated. The most indulgent view which can be taken of his share of the proceedings which terminated in the death of the Duc d'Enghien, leaves an indelible stain upon his name. After the re-commencement of the war, the party of the emigration engaged in various plots, directed against the new head of the State. Several attempts at assassination are said to have been detected in time, and prevented. The friends of Napoleon say that the depositions of the servants of Georges Cadoudal were, by a misconstruction, supposed to implicate the Duc D'Enghien, when, in reality, the party hinted at was Pichegru. It is probable, however, that Bonaparte, goaded by the perpetual danger to which his person was exposed, especially after the explosion of the infernal machine, in 1802, was eager to seize any distinguished object on whom his vengeance could be wreaked, and whost fate might strike terror into the Royalist party. The young prince, innocent of all purpose against the French ruler, engaged in field sports within a day's journey of the frontier, was basely seized, in violation of all the principles of international law, brought to the Chateau of Vincennes, and after the mockery of a trial, shot, under pretence of being an accomplice of those who had plotted against the life of the First Consul. Talleyrand was then Minister of Foreign Affairs, and in the ordinary course of his official business, must be presumed to have been the agent through, and by whom, this atrocious proceeding was taken. It is not denied that the seizure of the Duc D'Enghien, on a foreign territory, was accomplished by his order. In this act he was guilty of a flagrant violation of a sacred principle of the rights of nations. If, in the fury of his resentment, and for the safety of his person, the First Consul disregarded those laws which are the only safeguard for weaker states, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose peculiar office rendered the observance of these laws his special duty, cannot be defended for having acted in defence of them.

But it may be said, that when Talleyrand lent himself to this infraction of international right, and caused the illegal seizure of the person of the prince, he was not in the secret of the ultimate intentions of Bonaparte respecting him. There is, it must be admitted, no positive proof that Talleyrand was consulted as to the bloody act perpetrated in the ditch of the Castle of Vincennes, and the natural gentleness and moderation of his character would, in the absence of proof, raise a presumption against such a supposition.

Although no specific evidence has been made public, that Talleyrand was privy, much less a consenting party to this sanguinary proceeding, there are many circumstances which raise a strong presumption in favor of the supposition, that he tacitly acquiesced in the purposes of the First Consul, and certainly did not protest against the proceeding, either before or after its perpetration. Let us examine his part in the affair more closely.

In the course of the examination of Pichegru, Georges Cadoudal, and their confederates, it was declared by several of them, that a Prince of the House of Bourbon was expected in Paris, to direct their movements, and that he only waited a suitable moment to arrive. As the intention of these parties to direct their attack against the person of the First Consul was not concealed, Bonaparte was excited to a pitch of indignation, which exceeded all limits of moderation. It was acknowledged that a plot had been formed to assail him in one of his customary drives in the neighborhood of Paris, when escorted by his usual guards. And to this project it was affirmed a Bourbon Prince was a party. Under these circumstances, the First Consul came to the resolution, to strike terror into the Royalists by a signal act of vengeance. He made no concealment of his purpose. He repeated it to all who had access to him, and it would be preposterous to suppose that Talleyrand, his Minister of Foreign Affairs, and most favored adviser, could be ignorant of it. He used to repeat in his excitement, that

"A Bourbon was no more to him than Pichegru or Moreau, and even much less; that these princes, imagining themselves inviolable, wantonly exposed a crowd of inferior persons, of every rank, in the execution of their designs, while they continued themselves in fancied security beyond the territory of France; that they would find themselves wrong in imagining that a foreign soil gave them protection; that he would at last seize one of them, and order him to be shot as a common malefactor; that in attacking him they would soon learn who they had to deal with, and that he would show them that he would have as little scruple in shedding the blood of a Bourbon as of one of the lowest of the Chouans; that he would show the world he was no respecter of persons, and that those who would draw down on their heads his formidable hand, should feel the weight of it, whosoever they might be, and that after having shown himself the most clement of men,

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he would prove, that on sufficient provocation, he might become the most terrible."*

In these moods, although he scarcely endured contradiction, persons were found in the government who did not fail to let him perceive that they did not share such sentiments. Although his colleagues in the consulate, Lebrun and Cambacérès, maintained silence, the latter, especially, made his disapprobation of such designs sufficiently apparent. Fouché was then high in his councils. This minister, leaning generally towards a lenient policy, had, nevertheless, personal reasons for desiring to see the actual government irretrievably committed against the Bourbons, and therefore not unwillingly acquiesced in the necessity of making an example. Talleyrand, although by nature opposed to cruelty, had an irresistible disinclination to contradict or oppose the government under which he acted. Accordingly, he expressed the same opinion as Fouché, saying that too much had already been done to conciliate the Royalists—that the party of the Revolution had even been offended and estranged by the favor and indulgence which had been extended to them, and that, in fine, it was necessary to punish them severely, and without exception of persons.

It is true that at this time the precise object of the intended blow had not been selected, much less seized; but the acquiescence, and even the direct counsel of the minister, in favor of such an act of vengeance, is not the less doubtful.

The design of a striking act of vengeance to be wreaked upon a Bourbon Prince was then clearly adopted, and with the concurrence and counsel of Talleyrand. Some days later, Bonaparte, enraged at his inability to discover and seize the prince who he was persuaded was only waiting a favorable occasion to attack him, was sitting in his cabinet with Talleyrand and Fouché, when he called on them to enumerate for him the various members of the exiled family, and to name the places where at that moment they were residing. They replied that Louis XVIII. and the Duke d'Angoulême were at Warsaw, the Count d'Artois and the Duke de Berri at London, that all the princes of Condé were also at London, except one, who was staying at Ettenheim, a place on the Rhine, not far from Strasbourg. On inquiring the character of this one, he was told that he was the youngest and most enterprising of the family, the Duke d'Enghien. On further inquiry it appeared that in the immediate neighborhood of Ettenheim, were stationed certain Englishmen, Messrs. Taylor, Smith, and Drake, who were believed to be agents employed to foment intrigues against the government. The mind of Napoleon was instantly struck with the conviction that this was the "French prince" mentioned in the depositions or confession of Georges Cadoudal and his associates, and the seizure of the person of the Duke was at once decided on.

Talleyrand, as we have just said, was present and assisting at this council. Putting this fact in juxtaposition with his general assent to the policy of executing *some* act of vengeance on the exiled family, there cannot remain a doubt that he gave the sanction of his authority to the seizure of the Duke d'Enghien, and the violation of the law of nations involved in that proceeding.

The circumstances of the seizure are well known—a subaltern of gend'armerie was sent previously to collect information and make a reconnaissance of the place. The individual found access in disguise to the house which the prince inhabited, and forming an acquaintance with the domestics, learned that the prince was frequently absent, sometimes for several successive days, and that on such occasions he was usually accompanied by a person whose name, ill-pronounced, probably, by the German servants, and ill-apprehended by the gend'arme, was mistaken by the latter for Dumourier, and reported, without doubt, as such, in his despatches to Paris. The individual referred to was in fact the *Marquis de Thumerry*, a French emigrant, and a friend of the young prince. It was added that on the occasion of this excursion from Ettenheim, the prince sometimes visited Strasbourg.

These particulars, and many others, being reported in the despatches of the officer of gendarmes, the seizure of the Duke d'Enghien was resolved upon, carried into effect, and immediately followed by his execution. All the circumstances of this notorious proceeding are well known.

The question which concerns us at present is, to what extent Talleyrand must be regarded as an accomplice in the murder. That he approved and even counselled some act of vengeance and retaliation on the Royalists, and against a member of the

* Thiers' Cons. et l'Emp., iv., 505.

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royal family, cannot admit of a doubt. But it may be affirmed that the spirit of common justice must have prompted him to require, that before a capital punishment were inflicted, the guilt of the accused should be established by proper evidence before competent judges; and above all, that opportunity of establishing his innocence should have been given to the prisoner. In the conferences to which we have referred, there is nothing to raise a presumption against this. It was not necessary that Talleyrand, when he counselled retaliation, should qualify his advice by annexing the condition that before the vengeance was inflicted, it should be fully ascertained that the object on which it was to fall, was really one of the offenders. Such a condition would have been regarded, and justly so, as involving an insult on the justice and good faith of the government with which he acted.

Admitting that Talleyrand had originated the project of arresting the Duke d'Enghien, contrary to the law of nations, on a neutral and friendly territory, prompted by a suspicion which might reach the limits of belief that the Duke was the real head of a conspiracy formed in Paris against the life of the First Consul, it does not therefore follow that—as Minister of Foreign Affairs, under a virtual sovereign as little scrupulous as Bonaparte, he, a man admitted to be of mild and lenient character, one eminently endowed with foresight and caution, one who certainly had no advantage in staining his hands with the blood of a Bourbon, and who, on the contrary, might well believe it possible that political changes might produce at a later period a terrible retribution for such an act—it does not follow that such a man would advise that the prince, thus accused, instead of being confronted with his alleged accomplices, supplied with the means and opportunity of proving his innocence, if innocent he were, and tried with the forms and solemnities of justice, should be committed to the hands of eight ignorant soldiers, who were not even informed more than a quarter of an hour previously of the nature of the proceeding they were called upon to take, and whose sentence bore such evident marks of being a mere compliance with the order of a military superior, that it could not for very shame be inserted in the *Moniteur* until after it had been metamorphosed into something having more semblance of legality and justice.

It must be admitted that the consummation of this crime in the Castle of Vincennes presents so many marks of the direction of military authority, provoked to violence by irritating suspicions, that the charge against Talleyrand of being an active party in it ought not to be admitted without the most conclusive proofs.

It has been said that a letter was addressed by the Prince to Bonaparte from Vincennes, which, passing through the hands of Talleyrand, was not delivered by him to the First Consul until after the murder had been committed. Such a letter is alluded to in the work of O'Meara, and it is there affirmed that it was not received by Napoleon until three days after the death of the Prince. Against this statement, so far as it affects Talleyrand, there is more than one conclusive objection. First, Napoleon, in this case the highest authority of all, takes upon himself the entire responsibility of the catastrophe of Vincennes in his will, wherein he declares it to have been an act of legitimate self-defence. If it were in any way affected by the improper retention of a letter by Talleyrand, it is certain that Napoleon, at St. Helena, was in no disposition of mind to have sheltered the memory of the Prince of Beneventum at the expense of his own, in a question on which he was aware that the present age and posterity would pronounce a stern and severe judgment. But secondly, Savary, who commanded on the occasion of the execution, declares that this report about the letter being written by the prince is erroneous, and among the persons employed in the private cabinet of the First Consul none ever saw or heard of such a letter. The prince had, as is admitted, after undergoing his first examination, demanded in writing to have a personal interview with the First Consul. But to admit, in the absence of positive proof, that Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs, then at his hotel in Paris, had hindered this interview, or intercepted the request, would be manifest injustice. Besides which such a supposition would involve many improbabilities. The passage in the Memoirs of O'Meara, to which we have referred, has been said by some to relate not to a letter of the prince, but to one addressed by the French *Chargé d' Affaires* at Baden to M. Talleyrand in favor of the prince, sent after his arrest and *enlèvement* had become known, and not communicated by the foreign minister in time to the First Consul. But there

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is no evidence whatever that this was the letter alluded to in the words attributed by O'Meara to Napoleon at St. Helena, nor that such a letter was written at all, or if written that it arrived before the death of the prince.

In fine, it is utterly impossible to admit that such an execution could have taken place on the sole authority of the foreign minister, without the express order of the First Consul. Meanwhile, whatever may ultimately prove to be the truth regarding this sad affair, the memory of Talleyrand must for ever bear a serious part of the blame with which history must visit it, for it is certain that he provoked, counselled, and justified the arrest, and if he did not foresee all the consequences of it, it is, at least, necessary to show, either that they were brought about without his knowledge, or that he took all available means of preventing them. If it be affirmed that his vindication may be contained in those memoirs which he has bequeathed to posterity, but the publication of which is withheld until thirty years after his death, it may be objected that it is not likely that he would leave his memory loaded with so much obloquy for so long a period if he possessed the means of clearly establishing his innocence.

In conclusion we must add, that it is certain that the order for execution was not signed by Talleyrand; that duty had fallen on Murat, who then held the post of Commandant of Paris.

That officer, however, revolted from its performance and went to St. Cloud to supplicate his brother-in-law, not to impose upon him an act which would stain with murder the uniform he wore. The First Consul, reproving him for his weakness, signed the order with his own hand.

It is said that this original order, signed with the autograph of Bonaparte, is in the possession of M. Thiers.

When the prevalence of conspiracies against the life of Bonaparte was seized as the pretext, first, for rendering the government hereditary in his family; and next, for elevating him to the imperial dignity; Talleyrand was among the foremost and most zealous to promote that object, and to demonstrate all the advantages which the nation would derive from such a change, especially from the facility which would be given to the establishment of permanent relations with foreign powers, by assimilating the institutions of France to those of the old governments of Europe. The gratitude of the Emperor for all this zeal was afterwards manifested, not only by his retaining Talleyrand in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but by attaching him more nearly to his person in conferring on him the office of Grand Chamberlain of France. In this quality he soon afterwards followed Napoleon to Milan, and was present there at the ceremony of his coronation as King of Italy. The French Republic having disappeared, all those lesser ones which had been made after its image, or which sprung from it, disappeared also. Monarchy became the prevailing idea.

While the descent on England, which was projected from the heights of Boulogne, was delayed by the slowness of the movements of the French fleets, events were in progress in the East of Europe, which changed the purposes of Napoleon, and suddenly transferred his immense hosts, which menaced Britain, to the banks of the Rhine. The erection of Northern Italy into a kingdom, which followed, as a necessary consequence, the elevation of the First Consul to the Imperial Throne, awakened the resentment of Austria, which merely awaited a pretext for the recommencement of hostilities; Russia was also ready to declare herself the moment she saw an advanced guard in arms in Southern Germany, and but for the admirable promptitude of Napoleon, Prussia would have fallen into this combination. Napoleon, however, with an eagle eye, saw the cloud from which the thunder was about to burst, and did not hesitate a moment to abandon his magnificent plans on the Channel, and fly like lightning to the seat of danger. Talleyrand, the man of peace, followed this genius of victory, ready to consolidate, by his counsels, the conquests which he awaited with that assurance then created in all minds, by the long succession of victories which had followed the steps of Napoleon.

When Napoleon was at Ulm, Talleyrand waited at Strasburg. The whole Austrian army were soon compelled to lay its arms at the feet of the victor. At that moment, foreseeing the issue of the campaign, and regarding the moment at hand when a general settlement of Europe would have to be made, under the dictation of Napoleon, Talleyrand addressed to the Emperor the project of a treaty with Austria, in which he proposed an European arrangement, characterized by remarkable sagacity and comprehensive views. This plan, ex-

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tant in the hand-writing of Talleyrand, remained unknown until after his death, when it was produced by M. Mignet, before the Academy of Sciences.

"It is not my part," said Talleyrand to Napoleon, "to decide what is the best project of war:—Your majesty shows that at this moment to your enemies and to astonished Europe. But desiring to lay at your feet a tribute of my zeal, I have meditated on the approaching peace—a subject which, falling within the range of my proper functions, has the more especial attractions for me, inasmuch as it is the more closely connected with the happiness of your Majesty."

Proceeding to develope his views, he then says, that in Europe there were four powers of the first order—France, Austria, England, and Russia; Prussia having been placed in that rank only temporarily by the genius of Frederick II.; that France was the only perfect power (*la seule puissance parfaite*), because she contained, in a just proportion, the two elements of greatness, which were unequally shared among the others—wealth and population; that Austria and England were then the natural enemies of France, Russia being indirectly her enemy by the influence of the other two powers, as well as by her designs against the Ottoman Empire; that Austria, so long as she was not in rivalry with Russia, and Russia, so long as she remained in contact with the Porte, would be easily drawn by England into a common alliance; that the continuance of such a system of relations between the great States of Europe would prove to be a continual cause of war; that treaties of peace would be nothing but a succession of truces, and the effusion of blood would be incessant.

A new system of international relations was, therefore, necessary to give durable repose to Europe, a system in which a good understanding between France and Austria would be established, in which the interests of Austria would be separated from those of England, and put in opposition to those of Russia. By this opposition, the independence of the Ottoman Empire would be guaranteed, and a new European equilibrium established. Such was the problem which was about to be presented.

The solution proposed for it by Talleyrand was as follows:—To cut off Austria from Italy, she was to be deprived of the Venetian territory; to cut her off from Switzerland, she was to be deprived of the Tyrol; to cut her off from Southern Germany, she was to be deprived of Swabia. By such measures she would be detached from the states then established, or protected by France, and there would consequently cease to be any natural or territorial cause of hostility between her and the French Nation. As a further precaution, the Venetian territory was to be erected into a small republic, which would stand between Austria and the kingdom of Italy. Having thus despoiled Austria of territories, so extensive on the one side, it was proposed to indemnify her by corresponding accessions on the other, in order that she should have no future pretence for an attempt to recover what she would have lost. It was, therefore, proposed to extend her limits towards the East, and to annex to her dominions states on the banks of her own great river,—Wallachia, Moldavia, Bessarabia, and the chief part of Bulgaria.

By such means he concluded the Germans would be for ever shut out of Italy, and the wars which their pretensions to that fine country had sustained for so many ages would cease. Austria, possessing the entire valley of the Danube, and a part of the countries washed by the Black Sea, would be the immediate neighbor and rival of Russia, while she would be far removed from France, who would be her ally, secure from rivalry. The Ottoman Empire, by the sacrifice of provinces, on which Russia had already laid its powerful hand, would purchase security and a long future. England would no longer find alliances on the continent, or none, at least, that she could turn to profit. The Russians, forced back into their deserts, would carry their restless efforts towards the middle of Asia, and the natural course of events would bring them into collision with the English, so that the confederates of to-day would be the adversaries of to-morrow.

This splendid project was submitted to Napoleon, at Ulm, after his first great victory; but Talleyrand was too much possessed with its importance to allow it to drop, and the day on which he received, at Vienna, the news of the victory of Austerlitz, he again wrote to the Emperor.

"Your Majesty can now break the Austrian monarchy or re-erect it. The existence of this monarchy is indispensable to the future safety of civilized nations. . . . I supplicate your Majesty to read again the project that I had the honor of addressing to you from Strasburg; I venture now, more than ever, to look upon it as the best and most salutary plan that can be adopted. Your victories render it easy of execution, and I shall be happy if you will authorize me to make an arrangement, which, I am convinced, will secure peace to Europe for more than a century."

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From the British Quarterly Review.

SOCIETY IN THE AGE OF ELIZABETH.

1. *Memoirs of the Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton, K.G., Vice-Chamberlain and Lord Chancellor to Queen Elizabeth; including his Correspondence with the Queen and other Distinguished Persons.* By Sir Harris Nicolas. Bentley, 1846.
2. *The Roxburghe Ballads.* 3 vols. folio. British Museum.
3. *The Zurich Letters.* 1st and 2d series. Parker Society.
4. *The Remains of Archbishop Grindal.* Parker Society.
5. *Euphués.* By John Lilly. 1585.
6. *The School of Abuse.* By Stephen Gosson. Shakespere Society.
7. *Pierce Pennilesse, his Supplication.* By Thomas Nash. Shakespere Society.
8. *The Alleyne Papers.* Shakespere Society.
9. *Kind-heart's Dream.* By Henry Chettle. Percy Society.

Much has been written on the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and voluminous indeed are the collections of contemporary documents illustrating her civil and ecclesiastical policy. Numerous, too, are the biographies of her statesmen; but still, the very increase of information seems to have had the effect of distracting and dividing public opinion, so that in the present day there is scarcely a writer on the subject who has not come to a different conclusion. Now this is, after all, scarcely to be wondered at, when we call to mind the many important principles involved in the chief events of that reign, the relation which it bears both to our earlier and our later history, and its peculiar characteristics as a transition period. But the very difficulty which we feel when endeavoring to view this important era aright, may well increase our efforts, since we feel assured, that it is only in proportion to our clear apprehension of the state of the public mind and feeling during the reign of Elizabeth, that we can form an accurate estimate of the events of the succeeding century; for then was the seed-time of those principles, political and religious, which sprang up, and bore fruit, in the great parliamentary struggle.

The age of Elizabeth was remarkable in every respect. It was not alone the commanding station which England assumed among the nations of Europe; not alone her rapid advancement in civilization; not alone her extended commerce, her mercantile enterprise, but that wonderful sunburst of genius which illumined the whole period —that bright galaxy of poets who sang together in the clear dawn of that golden day. It is not, therefore, surprising, that to these poets and their works, public attention has been strongly drawn. To elucidate and illustrate these works, however, it has been found needful to refer to many a long forgotten writer, and to drag forth many an unknown black-letter pamphlet from its hiding-place; and thus have we been put in possession of much curious information relative to an era, perhaps unexampled in the history of the human mind, and certainly second to none in the history of our land. To the efforts of the Shakespere and Percy Societies we owe much; nor should the labors of kindred societies be overlooked. Camden, Parker, Wyckliffe, Hansard, Knollys—to all, and every one, we proffer our heartiest welcome, and as heartily bid them good speed, well convinced that the more we become acquainted with the *general* literature of any period, even with its lightest, the better able shall we be to read its history, and to profit by its lessons.

The works before us have all reference to the age of Elizabeth. Here are the Zurich Letters, and the Remains of Archbishop Grindal, supplying a curious insight both into ecclesiastical affairs, and the scholar-life of the sixteenth century; various tracts, of Nash and others, lashing bygone abuses, and bringing our forefathers, in their minutest peculiarities, bodily before us. Here, too, is a Life of Sir Christopher Hatton, with those extravagant letters, over which of late so many a critic, ignorant alike of the character of the age, and its peculiar phraseology, so wofully blundered; and to these we have added extracts, from that priceless collection, the Roxburghe Ballads, now in the British Museum, giving the very songs which amused the populace nearly three centuries ago, the very tales to which they listened with eager wonder, the verses that suppli-

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cated protection from the plague, or told their exultation at the defeat of England's enemies. Let us endeavor from these, and similar works, to picture to ourselves social life—using the phrase in its widest import—in the reign of Elizabeth.

There is one serious mistake, which almost every writer on the social condition of our forefathers has fallen into; this is, viewing civilization as proceeding, slowly indeed, but uninterruptedly, from its commencement. Now this was not the case, for society was retrograding during the greater portion of the fifteenth century, and the earlier half of the sixteenth. It is true, that during the wars of the Roses, such of the nobles, who could still afford to do so, gave enormous feasts, and decked themselves in robes of velvet, and wore heavy chains of goldsmith's work; but if we look to the state of the people, more especially in remote districts, we shall find their situation far inferior to that of their forefathers, as illustrated by Chaucer and the author of Piers Ploughman. In the last mentioned most curious and valuable work, he expressly tells us that even beggars, except when pressed by actual famine, refused to eat aught save wheaten bread; while writers, even of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, assure us, that barley and rye bread, sometimes, too, mixed with beans, was the common food of the people. In looking over Harrison's View of the State of England, prefixed to Holingshed, we read with astonishment of men in the middle of the sixteenth century dwelling in houses without chimneys, sleeping on straw, and taking a log of wood for a pillow. Now, such absolute barbarism was unknown in the middle ages; for in remains even of the thirteenth century, we find allusions to the fireside of the peasant, and to his comparatively comfortable condition. The case, therefore, is, that historical writers, dealing with the great and noble only, have altogether lost sight of the ruinous effects produced by the wars of the Roses, upon the rural population especially, and, indirectly, upon every class, save the immediate dependants of the king and his nobles. The accession of Henry Tudor brought peace, it has been said, to the land; but it was not so. The risings in favor of Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, occurring only a few years after the battle of Bosworth, flung back the peasantry to the destitute state from which they were just emerging; while, partly from the effects of the preceding contests, which had left so many maimed and helpless men, so many orphan children without sustenance, save what could be obtained at the convent-gate; partly, too, from the immigration of the dreaded "Egyptians," we find, that during this reign, organized bands of mendicants, the terror of the upland peasantry, first made their appearance. But bad as was the actual state of the population, even as regards "the bread which perisheth," far worse was their political and intellectual condition. The noble principles of English freedom, to which the haughtiest Plantagenet had been forced to bow, were trampled in the dust by that fortunate adventurer, who took the crown from the bush, and placed it on his own head. No acknowledgment of a compact with the people, no promise to maintain their chartered rights, signalized the accession of the Tudor dynasty; and Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, and Mary, however diverse in character and principle, each held fast that doctrine, altogether new to Englishmen, the irresponsible power of the monarch.

The first Tudor was a money getter on a right royal scale; the second was a money spender after an equally right royal fashion; but the people were as little benefited by the extravagance of the one monarch, as by the parsimony of the other. And when at length, as much to supply his exigencies, as to gratify his revenge, he commenced the spoliation of the monasteries, the situation of the people became still more wretched. It is true, that of these vast treasures, an infinitesimal portion was assigned to the endowment of a few schools; and that willing, to a certain extent, to promote the intellectual advancement of his subjects, Henry set forth Lilly's Grammar, "to be all and everywhere used;" and provided Master Robert Fabyan's History, with royal expurgations and additions, for their delectation; and encouraged "moralities," in which the grand moral inculcated was, that he possessed every virtue under heaven, and patronized bull and bear-baiting; but the people, impoverished, disheartened, driven by royal mandate from the religion of their fathers, and witnessing on every side scenes of the grossest injustice, sat down in sullen despair, or rushed madly to arms, only to be slain on the field, or hung by hundreds, by that most ferocious of military leaders, the Duke of Norfolk. Henry's successor has found singular favor with historians of all opinions. And yet, as the

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elder D'Israeli justly remarks, "we seem to be consulting the annals of some Asiatic dynasty, when we see a nephew tranquilly affixing his signature to the death-warrants of his two uncles." Surely during such a reign, almost made up of insurrections and military executions, of attainders and beheadings, little hope was there that the people at large would advance in civilization or morals. And then came the sanguinary re-action of Mary's reign, beneficial, in despite of its terrors, for it taught the nation to prize the open Bible; and its persecutions tended to endear the Reformed faith, while the attempted domination of a foreign monarch aroused once again the latent spirit of the Englishman. It was just when these two impulsive principles—attachment to the cause of Protestantism, and hatred of a foreign yoke, were fresh, and stirring vigorously in the minds of multitudes, that Elizabeth ascended the throne. With far-sighted wisdom she fostered and cherished both principles to their utmost extent, until, when long after, the crowded sails of the dreaded Armada loured in the distance, the whole nation, united as one man, stood forth in defence of the Protestantism and independence of England.

The reign which had commenced with the encouragement of popular feeling, was, throughout, remarkable for the manifestation of public opinion. Once more aroused from its torpor,—once more exulting in its strength,—the popular mind prepared, like a strong man, to run its race,—and how glorious that race, the literary history of the age of Elizabeth fully bears witness. Now, the cursory view just given is necessary to enable the reader to account for the many strong contrasts, and almost anomalous peculiarities, which the reign of Elizabeth presents; and it is also necessary to enable him adequately to estimate the marvellous *progress* of that age.

There was much that was picturesque in the circumstances of the people during this reign. The old observances of feast and festival,—as to fasts, our forefathers never paid much respect to *them*,—still lingered, not only in the popular mind, but among popular usages. The old superstitions, too, were still influential; for men occupied, as it were, a border land between the past and the present. Thus, although knowledge was advancing,—the *new* knowledge,—ancient notions and ancient dogmas were largely mingled with it. The golden dreams of alchemy were more firmly believed than ever; and the statesman, even the grave divine, yielded a trembling faith to the doctrine of astrology, and shuddered when baleful Saturn cast a sinister aspect on mundane affairs, or exulted when kingly Jupiter shone forth "lord of the ascendant." And the physician prescribed "magistery of pearls," and pointed out the unquestioned virtues of "Venice glass," in detecting the presence of poison; and the whole learned world believed with implicit faith in all the doctrines of sympathies and antipathies, of premonitions of good and of evil; in dreams, in spectral appearances, in angelic and Satanic agency, not carried on by means unintelligible to man, but visibly and palpably beheld in the world around. Little wisdom should we exhibit did we point to these things in scorn, and scoffingly reiterate the shallow ridicule on "the wisdom of our ancestors." Surrounded by so much that was new and strange, how could the votary of science determine the exact boundary of the possible and the impossible? How could the men of a generation that had witnessed the miracle of the printing press, and that giant marvel, the discovery of a new world, assign limits to what appeared to them the illimitable range of the human mind? Thus, a romantic character was impressed on the age of Elizabeth, which tinged its whole literature.

As the natural result of this romantic character, it was an age of great excitement and enterprise. Adventurer after adventurer went forth and returned with the fruits of successful trading, or the spoils of bold daring. The mariner, the merchant, had each wondrous tales to tell of far-off lands,—tales that rivalled, that even cast into the shade, the wonders of old romance. But still, in the midst of all these bright aspects, there was much to make men solemn and thoughtful. Scarcely more than a generation had passed since the startling changes of the Reformation. Old men could look back upon all the terrors of the last Henry's reign, when noble and royal blood bathed the scaffold; men, not past their middle age, could remember the fires in Smithfield; and thus the popular mind came to dwell upon subjects which, even at a far later period of our history, have been found to have little attraction for the commonalty. Among the themes of the early drama, Still's rude, but amusing comedy of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," stands actually in strong contrast to the others.

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Stories from Grecian and Roman history, or from the "British History" of Geoffry of Monmouth—a work eagerly sought after at this period—supply subjects to Peele and Lilly, and Green and Lodge, while even the ballad literature shows how determinately the popular mind loved to dwell upon strange and startling changes, either prosperous or adverse. What were the songs sung in the streets? No "merry ballads" of this age have we been able to find in the "Roxburghe Collection;" but of "Troy Town" levelled with the dust, and old King Priam, crownless, childless, homeless; of "Queen Dido," and her tragic fate; of Cresseid, fair and faithless, reduced to the beggar's clap-dish, and holding out her once beautiful hands, foully white with leprosy; and the apocryphal Titus Andronicus, who—

"Twelve years fought for Rome,
Yet reaped disgrace at his returning home."

These were, doubtless, the ballads that made "Tom butcher weep." But there are others of a more pleasant character, though still true to that strongly developed taste of the age. The blind beggar of Bethnal Green—a veritable green then, far removed from London smoke, and open to Epping forest—sitting there with his fair daughter Bessie, and his unexpected restoration to wealth and honor; and that more startling story of the beggar maid, rich in virtue and surpassing beauty alone, who won the wayward heart of King Cophetua, and became his queen. And then the goodly ballad of the London 'prentice—the very incident once told of Cœur-de-Lion himself—how he "robbed the lion of his heart" at the Soldan's court, and married the Soldan's daughter; and, most cherished tale of all, how the outcast boy, driven from his master's house by hard usage, sat down at the green slope of Highgate-hill, and listened as the bells—old Bow bells—rang out the glad prophecy, so wonderfully fulfilled in after years, when Whittington became "thrice Lord Mayor of London." How interesting such stories were, may be perceived in the many editions these venerable blackletter broadsides went through, and how invariably they formed part of the ballad-singer's stock in trade almost to the close of the following century.

Of tales of chance and change which happened to illustrious personages during the sixteenth century we have scarcely any; and this appears strange, since the earlier half was so abundant in instances of the instability of fortune. There is one, however, well known to the lovers of ballad lore, intitled, "O death, rock me on to sleep," which tradition has named, "The last good night of Anne Boleyn;" and there is one in the Roxburghe Collection, entitled, "Anne Askew," and referring to the female martyr of that name in the reign of Henry VIII. This, which is probably earlier than the days of Elizabeth, begins rather fancifully:—

"I am a woman poor and blinde,
And little knowledge remains in me,
Long have I sought and faine would finde,
What herb in my garden were best to be."

This garden is herself, and she tells us she went to a gardener to request him to sow "true seed;" but he, instead, gave her "stark lies," and "juggling deeds." There is great obscurity in this ballad, which seems to refer it to a time when open allusions to the reformed faith might have been attended with danger. There is another, entitled, "The most rare and excellent history of the Duchess of Suffolk's calamity," which is interesting as a specimen how the ballad writers of the day treated almost contemporary history. We should think this ballad was a great favorite, for it has three wood-cuts expressly appropriated to it, contrary to the general usage, which put any kind of picture at the top of these broadsides that might be likely to prove attractive. The first of these exhibits a stake and fagots in the distance, and in the foreground, a gentleman with high crowned hat and ruff, almost weighed down with packages, followed by a lady, and she is followed by a nurse bearing a baby, swathed so as to bear about an equal resemblance to an Egyptian mummy or a chrysalis. These are Master Bertie, the duchess, who honored him by making him her second husband, and their nurse and infant daughter. The ballad thus begins:—

"When God had taken for our sins,
That prudent prince Edward away,
Then bloody Bonner did begin
His raging malice to bewray,—
All those that did God's word profess,
He persecuted more or less."

The duchess and her husband were, therefore, enforced to flee away, and taking ship, they sailed to Holland, and set forth on their journey to some of those towns

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which had offered an asylum to many of the English exiles. On their way they were attacked by thieves, robbed of all their remaining money, while the nurse, overcome with fear, laid down the child and ran away—

"And they, far from their friends did stand,
All succorless in a strange land."

After wandering in great destitution, in wet and cold, and meeting many rude repulses, the duchess at length having obtained "fire and coals," sat down in the church porch "to dresse her daughter," while her husband boiled its food. But their troubles were not to end here. The sexton comes, and attempting to turn them out, rouses the spirit of Master Bertie, who forth with snatches the sexton's keys and breaks his head with them. This portion of the story we doubt not was the most interesting of all to the street auditory. The sexton, as may be imagined, makes a terrible outcry; and Bertie and the duchess are seized and led before the governor of the town, to whom he—

"In Latine made a gallant speeche."

This "gallant speeche" soon remedies the wrong done to the sexton; the duchess is welcomed as—

"Princess of most highe degre,"

the wanderers obtain fitting accommodation, and finally,—

"When troubles ceast,
The duchess home returned again,
And was of sorrow quite releast,
By Queen Elizabeth's happy reign,
Whose godly life and piety
We all may praise continuallye."

We give this specimen, not only on account of its extreme rarity, but as it affords a fair example of such compositions at this period. The "gallant" Latin speech of Bertie is an incidental proof how highly a knowledge of the language of ancient Rome was prized by all classes. We think, perhaps too low an estimate has been mostly taken of the *general* education of this age. In turning over the earlier dramatic pieces, we repeatedly find Latin quotations, sometimes extending to two or three lines. Some of the sermons of the period give nearly all their texts in Latin, using the versions of Junius and Beza, and quote largely from the Latin fathers, too. And this, it seems, was expected by congregations. Bishop Aylmer, Martin's "dumb John of London," in a most vituperative letter to the lord mayor, abuses him and his son for their want of reverence towards the clergy, "not only the meaner sorte," but lord prelates themselves, terming the Bishop of Winchester not only "that thorne," but hypocrite and lack-Latin." Whether Sir James Harvey did really bestow these complimentary titles or not, we have no means of ascertaining; but the remark proves the general estimation in which classical learning was held. One of the most curious instances of this we found in a ballad in the Roxburghe collection—an address of a lover to his mistress, and her reply. This is a common black-letter broadside, embellished with two woodcuts; the one, a stiff-bodiced lady holding a feather fan; the other, a gentleman, gallantly attired—not having the fear of Philip Stubbes before his eyes—in a slashed suit. This is the first stanza—

"Come, my best and dearest!
Come sit thee down by me;
When thou and I are nearest,
Breeds my felicitie.
To verifie the proverbe
Would set my heart at rest,—
'*Amantium iræ amoris,*
Redintegratio est.'"

There are five or six stanzas more, by no means remarkable for poetic beauty, but all ending with "the proverbe" in its original Latin. "The Mayde's Answere" begins, and goes on the same.

"Tho' falling out of faythful friends
Renewing be of love,
A change of time will make amends,
A turtle may I prove.
And till that change of time shall come,
With patience be thou blest;
'*Amantium iræ amoris,*
Redintegratio est.'"

The comparatively mean salaries given at this period to learned young men who were employed by the queen's ministers, or by the bishops, as amanuenses, seems also to prove that learning was very general. A curious illustration of this is supplied in a letter of Grindal, while bishop of London, and published in the second series of the "Zurich Letters." It is addressed to Conrad Hubert, of Strasburgh, and states, that owing to the great demand for ministers to occupy the parish churches, he cannot obtain an English young man as amanuensis. He therefore requests his friend to look out for one, "to serve me in this matter on suitable terms." These are his qualifications. "I should require that he should be ready at writing Latin, and that his handwriting should be tolerably good. He should, moreover, be acquainted with Greek, and especially with Hebrew; and should

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take delight in the study of the Holy Scriptures. And I offer these terms on my part. First, I will bear the expenses of his journey hither; in the next place, I will not occupy him in any laborious or servile work, but in reading, writing, and similar occupations; excepting only that he will be sometimes required to wait at table, &c. I will give him, moreover, besides his board, two suits of clothes after the English fashion, a fixed salary of twenty Rhenish dollars, or, which is the same thing, twenty English crowns, besides what may be added from my liberality, as occasion may arise." Thus, a young man for performing duties, which Grindal in an earlier part of his letter characterizes as "those important occupations and employments to which I am daily called," and who was expected to be a competent Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholar, was offered only board, a portion of his apparel (for the two suits were doubtless the liveries, which every member of a bishop's household was accustomed to wear), and a yearly salary which, allowing for the difference of money, can scarcely be estimated higher than twenty-five pounds! The stipulation that the young secretary might "sometimes be required to wait at table, &c.," may appear to some readers strange; but this was only a remnant of the old system of "suit and service," and arose out of what we consider the unfortunate circumstances, that the reformed bishops held as high a station, and lorded it as proudly in their palaces, as their Romish predecessors had done. Another letter, in the same collection, represents Jewel, that excellent man, as having for his attendants "most elegant young men of rank," and residing in princely state at his palace at Salisbury.

Superficial writers are very fond of remarking on the "pedantry" of the age of Elizabeth, and bring forward in illustration the numerous classical allusions which find a place in almost every speech or letter of this period. But really a general taste for classical story appears to have been so inwrought with the popular taste, that there was no "pedantry" in the matter. The imaginative feelings of the people at large were touched, by those beautiful fables, which have commanded the admiration of more than two thousand years, and they yielded themselves up to the spell. It is curious to remark how those portions of classical story, which recorded deeds of generosity, of heroic self-denial, of the domestic virtues—all, indeed, that struck the chord of chivalric feeling, became not only especial favorites, but favorites to the exclusion of others. It was not alone the spirited details of warfare that gave "the tale of Troy" such attraction in the eyes of a warlike age, but the domestic virtues of Hector, while the circumstance of a woman being the original cause of the war, gave almost a chivalrous character to the story. Thus, while the public mind gave little heed to the wanderings of Ulysses, or even the wanderings of Æneas, the fate of Queen Dido was told in the tale and ballad; and the tragic fate of Pyramus and Thisbe, too, and the devoted strife of Damon and Pythias, the piety of the Grecian daughter, the self-sacrifice of Lucretia,—these, in ballad and drama, were sung, and said, and acted, to an ever-admiring auditory. It is curious, too, to remark, how, in spite of the progress of classical taste, and a general acquaintance with the originals, popular taste clung to its old established notions. A singular instance of this occurs in the ballad—one of the most celebrated of its time, and furnished expressly with a new tune, which afterwards became no common favorite—the ballad of "Queen Dido,"—of the adaptation of a well-known classical story to meet the popular taste. Thus it begins:—

"When Troy town had for ten years' wars
  Withstood the Greeks in manful wise,
Then did their foes increase so fast,
  That to resist none could suffice.
Waste lie those walls that were so good,
And corn now grows where Troy town stood."

We have then the description of Æneas fleeing away, and arriving at Carthage, where Queen Dido falls desperately in love with him. The "pious Æneas," however, of the ballad, greatly resembles those fascinating heart-breakers, who "love and who ride away;" for, heedless of the poor queen's lamentations, he scornfully leaves her; whereupon she dies of a broken heart, and is "laid in mould." Her sister now writes a very angry letter to the runaway, who becomes woebegone, and being, moreover, tormented by "ugly fiends," gives up the ghost, when those same fiends perform the office of undertakers; for,—

"His body then they took away,
  And no man knew his dying day."

This strange version of a story apparently so well known, is curious, and we think the reason may partly be found in the absolute horror with which our forefathers viewed the classical mode of burial. To be laid in

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earth, in a Christian manner, was one of the strongest anxieties of an age that recognised burning as the punishment of crimes which were thought to demand the heaviest of penalties—witchraft and heresy. Thus, in the dramas of this period, it is curious to observe how, when the subject is classical, all allusion to the funeral pile is omitted; and thus Shakspeare himself, addressing Philomel, reminds her,—

> "King Pandion he is dead,
> All thy friends are lapt in lead."

Just like the kings and nobles of the sixteenth century. But "keeping" was very little attended to in this age; probably had it been more, the partiality evinced even by the common people for classic story would have been greatly lessened. When Hercules appeared in the pageant in plate-armor, and the three Graces in ruffs and farthingales, they seemed like old acquaintances; and when Thisbe, in one of the Roxburghe ballads, tells us that Pyramus, before his death, wrote a note, and "pinned it on his hat," the tragical fate of the two lovers of Babylon seems to be brought to our own doors. The crack in the wall was an accident likely enough to occur in the lath and plaster houses of the Elizabethan period, and but for the lion, the catastrophe might have taken place in Islington-fields.

When we observe the very figurative style of this period, we shall be less surprised at the constant allusions to classic story. No writer, indeed, seems to think himself fit to appear in print, unless he can deck his sentences with some of these flowers. Stephen Gosson's little work before us, is curious in this respect. Even in his addresses to the "Gentlewomen citizens of London," he discourses about Scylla and Charybdis, the dart of Cephalus, the virgins of Vesta, and beseeches them to bear in mind "the good precepts of Xenophon." Our grandmothers would have been sadly puzzled with such an address. In a "doleful ballad," of as early a date as 1570, entitled, "A Larum Bell for London," the city is exhorted to take "ensample" by Alexandria, Troy, Jerusalem, and Nineveh, while in Master John Wolfe's "New and singular Patterns and Workes of Linnen," a most curious book, exhibiting various patterns for lace, and what in the present day would be called muslin work—many of them of singular beauty—we actually find "far-beaming Apollo" leaning upon his lyre, and his head adorned with rays, as one of the specimens of "fine needlework."

The influence of Italian literature and Italian customs has scarcely, we think, been sufficiently recognised when viewing the general character of the age of Elizabeth. All those peculiarities of phrase, those labored antitheses, those *concetti* (we are compelled to use the Italian word, for we have none in English that gives the precise meaning), all, indeed, that made up the "euphuism" of the later years of the sixteenth century, are certainly of Italian origin. From thence, also, with the sonnet, came that half amatory, half reverential style of address, which the poets of that day especially cultivated; and the imitation of which by less gifted writers, who sought to invest their "plain prose" with a character only suited to poetry, has been, we think, the reason of the very strange epistolary style which contemporaneously prevailed. Whoever is familiar with the works of that great exemplar of this species of poetry, Petrarch, must, we think, have observed what an exquisite taste pervades his sonnets. Much has been said and written respecting the intranslatable niceties of his verse, but we think he deserves as great admiration for the delicate beauty of his thoughts and imagery. The lyre of Petrarch was not so much the full sounding, as the exquisitely sweet; it was an instrument, of narrow compass, indeed, but one which yielded true music if struck by a master hand. The very character of the sonnet, too, was advantageous. Its severe condensation compelled the poet to "touch off" his imagery—to use an artistic phrase—rather than to bestow a labored finish. Now, the prose writer, smitten with admiration of the Petrarchan style, especially if deficient in Petrarch's keen and delicate perception of propriety, would be just likely to run into those very sillinesses, and offences against good taste, which are correctly enough charged upon many a writer of this age. Poetry always precedes prose in the literature of a country; it is therefore but natural to expect that the poetry of the Elizabethan period should be superior to its prose. Not but that England had already a fine prose literature, limited, indeed, but presenting a style admirable for its force and simplicity, as Mandeville, Chaucer, Wycliffe, abundantly show; not but in despite of Master Lylly's "Euphues," and its injurious influence on our rising literature, the reign of Elizabeth exhibits, in many a religious pamphlet, a stern condensation of style,

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seldom equalled in modern writings; for when men are earnest, they are always forcible. But it was when prose was invoked for the set speech, the formal or complimentary epistle, that the faults to which we have alluded became chiefly evident.

In the foregoing remarks, we have reference especially to those extravagant speeches and letters addressed to Elizabeth by her courtiers, from the days of the first royal progress to the last; from the "dainty conceits" of Putham, to the outrageously complimentary letters of Raleigh. The Life of Sir Christopher Hatton before us, has attracted no little attention, from the character of his letters, now first published, addressed to the queen. We have been greatly amused, although vexed, at much of the criticism that has been bestowed on them;—amused at the utter ignorance of the sense in which many words were used in the days of Elizabeth; but vexed, that mere ignorance should have attempted to impeach the moral character of a queen who, whatever were her faults of temper, certainly ever maintained a womanly propriety of conduct.

These letters, which are four in number, are certainly of a strange character; but before we pass censure on them, we must remember how many conventional phrases pass current among us, which to those unaccustomed to them would appear very anomalous. All the endings of our common letters are of this kind. We subscribe, "your humble servant," "yours truly," "yours ever," never for a moment dreaming that such phrases of course will be interpreted in their strict and literal sense. And in precisely a like manner, did the writers of this period make use of that "extravagant diction," which appears to us truly ridiculous. Many words, too, bore then a more general sense than modern usage has assigned them. Among these, "passion" may be specified. Now, because Hatton in more than one place describes himself as being overcome by "passion," superficial reviewers have determined that this "passion" was nothing less than violent love. But the word is among the most common in our early writers, and is used by them, with far more propriety, than in its limited sense, as simply meaning violent emotion. The word will be frequently met with in Shakspeare, in a connexion that proves it to belong rather to grief or anger, than to love. In Sidney's gorgeous "Arcadia," too, the word will be often found in its more enlarged meaning. The downright protestation of love in these letters has also greatly scandalized divers learned critics. But such phraseology was addressed as often to men, as to women. We could point out several letters, subscribed "your truest friend and lover," although written by one gentleman to another. In describing—which he does with considerable humor—the various effects of drink on different persons, Nash, in his "Piers Pennilesse," thus remarks:—"The fifthe sort is maudlin drunk; when a fellow will weep for kindness in the midst of his ale, and kisse yow, saying, 'Captain, I love thee; I would it pleased God I could not love thee as well as I doe.'" Now, from a mere quotation like this, the reader will readily perceive that our modern standard of conventional usage cannot be applied to those times.

In the case of Hatton, we must remember that he was writing in set phrase to a sovereign who rather patronized a quaint and extravagant mode of address, although mistress herself of a remarkably terse and vigorous style; and a sovereign, too, who, as a lady, was entitled, from her lofty station, to receive more than the accustomed "*hommage aux dames.*" Now, this homage was at this time formed on the Petrarchan model—all respect and devotion, even to self negation—all superabundant admiration, even to viewing the sun, moon, and stars, as far inferior in brightness to her charms. "This is the twelfth day since I saw the brightness of that sun that giveth light unto my sense and soul. I wax an amazed creature. Give me leave, madam, to remove myself out of this irksome shadow, so far as my imagination may with these good means lead me towards you." Thus indites Sir Christopher in his more moderate strain. This, although we cannot consider it as "a strain of higher mood," is certainly much in "King Cambyses' vein."

"Death hath been much more my advantage, than to win health and life by so loathsome a pilgrimage. The time of two days hath drawn me farther from you than ten, when I return, can lead me toward you. * * * * My spirit and soul (I feel) agreeth with my body and life, that to serve you is a heaven, but to lack you more than hell's torment unto them. My heart is full of woe. Pardon my tedious writing; it doth much diminish (for the time) my great griefs. I will wash away the faults of these letters with the drops from your poor lydds, and so enclose them. * * * Bear with me, my most dear,

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sweet lady. Passion overcometh me. I can write no more. Love me, for I love you. God I beseech to witness the same, on behalf of thy poor servant. Live for ever."

Now what is all this nonsense, but a clumsy imitation, "travestie" rather, of Petrarch, by a writer destitute of his taste and genius, and professedly writing after a set pattern, rather than from the impulse of his mind?

We have lately discovered a curious corroboration of our opinion. It is well known that Hatton belonged to the Inner Temple, and it has been generally stated that he owed his introduction at court to his appearance in one of the masques presented by the gentlemen there to the queen. Now "the tragedy," as it is called, but more properly the masque, of "Tancred and Gismunda," presented by the gentlemen of that Inn, in 1568, bears at the end of the fourth act, the following —"*Finis Actus* 4. *Composuit Ch. Hat.*" At this time Hatton was rising rapidly in favor with the queen; the following extracts, therefore, from the chorus, seem to give an explanation of the situation in which he wished to stand towards his royal mistress.

> Remember thou in virtue serve therefore
> Thy chaste lady: beware that thou do not love
> As whilome Venus did the fair Adone,
> But as Diana loved the Amazon's son.
> The love of virtue in thy ladie's looks,
> The love of virtue in her learned talk;
> This love yields matter for eternal books."

To which the fourth chorus replies—

> "So whilom did the learned Tuscan serve
> His fair lady; and glory was their end.
> Such are the praises lovers deue deserve,
> Whose service doth to virtue and honor tend."

We have alluded to the "masques" presented before the queen, and the influence of these, and the pageants—themselves a kind of shorter and less elaborate masque—on the popular taste, must never be overlooked in a view of this period. Although in many respects resembling the miracle plays and "moralities," we think they must, after all, be referred to an Italian origin—to the "triumphs," which at this period presented such gorgeous spectacles. It was on these entertainments that not alone so great a cost, but so much sweet and noble poetry was lavished; and who can tell the benefit that such exhibitions produced in the distant country-places, where the visit of Elizabeth was celebrated by masques and pageants, that brought before the eyes of the rude villager a speaking picture of some heroic story, or a living representation of some scene of English history. The progresses of Elizabeth, ridiculed as they have sometimes been, were dictated, we believe, by an enlightened policy. In those days of slow and infrequent communication between the remote parts of the land and the capital, these progresses afforded the rural population an opportunity of seeing their sovereign, and, more important still, of witnessing the effects of a higher state of civilization than they might ever have imagined. And a stimulus was given to talent and genius in many an obscure place, and many a writer and scholar first became known, by the verses he composed, or the "dainty devices" he planned, on the occasion of the queen's visit. In turning over Nichols' curious and very interesting work—interesting especially to those who wish to trace the progress of our poetical literature, and the character of the period—we were much struck in observing the vast superiority of the later entertainments, as compared with the earlier. The improvement of the diction, the greater facility and variety of the verse, prove emphatically the *progress* of those forty-four years.

It is interesting, too, to perceive how, while the deities of ancient Greece, and quaint personifications of every virtue, and vice, and intellectual quality, find a place, the old romantic tales, familiar to the minds of the people, the local traditions, too, were invoked to aid the scene; and thus if at Kenilworth, Sylvanius, with Diana and her nymphs, in bodices of green satin, welcomed the queen in the park, the "Lady of the Lake"—*Morgain la fay*—appeared in her chariot, rising from the waters, with a welcome to her who swayed the sceptre of King Arthur. Thus Robin Hood and his merry men invited the queen to the stag-hunt or wrestling match; Earl Guy, of Warwick, or St. George, of England, challenged her courtiers to a tournament, in honor of the "fairest Parthenia;" and a goodly pageant of the old British kings swept by, just after a dance by the nine muses. A strange and almost ludicrous combination did some of these pageants present; when knights of romance, in appropriate plate-armor, and plumed helms, "led a measure" with wood-nymphs in most inappropriate "russet silk kirtles," or water-nymphs in "watchet taffeta, laced

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with scarlet ribbons," and little children with spangled gauze wings, and scanty white clothing, stood by, ready to present either angels or cupids, just as the legendary or the classical taste might prevail. But what, after all, was this?—costume and keeping belong to a more refined, but less imaginative age than the reign of Elizabeth. The spirit of poetry was abroad then, as she has never since been; and men, strong in poet-faith, followed wherever she led, and trustful, admiring as childhood, believed whatever she told. Yes, imagination, vivid and vigorous, was there, harmonizing the incongruous, beautifying the mean, and glorifying, with its own bright hues, even plush and whalebone.

How important these very anachronisms were in arousing the national mind to a sense of its rising dignity, can scarcely, perhaps, be duly estimated in the present day. While the professed scholar turned with cold disdain from the ballad, or old crone's tale, that had amused his childhood, the peasantry saw these very tales honored by the approbation of royalty. The learned queen—she who, as Roger Ascham records, read every day a "portion of the orations of Isocrates, or the tragedies of Sophocles"—scorned not the homely stories that cherished in the minds of an ignorant but warm-hearted people a love of their fatherland. She knew that the visionary glories of King Arthur would, after all, be far more influential to the Englishman than the most stirring record of ancient days. She knew that the ballads which told the prowess and spirit of that "gentle outlaw," Robin Hood, would inspire the spirit, and nerve the arms, of her gallant yeomanry far more than the most elaborate "ensamples" drawn from Greek or Roman history. It is in this point of view that the masques and pageants of Elizabeth's day become peculiarly valuable, for they are illustrations not only of the poetry, but of the spirit of the age. Exceedingly beautiful is much of this poetry, and we feel well inclined to pardon even the most extravagant of the compliments proffered to "great Elizabeth," when we mark the fine national feeling which almost always accompanies it.

"We'll strew the shores with pearl where Beta walks alone,
And we'll pave her princely bower with richest Indian stone;
Perfume the air, and make it sweet,
For such a goddess it is meet.

For if her eyes for purity contend with Titan's light,
No marvel then altho' they so doe dazell humaine sight.

Beta! long may thine altars smoke with yearly sacrifice,
And long thy sacred temples may thy Sabbath solemnize!
Thy shepherds watch by day and night,
Thy maids attend the holy light;
And thy large empire stretch her arms from east unto the west,
And Albion on the Appenines advance her conquering crest."

Thus sang Drayton in one of the latter pageants, after the four quarters of the world had laid their treasures at the feet of "the ocean queen;" and with a similar feeling of pride in their country, and determination to "advance her conquering crest," did the Drakes, the Raleighs, the Willoughbys, go forth; for the national spirit, which, from the days of the Fifth Henry and Azincour, had become weaker and weaker, until almost lost, was now reviving, until, when danger drew near, it stood forth, prepared to fling back the defiance of a world.

The age of Elizabeth was emphatically a belligerent age; and although, if we except the short "rising in the North," England, during this whole reign, was free from civil war; still a warlike character especially distinguished her people; and the courage of the Englishman was displayed in many a gallant fight in Flanders, and in many a tough conflict on the high seas. But we should do our forefathers great injustice if we confounded their warlike feelings with such a ferocious war-spirit as "la jeune France" now displays. They were warlike because they were religious. They had received the precious boon of the open Bible, and this, by force or fraud, by foreign enemy or home conspirator, was sought to be wrested from them. During the whole of Elizabeth's reign, England, in order to maintain her very existence as an independent state, was compelled to assume a warlike attitude. And the people felt it was their safety to do so; and thus it is only the superficial historian who would detail how Burghley and Walsingham persuaded their royal mistress to declare war against Spain, or send furtive assistance to the Huguenots. The case really was, that the strong protestantism of the people clamored for many a measure which Elizabeth's more cautious statesmen were scarcely

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prepared to grant. In that valuable portion of the despatches of De la Mothe Fenelon, published a few years since, we find most strongly marked proofs of the interest taken by the citizens, even as early as 1568, in foreign affairs. How they exulted when the Spanish treasure was carried to the Tower; how, although Elizabeth was at peace with France, the Huguenots openly recruited for troops in England; and in how firm a tone the London traders demanded reprisals to be made, when the Duke of Alva seized the English merchants and their goods in the Low Countries.

Much censure has been cast upon Elizabeth and her ministers for their severity in the cases of treason against her person; but if we consult contemporary documents, we shall find that the public feeling actually chided the slow proceedings of judicial investigation, and that popular resentment pronounced sentence long ere the culprits had been brought to trial. At first sight, this feeling may appear harsh, if not unjust: but we must bear in mind that nearly all the plots against Elizabeth and her ministers involved plans of assassination—a crime more abhorrent to true English feeling than any other. It is on this account that, although most firmly maintaining the right of every one to worship God as his conscience directs him, we yet cannot feel that indignation against Elizabeth and her ministers for their severe measures in this respect, which many do. For the risings during Henry the Eighth's reign, for the "rising in the North," in Elizabeth's—even for the fierce reaction of political and religious feeling that lighted the fires in Smithfield, we can find some excuse. For much of the irritation and disaffection of the Roman-catholic portion of the population under Elizabeth, we can allow much in palliation; but for the successive plots, which, by dagger, or pistol, or slow poison, were to work out their ends, we can find no excuse. And thus thought our forefathers; and hence arose their irrepressible joy when the traitors were committed to the Tower, and which followed them with exulting shouts even to Tyburn. There are some curious illustrative ballads on this subject in the Roxburghe collection. One, by Thomas Nelson, on the discovery of Babington's plot, is very characteristic. It begins with the loyal prayer—

"God prosper long our noble queen, and grant her long to reign!"

And after detailing, in very homely rhymes, the beginning and progress of this important plot, he thus proceeds:—

"Their treason once discovered, then were the traitors sought,
Some of them fled into a wood, where, after, they were caught,
And being brought into the Tower, for joy the bells did ring,
And throughout London bonfires made, where people psalms did sing,

"And set their tables in the streets with meates of ev'ry kind,
There was prepared all signs of joye that could be had in minde,
And praised the Lorde most heartely, that with his mighty hand
He had preserved our gracious queene and people of this land!"

The celebration of national deliverances by "psalm-singing," the reader must bear in mind was no part of thanksgiving "by law appointed;" but it is curious to observe how the popular feeling during Elizabeth's reign exhibited itself constantly in this form. This is in itself a strong proof of the progress of Protestant feeling,—of a feeling that waited not, and that chose not to wait, for orders from Lambeth, or even from the Council,—but with glad heart sought to pour forth the only acceptable, because spontaneous, "service of the lips."

In the present day men may smile at bells ringing, and bonfires blazing, and sober citizens placing tables before their doors, and with homely hospitality pressing each passer-by to partake the white manchet and the huge joint of roast meat, or the chine and the well-spiced cake; and they may smile, too, at the heartiness and right good-will with which neighbor pledged neighbor in the cup of ale, or, perchance, silver tankard of sack and sugar, to the health of our queen and her "glorious *semper eadem*," only because some dozen violent enthusiasts had been conveyed to the Tower. But if we look at the circumstances of the nation, we shall well perceive that the detection of a plot like Babington's was indeed a cause of national gratulation. The great and crying evil of most historical estimates, is applying the standard of the present to the past. Now this is repeatedly done in regard to the reign we are treating of. "Why could not the English enjoy their Protestantism peaceably," say some silly writers, "without keeping Europe in continual tumult about it?" Eng-

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land enjoy her Protestantism in quiet, when the Pope had absolved the Roman-catholic subjects of Elizabeth from their allegiance to her! Enjoy her Protestantism, with the most powerful nation of Europe, Spain, waging a ceaseless war—seizing English merchandise in the Low Countries, attacking English merchant vessels on the high seas,—ever watchful to prevent France and Portugal from forming an alliance, and at length threatening our land with the mightiest armament that ever swept o'er the ocean! Well might our forefathers rejoice at the detection of Babington's plot, even as they rejoiced, in 1588, and caused all London's bells to ring out at midnight, when the news arrived that that fair and unfortunate, but most mischievous, daughter of the Guises, was at length headless.

A clear view of the dangers which surrounded our fathers is indeed indispensable to a just apprehension of the character, both of this reign and of the succeeding period. Powers and influences, which we now smile at, were then mighty agencies. Pope and pagan, to use the fine personification of Bunyan, were not, in the days of Elizabeth, couched each at his den's mouth, impotently growling at the passer-by. They were up and doing. The Pope was unceasingly urging a crusade against England, and rousing kingdoms and peoples to work his will; while the pagan power had encamped beneath the walls of Vienna, and was menacing the last retreat of the gallant knights of St. John. How anxiously Grindal, in one of his letters before us, inquires after "news of the Turkish fleet before Malta," that he might "improve" the victory or the defeat in his next sermon. How did the "worshipful marchantes of London and Bristol' make "gatherings" for the redemption of "poor captives taken by the Turks." And how anxiously, in another letter, does Grindal beg Cecil to inform him, whether "the death of the king of Navarre, that second Julian,"—traitor to the Huguenots,—was really true, "as I intend, God willing, to preach at the Cross next Sunday, and, upon occasion offered, would peradventure make some mention of God's judgments over him." Faintly can we realize the deep and anxious feeling with which the thousands gathered round Paul's Cross listened, while the earnest prelate "preached to the times," or when uplifting their myriad voices, they sang, —

"Preserve us, Lord, by thy dear word,
From Turk and Pope defend us, Lord!
Who both would thrust out of his throne
Our Lord Jesus Christ, thy dear son."

Homely lines; but emphatic in their homeliness, to men who felt that all they valued,—commercial prosperity, an advancing literature, national independence—but, more precious than all, a free Gospel—depended on their protection from these antagonist foes.

But while leaning on Divine aid, they felt that much might be done by themselves against human forms of evil; there was one scourge more dreaded than all beside, which they contemplated with mysterious horror—the plague. In the present day, even when looking back on "the cholera year," we altogether fail to realize the excited yet awe-struck feeling with which that dreaded name was first whispered, and the finger stealthily pointed at the infected house. There was so much that appealed to the imagination of a most imaginative age, in such a visitation. Appearing without warning, sweeping down its thousands, and then as suddenly disappearing, that we marvel not that flaming swords were believed to have been seen suspended in the sky, or the avenging angel standing ready to smite the devoted city. And then came forth the summons to prayer, and solemn thoughts, and watchfulness—a summons emphatic, though voiceless, from the closed houses, with the red cross marked on the door, the frequent funerals, and the open graves. The awe with which these visitations were viewed by the whole people is strongly embodied in the ballads of this period. There are some to be met with in plays; for if, during the plague, the theatres beyond the infected districts were open, the performance often ended, strange as it may appear to the modern reader, with a hymn, sometimes sung by the actors on their knees. Here is part of one, introduced into the masque of "Summer's Last Will and Testament," by Thomas Nash:—

"Adieu, farewell earth's bliss,
This world uncertain is:
Fond are life's playful joys,
Death proves them all but toys;
None from his darts can flye.
I am sick, I must dye.
Lord have mercy upon us!

"Rich men trust not in wealth;
Gold cannot buy you health;

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Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made.
The plague full swift goes by.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy upon us!"

In the Roxburghe Collection we find many of these ballads, headed with grim skulls and cross-bones; or, Death brandishing his dart; or a stiff ruffed lady and gentleman kneeling on either side of a fauldstool with uplifted hands. All of them exhibit much devotional feeling, and sometimes a far higher degree of poetical, than we might expect. The two following verses from "The Sinner's Supplication," are a fair specimen of the hymns sung by the congregations gathered together by the earnest preacher, who, driven from the churches by the strife of "the habits," lifted up his voice in the streets, like Jonah, or, like his master, taught in the open fields:—

"Most gracious God! now lend thine ear,
Bow down thyself my cries to hear;
Let not my words be spent in vain,
But help me, Lord, now I complaine.
Be thou my rocke, my strengthe, my stay,
For thou hast promised helpe alway.

"This grievous scourge, which thou hast sent
Upon us for our chastisement,
We must confess we have deserved,
For from thy lawes we all have swerved;
Our sins have sore provoked thee
In wrath against us all to be."

But there were others—"'Larum Bells," "Death's Summons," "The Song of Death," intended as warnings to the profligate, and giddy, or careless multitude, who laid not the fearful visitation to heart. Such is "the Doleful Dance and Song of Death," and it is curious as supplying the date of its composition by the allusion to "the solemn 'sizes," which took place in July, 1577. We will give a few verses of this rude but forcible old ballad, reminding the reader that shrouds were not in use at this time, but that the garb of death was the literal sheet, gathered into folds, tied with a ribbon at the head, and depending like a cloak to the feet, where it was also tied—

"Can you dance the shaking of the sheets?—
A dance that ev'ry one must do,—
Can you trim it up with dainty sweets,
And ev'rything that 'longs thereto?
Make ready, then, your winding sheet,
And see how you can bestir your feet,
For death is the man that all must meet.

"Bring away the beggar and the king,
And every man in his degree;
Bring the old and the youngest thing;
Come all to death, and follow me—
The courtier with his lofty looks,
The lawyer with his learned books,
The banker with his baiting hooks.

"Think on the solemn 'sizes past,
How suddenly in Oxfordshire
I came, and made the judges all aghast,
And justices that did appear,
And took both Bell and Baram away.
And many a worthy man that day,
And all their bodies brought to clay.

"Pride must have a pretty sheet, I see,
For properly she loves to dance;
Come away, my wanton wench, with me,
As gallantly as your eyes can glance;
And all good fellows that flash and swash
In reds and yellows of revel dash,
I warrant ye need not be so rash.

"For I can quickly cool you all,
How bold or stout soe'er ye be,
Both high and low, both great and small,
Naught do I fear your high degree,—
The lady fair, the beldam old,
The champion stout, the souldier bold,
Must all with me to earthly mould.

"Therefore take time while it is lent,
Prepare with me yourselves to dance;
Forget me not, your lives lament;
I come ofttimes by sudden chance;
Be ready, therefore, watch and pray,
That when my minstrel pipe doth play,
You may to heaven dance the way."

How completely is this in the spirit of those grotesque but powerful wood-cuts, where Death in plumed cap, and playing on the dulcimer, is leading the vast crowds who troop heedlessly on to the open grave.

From a general view of the ballads of this period, both in the Roxburghe, and other collections, a very favorable estimate of the moral and religious character of the people may be formed. Most of them are moral; very many are religious, and consist of scriptural narratives in verse. Indeed, the more closely we contemplate the age of Elizabeth, the greater shall we find its resemblance to that of the Parliament and Commonwealth. A strong religious spirit was abroad, as may be perceived, not only in its general literature, but even in the dramatic. Almost all the plays, during the earlier period especially, were historical; and most of them, true to ancient usage, had a chorus, who moralized on the passing scenes, often with solemn effect The direct allusions in Shakspeare's plays to scriptural doctrine have frequently been remarked; but we could point to many earlier dramas, from whence fine passages of strictly religious poetry might be taken.

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In Lodge's "Looking Glass for London," founded on the preaching of Jonah to the Ninevites, and consequently bearing a strong resemblance to the ancient miracle-plays, there are numerous passages that read just like portions of a sermon; and the prophet's call to repentance, in solemn grandeur, rivals the rich eloquence of Jeremy Taylor. Marlowe's splendid "Faustus" abounds in similar passages; and the last soliloquy of the wretched man, who for twenty-five short years of pleasure has bartered his soul, is appalling—

"Stand still, you ever moving spheres of heav'n,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.
Fair nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be a year,
A month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent, and save his soul!
Oh! I'll leap up to heaven! Who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament;
One drop of that will save me!
O spare me, Lucifer!
Where is it now? 'Tis gone!
And see, a threatening arm, an angry brow!
Mountains and hills, come, come and fall on me,
To hide me from the heavy wrath of heav'n!"

There must have been a widely diffused religious feeling, when dramatists made choice of such subjects. The drama, however, although so incalculably superior to that of later days, found many opponents, from the time of John Northbroke's and Stephen Gosson's tracts, to the appearance of Dr. Rainold's "Overthrow of Stage Plays," in 1599. The objections of the citizens seem, however, chiefly to have arisen from the danger which the young, particularly their apprentices, incurred from the profligate company which frequented the theatres round London. A strict rule was kept in those days over the apprentices; still, much kindness seems to have been exhibited by their masters towards them; for the feeling which viewed every one who resided under the same roof as holding a kind of relationship, and thus having a claim to the kindly offices of the family, was strong in the days of Elizabeth.

From the accounts of various city worthies of this period, we form a favorable estimate of their private character, from the kind feeling evinced by them, both during their life, and after their death, towards their dependants. Worthy men were the Bonds, the Rowes, the Harveys, the Greshams, enterprising merchants, to whom England owes her high standing as a mercantile nation. And Godfearing men were they, too; and not ashamed to acknowledge that they were so. Religion was in all their thoughts and ways, and they went about their respective callings in the very spirit of the city motto, "*Domine, dirige nos.*" How touching are their references to an over-ruling Providence, as seen in their mottoes—even the armorial bearings—of their noble mercantile associations. The ships of the "Muscovie Company" went forth beneath the auspices of royalty; but while the crowned lion was the crest, the bearings bore the trustful supplication, "God be our good guide." The merchant adventurers, those merchant princes, bore aspiring Pegasus; but they knew the blessings of God alone made rich, and thus "*Dieu nous donne bon aventure*" was their motto. And the "East Land Company," destined to penetrate to the furthest north, took the raven, and the heaven-appointed ark, and the emphatic words, "Despair not."

We owe a large debt of gratitude to these merchant-princes of Elizabeth's reign, not alone for the public institutions and schools they founded, but for the encouragement they gave, and the protection many of them afforded to those confessors, who felt that all they had suffered during Mary's reign was futile, if the result were merely the establishment of a semi-popery. There was much certainly to irritate those who had dwelt in the Protestant cities of Flanders and Switzerland, in the pomp and power assumed by the bishops at this period. Here is a vivid picture of prelatical state. It is addressed by a German scholar to Simler in 1562. "But although the whole city belongs to the bishop, his domestic arrangements delighted me more than anything else. His palace is so spacious and magnificent, that even sovereigns may, and are wont to be suitably entertained there. Next, there is a most extensive garden, kept up with especial care; a most limpid stream runs through the middle of it, which is rendered much more delightful by the swans swimming upon it, and by the abundance of fish."—"I am transplanted into the abode of a prosperous individual. He directed his attendants—most elegant young men of rank—to order some wine to be brought. The butler forthwith makes his appearance, bearing a large golden goblet. And also, when dinner or supper-time arrived, how can I describe to you the abundance and variety of the silver-plate?" This "prosperous individual" is Jewel, the worthy Bishop of Salisbury, who in all pro-

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bability bore his wealth and honors with meekness; but how must such adjuncts to a wide ecclesiastical domination have increased the pride and overbearingness of the Parkers, the Aylmers, and the Whitgifts.

But there were other causes of irritation—the service-book and the habits; and curious it is, in turning to contemporary documents, to find the active part the laity—even the women—took in these questions. As early as 1566, prosing Master Strype informs us, that Robert Crowley, the literary vicar of St. Giles', Cripplegate, had a violent quarrel with some "singing-men," who accompanied a corpse to the churchyard; but he, in his zeal against the surplice, shut the door against them, and calling the civil power to his aid—they becoming riotous—he at length compelled them to depart. Crowley was summoned before Parker, when he "discovered some fond paradoxes," which seemed to shock poor Master Strype greatly; and he was committed to prison; but further we cannot learn. The parish of St. Giles', Cripplegate, however—as we find in the volume before us of Grindal's Remains—had soon after a good substitute in "one Bartlett, a reader of a divinity lecture, who, notwithstanding he was suspended, took upon himself to read again, without license; and having refused to surcease, alleging his duty to instruct the ignorant, he was committed to his own house." Poor Grindal, at this time Bishop of London, now probably thought that all would be well; but alas! as he piteously relates in a letter to Cecil, "this day came unto my house threescore women of the same parish to make suit for him." The poor bachelor prelate, in great alarm at this army of fair ladies, appears to have retired with much haste into the inmost recess of his palace, whence he sent them word "that I willed them to send half a dozen of their husbands, and with them I would talk." Whether the threescore women were satisfied with this answer we know not; but it appears—probably relying on female perseverance—that they still continued besieging the poor bishop in his own castle, until, happily, "one Mr. Philpot, also a suspended minister," moved to pity at his critical situation, boldly came forward, and persuaded them at length to depart; so "they went away quietly, but yet, so as with tears, they moved in some hearts compassion.'

Whether dame Lawson—nicknamed "the shrew of Paul's Gate,"—began her career of speaking home-truths to these lordly prelates at this time, we know not; but, truly, she might have been their leader, since we find Martin, in his "Epistle to the terrible priests," reminding John of London (Bishop Aylmer) "how she bade you throw yourself downe at her majestie's feet, acknowledging yourself to be unsavory salte, and to crave pardon of her highness, because you had so long deceived her and her people." A tolerable spirit must dame Lawson have had; for we find, from a notice in Strype, that she actually attacked the lion in his den—Whitgift at Lambeth. As she is there spoken of as "one of Martin's canonized saints," it is most probable that she was some poor woman who, beggared and persecuted for her adherence to her principles, was not ashamed to "testify" even in bishops' courts.

However "unsavory" Aylmer might be as to what was good, his style did not want for salt, although Billingsgate would be a far more appropriate designation of it than Attic. From some of Martin's remarks, we find he indulged in wretched puns; on one occasion assuring a Mr. Madox, "his name did show what he was; for thy name is mad ox, which declareth thee to be an unruly and mad beast!" while some of his letters, in Sir Christopher Hatton's letter-book, bear witness to his furious intolerance. Here is a short extract from the conclusion of a terribly long one, addressed to the Lord Mayor, who had not treated him with sufficient reverence:—"Well, to end as I begun, I pray you use the ministry according to their calling. If you take this in good part, as coming from him that hath charge over you, I am glad of it; if not, I must then tell you your duty out of my chair, which is the pulpit at Paul's Cross, where you must sit, not as a judge to control, but as a scholar to learn; and I, not as John Aylmer to be taunted, but as John London to teach you and all that city; and if you use not yourself as a humble scholar, then to discipline you as your chief pastor and prelate." Can we wonder at the bitter sarcasms against prelacy, when such a style could be addressed to the chief magistrate of the city?

The overbearing are always servile; the following specimen of Aylmer's humble style, therefore, must be given for the contrast. It is part of a pitiable lamentation addressed to Hatton, upon his having fallen under the displeasure of his royal mistress.

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"I study with my eyes on my book, and my mind is in the court; I preach without spirit; *I trust not of God, but of my sovereign*, which is God's lieutenant, and so another god to me. For of such it is said, '*Vos estis dii.*' I eat without stomach; I sleep without rest; I company without comfort; and live as one dead. You labor daily to cherish other bishops set up by others, and will you throw down him you have set up yourself?" The last remark seems to allude to the mischievous power which Hatton, the only truly "high church" minister which Elizabeth ever had, exercised in ecclesiastical affairs.

There is great reason to believe that the combined efforts of Whitgift, Aylmer, and Hatton, who was then vice-chamberlain, and from his office took great share in ecclesiastical affairs, were the chief cause of the persecuting measures adopted against the stricter puritans between 1580 and 1590. And these measures roused up a host of writers, whose works, in the form of pamphlets, were so numerous, that, taking into account those surreptitiously printed as well as those duly licensed, we greatly doubt whether their number would not fully equal those of the present day.* There must have been a large reading public then, and the eagerness with which the newest pamphlet, especially if on controverted subjects, was sought after, proves the public were intelligent too. "Pamphlets," as a late reviewer has truly said, "were the mode of agitation of that day, and admirably they fulfilled their purpose." Admirably indeed, did they, but in no scoffing sense would we say it. Our space is far too limited, or we could give passages from these little black-letter quartos that would fully prove, that like as the bud is to the fruit, the dawn to the perfect day, so in their initiatory form are the noble principles of the commonwealth period displayed in these pamphlets. We have a curious remark in "Kinde-harte's Dream," where Chettle, after lamenting over the increase of ballad-singers, who we find were regularly trained for the purpose, and then intrusted with "a dozen groats' worth of ballads," goes on to say, that their employer, "if they prove thrifty, makes them pretty chapmen, able to spread more pamphlets, by the state forbidden, than all the booksellers in London; for only in this city is straight search: abroade small suspition, especially of such petty pedlars:" "it hathe been said they bragge they hath gained their 20s. a day." Twenty shillings a day! why, even allowing the highest price of the period for a pamphlet—a groat,—their daily sale must have been *three-score*.

One of these "petty pedlars" was doubtless Humfrey Newman, the active disperser of the Mar-Prelate tracts, who first appeared at Sir Robert Knightley's house, in a green coat and green hat, like a forester; and afterwards wore the good knight's livery—the blue coat and silver badge; and who again went about as a travelling cobbler. This was doubtless when the tracts were consigned to his care; and then the large pack, which the travelling shoemender always bore, was filled with "Epistles," and "Supplications," and "Have you any worke for the Cooper?" instead of lapstone and leather. A romance of printing might the veritable details of the publication of the Mar-Prelate tracts form; and here female agency is conspicuous, too. "Two sortes of letters," left at a merchant's house in London. Another "sorte of letters," brought to Mistress Crane's house, also in London, and a "loade of stuffe" provided, in which they were conveyed to her house at Moulsey, at Penry's request. Then the press set up at Newton-lane, near Manchester, whither Mistress Crane seems to have conveyed the types. Then some of the printers apprehended, but the press conveyed to Sir Robert Knightley's, at Fausely, where the "Epitome" was printed; and then the press moved to another house belonging to the knight, at Norton, from whence it, and Waldegrave the printer, removed to Mr. Hale's house, at Coventry; and how two more of the tracts were there printed. Thus was "the mill kept going," to use Waldegrave's phrase. But again was there danger of detection, and the press appears to have been seized; and then Mistress Crane,* to whose house Penry and Udal "oft resorted," obtained the aid of Madam

* From some remarks of Nash, in "Piers Pennilesse," we find that, even at this early period, printed paper was a mere drug, so extensive was the use of the printing press. "Look you at the chandlers' shop, or at the flax-wives' stalls, if you see no tow, or sope, *wrapt up in the title page of such a pamphlet*." From the examination relating to the Mar-Prelate tracts, we find pamphlets were pulled off by seven hundred or a thousand. No wonder there was no lack of waste paper.

* Mistress Crane was among those who appeared before the High Commission Court; but although in the presence of Whitgift and Aylmer, she steadfastly refused to answer any questions, either concerning

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Weekston—we must entitle her "Madam," because her husband is expressly designated as "Roger Weekston, gentleman," who, with true womanly management, "moved her husband to have a piece of work done in his house." Little did the servants dream of the real character of "the piece of work," done "in a low parlor" there; for Hodgkin, the printer, was introduced as "an embroiderer,"—there were many male embroiderers in those days,—so "Martin, senior," and "Martin, junior" were set up and pulled off in the low parlor, the household probably wondering at the clumsy frame of the embroiderer, but expecting to see marvellous knots of flowers, or the family arms, "wroughte in silke and crewel,"—perhaps King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, instead of mere pamphlets. Honor to the writers and the printers of the Mar-Prelate tracts, violent and coarse as many of them are: these were the faults of the age, but the enunciation of the great principles of religious freedom was a credit which no man can take from them. And honor, too, to Mistress Crane and Madame Weekston, the women who so devotedly aided in hiding this leaven in the three measures of meal, where it worked, until those principles for which their advocates willingly endured the gallows-tree, became the common heritage of the land.

It is in connexion with the proceedings against Barrow, Greenwood, and Penry, that the character of Elizabeth appears in its worst light; but we must bear in mind that these legalized murders, if they were not indeed simply murders, were the inevitable result of those Erastian principles set forth by her godfather Cranmer, even as early as 1540. In strict accordance with these principles, Elizabeth commanded a certain form of church polity to be adopted, and opposition to this was viewed as opposition to the laws of the realm, and punished accordingly. There is in some quarters a rather favorable view taken of Erastianism, but we should ever bear in mind, and especially at the present time, that the meddling of the government with the religious teachings of the merest infant school is as mischievous in principle as the power of the holy Inquisition. Elizabeth has sometimes been viewed as "high church." Now, few sovereigns were less so; indeed, with her principles she could not be. Thus, if the habits were strictly imposed, it was for order and comeliness; if the passing bell was to be tolled, it was solely to remind the living of their mortality; and when, in 1576, the proclamation came forth for a more rigid observance of Lent and Ember days, it was expressly stated it was "*not for any liking of popish ceremonies*," but only "to maintain the mariners and navy in this land, by setting men a-fishing." Nor did Elizabeth ever exhibit towards any of her bishops the friendship she displayed toward Walsingham, the Sidneys, but especially Burghley; no reverence for the episcopal office ever marked her conduct; and the queen who once threatened to "unfrock" a proud prelate, would soon have sent little Laud to the rightabout. Although Elizabeth, probably from love of a gorgeous ceremonial, preferred "forms and ceremonies," it is curious to observe how many of her chief advisers actually held puritan opinions. Walsingham was openly charged with them, Leicester was favorably disposed towards them, Secretary Davidson and his assistant Beale actually got into trouble on this account; Essex, her last favorite, sheltered silenced preachers in his house; even Burghley was complained of, both by Parker and Whitgift, for his unceasing efforts in mitigating, indeed opposing, their endeavors after uniformity. Now, we think that the wisdom displayed by Elizabeth in adhering to her faithful and wise counsellors, although they held different religious views, was one of the chief causes of the attachment with which the queen was regarded by all her subjects. However violent are the attacks on the church, however roughly the bishops are handled, no disrespectful word have we ever met with in any pamphlet against Elizabeth. Men who laid down their lives for denying the queen's supremacy in ecclesiastical matters, prayed fervently for her as their temporal sovereign; and when in the next generation a bolder tone was assumed towards the king, still the memory of Elizabeth was reverently cherished.

There was certainly much in Elizabeth, as viewed in connexion with her age, to attract public homage. The daughter of a royal race, when the *prestige* of a long line of ancestry was still at its height—one of the most learned women of an age that cultivated learning with the intensity of an overmastering passion—a queen whose

herself or others, remarking that in conscience she could not accuse others, while, in regard to herself, she said, with true English spirit, "she would not be her own hangman."

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mother and whose godfather had both suffered death for what popular opinion viewed as the cause of the reformed faith—who herself had suffered imprisonment for the same cause—all these greatly endeared the young queen to her subjects. And then,—from the very day of her entrance into London, when she took the branch of rosemary from the poor woman at Fleetbridge, and held it till she arrived at Westminster, to the day when, tired and aged, she stopped her "carroch" at the gate of Coudray, and sat "with her masque off, in the wet and rain," till the wearisome farewell speech was ended,—her intercourse with her subjects was always marked by a courtesy, which, save in the long past days of the Plantagenets, had never been displayed.

"In the year '88, I did live," says Bishop Goodman, "in the Strand," and from thence he ran, he tells us, one winter's night, to see the queen come from the council. "The yard was full, there being a great number of torches, and the queen came out in great state." Then we cried, "God save your majesty!—God save your majesty!" Then the queen turned, and said, "God bless you all, my good people." Then we cried again, "God save your majesty!" Then the queen said again unto us, "You may well have a greater, but you shall never have a more loving prince;" and so, looking one upon another awhile, "the queen departed." And yet this was the very year when the dreaded Armada had just been dispersed, and plots without number might be forming against her; but then Elizabeth—the most truly *English* monarch, as regards race, who ever sat on the English throne—had the thorough fearlessness of her country, and the spirit that rose higher as dangers thickened around her. Never was country menaced with such dangers as England in the reign of Elizabeth, and never was monarch more threatened, too. At the outset of her career, she pledged herself to the Protestant cause—that cause dearest to her subjects; and hence as year by year passed on, and still

"The glorious *semper eadem*, the banner of our pride,"

flung out its defiance, arose the almost unbroken succession of plots, which threatened her life—that life, on whose single thread depended the religion, and the independence of the nation. And therefore bound together by the tie—the strong tie of a common danger, did the people cling round Elizabeth, the queen-bee of the hive, upon whose life not only their civil polity, but their very existence as a nation depended.

Our space is too fully occupied, to contemplate Elizabeth in private life. The abusive and disgusting details of her profligacy—all of which may be traced to a foreign and papal source—are easily accounted for by the malignity with which she was regarded by the adherents of Mary. But that Elizabeth was strictly moral, seems to us emphatically proved, not only by the absence of all such charges against her by the Brownists, who certainly would have felt it their duty to "testify" against all "wickedness in high places," had her conduct been stained by vice; but by the very character of her ministers and associates—all, with the single exception of Leicester, pious, decorous, *family* men. With these we know she was in habits of strict intimacy; and, from some of her letters, she appears to have valued them highly. Surely, then, it was in strict correctness that her favorite title, "Parthenia," was applied to Elizabeth. There is one touching incident, when her faithful Burghley was on his death-bed, that seems to prove, notwithstanding her violence of temper, that she was susceptible of gentler emotions. Burghley, in a letter to his son, relates how the queen, "who, though she be not a mother, yet showeth herself as a careful nurse, by *feeding me with her own princely hand.*"* Those who bear in mind the strict line of demarcation preserved in those days between even the highest noble and the sovereign, can alone adequately estimate this little trait; and then, few incidents will appear more affecting than the venerable lord-keeper, reduced to the helplessness of infancy, and the mighty, but aged Elizabeth, with woman's warm feeling, proffering with her own hand refreshment to the faithful counsellor of forty years!

We must conclude, although much more might be added, to show the marvellous progress of what, intellectually considered, may be called the "golden period" of our history. Well pleased shall we be, however, if these desultory remarks should awaken in one mind a wish for further in-

* Vide Wright's Letters of the Reign of Elizabeth, vol. ii.

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quiry into the character of an age, which has dwelt on the popular mind for seven generations, linked with the emphatic phrase, "the golden days of good Queen Bess"—a sovereign, to whom a greater ruler, even the great Protector, bore honorable testimony, as "that lady, that great queen—Elizabeth of famous memory; we need not be ashamed to call her so."—(*Carlyle's Cromwell*, vol. ii., p. 240.)

From Lowe's Magazine.

LIGHT AND MAGNETISM: FARADAY'S DISCOVERIES.

If, after having been manifested to the senses of men for near six thousand years, unveiling the home landscape with the far off sublimities of the creation, and winning universal homage to the sentiment so beautifully expressed by the royal teacher, "truly light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun;" and if, after the loftiest intellects have been employed in the endeavor to search it out, the nature of the grand element still remains somewhat enigmatical, a large amount of knowledge has been acquired respecting its properties and connexions, not only of the highest interest, but of positive utility in the economy of human life. Some new views have also been recently presented of its more recondite relations, founded upon direct experiment, which we propose to notice, and which seem to intimate the conclusion that the mighty influences of the material world, the main forces of the machine, electricity, magnetism, and light, are not only bound together by fine affinities, and mutually dependent, but so convertible as to proclaim their common unity of source and actual identity. First, however, it may not be unnecessary to a class of readers, or uninteresting to any, cursorily to recur to the progress of discovery, and to the simpler truths of optical science, illustrative of the great agent upon which vision, vegetation, color, and an endless series of beneficial phenomena, depend—an agent consecrated by inspired appropriation as the symbol of Divinity, and the emblem of the condition of humanity glorified—the importance of which is emphatically declared by the magnificent command inaugurating its visible activity in the present cycle of terrestrial history—"Let there be light, and there was light."

I. The concentration of the sun's rays by concave mirrors, and the application of these burning lenses to combustion, were certainly known to the ancients, even if we suppose the oft-told tale of Tzetzes to be a fiction, respecting the destruction of the Roman ships in this way at the siege of Syracuse. "When," says he, "the fleet of Marcellus was within bowshot, the old man, Archimedes, brought an hexagonal mirror, which he had previously prepared, at a proper distance from which he also placed other smaller mirrors of the same kind that moved in all directions on hinges, which, when placed in the sun's rays, directed them upon the Roman fleet, whereby it was reduced to ashes." Buffon, who elaborately canvassed this curious story, succeeded in igniting beech wood at a distance of 150 feet, with the faint rays of the sun in the month of March, by means of a combination of 168 plane mirrors; and M. Villette melted copper ore in eight seconds, iron ore in twenty-four seconds, silver in seven seconds, and tin in three seconds, by a lens condensing the solar rays 17,257 times, generating a degree of heat 490 times greater than that of an ordinary fire. It is probable, from the silence of the older historians relative to the particular feat of the Syracusan—a man possessing the inquiring and inventive genius in the highest degree—that he experimentalized on various occasions with burning mirrors, and also fired the enemy's ships by machines constructed to throw lighted materials into them, later writers erroneously connecting the two circumstances together.* However this may be,

* Sir D. Brewster, however, states that Kircher, who first observed the efficacy of a union of plane mirrors to form a powerful burning instrument, went with his pupil Scheiner to Syracuse to examine the position of the hostile fleet; and they were both satisfied that the ships of Marcellus could not have been more than thirty *paces* distant from Archimedes.

One of the largest burning lenses ever con-

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the Romans as well as the Greeks were conversant with the laws of the reflection of objects from the surface of polished metals; and at Rome, we are told, if the sacred fire in the temple of Vesta went out through the carelessness of the attendant, the chief pontiff scourged the vestal-virgin in the dark, the city mourned, and the fire could only be re-ignited by the pure rays of the sun. While holding a false and perfectly gratuitous hypothesis upon the subject of vision, the Platonists, three centuries before the Christian era, had arrived at two remarkable properties of light—its propagation in straight lines, and the equality of the angles of incidence and reflection when it falls on bright and polished surfaces, which are assumed as axioms in the optical treatise ascribed to Euclid. The effect of the atmosphere in changing the direction of the rays of light was also known to Ptolemy, who, though unable to appreciate the amount of its refractive power, clearly perceived its influence on the altitude of celestial objects, was aware of its increase with the distance from the zenith, and assigned it as the cause of the greater magnitude of the solar and lunar discs at the horizon. These statements comprise the knowledge upon the science of light possessed by the ancients, who seem to have been as inapt generally in the various departments of natural philosophy, as they were expert in pure geometry and abstract reasoning. The successful cultivation of this branch of physics is entirely of modern origin, and dates from the dawn of the seventeenth century. It opened with Kepler explaining the true theory of vision, and suggesting the astronomical telescope, which gave an impulse to the study of the optical properties of light in consequence of their application to that instrument, and with Snellius discovering the true law of refraction. It closed with the grand conclusion of Newton, that a beam of light, white as emitted from the sun, was not homogeneous, but consisted of seven different colors possessing different degrees of refrangibility; and with Huyghens observing the polarization. Since that period, some views have been renounced, others modified, while philosophical inquiry has gone off with unflagging pace in new directions, reaching by delicate investigations and exact methods of research, occult and unsuspected properties of the subtle, benign, and beautiful element.

Two theories have chiefly divided the suffrages of the scientific world respecting the nature and propagation of light, the undulatory and the corpuscular or Newtonian. The former had precedence of the later, but was almost completely supplanted for upwards of a century, when it was revived in 1801, and gradually obtained the ascendency. The corpuscular hypothesis supposes light to consist of excessively minute material particles projected from luminous bodies, the sun, fixed stars, and incandescent substances. It was advanced as an objection, that no sensible diminution has been observed of the solar mass and volume since the epoch of observation commenced, notwithstanding the presumed incessant projection of luminous particles from every part of his surface. But calculation shows that no perceptible waste could have transpired. If we take the sun's apparent diameter to be 2000, which it is nearly, a second of a degree, at his distance, will correspond to about 460 miles. Now supposing the solar substance to undergo a daily waste of two feet—an amount in excess, considering the vast magnitude of the body, and the extreme rarity of light—it would require a period of 3000 years for a diminution of 460 miles, or 1″ of apparent diameter to occur. But this loss in the lapse of even thirty centuries would still not be apprehensible, so small a variation as 1″ being scarcely appreciable by our best instruments. The undulatory hypothesis supposes a highly attenuated medium, or ether, to pervade all space, so rare as not to offer perceptible resistance to the movements of the planets, and not to be cognisable by our senses while at rest, light resulting from luminous bodies setting its particles in motion, propagating waves or vibrations through it in all directions, as sonorous bodies propagate vibrations through the atmosphere, conveying sound. The theory of emission, while more open to popular appprehension, and affording an easy and intelligible explanation of many observed facts, completely fails to account for an extensive class of phenomena. On the other hand, the theory of undulations, though less apparently natural, and not so readily embraced by the mind, possesses

structed was made of flint glass, by Mr. Parker of Fleet Street, 212 pounds in weight, 3 feet in diameter, 3¼ inches thick at the centre, exposing a surface of 330 square inches to the sun's light. It melted platina, gold, silver, copper, tin, quartz, agate, jasper, flint, topaz, garnet, asbestos, in a few seconds, cost £709, and passed into the possession of the Emperor of China.

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such explanatory power with reference to the more intricate recently discovered properties of light, as to have received the sanction of the great majority of modern philosophers. Sir J. Herschel has styled it, in allusion to its facility of explanation, "one succession of facilities," and assuming it not to be the truth of nature, "one of the happiest fictions that the genius of man has yet invented."

Both theories recognise conclusions founded upon the prodigious velocity with which light is transmitted—a fact resting on sensible evidence—which are astonishing even to those who are accustomed to contemplate the power of natural agencies. That time is required for its propagation in space, was first shown by observation of the eclipses and emersions of Jupiter's satellites taking place sooner or later according as the earth is at its least or greatest distance from the planet, the difference of time being fourteen minutes, and the difference of distance the diameter of the earth's orbit. Planetary light, therefore, whether viewed as a projection or an undulation, occupies that time in travelling over the space in question, which gives it a velocity of about 192,000 miles a second. This has been confirmed by subsequent accurate astronomical determinations, based upon different data. A shell shot from a mortar, supposing it to proceed onwards retaining its ordinary initial velocity, would require something like ten years to accomplish a distance equal to that which light describes in eight minutes in reaching us from the sun. The greatest average velocity of ponderable matter with which we are acquainted, the gallop of Mercury in his orbit, does not much exceed thirty miles a second, which only amounts to $\frac{1}{6000}$th of that of light. Descartes, while maintaining the doctrine of instantaneous transmission, perceived the mathematical consequences of an opposite opinion, namely, that if the motion of light is progressive, the celestial bodies are not seen in their true places, which he thought contrary to observation, and therefore an argument on his side. This is one of the best established facts in astronomy. Looking at Uranus, at any given instant, we do not see it where it actually is, but where it was upwards of two hours before, the sight of the planet taking that time to pass the interval between us. Owing to the enormous rapidity of transmission, luminous objects at the surface of the earth, a rocket or a signal fire, are seen at the same moment by spectators, however their relative distances may differ, fifty, a hundred, and a thousand miles, being travelled by light in perfectly inappreciable time. It follows from this wonderful velocity, adopting the corpuscular theory, that the luminous particles must have an inconceivable minuteness, for it has been calculated, that a molecule having the sensible magnitude and weight of a single grain, would be equal in its effect, owing to its momentum, to a cannon ball of 150 pounds, discharged at the rate of 1000 feet a second. In such circumstances, the agent of so much good to man would be the instrument of his destruction, meeting the organs of vision like a charge of shot from the barrel of a gun, and the globe he inhabits would as surely perish as a house of clay under the action of a park of artillery. But no sensible effect has ever been produced upon the most delicate apparatus, by millions of molecules concentrated by mirrors and lenses at a single point. How utterly beyond conception, therefore, the tenuity of the component parts? The other theory involves equally overwhelming results, in the excessive smallness and frequency of the ethereal vibrations, as calculated from the known velocity of light, exhibiting, with reference to the extreme violet ray 59,750 undulations in an inch of space, and 727,000,000,000,000 in a second of time.

11. Cowper, who noted down things the most common as he strolled in the quiet valley of the Ouse, and invested them with interest, has celebrated the sun's slanting ray.

> "From every herb and every spiry blade,
> Stretching a length of shadow o'er the field,
> Mine spindling into longitude immense."

This familiar circumstance shows that light moves in straight lines so long as it remains in the same medium, for the forms of shadows correctly represent the outlines of the objects that produce them, as seen from the direction of the luminous body. Upon being intercepted in its course, a portion is refracted or returned from the surface of the object, while another portion entering it, is either wholly absorbed, or, if only partly so, the rest is transmitted through it. The quantity of light reflected depends on the nature of the bodies upon which it falls, on the character of their surfaces, and the degree of inclination with which the rays

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impinge. The amount is greatest in the instance of smooth and polished surfaces, and, generally speaking, at small angles of incidence, but pure mercury, one of the most perfect of reflectors, does not return more than 721 out of 1000 rays under the most favorable circumstances. It appears from experiments by Bonguer, that in fluids, transparent solids, and some metals, as water, glass, and mercury, the quantity reflected increases with the angle of incidence reckoning it from the perpendicular, while in white opaque bodies, as silver and plaster, it decreases with the angle of incidence. The reflected light always forms an angle with the reflecting substance equal to that of the incident, the ray proceeding in a straight line as before the reflection, while the medium continues unaltered. But, besides this process of regular reflection, a portion of the incident light is dispersed and scattered in all directions by irregular reflection, both of which operate in giving us the generally diffused twilight and the illumination of day. We should have a sudden midnight darkness with the setting sun, but that his beams for some time reach the higher region of the atmosphere, and are reflected by the vapors and minute particles floating in it, and perhaps by the atoms of the air itself; and night would return at mid-day with every passing cloud obscuring the face of the luminary, hills, woods, and streams, out of the direct sunshine, ceasing to be visible, but for the reflection and scattering of the solar rays by the atmosphere.

The substances upon which light falls, after reflecting a portion, absorb or transmit the rest. Hence the distinction of bodies into opaque and transparent; but the most opaque may be thinned into transparency, and the most transparent are rendered opaque by being sufficiently thickened. Thus gold and silver, among the densest substances, hammered out into thin films, exhibit a beautiful green and blue hue, showing the transmission of some light through the metals, while the most transparent bodies, the clearest crystal, and the purest air or water, absorb a great quantity. In the case of pure water, half the light that enters it is lost at the depth of seven feet, and objects in the bed of a stream become less and less visible as the depth increases, till they wholly disappear. It is an obscure point in what manner light is arrested by the absorbing body, and how it is disposed of, but the general opinion is, that by some unknown power it is actually stopped by the particles of the body, assimilated to its substance, remaining within it in the form of imponderable matter. A fine example of the absorptive power of the air, is afforded by the greater lustre and vivacity of the stars, as seen from the summits of high mountains, than when beheld at a lower level through an increased volume of the atmosphere, a number also coming into view which are not visible from the plains below. As substances differ in their capacity to absorb light, so likewise a few act equally upon all the color rays, presenting a perfectly white image of the sun, while other media copiously absorb the blue and transmit the red. Hence the gorgeous golden or glowing red hue which marks the sunset—the natural appearance of sky and ocean in the direction of the descending luminary, so vigorously painted in the Apocalypse, "a sea of glass mingled with fire," arises from the horizontal passage of the solar light, embracing a larger tract of the atmosphere, and the densest portion, which absorbs the blue rays, the red and yellow variously modified by reflected light forcing their passage to the eye. From the same cause the sun, as seen from a diving-bell a considerable depth under water, appears a fiery globe, the one class of rays piercing the superincumbent fluid, the others being absorbed by it, or reflected from the surface.

Passing from one medium into another of a different density, or the same medium changing its density, the rays of light are diverted from a rectilinear course at the junction of the media, except when their direction is perpendicular. The common illustration of this refraction is the apparent reflection of a walking stick from a right line obliquely placing part of it in water, the bending commencing at the point where the medium changes. As the lower regions of the atmosphere are the densest arising from the pressure of the higher, and from terrestrial exhalations, the refraction of light in traversing it follows from this variation of the medium; but its rays falling obliquely upon it, are not bent at once into another right line, as apparently happens with the walking-stick in the illustration, because of the very gradual change of density in the atmospheric medium. They are gradually deflected more and more into the form of curves bending towards the perpendicular. The resulting phenomena are highly interesting and important, for as we see objects in the direction in which the rays of light meet the eye, none of the hea-

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venly bodies, not in the zenith, appear in their true places, but are apparently lifted nearer to it, have their altitudes increased, the refraction operating in that direction. Hence morning and evening, when the entire body of the sun is actually below the horizon, the refractive power of the atmosphere, greatest at the earth's surface, brings him above it by the extent of his own diameter, causing a sensible prolongation of the day. To unusual fits of refraction, occasioned by great and sudden changes in the density of the air through variations of temperature, sometimes so local that two contiguous strata are in opposite states, those extraordinary optical appearances are due, upon which the eye of ignorance has turned with wonder and alarm, coasts looming in the air, ships sailing high out of the water, the mirage and the celebrated *fata morgana* of the Messina Straits.

The refractive power of different media transmitting light is very various, but in general it is in proportion to their density, though this is far from being a universal rule, alcohol, ether, and olive-oil, which are lighter than water, possessing it more strongly. Some substances exhibit the property of a double refraction. This was first observed in Iceland spar a carbonate of lime widely diffused, occurring in crystals of various shapes and in large masses, in both of which states, however, the mineral can always be split into the particular shape called rhombohedron, a solid bounded by six equal surfaces. In looking at an object, such as a black line on a piece of paper, through a rhomb of this spar, in a certain position, two parallel lines separated by a distinct interval are visible, showing that light, in passing through the crystal, has been divided into two portions, one of which is found to have obeyed the ordinary law of refraction, and the other to have been extraordinarily refracted. This property of giving a double image of objects belongs to many crystallized substances, in fact to all crystals, the original form of which is neither a cube nor a regular octahedron. But the most striking fact to be noticed, which has led to all the brilliant optical discoveries of the present age, in which our countryman Sir David Brewster has reaped a large harvest of honor, is that light transmitted through doubly refracting substances suffers that remarkable change in its physical properties which the term Polarization denotes. It is difficult to characterize by words the phenomena of polarized light so as to be intelligible to those who are not familiar with the subject. Its distinguishing feature from common light is, that when it falls upon a reflector, a plate of glass for example, at an incident angle of 56° 11′, it is almost completely reflected in one position of the glass, and scarcely at all in another. Suppose the glass to be vertical and reflection to ensue, there is no reflection upon the glass being turned so as be to horizontal, the angle of incidence remaining the same. More popularly, the peculiarity may be expressed by supposing a ray of polarized light to present itself to a plate of glass so as to be reflected, the *north* side of the ray, as for mere illustration we may call it, meeting the glass; the same reflection will ensue upon the glass being turned round so as to meet the *south* side of the ray; but none whatever upon its meeting the *east* and *west* sides. Thus a ray of polarized light exposed to a reflecting surface, will be reflected if it falls upon the surface on either of the opposite sides, but will not be reflected if it falls on either of the other two, at right angles with the former. This remarkable property, termed polarity from its analogy to magnetism, impressed upon light not only by double refraction, but by simple reflection from various substances, provided the light is incident to the surface at a certain angle, called the polarizing angle, which varies with different bodies. The phenomenon shows undoubtedly that a change or modification takes place in the physical nature of common light as the effect of the processes referred to.

The late Captain Basil Hall, ever prompt and fertile in expedients, turned his knowledge of optical science to good account, in the pic-nic party expedition to the great cave of Elephanta, the relation of which forms some interesting chapters of his fragments of adventure, and led to Mr. Erskine's accurate description of the temple excavation in the Bombay Transactions:—The scientific heads of the company were put in requisition to devise methods for illuminating the dark parts of the temple. The first and most obvious plan was to stick a number of little bits of wax taper all over and round those portions of the sculptures which were under immediate investigation. But this was found to be troublesome, in more respects than one. The wax melted and ran down, and the corner of the cave in which we were working either became too choky by the smoke and heat, or the lights turned down and required to be

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shifted. This plan therefore was only resorted to when the other methods I am about to describe failed in effecting the purpose. The sun at no time of day shone full into the cave, which faces due north, but we found that by borrowing the looking-glasses from the ladies' tent, we could catch his rays and send them to the very back of the excavation, and thence, by means of other mirrors, could polarize our light in such a way as even to make it turn corners, and fall on spots where probably sunlight never rested before. The ecstasy of the natives on beholding the success of this manœuvre, was so great, that some of them expressed themselves highly flattered by the honors paid to their long degraded deities—another device of the same kind assisted our researches not a little, and was of still greater service to us in dissipating nearly all the gloom of the cave, thus helping to keep up that air of cheerfulness which is of such vast importance to the success of every undertaking in this world, great or small. The tea-urn having been capsized on the breakfast-table one morning, the servants naturally spread the table-cloth in the sun on the shrubs before the cave. The immediate effect of this mass of white, was to lighten up everything within; and the hint once given, we lost no time in expanding it, by hoisting half a dozen other cloths, at the proper angles, till a bright yet soft glow of light was thrown upon the principal figure of all, at the top of the great division of the cave."

From Newton's analysis of the sunbeam admitted into a dark chamber, through a hole in the window-shutter, and subjected to a prism, he inferred white light to be a compound of seven differently colored rays, called colorific and primary, because each single ray was incapable of separation by the prism. These tints of the solar spectrum—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet—are finely expressed, by the pencil of Nature, in the rainbow—the appropriate pledge against another general deluge occurring, at least from above, as its appearance is incompatible with a sky completely mantled with clouds. The composition of white light may be experimentally illustrated by mixing powders tinted after the spectrum, in proportionate quantity, when the resulting color will be a greyish white, from the impossibility of securing perfectly accurate tints and quantities. Newton's analysis of the spectrum has been shown to be imperfect by Brewster, who has proved the seven colors to result from three primary rays—the red, the yellow, and the blue. Where these colors appear, the rays are concentrated, but spreading more or less over the spectrum, the others are produced by the intermixture, red and yellow composing the orange, blue and yellow the green, and red with blue, and a tinge of yellow, forming the violet. Light is the great beautifier of nature; and truly did the Divine Artist remark of some of its humblest productions, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." That endless variety and combination of tints displayed by the flowers of the field, the rich hues of the autumnal woods, and the gorgeous plumage of tropical birds—in short, the colors of all objects, whether opaque bodies or transparent media, arise from their varying capacity of absorbing or reflecting certain rays. The reflection of all the rays causes white, and the absorption of all black. Further analysis of the solar beam, by the elder Herschel, Wollaston, and Frauenhofer, unveiled additional phenomena, and recognised, distinct from the luminous rays, the calorific excitatory heat, and the chemical, which excite neither heat nor light, but produce peculiar chemical changes in certain substances exposed to their action, as the white chloride of silver, which is blackened in a few minutes by being placed in the sunshine. The apparently magical photographic processes, by which true, delicate, and beautiful images are instantaneously produced, are founded on the action of the chemical rays.

III. For more than thirty years attention has been called, at times, to experiments tending to establish the relation of light and magnetism, and to the same experiments, in other hands, failing to produce the effects described. The Italian philosopher Morichini was the first to announce the magnetizing power of the solar rays, succeeding in magnetizing steel with the violet rays collected in the focus of a convex lens. Mrs. Somerville repeated the experiment, covering one half of a sewing needle with paper, and exposing the other half to the violet rays, when, in about two hours, the exposed end had acquired magnetism. Nearly the same effect was produced by the indigo rays; by the blue and green, also, in a less degree; but none whatever by the yellow, orange, and red. Other experimentalists, however, signally failed in arriving at a like result; and hence the question of the rela-

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tion of light and magnetism remained in doubt till very recently decisively established by the independent methods of Dr. Faraday, who stands at the head of an analytical physical inquirers. It was on Nov. 27, 1845, that his discovery was formally laid before the scientific world, in a paper read to the Royal Society of London, from which, as since published in its "Transactions," the following interesting prefatory passage is extracted:—

"I have long held an opinion, almost amounting to conviction, in common, I believe, with many other lovers of natural knowledge, that the various forms under which the forces of matter are made manifest have one common origin, or, in other words, are so directly related and mutually dependent, that they are convertible as it were, into one another, and possess equivalents of power in their action. In modern times, the proofs of their convertibility have been accumulated to a very considerable extent, and a commencement made of the determination of their equivalent forces. This strong persuasion extended to the powers of light, and led, on a former occasion, to many exertions, having for their object the discovery of the direct relations of light and electricity, and their mutual action in bodies subject jointly to their power, but the results were negative. These ineffectual exertions, and many others never published, could not remove my strong persuasion, derived from philosophical considerations; and, therefore, I recently resumed the inquiry, by experiment in a most strict and searching manner: I have at last succeeded in *magnetizing and electrifying a ray of light, and illuminating a magnetic line of force.*"

This paper is entitled, "On the Magnetization of Light, and the Illumination of Magnetic Lines of Force," which appears to have occasioned some misconception; and all writers severely feel the imperfection of language in relation to the higher branches of modern science. The author, therefore, communicated the following note to the "Philosophical Magazine:"—

"The title of this paper has, I understand, led many to a misapprehension of its contents, and I therefore take the liberty of appending this explanatory note. Neither accepting nor rejecting the hypothesis of an ether, or the corpuscular, or any other view that may be entertained of the nature of light; and, as far as I can see, nothing being really known of a ray of light more than of a line of magnetic or electric force, or even of a line of gravitating force, except as it and they are manifest in and by substances; I believe that, in the experiments I describe in the paper, light has been magnetically affected, *i. e.* that that which is magnetic in the forces of matter has been affected, and in turn has affected that which is truly magnetic in the force of light; by the term magnetic, I include here either of the peculiar exertions of the power of a magnet, whether it be that which is manifest in the magnetic or diamagnetic class of bodies. The phrase 'illumination of the lines of magnetic force' has been understood to imply that I had rendered them luminous. This was not within my thought. I intended to express that the line of magnetic force was illuminated as the earth is illuminated by the sun, or the spider's web illuminated by the astronomer's lamp. Employing a ray of light, we can tell, by the eye, the direction of the magnetic lines through a body: and by the alteration of the ray and its optical effect on the eye, can see the course of the lines just as we can see the course of a thread of glass, or any other transparent substance, rendered visible by the light; and this was what I meant by *illumination*, as the paper fully explains.—December 15, 1845. M. F."

We will now state, as briefly as the subject will allow, and as clearly as its intricacy will admit, the conditions under which the fundamenal experiment was performed, which revealed a link of connexion between two great departments of nature, premising that it is but one of a series illustrating the general fact. Three agents were employed in the discovery.

1. A ray of light from an Argand lamp, polarized by reflection from a glass mirror.

2. Magnetism derived from an electro-magnet of power sufficient to sustain from 28 lbs. to 54 lbs. This instrument consists of a piece of soft iron, an inch in diameter, bent into the form of a horseshoe, around which copper wire covered with silk is coiled. Upon connecting the ends of the wire with a galvanic battery, the electric current instantly renders the soft iron magnetic, the force of which is proportionately increased with the number of the coils, and the intensity of the current. Upon disconnecting the wires with the battery, thus breaking the current, the charm is dissolved, and the magnetic power of the iron ceases. Electro-magnets have supported 2063 lbs., or nearly a ton weight. Dr. Faraday employed one at the Royal Institution, last year, of which he related, to give an idea of its force, that once, while he was in the laboratory, an iron candlestick which happened to be standing on the table near its poles, instantly flew to them, attracted with such violence as to displace or break everything in its way.

3. A non-magnetic, or what we must now call a *dia-magnetic* substance, was the third agent concerned. This was a piece of heavy transparent glass, composed of silicated borate of lead, made and described several

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years ago by the experimenter himself, about two inches square, and half an inch thick. Magnetic bodies are well known by the properties of being attracted by an actual magnet—of invariably assuming a particular position in the line of the magnetic force, when freely suspended, or moving on a pivot, as the needle of a compass; and of being invested with magnetic power themselves under certain conditions. Of these bodies, five minerals were recognised by M. Pouillet—iron, manganese, nickel, chrome, and cobalt; but Dr. Faraday's experiments have increased the number to ten, of which, however, iron is vastly the most important, on account of its abundant and superior magnetic qualities. In other bodies, comprehending the great mass of the earth's crust, and all organized existences, the same properties have not been discovered, and hence these have been classed as non-magnetic. But it now appears that instead of possessing that negative character which the term expresses, the non-magnetics have properties in *opposition* to the former, so as to be repelled by the poles of an actual magnet, and hence the new characteristic term of dia-magnetic.

With the above implements—a ray of polarized light—a magnetic line or current of force resulting from the combined action of the two poles of a powerful electro-magnet, and the piece of glass, so arranged that the polarized ray and the magnetic line of force passed through the transparent substance at the same time, and in the same direction. Dr. Faraday found that the ray of light was so affected by the action of the electro-magnet, as to become visible or invisible, according as it was developed or suspended. To use his own description—"when the force of the electro-magnet was developed by sending an electic current through its coils, immediately the image of the light became visible, and continued so as long as the arrangement continued magnetic. On stopping the electric current and so causing the magnetic force to cease, the light instantly disappeared; and these phenomena could be renewed at pleasure, at any instant of time, showing a perfect dependence of cause and effect. Thus," says he, "is established a true direct relation and dependence between light and the magnetic and electric forces, and thus a great addition is made to the facts and considerations which tend to prove that all natural forces are tied together, and have one common origin." The whole course of modern experimental philosophy has been an advance to the conclusion here stated—a conclusion which, apart from proof, commends itself to our convictions by its grand simplicity of action, so in harmony with all our conceptions of Almighty wisdom and power. The effects of electricity, tested in a thousand ways, disclose the extensive operation of the electric forces in chemical actions—the resolution of the magnetic energy into electricity in combination with certain forms of matter, of which the often observed disturbance of the compass needles at sea from storms of thunder and lightning, gave note of warning, and of which the electro-magnet is the decisive proof—the influence upon a ray of light of the electro-magnetic current flowing parallel with it through the same medium—these are some of those realities of science which intimate—for it is best to speak cautiously—the elementary unity of the mightier agencies of nature, as divergent streams issuing from a common fountain, functions of one and the same power.

Another paper, the twentieth of a series on experimental researches in electricity, read before the Royal Society, January 8th and 15th, 1846, entitled, "On new Magnetic Actions, and on the Magnetic Condition of all Matter," will enable us to state more fully the newly-discovered property to which we have already referred, called dia-magnetic. The following details of experiment will suffice, in which a power was given to the electro-magnet equal to sustaining from 56 lbs. to 112 lbs.

A bar of the heavy glass was suspended at its centre by a long silk thread, so as to turn freely by the slightest force on a horizontal plane, and secured from the action of currents of air by being inclosed in a glass jar. The two poles of the electro-magnet were then placed one on each side of the glass bar, when it immediately began to assume a position at *right angles* to a line connecting the poles, or the line of magnetic force, and rested in it after a few vibrations, returning to the same position, if displaced by the hand. It was therefore mutually repelled by the two poles. A bar of bismuth obeyed the same law, but in a more decided manner. Now a bar of iron placed in the same circumstances, would have assumed a position *coincident* with the line of the magnetic force, and therefore at right angles with that of the bismuth and the glass, subjected to the same influence. The two positions were called by Dr. Fara-

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day *axial* and *equatorial;* the axial corresponding with the line connecting the poles being that taken by the iron, and the equatorial, crossing the former at right angles, that taken by the bismuth. It thus clearly appears that different bodies are acted upon by the magnetic forces in a different and precisely opposite manner; and hence may be grouped into two classes—the *magnetics*, comprising, as far as yet known, about ten metals, of which iron is the type—the *diamagnetics*, which obey a contrary law, comprising the great mass of terrestrial substances, of which bismuth is the type. A vast variety of substances have been examined, simple and compound, solid, fluid and gaseous, in order to ascertain their places in these classes, but excepting the magnetic metals and gaseous bodies which are not affected either way, and may be said to be neutral, all bodies hitherto tested—among which phosphorus, sulphur, quartz, calcareous spar, water, alcohol, sugar, caoutchouc, wood, ivory, flesh of various kinds, and bread, may be mentioned—betray the diamagnetic character. The human frame, could it be suspended in the circumstances of the bar of glass or bismuth, would take the same position, at right angles with the line connecting the magnetic poles. It is well known from the phenomena of the magnetic needle, its polarity and dip, that the earth in mass acts like a great magnet, the poles of which are beneath the surface; and the remark of Dr. Faraday may point to some revelation to which future researches may lead. "If Saturn were a magnet, as the earth is, and his ring composed of diamagnetic substances, the tendency of the forces would be to place it where it actually is."

IV. We had intended to notice the important action of light upon the animal and vegetable economy; but our space allows of only a few references to its influence in the latter relation, which has recently received some new illustrations. Every one is acquainted with what the French call the *etiolation* or blanching of plants by covering them up from the light, an effect purposely produced by the market-gardener to render certain vegetables more palatable, those peculiar secretions being checked which cause their rankness and stringiness in natural conditions. Humboldt beheld with astonishment the progress of subterraneous vegetation in the Cuera del Guacharo, an immense longitudinal cavern in the district of Caraccas, inhabited by nocturnal fruciferous birds. Seeds carried in by the birds to their young and dropped, had sprung up, producing blanched stalks covered with half-formed leaves about two feet high; but it was impossible to recognise the species, from the change in form, color, and aspect, which the absence of light had occasioned. The native Indians gazed upon these traces of organization in darkness, with mingled curiosity and fear, as if pale and disfigured phantoms, banished from the face of the earth. To the traveller, as he remarks, they "recalled one of the happiest periods of my early youth—a long abode in the mines of Freiberg, where I made experiments on the effects of blanching, which are very different, according as the air is pure, or overcharged with hydrogen or azote." Blanched plants resume their natural green color, even in darkness, if exposed to the action of hydrogen gas. The vast forests of the Amazon and Orinoco exhibit the influence of light upon the green of the leaves, sometimes upon a grand scale when the leaf buds are developing. "It frequently happens, that clouds and rain obscure the atmosphere for several days together, and that, during this time, the buds of entire forests expand themselves into leaves. These leaves assume a pallid hue till the sun appears, when, within the short period of six hours of clear sky and bright sunshine, their color is changed to a beautiful green." It has been related, that during twenty days of dark dull weather the sun not once making his appearance, the leaves were expanded to their full size, but were almost white. One forenoon, the sun began to shine in full brightness, the color of the forest absolutely changed so fast that its progress might be perceived. By the middle of the afternoon, the whole for many miles presented its usual summer dress. The secretions of plants are intimately connected with the influence of light. It is only from the roses of the south, that it is worth while attempting to obtain the powerful essential oil, known as Otto of Roses, those of the north receiving the direct solar light more obliquely. This must be the cause, and not difference of temperature, since artificial heat rivalling the tropical, fails to produce the effect.

The instinct of living plants is very remarkable, or the sensible indications afforded of their dependence upon the luminous element: the stately head of the annual sun-flower moving with the sun from east to west, returning by natural elasticity

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after sunset to the east, to meet his beams in the morning; the innumerable leaves of a clover field following the same course; all plants turning towards the light, those of the hot-house directing their branches to the side where it is most copious, and not to the quarter of the heated flue, or where most air is admitted; leaves presenting their upper surface to it, upon which light acts beneficially, and hurtfully upon the under side, in whatever situation the plant may be placed; those of the mistletoe dispensing with this rule, the two sides of the leaves being alike in appearance, and therefore, as may be presumed, performing the same functions in the relation to light as well as air. Even of some vegetable powders, long known to be affected in color and medicinal powers by exposure to light, and therefore kept by the pharmacopolist from it, it has been lately ascertained, that several adhere with considerable firmness to the sides of glass jars next the light, while the sides in shadow are left clear. Mr. Hunt, who makes this observation, has detailed some new facts in communications to the British Association. He states, that while under all circumstances plants bend in a very decided manner towards the light, yet in all experiments with red fluid media, they bend as decidedly *from it* as something to be avoided. In examining the influence exerted by colored light upon the germination of seeds and the growth of plants, the same inquirer found that the more luminous rays exercised a surprising influence in preventing germination; that the effect of the chemical rays was such, that under their concentrated influence, acting on the surface of the soil, seeds germinated at a depth below that at which they would have germinated in the natural conditions; that the leaves being developed, the action of the luminous rays then became necessary to effect the decomposition of carbonic acid, and the deposition of woody fibre within the plant; and that under the joint influence of the chemical and luminous rays, the plant arrived at maturity, when the full action of the calorific or heat producing rays, was required to ripen fruit and develope seed.

But here we must close; yet not without referring to the connexion that ought to be maintained between the pleasures of science, of taste, and of devotion—the last giving zest to the former, and furnishing an ample compensation in circumstances unpropitious to their enjoyment. "For all the blessings of the light," to use the language of a fine old English hymn, we are bound reverently to offer thanksgiving to the Father of lights. But, alas! the commonness of the gift is apt to diminish our sense of obligation, and cause us to overlook its value. Milton, excluded by blindness from observation of the "first-created beam," by which the scenes of natural beauty and magnificence around us are made visible, and exposed

> "To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
> Within doors and without, still as a fool
> In powers of others, never in my own,"

describes the calamity that had befallen him, in terms which may rebuke our indifference to the gift which we inherit, and which will live coeval with the language to which they belong:—

> "Seasons return, yet not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of eve or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
> But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
> Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
> Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
> Presented with an universal blank
> Of nature's works to me expunged and raz'd,
> And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

Yet, while thus keenly sensible of his privation, and an old man fallen upon evil times, his was not an uncomforted spirit, as the expression of his patience testifies—one of the most sublime that ever came from an uninspired source—showing the advantage of connecting the contemplation of nature with obedience to nature's God:—"Neither am I disheartened that I am now become the companion of the blind, of the afflicted, of those that sorrow, and of the weak; since I comfort myself with the hope, that these things do, as it were, make me belong still more to the protection and mercy of the Supreme Father. There is, according to the apostle, a way through weakness to the greatest strength; let me be the most weak, provided that in my weakness that immortal and better strength exert itself with more efficacy; provided that in my darkness, the light of the face of God shine the clearer. So shall I prove, at the same time, the most weak and the most strong—dark, blind, and at the same time clear-sighted. Oh, let me be consummate in this weakness! in this perfected! Let me be thus enlightened in this darkness! And sure we, that are blind are not the least care of God, who hath been in this element

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above all, merciful to us, that he will have us see nothing but himself. The high dispensation of God, his favor, hath given us a protection from the injuries of men, and rendered us almost sacred. Nor doth he, indeed, seem to have brought this darkness upon us so much by the dimness of our eyes, as by the shadow of his protecting wings!" Happy, indeed, they who can thus draw upon internal sources of comfort, as the external fail—can felicitate themselves with thoughts of the spiritual amid the sadness of the sensible, and indulge a Christian expectation of that state to which the figurative description applies:—"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

From Fraser's Magazine.

ANECDOTICAL SKETCHES ON THE LIFE, MANNERS, AND ECCENTRICITIES OF THE FRENCH AUTHORS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

There is a greater dissimilarity between the character and genius of French literature and the English, than between the literature of the latter and that of other European nations. German writings retain many points of resemblance to us, and so do likewise Italian and Spanish; but the French literature is, in all its leading features, a thing quite *sui generis*. A Frenchman's ideas must be always palpable—never far from the surface. He invariably avoids diving deep into the well of knowledge; all his representations and illustrations must be of the visible and rational sort, impressed with a lively and vivid conception, and must bear the stamp of actual existence. It very rarely happens that a French author ever loses himself or his readers in the chaos of unintelligible speculation. There are thousands of absurd books in French, on recondite or abstract subjects, but their absurdity is palpable and undisguised. A French fallacy is a tangible thing—you have no difficulty in detecting it, for it is never invested with the specious drapery of refined and abstruse sophistry. The national mind of France is quite averse to this mode "of showing the weaker to be the stronger reason." It is essentially material in all its phases. The limpid clearness of the pebbled brook runs through the whole of French literature. The leading principles of the sensual philosophy, which has taken such deep root in the genius of our Gallic neighbors, and which was so forcibly and enthusiastically promulgated for fifty years prior to their first revolution, has incorporated itself with every topic of speculation, whether philosophic, dramatic, poetical, or imaginative. Everything is a sensation or impression; it must bear this character, or it cannot come in contact with the national mind. Condillac, the Encyclopedia, and Destut-Tracy, have still left visible memorials of their powerful pens, and have rendered the French intellects almost impervious to the subtile genius of Germany, or the forcible and ingenious spirit of philosophizing which pervades the great mass of British literature.

Now we have often imagined that this sensible and material character of French literature is strikingly portrayed in the writers of the country; the instrument is fashioned to the work. Let a French and English writer, of similar studies, sit down together, and you will soon detect the amazing differences in their mental constitutions. The Frenchman will be all life and vitality—he will hop from twig to twig with rapidity and cleverness, and skim over the surface of an argument or system with a dexterity which cannot be surpassed. To keep his mind fixed for any length of time upon a concatenated series of arguments, or causes and effects, is impossible. His ardor is too great to dwell upon particular parts of a subject. He sums up the evidence, and delivers his judgment with all the confidence and quickness of intuition itself. The Englishman is a different personage. He is deeply impressed with the vital importance of his subject. He goes slowly and leisurely to work, and on all the various parts of a system or argument bestows on each just that degree of attention which is fully commensurate with its value. He works out a moral problem with singu-

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lar neatness and ease, and all his logical arrangements bear the impress of a vigorous and well-regulated mind. Both intellects have points of contact, but the points of repulsion are vastly more numerous. The trains of thought in each have run too long in their accustomed channels to enable them to amalgamate and harmonize freely. And hence it is that England and France, even at the present moment, great and friendly as is the intercourse between them, know really so very little of each other's literature. For all visible or practical purposes they might just as well be twenty thousand miles asunder.

In perusing works of literature we almost instinctively form to ourselves imaginary portraits of their authors. We find, from the earliest records of time, that everything appertaining to men of genius was invested with peculiar interest. Every movement and action excites curiosity. We want to know the manner of living, speaking, dressing, general behavior, and address, of every one who has gained the enviable celebrity of an author. This is the homage which matter pays to mind. Some men have spoken of this homage as a weakness, but it is a wholesome and necessary law of the creation, and is no mean or inefficient stimulant to literary enterprise and fame.

Having been for some months in Paris, and domiciled with a most intelligent friend, I enjoyed the opportunity of meeting with many of the most distinguished authors in that renowned city of letters. I had also the advantage of seeing them in what the French call their *déshabillé*. The constitutional vanity of the French writers induces them to make themselves rather scarce to foreigners, in order, I presume, to excite curiosity more ardently. As many English travellers may not, perhaps, have had the pleasure of seeing these Parisian lions, I have noted down a few of my reminiscences, acquired from nearly a daily intercourse with them. I believe the picture will prove a faithful likeness; for though I candidly confess I am no great admirer of French modern authors, I would not wish deliberately to bedaub my canvas with too deep or sombre a coloring.

After having been a few days in the French metropolis, I expressed a wish to my friend to introduce me to the society of a few of the most distinguished men of letters. I was told that the *foyer* of the Opera was the general rendezvous for all the literary men of France. We repaired there one evening, and found the crowd of *savants* so great that we were puzzled to recognise those authors who occupied a conspicuous place in public estimation from the mass of mediocrity by which they were surrounded.

"Look here," said my friend; "do you see that little red-faced Falstaff, with his dark black eyes? It is De Balzac, so well-known to all the French ladies by his satirical novels."

I subsequently learned that the first work which gained him celebrity was *La Peau de Chagrin*, written when he was about forty years of age. His earlier works were published under the assumed name of Horace de St. Aubin, and when his book *Eugénie Grandet* appeared with his real name prefixed, most people were ignorant that the author had already published twenty volumes. His reputation increased so rapidly, that an editor, Monsieur Delloge, bought the exclusive right of publishing his works for fifteen years at the rate of 15,000 francs per annum, during his life, in addition to 6000 francs in ready money.

I shall here relate an anecdote of Monsieur de Balzac, illustrative of a remarkable trait in his character. He entertains a very slender reverence for truth. He is very garrulous, and his tales are of such an improbable and Baron Munchausen character, that they almost carry with them their own refutation. One Sunday he entered the drawing-room of Madame Sophie Gay, and declared that, having been confined to his room for a fortnight, he had gained, by writing, during this brief period, 18,000 francs. This was merely a piece of foolish boasting. At an evening party last January, he told the whole company that he had made a present of a *white horse* to his friend Sandeau, for his new year's gift. A few days afterwards, Monsieur Sandeau, on being complimented on his handsome present, answered that he knew nothing at all about it. Notwithstanding this flat denial, De Balzac still continued to speak of the white horse he had bestowed on his friend. One evening he walked up to Sandeau, and very gravely asked him if he were pleased with the horse he had sent him. Sandeau, taking the thing as a joke, answered that it was a most beautiful and interesting animal. This declaration gave Balzac new courage, and he remained, to all appearance, a real convert to the truth of his own fabrication.

He lives in a small house just out of

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Paris. His furniture is princely, yet it is said that, when at home, he dresses like a monk. When he gives a dinner to his friends, his table is covered with splendid plate, and the livery of his servants is also magnificent. He is of humble origin, but you would take him for the descendant of some ancient and noble family. He drinks more coffee than six old Frenchwomen. When abroad, he carries a large gold-headed cane.

The next person of distinction I happened to be introduced to was Alphonse Karr, who is not much handsomer than De Balzac. Karr was formerly a professor in a college, and began his literary career by writing articles for a Sunday paper, called *Figaro*. He likes to be considered eccentric, and takes the most scrupulous care to distinguish himself by everything that is odd and original, to excite public attention. Notoriety is to him one of the staple articles of existence. He used to dress in a suit of black velvet for winter, and in nankeen for summer; but though the materials and colors of his vestments were very opposite, his fashion never varied. His mode of living is entirely Turkish. He has no chairs in his room, only cushions; and sleeps on a sofa without taking off his body clothes. He generally writes lying down on the ground—a somewhat singular mode of collecting his cogitations. From everything you see and hear of him he seems to have adopted the opinion of Alcibiades, that anything is better for an ambitious man than not to be spoken of. He has a negro servant, whom he dresses in scarlet, and sends out to walk with a very fine Newfoundland dog named *Freyehiltz*, which he introduces into all his writings as his only faithful friend. The dog and the servant add mightily to his popular notoriety; for he is, without doubt, the most perfect personification of French literary vanity in Paris. The walls of the city are covered in all directions with his name, for he never publishes anything without puffing it off, with all the ingenuity and indefatigable pertinacity of a London tradesman. Two or three years ago he saved a man from drowning, and according to the custom of the Continent, a silver medal was given to him on the occasion by the government. This memorial he has the silly and childish vanity to wear always at his button-hole.

On my friend and I entering our box at the theatre one evening, just as the overture of the *Huguenots* was about to commence, we saw Madame Dudevant, better known by the name of George Sand, leaning on the arm of Alfred de Musset, with whom she had been travelling for a long time in Italy. My friend, who knew her very well, approached her, and formally introduced me to her. After a few words exchanged between us, she invited us to take tea with her the next evening; this English custom being now almost generally adopted in Paris in all circles which lay any claim to fashion. We accepted the invitation, and had no reason to regret fulfilling our promise. I found this lady a very agreeable and sensible person. I enjoyed, before the majority of the company arrived, a most interesting *tête-à-tête* with her on poetry, history, the belles-lettres, and we even skirted the borders of speculative philosophy itself. The whole evening was delightfully and rationally spent.

Opposite to our box in the theatre we saw a lady and gentleman whose appearance struck me very forcibly. The lady, from her fair complexion and light hair, we took to be English. My friend informed me that the lady and gentleman were Madame E—— de G——, and her husband, both well known in the literary world; the former by her poetry, which at one time was of such high repute that she was called the tenth muse; the latter, as the founder of the cheap press in Paris. I shall here relate an anecdote of Madame de G——, which proves, in addition to many similar ones which I shall mention, what very curious notions many persons who enjoy a literary reputation on the Continent entertain of the meaning of the epithet *English Gentleman*. Lord L——, a rich nobleman, being in Paris, Monsieur and Madame de G—— were introduced to him and to Lady L——. His lordship met these two distinguished authors three or four times afterwards. After spending little more than a fortnight in Paris, Lord L—— was just on the point of returning to England, when one morning, being alone in his breakfast-room, a servant entered, and inquired if his lordship would receive a lady, who wished most, particularly to see him, on a matter of most vital importance. Lord L—— desired the servant to show her in. His lordship's astonishment was great on recognising Madame G——. She immediately began to explain to him the meaning of her abrupt and irregular visit. Her husband, she said, had failed in some speculation, was a ruined man, and his reputation for

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ever annihilated, if this very morning he could not find a friend who would lend him 1500*l.* He had, therefore, sent her to implore his lordship's assistance; and she was sure that a lady could never ask the aid of such an accomplished English gentleman in vain. All this was accompanied with floods of tears, and the gesticulations of deep mental anguish. Few men can witness the despair of a beautiful and plausible woman unmoved. At first his lordship was rather embarrassed, and said that he should have been happy to assist her, but was not prepared to raise 1500*l.* on so short a notice. However, her grief, tears, and engaging manners, so deeply interested Lord L——, that he knew not how to refuse; and he wrote her forthwith a check on his banker for the amount she desired. Madame G—— received it with deep humility, and left him expressing her gratitude in the warmest terms. After she was gone, Lord L——— bethought himself that Monsieur G——— could just as well have come himself to ask such a favor; but making due allowance for the difference of national feelings and customs, he troubled himself no more about the affair. He returned to England next day, where he waited patiently for the time when the money was to be repaid. Since this time four or five years have elapsed, Lord L——— has visited Paris more than one, and has met Monsieur and Madame de G———, but they have never, to this moment, uttered one single syllable about the 1500*l.*, and Lord L—— is too much of a gentleman ever to remind them of the obligation.

But let us return to the French authors whom I occasionally met at the Opera House. A man rapidly gaining celebrity in England is Eugene Sue, author of *The Mysteries of Paris* and *The Wandering Jew*. His father was a physician, who had realized a comfortable independency in Paris, and who left his son, our author, about twelve or fourteen hundred pounds a year. Young Eugene Sue studied surgery, and was for nearly two years on board a French vessel in the Mediterranean, as assistant-surgeon. He has now a house in Paris, furnished in the most tasteful and elegant manner in the style of the *Renaissance*. It is said that the furniture alone cost him more than 4000*l.*—a large sum for a Parisian author. Unfortunately, his change of circumstances has spoiled him. At present, his great ambition is to be considered of noble descent; Nature's nobility cannot satisfy him. What silly and inconsistent vagaries take possession of the sons of genius! This perpetual itching after the casual and dubious distinctions of birth leads him into many eccentricities of thinking and conduct. One day a lady asked him why he went so seldom into general society. Eugene Sue answered, with great apparent ostentation, that he was so much occupied in writing, and also that the Duke So-and-so, and the Baron So-and-so, always wished him to form one of their select parties. "I am," said the author, "compelled to give up general visiting." The lady, who had been an intimate friend of his father's, replied, "If you give up visiting you do not resemble your father, who delighted in paying as many visits as he could."

Eugene Sue is stout-built, rather pale, has long hair, and thick beard, cut in the French fashion. Amongst other foibles, he is very desirous of inducing people to believe that he hardly ever eats. When at a dinner-party, he desires his servant to bring him some vegetables, or, perchance, only an egg, and a bottle of Seltzer water. But those of his rivals of a censorious spirit accuse him of taking good care to have on such occasions, some roast beef and pudding in his own private room, and of making a good dinner there before he makes his *entrée* at the general table. Every one knows that, before he wrote *The Mysteries of Paris*, he published a *History of the French Navy*, which met with very poor success, and entailed no small loss on the publisher. The work was too serious for a novel, and too romantic for a history. Something rather disagreeable happened to the author a few weeks after the publication of this work. He received a parcel from Toulon through the Foreign-office, with three seals attached. He opened it very anxiously, and found a small box within, containing a silver medal, on which was engraved the following inscription in French:—"To Monsieur Eugene Sue, a token of gratitude from the French Navy." This was engraved in large letters; but under it, in very small type, were found these words:—"*For the History of the French Navy he did not write.*"

I had not been long in Paris until I was introduced to Alexandre Dumas; who hearing I was a foreigner, began talking of Brussels, and of the many kind and intelligent friends he had made there. He is a tall man with dark complexion, blue eyes, and rather a Moorish face. The Parisian

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press, under the first impulse given by Granier de Cassagnac and Victor Hugo, accused him a few years ago, of being very apt to borrow the materials for his books of his friends and acquaintances, and making them his own, by his peculiar manner of treating the respective subjects. His *Thérèse* was taken from the work of Monsieur Souvestre; *La Tour de Nesle* was written by Gaillardet, and arranged by Dumas; *Angèle* belongs in a great part to Monsieur Anicit Bourgeois; *Richard Darlington*, to Monsieur Dimaux; *Don Juan de Marana*, to Merimée; and such is the literary history of most of his other works.

Monsieur Dumas is the son of the republican French general, Alexandre Dumas, who it is reported was thrown into prison by the father of the present King of Naples. Although the author of so many works, which are highly paid for by the publisher, Dumas keeps no carriage, nor have his servants any livery, he is one of that class of men in France who have the greatest number of what are called friends. Some people speak in warm and enthusiastic terms of him, while others do quite the contrary. Those who seem to know him best, and who have the opportunity of seeing him in all the different phases of public and private life, say that he is delightful on first acquaintance; but that his head ruling his heart, he loses his friends very rapidly. One of the most curious fancies of Dumas, and some other literary men, such as Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, &c., is to write long articles, nay, even volumes, on the manners, customs, and character of a people, without ever having taken the least trouble of personally studying or examining them. This curious fact has often been noticed by French critics themselves, when writing on the *Impressions de Voyages* of Dumas, and *Le Rhin* of Victor Hugo. These works are full of the most curious and palpable mistakes, entirely in opposition to all historical and moral truths. This is carried to such a degree that in the latter work of Hugo's there is a beautiful description of the funeral pomp of Mary of Burgundy, as her body was conveyed along the Rhine, on its way to Vienna, for interment. Now every one knows that she died and was buried at Bruges, where her tomb is still admired by all strangers who visit that ancient city of Flanders. This is only one out of the many examples we could quote on this subject.

It may, perhaps, be interesting to the reader to have some knowledge of the *commercial value*, if I may be allowed such an expression, of the author of whom I have just spoken. The regular sale of his most celebrated works is from *four* to *five thousand* copies, in different editions. Other authors, like Fréderic Soulie, Léon Garlan, Emile Souvestre, Alphonse Karr, Michel Raymond, sell from *two* to *three thousand* copies only. There is a third class of authors, of whose works there is seldom more than *twelve hundred* or *two thousand* struck off; such as Alphonse Royer, Paul de la Croix, &c.

We shall cast a glance, in the way of pecuniary remuneration, to the Princes of Literature. First, stands Balzac, who, in a commercial point of view, has few, if any rivals. He is considered by his countrymen as the most fertile of all their novel writers. It has often been asserted that the number of works published by him having his real or pseudo name, such as Horace de St. Aubin, Lord R'hone, &c., would be sufficient to build a good sized house of books. At the time Monsieur Balzac published his first novel, he had a private printing press. His manner of literary composition is most laborious. He copies the same manuscript over seven or eight times, and even then he takes great care to have his work printed and corrected at his own house, and by his own printer, before he sends it to the press; therefore, instead of a manuscript, Balzac generally sends his works in printed sheets to his editor. If he happen by chance to forward his own handwriting, it is found by no means a very easy task to decipher.

In France, the readers of reviews and of the daily papers not being of the same class of persons as the subscribers to circulating libraries, a species of literary speculation has arisen out of this circumstance. Balzac, for example, sold for a high price to the *Revue de Paris* a novel in separate chapters, which was a month afterwards again published in volumes; and the second editor had no reason to complain that the sale had diminished in consequence of the previous publication of the work. George Sand (or Madame Dudevant, one and the same person) and Jules Janin generally sell the first edition of a work in two volumes for about 6000 francs (240*l.*). It is doubtful if they ever raise as much as eight thousand francs (320*l*). Those who are acquainted with the very expensive manner of living of Jules Janin, and have seen his houses and carriages, may easily imagine

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that it is not by the sale of his novels that he is enabled to live in this style. There is not, perhaps, another person in all France who employs his talents in so many different ways as he does. Independently of the *feuilleton* which he constantly writes for the *Journal des Débats*, he composes articles in praise of everything concerning the opera; besides his co-operation in a great number of papers, reviews, miscellanies, descriptions of festivals, &c. M. Janin also writes a considerable number of prefaces, advertisements, and introductions to the literary works of others, to which he signs his name. It was confidently and currently stated that he had received 1000 francs for a review of a new work written by the Marquis de Custine. If we suppose that he makes as much every week—which is far from improbable—this rate of making money by his literary labors may account very satisfactorily for his expensive mode of living

We must not, however, imagine that there are a great number of French authors who can by their pen furnish themselves with horses, and similar luxuries. There are, perhaps, not more than eight or ten of this description in the whole range of the French metropolis. Amongst the number we must include Scribe, who has inscribed on the panels of his carriage the device of two pens crossed, with the motto, "*Inde Fortuna.*" Several other literary personages, who enjoy the smiles of Fortune—such as George Sand, Alfred de Vigny, &c.—were in easy circumstances previous to their commencement of authorship; and therefore they are not, on this account, obliged, like many authors, to bring forth at certain periods a volume, good or bad, under pain of actual starvation. I have been assured, that the dramatic works of Alexandre Dumas brought him about a 1000 francs a month. He gains another nett thousand monthly for his co-operation with the newspaper *La Presse*, to which he contributes two or three articles a week. His dramas have no longer the same success that they formerly had; and in consequence, he has lately published a great number of historical novels. It is no matter whether these be good or bad; they sell well, and the author's principal object is to make money. The two French authors least reprehensible in this respect are Victor Hugo and Alfred de Vigny. They both consider it worth their while to polish a work; and they may rest assured that they will be amply rewarded by the applause of posterity.

It is a remarkable fact that the French press, before the year 1830, did not produce the eighth part of the works, nor the third part of the newspapers, published within the last two or three years. Almost all the great literary names of the day began to be publicly known in 1831 and 1832. Soulie, Gorlau, Masson, De la Fouche, Karr, Balzac, Sand, &c.—all belong to this period. We do not mention here those who exclusively write poetry, such as Barbier, Emile Deschamps, Altaroche, Bertrand, &c.; nor the philosophers: because in this paper, we only intend giving a sketch of the authors of what may be termed *light literature*.

Owing, probably, to the rapidity with which all these writers have been accustomed to compose, the demands for their productions increase every day. Their works are generally sold before they are written; and, in consequence, some curious questions are occasionally brought before the legal tribunals. Among a number, I shall mention the following case:—An author, little known abroad, but who in Paris has the reputation of being a man of considerable knowledge and wit, Monsieur Claudon, took it into his head to write a book under the title of *Le Baron d'Holbach*. An editor or publisher agreed to give him 4000 francs for the work, which was to form two volumes. M. Claudon, finding the subject much richer than he at first anticipated, could not fully develope his plan in two volumes, but wished to add a third. The publisher refused to accept the work in three volumes, and insisted upon the author keeping strictly to the letter of his contract. The case being brought before the regular tribunal, M. Claudon was condemned to the *verbatim* fulfilment of his written agreement. In consequence of this decision, he terminated his work abruptly, and *Baron d'Holbach* made its appearance in two volumes. The editor had reason to lament his rashness and obstinacy; for a few months after the author sold the third volume of the work to another person, and it was considered very much superior, indeed, to the other two volumes which had preceded it.

At the present, writing a book has quite become a money-making affair. This is carried to such a length that, as I have already noticed, a writer in Paris sells a work before he has composed a line of it, and only sets to his task when the printer is waiting for him. Some write the half, or the third, or even the quarter of a novel, a

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comedy, or a vaudeville, sell it, and the remainder is made up by some other person. Every one has heard of the Duchess d'Abrantes, the wife of Junot, who died before he could secure a fortune to his family; but few know that the eldest son, the Duke Napoleon d'Abrantes, works (this is the proper expression) for the Ambigu Comique, and for some other Parisian minor theatres, when they are in want of new pieces. What a deplorable state of literature! Of course, poetry is very little sought after. With the exception of Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Auguste Barbier, and a few others, nobody in France could make any money by a volume of poetry. The printer could not find purchasers for more than one hundred copies! and although no more are in general struck off, the author is often obliged to give them away in order that the whole edition should not remain on the shelves. It is, perhaps, from this reason that five or six of the best French authors are totally unable to put four lines together into verse. Balzac does not know where or how a verse should begin or end. Jules Janin was obliged to have recourse to the kindness of Auguste Barbier to compose the short piece of poetry for him, in his novel of *L'Ane mort et la Femme guillotinée*. George Sand, wishing to insert some stanzas in one of her last works, had them written by Henri de Latouche, one of the most gifted but neglected poets of France. I could add a great number of similar examples; but I wish to spare some names which have preserved in England a reputation far beyond their merits, principally from their having been often brought before the public by some kind friends in the French newspapers.

In general I would advise all English readers never to form their opinions of the merits of French authors from the articles inserted in the newspapers of that country. Some clever writers of clever books are seldom mentioned by them; whilst the names of others, whose works are hardly worth reading, are invariably placed before the public eye, and extravagantly praised. This fact may, in some measure, account for the profitable trade of Monsieur Le Bigna, a name known to few out of France. I shall, therefore, make a passing remark or two on the man and his calling. Monsieur Le Bigna is an honest trader in second-hand books, and a sort of undertaker of literature. When a publisher wishes to get rid of a pile of books, which he has no hope of selling, he takes them to Monsieur Le Bigna, who purchases the whole impression, irrespective of the author's name, at the fixed price of *fifty centimes* per volume. Some unfortunate writers have had the mortification to witness the whole impression of some of their works disposed of in this manner. Monsieur Le Bigna carries on an important traffic with the grocers, tobacco-merchants, and the circulating libraries in small towns and villages; and he also supplies the colonies, and receives a premium on exportation. One may readily imagine that this man is the terror of all aspiring and ambitious French authors. Whoever is placed on his catalogue, instantly falls fifty per cent. in commercial value, and seventy-five in the estimation of his literary brethren. When a crabbed publisher quarrels with a writer, and it so happens that the former has still a few volumes of the work of the latter, they are revengefully transferred to the shelves of Monsieur Bigna, from whom they are sure to be eagerly repurchased, either by the author or his friends, to prevent debasement and humiliation. In order to promote his own pecuniary ends, Monsieur Bigna sometimes sticks up the name of an author's book, in rather a conspicuous manner or spot, in his place of business; and this invariably calls forth immediate attention from those deeply interested in the matter.

Another misfortune of a writer is, to find a copy of his work on a *quai* or book-stall, in some obscure street, particularly if the copy has been a presentation one to some kind friend or distinguished patron. I remember once having purchased the first volume of *Affaires de Rome*, with this inscription, "*A Monsieur B. de L*** : Hommage du respect de son obéissant serviteur, F. de Lamennais.*" This volume and the precious autograph cost me just *one franc!* What is found in this way, in the greatest quantity, is poetry—poor poetry! the beggar of the nineteenth century!

A Mazarine Bible.—The Literary Gazette says that the Mazarine Bible in the collection of the late Mr. Wilkes, was sold by Mr. Leigh Sotheby, in the important sale he has been so ably conducting for eleven days, at the price of 500*l*. The purchasers were Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, and the destination of this rare work (fourteen copies only known) is the Museum at New York.

Sculpture for the House of Lords.—Mr. Handyside Ritchie, of Edinburgh, has received instructions to execute two of the bronze statues for the House of Lords.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

ANOTHER EVENING WITH OUR LATER POETS.

Deep Emotion—bright expressive thoughts, rising to embody and illustrate it—Words so cunningly inwoven together, as at once to speak the thoughts and to charm the sense of harmony,—these are the essential elements of the highest Poetry. Feeling, Thought, Language; the *fire* that heats, the *metal* that glows, the *mould* that shapes and perfects, and delivers into visible beauty the consummate product!

Nothing is more commonly verified than the abundant possibility of the presence of *one* of these constituents without the others and the consequent imperfection—nay, in numerous cases, the utter impracticability of the great result to which they are all equally designed to contribute. Yet it is also certain that the presence of the three is not always and absolutely necessary; that in some cases a result of great excellence in its own class or kind is attainable where the *first* of them, at least, is almost wholly absent. *Thoughts* clear and true, delivered in harmonious verse, compose in themselves an admirable result; seldom indeed, where permanently and extensively popular, without some infusion of a higher element; but yet, even independently of that higher element, conveying a large measure of pure and justifiable gratification. Not to speak of that class of poetical—at least of rhythmical—compositions in which the purely ludicrous is alone contemplated, we cannot forget that nearly the entire original writings of Pope and of Boileau, the larger portion of all that is valuable in Dryden, and a very considerable amount of the most exquisite productions of Horace, are of a kind in which even when (as in the Rape of the Lock and the Dunciad) the play of pure fancy is rapid, brilliant, and various beyond description, there is little or no impulse of *emotion* in the original invention, or communication of emotion to the reader. There has always indeed been a current suspicion that the title of Poetry belonged to much of this beautiful manufacture of intellect in only a qualified sense; a controversy fought out upon the special case of Pope in a rapid fire of pamphlets some years since; but fought with little satisfactory issue, because the disputants seem not to have succeeded either in agreeing upon any settled method of inquiry, or in ascertaining any determinate criterion. That criterion, it is submitted, can only be found by fixing, in the first instance, the ultimate object of Poetry. And on this point the truth seems to be, that that object is *not absolutely single;* that there are at the least two very different aims in poetical composition; constituting two classes, fundamentally distinct; of which, however, the one is so incomparably beyond the other in eminence, as naturally to have absorbed to itself nearly the whole honors and dignities of the Art. Theorists have made the *sole* object of Poetry the communicating of *pleasure;* and theorists have made it little more than the communication of *profit and improvement;* and theorists have combined *both;*—all equally with a failure of perspicuity and completeness. The controversy just alluded to, on the poetical merits of the writings of Pope, brought out the deficiency; though it hardly effected much towards supplying it.

If the main or sole object of Poetry be (as some of the old theorists decreed) to *please*, it would be hard to refuse the title of Poetry in its highest sense to these delightful creations; while if only *to profit and improve*, a metrical version of pure philosophic speculation could scarcely be excluded from the definition. But these conceptions are at once too indefinite and too exclusive. The proper scope of nearly all which mankind have in all ages agreed to regard as the truest manifestations of undoubted Poetry (and it is in constant reference to that judgment alone that any profitable investigation of such a question can ever be carried on) is not simply to *please*, still less, simply to please by *imitation* (how could a notion so frigid and superficial have ever satisfied a Greek?) nor yet simply to *profit or improve;*—but *to exalt and ennoble* by the special ministry of Imagination. This is the main and principal object of all, which is essentially and eminently poetic, though it be not absolutely the only one.

We look abroad upon our table—a goodly firmament starred with octavos of the first, post-octavos of the second, and duodecimos of the third, magnitude; and ruefully ponder in which of these numerous "orbs of song" shall we seek the exemplification and embodiment of our speculations. Gilded

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covers delude us not; we are too well versed in these crafty devices. Modest brown, or simple boards—nay, this is only the deeper hypocrisy of affected humility. Artful solicitations peeping in Bath post between the pages—this is tampering with the bench, and we are ever sternly blind and deaf to such. No—be chance our goddess! we begin at the nearest corner of the starry field, and with one vigorous effort—as thus—boldly clear off a good third of the constellated orbs of our mahogany heavens.

And now, what have we drawn?—"Voices from the Crowd," by Charles Mackay. We have no hesitation here. Mr. Mackay's little book is a small collection of considerable merit, comprising some spirited ballads of the *prospective* school; celebrating the growing glories of Free Trade, Steam Engines, and Universal Illumination. "Poems, by William Anderson." The author cannot take rank among the creatives; but he has a correct feeling and eye for nature. "Miscellaneous Poems, Sonnets, &c.," by Charles L. Black. This gentleman is a songster of our own aviary; an umquhile student of Trinity. He versifies with taste and feeling; and now and then reverberates the deep Wordsworthian chant with the skill of no mean disciple. "The Biliad." A fierce song of vengeance, directed, as far as we may presume to guess, against the Editor of the Athenæum; not without a sort of rude strength, that smacks a little of the old Churchill vein. The "Repeal" epigrams that follow in the volume, are inconceivably bad. Bon Gaultier's "Book of Ballads;" *merum sal!* Reviewing were, indeed, a pleasant craft, could it always thread its sauntering way through such labyrinths of merrie conceit.—"St. Sylvester's Day, and other Poems," by Euphrasia Fanny Haworth." A pretty poem, still more prettily illustrated by the pencil of the poetess. "Poems, by Harriet and Rose Acton." The young ladies have clubbed two very creditable albums-full; and their mingled stream pours on its bright and babbling way (amid verdant banks of green damask, speckled with golden flowers), musically enough, for well-nigh one hundred and forty pages. "Poems, by Julia Day." These must not be lost in the crowd. Some of them are very beautiful verses; full of unobtrusive thought, and often with a simplicity and depth that remind one of Goethe's ballads. So good, we marvel they should be so few. "Silent Love" is a series of heroic couplets on that passion, by a deceased Paisley apothecary. Some *testimonia auctorum* in the preface contain praises of this performance, which are utterly extravagant; the poem does not furnish a new thought from end to end; and seems to us to afford no one point for approbation, beyond the apparent singularity of its origin. Yet the education of an apothecary may well have been of a higher class than that of Burns, of Bloomfield, and of Clare; and Apollo, it must be remembered, was, according to the mythologists, god no less of physic than of verse. "The Country-House, and Other Poems," by James Prior, Esq. (the author of the Lives of Burke and Goldsmith). The sort of good-natured poetry, which it would be ill-natured to dissect severely. "The Bride of Imael;" an Irish poetical romance of the Scott mould; the authoress (Miss Jane E. Herbert) displays much facility and feeling. "The Palace of Fantasy," "The Lake," "Zuleika," "Zayda"—nay, we are fairly exhausted. The multitude is overpowering; these rapid successive flashes of refulgent genius, are too dazzling for ordinary eyes. To refresh our faculties, we must concentrate them. An hour of late light still remains; for wintry spring's sepulchral shroud of snow suffers not one pallid ray to be lost. We stretch forth our arm once more, and open the "Poems of William Motherwell."

The present edition of Mr. Motherwell's Poems is prefaced by an account of his life.* From this we learn that he was born at Glasgow in 1797, and passed most of his years in local legal situations; at first as a writer's clerk in the office of the Sheriff-Clerk of Paisley, and afterwards as Sheriff-Clerk Depute of the County of Renfrew. At various times during his tenure of these unpoetical callings, he cast his thoughts into verse, and occasionally cultivated the arts of design, for which he appears to have possessed great natural talent. From a very early period he sought the glories of local poetical celebrity in the usual fashion—contributing to the little periodicals of his neighborhood, and mainly sustaining more than one. In 1819, he edited an interesting collection of west country poetry, of various dates, under the title of the

* The title-page is ornamented by a vignette bust of the author, full of expression and character. We have seldom seen manly spirit and kindliness more distinctly written in the lineaments of a human countenance.

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"Harp of Renfrewshire;" and in 1827, a ballad collection of much greater pretension and value, styled "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," with an elaborate Historical Introduction. This work gave him considerable importance in the Scottish literary world, and brought him into connexion with many persons of celebrity; among others, with Sir Walter Scott, to whom the subject was ever so specially dear and interesting, and from whom the biographer gives us a letter to Motherwell, written with all the simplicity, solidity, and kind-heartedness, that characterize all the letters of that illustrious person, and that prove to us how incomplete, even after all his wonderful performances as poet, novelist, historian, and critic, would have been our estimate of Scott, if his varied and admirable private correspondence had been lost to the world. Motherwell never personally met the great author; but his biographer tells us that, after Scott's death, he made his duteous pilgrimage to Abbotsford, and was wont to say, that "nothing in that splendid mansion had affected him so much as Sir Walter's staff, with the *bit dibble* at the end of it." In 1828, Motherwell established and edited a monthly periodical, entitled the *Paisley Magazine;* and contributed to it some of the finest of those pieces by which his name is now known. About the same time he became editor of a local newspaper, as successor to a very pretty poet of our own island, Mr. William Kennedy;* and in 1830, removed to Glasgow to conduct the *Glasgow Courier.* The date of this appointment will sufficiently apprise the reader of the stormy sea on which the poet had now embarked his talents and his happiness. The west of Scotland was peculiarly agitated at a season of universal agitation. Motherwell embraced the Tory cause, in its strongest and most determined form. In these tempests (interrupted, however, by some starry gleams of blue sky—for he first collected his poems at this time, and wrote several), he struggled with doubtful success, but "bating no jot of heart or hope," till, seized by fatal disease, long working, and yet fearfully sudden in its last attack, he expired of apoplexy, on the 1st day of November, 1835.

Motherwell's Poems are nearly all of the ballad class. It was one fortunate characteristic of this writer, that he seems perfectly to have recognised where his own strength lay, and to have almost unvaryingly adhered to the branch of Art he originally adopted with so much spirit and success. There are several things in the volume which might, indeed, have been written by far inferior men; but the majority of these short effusions are of great merit in their class—some of decided and lasting excellence. They are in every vein—tender, terrible, thoughtful, fanciful, all with a certain lack of metrical skill in which Motherwell was sometimes strangely at fault; full of genuine, unborrowed feeling; rich with observation of Nature clearly taken at no second-hand, no electrotype plating of worn-out imagery, re-issued "good as new;" the work of a man who had drunk for himself at the old fountains of national poesy, and in whom the love of those wild flowers of song was so powerful as to secure him from the danger of all more vitiating, even though perhaps more finished models—so judicious and so genial, as to make him feel that the true way to inherit the spirit of the old bards was to go straight to nature for himself, as they had done.

Love and war—"fierce wars and faithful loves"—as customary with all "those same metre ballad-mongers," are of course the main staple of our Glasgow minstrel. Among those dedicated to the former theme the famous song of "Jeanie Morrison" will probably be considered to take precedence. Simple and spontaneous as this little poem appears, we are informed by Motherwell's biographer, that of it "there exist at least two rough drafts, if not more, in which the process of elaboration is very distinct, and out of which the poem, as it now stands, was wrought. There are," he adds, "of course, different versions of particular stanzas, but the leading idea and images are the same in all; and, as he was thirty-four years of age when he published the ballad in its present form, we thus see that this single production was, in a certain sense, the work of a life." Such perfection of art is it *celare artem;* so very hard is it to be perfectly at ease. Meanwhile it is quite possible that the ballad may have suffered as well as profited by this process. It is well known that the Laureate busies his venerable leisure in re-casting, or re-forming many of his great poems; but his admirers have often seriously doubted whether his second and third readings will

* Author of "The Arrow and the Rose," and "Fitful Fancies."

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be allowed to stand in the text of future editions; and have vainly sighed for an injunction from some poetical Court of Chancery to restrain this Saturnian process of mutilating his lovely offspring.

Jeanie Morrison was a school-boy flame; "a mild and bashful girl," says the biographer,—"a pretty girl and of good capacity," declares the more searching verdict of the schoolmaster. But indeed the schoolmaster has even more to tell us than this characteristic criticism. "Her hair was of a lightish brown, approaching to fair; her eyes were dark, and had a sweet and gentle expression; her temper was mild, and her manners unassuming. Her dress was also neat and tidy. In winter she wore"—but positively we will go no further; for further particulars we beg to refer to the *Ladies' Fashionable Magazine* for 1808. "She is now," it seems, "a widow, with a family of three children; all of whom are grown up and doing well;" a termination of Jeanie's career, which can only be compared to the latest accounts of the "Maid of Athens," who, it seems, is now "doing well" as Mrs. Black of Marathon, or some similarly romantic title, for we cannot be positive as to the precise designation.

The ballad was first thrown off at the age of fourteen, but, as we have seen, was afterwards much altered, as indeed is manifest from the substance of it. The whole strain points to a distant, sadly remembered period.

"JEANIE MORRISON.

"I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through many a weary day,
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blown on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

"Oh, dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears—
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' lang sine.

"'Twas then we luvit ilk other weel,
'Twas then we twa did part,
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule—
Twa bairns and but ae heart—
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear,
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed
Remembered evermair.

"I wonder, Jeanie, often yet,
When sitting on the bink,
Cheek touching cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

"Oh! mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red with shame,
Whene'er the scule weans laughin' said,
We cleck'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays
(The scule then skail't at noon)
When we ran off to speel the braes,
The bonny braes o' June.

"My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luve,
Oh, lechtsome days and long,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like summer blossoms sprang.

"Oh, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flower burst round our feet,
And in the gloaming o' the wood
The throssil whusslet sweet;

"The throssil whusslet in the woods,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn
For hours thegither sat,
In the silentless o' joy, till baith
Wi' every gladness grat.

"Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trickled doun your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

"I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I have been to thee,
As closely twin'd wi' early thochts
As ye hae been to me.
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine—
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' lang syne?

"I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings far and near
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way,
And channels deeper as it runs
The luve of life's young day.

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"O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music of your tongue.
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygane days and me."

The reader will observe the mixture in this pretty ballad of the native Doric, with long-syllabled modern English; a union to which the poetry of Burns alone perhaps could have reconciled us, but which his genius—fusing all variety of language together—has for ever licensed in the poets of his country. A fine comparison at the close of the penultimate stanza will also betray the student of Burns. To our judgment the following pathetic stanzas seem the finer poem of the two.

"MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

"My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break—
I'm wearin' off my feet, Willie,
I'm dyin' for your sake!
Oh lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand an' my briest-bane;
Oh, say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane.

"It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair grief maun hae its will;
But let me rest upon your breast,
To sob and greet my fill;
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never will see mair.

"I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life,
A pure heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair,
Or it will burst the silken twine
Sae strong is its despair.

"Oh, wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met—
Oh, wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set;
Oh, wae's me for the loamin' green,
Where we were wont to gae;
And wae's me for the destiny
That gart me love you sae.

"Oh, dinna mind my words, Willie,
I do not seek to blame—
But, oh! it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a world's shame.
Wet tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin:
Why weep you sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow, and for sin.

"I'm weary of this world, Willie,
And sick wi' all I see;
I canna live as I hae lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld into your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,
And kiss once mair the white, white cheek,
Ye saed was red lang syne.

"A stoon gaes through my head, Willie,
A sair stoon through my heart—
Oh, hand me up, and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa part;
Anither and anither yet—
How fast my life-strings break—
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirkyard
Step lichtly for my sake.

"'The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew draps shimmerin's sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvet thee,
As world has seldom seen.

"But, oh! remember me, Willie,
On land whare'er you be;
And, oh! think on the leal, leal heart
That ne'er luvet ane but thee;
And, oh! think on the cauld, cauld mools
That file my yellow hair;
And kiss the cheek and kiss the chin
Ye never shall kiss mair."

Those who prefer to dash these thrilling, tearful strains, with a spice of the terrible, will find it in abundance in the "Demon Lady"—a sort of night-visiting Bride of Corinth, fair and fiendish, who is addressed as follows:—

"Again in my chamber!
Again at my bed!
With thy smile sweet as sunshine
And hand cold as lead!
I know thee, I know thee—
Nay—start not, my sweet!
Those golden robes shrank up,
And showed me thy feet;
Those golden robes shrank up,
And taffety thin,
While out crept the symbols
Of Death and of Sin!
Bright, beautiful devil!
Pass, pass from me now;
For the damp dews of death
Gather thick on my brow;
And bind up thy girdle,
Nor beauties disclose
More dazzlingly white
Than the wreath-drifted snows,
And away with thy kisses;
My heart waxes sick,
As thy red lips like worms
Travel over my cheek!"

With a great deal more to the same terrific tune. In a similar vein is a long and desultory poem, with many fine expres-

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sions and stanzas, the "Madman's Love," —which may perhaps remind the reader of Crabbe's "Sir Eustace Grey;" though it cannot pretend to approach the wild and melancholy solemnity of that impressive poem.

But every reader of Motherwell's volume will acknowledge that the theme which he has made peculiarly his own is the wild life and warfare of the Norsemen. The three noble odes on this subject, which stand first in the collection, are fairly worth the rest of the book. Deep-rolling as thunder, fiery and rapid as the lightning flash, they rush over the page and bear the reader along with them, like one of the fierce warships of the Sea-king themselves—ploughing with strained sail and wild battle-shriek, their grim and bloody way through the ocean!

Since the enthusiastic labors of the Brothers Grimm and of Von der Hagen, the Northern Mythology has been a favorite German study; the accomplished Swedish Poet, Tegner, who has lately left the world amid the tears of his countrymen, has set it off with every advantage in his version of the Frithioff's Saga, and other poems, derived from the same source; and Mr. Weber, Dr. Percy's translation of Mallet, and more lately, Dr. Sayers, Mr. Herbert, and others, have done something to popularize it among ourselves. None of our greater poets, except Gray, and Scott occasionally, appear, however, to have adequately felt the eminently poetical character of the subject. Gray's odes, "The Fatal Sisters," and the "Descent of Odin," are paraphrastic translations of originals preserved in Bartholinus, executed with harmony and vigor; but as translations (the second very nearly coinciding with the original), hardly deserving the high rank they have been considered to hold among the few but precious works of that exquisite writer.* Scott, in his "Harold the Dauntless," has some passages thoroughly pervaded with the genuine Norse savageness.† This wild tone comes out, perhaps, with greater effect in some parts of his beautiful Romance, "The Pirate;" when abandoning metrical composition, "he had seized," as his biographer finely expresses it, "on an instrument of *wider* compass, and which, handled with whatever rapidity, seemed to reveal at every touch treasures that had hitherto slept unconsciously within him." [Life, vol. v.] Here, too, in some of the occasional songs, he gives us snatches of the true spirit of Norse minstrelsy; the song of Harold Harfager, the song of the Mermaids, and the song of the Reim-Kennar:—though none of them, probably, are superior—none equal in grandeur of situation and adjuncts—to the terrible invocation of Ulrica in Ivanhoe, when she appears amid the flames on the turret, "yelling forth a war-song such as was of yore chanted on the field of battle by the yet heathen Saxons. Her long dishevelled grey hair flew back from her uncovered head; the inebriating delight of gratified vengeance contended in her eyes with the fire of insanity; and she brandished the distaff which she held in her hand, as if she had been one of the Fatal Sisters, who spin and abridge the thread of human life." And so the weird hag proceeds:

> "Whet the bright Steel,
> Sons of the white Dragon!
> Kindle the Torch,
> Daughter of Hengist!
> The steel glimmers not for the carving of the banquet," &c.

Amid scenes of savage wildness—forests that spread through central Europe for hundreds of miles, when Germany had the cli-

* It is curious enough that so very accurate a scholar as Gray has committed the error of confounding the *Valkyriur*, or Choosers of the Slain, with the Fatal Sisters—a totally distinct class of personages in the Scandinavian mythology.

† This fine poem was hardly ever done justice to. At first universally considered a clever *imitation* of Scott's style (he had in fact purposely disguised it), the critics treated it without ceremony, and thought themselves at liberty sneeringly to slight, or condescendingly to encourage the young author. Such was the way in which Scott amused himself, trifling with the fame so many peril body and soul to grasp. We allude in the text to such passages as that spirited burst near the beginning:—

> "Woe to the realms which he coasted! for there
> Was shedding of blood and tearing of hair, &c.
>
> * * * *
>
> So wide and so far his ravage they knew,
> If a sail but gleam'd white 'gainst the welkin blue,
> Trumpet and bugle to arms did call,
> Burghers hasten'd to man the wall,
> Peasants fled inland his fury to 'scape,
> Beacons were lighted on headland and cape,
> Bells were toll'd out, and aye as they rung,
> Fearful and faintly the grey brothers sung—
> 'Bless us, St. Mary, from flood and from fire,
> 'From famine, and pest, and Count Wittikind's ire!"

And the fine hymn to Zernebock, in the second canto:—

> "From thy Pomeranian throne,
> Hewn in rock of living stone," &c.

with many similar passages, which show his perfect appreciation of the poetical elements of this grand and gloomy superstition.

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mate and wore the aspect of the wildest parts of Canada,* and armies could cross the ice of her Rhine and Danube in winter; amid a faith, the growth of such scenes, and gloomy as they,—were formed the terrible tribes whose descendants, gathering around the Baltic coasts, maintained the last strongholds of Paganism in modern Europe. Like the Arab warriors, they had their anticipated Paradise; the reward of merciless valor; but the genius of the North and South was characteristically contrasted in each. The soft Mahometan heaven was not their's. The *Valkyriur*, who were to receive and reward the imparadised warrior of Norway and Denmark, of Iceland and the Orkneys, themselves sought him amid the storm of battle; terrifically beautiful they themselves went forth, dim and dreadful Presences, in the thick of fight, and awaited the foredoomed fall of their chosen. This belongs to the singular difference in the estimate of woman among these opposite races of mankind; with the southern, the toy of languid leisure; with the northern, from time immemorial, the serious companion and even guide of life, endowed with powers mysterious and prophetic;† and everywhere occupying that position of respect and eminence which afterwards assisted, if it did not wholly produce, that remarkable and still unexplained phenomenon—the chivalrous devotion of the middle ages. The religion of these fierce warriors, a tremendous accumulation of intricately but (as its profounder investigators maintain) consistently connected legends; all overcast with the deepest gloom, and yet now and again, a gleam of strange unearthly beauty and gentleness crossing the stormy page; the character, for instance, of Baldur, the death-doomed son of Odin (whom the first converts are said to have identified with Our Lord) is singularly generous, gentle, and affecting. But, for the most part, it deals in death and despair, recounting the fall of heroes and demigods victims of a fate more relentless than even that which Greece brought from her old Thracian homes; the intrusion, and often the unmitigated triumph of evil; the whole dark throng of phantoms ending in that dread consummation, the awful "twilight of the gods," when the whole universe perishes, and gods and men, Odin himself and all his subject thrones, shall fade and wither into nothingness.

* See Gibbon, ch. ix., for the comparison.

† "Feminis inerat aliquid providum," &c.—*Tacit.*

As the religion of the South advanced northwards, and one by one involved the Teutonic nations, the grim Pagans of the Baltic were more and more straitened in their fastnesses; and a deep hatred of the renegade tribes of their own blood took possession of their hearts. Robbery and religion, pillage and piety, grew inseparably associated in their thoughts; and the love of Christian wealth was unspeakably heightened by the rapture of shedding Christian blood. Accordingly, the dearest luxury of the Danish devastators (as we so perpetually read in the story of their English incursions) was the pollution and destruction of Monastery and Church. Their delight was to plunder the rich repositories of ecclesiastical wealth, and to litter their horses in the chapels of palaces. "When they had wasted with fire and sword some canton of the Christian territory—'We have sung the *mass of lances*,' they would say in derision; 'it began at dawn of morning, and has lasted till night.'"

The sea was their favorite element; but the land alone afforded pillage. "The same chief still commanded," says the picturesque historian from whom we have just quoted, "when the pirates had disembarked, and were marching in battalions, whether on foot or on horseback. He was saluted by the Germanic title of King; but he was a king only at sea, and in combats; for in the hour of repast the warriors sat in a circle, and the beer-horn passed from hand to hand, without distinction of first or last. The Sea-King was everywhere followed, and always zealously obeyed; for he was always renowned as the bravest of the brave, as he who had never slept beneath a raftered roof, nor ever drained the bowl by a sheltered hearth. He could govern the vessel as the good horseman manages his horse; when on a voyage, he could run across the oars when they were in motion; he could throw three javelins to the mast head, and catch them alternately in his hand, and repeat this trial of skill without once missing. Equal under such a chief, supporting lightly their voluntary submission, and the weight of their coat of mail, which they promised themselves would soon be changed for an equal weight in gold, the Danish Pirates held on their course gaily, as their old national songs express it, in the track of the swans. Sometimes they cruised near the coasts, watching for their enemy in the straits, the bays, and roadsteads; from which custom

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they were called Vi-Kings, or children of the creeks; and at other times they would give chase, and steer across the ocean. Often were their fragile barks wrecked, and dispersed by the violent storms of the northern seas, and often did the rallying sign remain unanswered; but this neither increased the cares nor diminished the confidence of the survivors, who laughed at the winds and the waves from which they had escaped unhurt. "The force of the storm," they would sing, "is a help to the arm of our rowers; the hurricane is in our service; it carries us the way we would go."

"We smote with our swords"—such was the death-song of Regnar Lodbrog, when taken, imprisoned, and about, amid tortures unspeakable, to be slain by his captor, Ælla of Northumberland:—

"We smote with our swords in the days of my youth, when I went towards the east to prepare the repast of carnage for wolves, and in that mighty battle in which I sent to the halls of Odin the people of Helsinghia. Thence our barks carried us to the mouth of the Vistula, where our lances transpierced cuirasses, and our swords cut bucklers in two.

"We smote with our swords on that day when I saw hundreds of enemies stretched on the sands beneath an English headland; dew-drops of blood fell off our swords; an arrow swung in the wind when they sought the helmets; and it gave me delight equal to that of the company of a beautiful maiden.

"We smote with our swords, on the day when I struck down the youth, so proud of his flowing hair, who from early morning pursued after tender virgins, and sought the society of the widows. What fate so fit for the brave as to be the first to fall in the field? He who ne'er receives a wound leads a dull life; it is necessary for a man to make an attack upon an opponent, and to resist him in the play of combats.

"We smote with our swords; but now I find that men are the slaves of Fate, and must be obedient to the orders of fairies that presided over their birth. Never did I think to meet death from the brand of Ælla, when I sped in my prows of plank across the wide foam of waters, and gave feasts to the flesh-devouring beasts. Yet I laugh with delight in contemplating that a place is reserved for me in the halls of Odin, and that therein, soon seated at a splendid banquet, we shall quaff beer in our overflowing cups of horn. * * * * * From my boyhood I have shed blood, and have longed for such a death as this. Goddesses sent towards me by Odin, call and invite me; I am going to quaff with the gods ale in the highest seats. The hours of my life are fast ebbing; I am smiling under the hand of death!"*

Eric, the son of Harold, was similarly unfortunate. He fell in battle with five sea-kings, his allies, slain by Edred the Anglo-Saxon (A.D. 946). Eric had been baptized; but his Christianity had been notoriously simulated, and the Skalds unanimously awarded him the honors of Valhalla.

"I have had a dream," cried the bard; "I found myself at dawn of day in the hall of Valhalla, preparing all things for the reception of those slain in battle.

"I awakened the heroes from their sleep; I persuaded them to rise, and arrange the benches, and prepare the drinking cups, as for the arrival of a king.

"'Whence all this turmoil,' exclaims Brag; 'whence is it that so many are active in placing the benches?' Odin replies, 'It is because Eric is coming; I expect him. Arise, and go to meet him.'

"'And why does his coming give thee more delight than that of another King?' 'Because many are the places in which he has stained his sword with blood, many are the places where his blood-stained sword has been drawn.'

"'Hail to thee, Eric! Brave warrior, enter; thou art welcome in this abode. Tell me what Kings accompany thee. How many came with thee from the combat?'

"'Five Kings come,' answers Eric; 'and I am the sixth.'"*

The Saxon foe too could sing his war-song. It was thus, when Olaf, son of Sitric, with the Danes of the Orkneys and the Gaels of the Hebrides, were defeated by the English at the great battle of Brunenburgh, that the conquerors hymned their triumph.

"Olaf," they cried, "has fled, followed by few, and has wept upon the waves. The stranger, when seated at his fireside, surrounded by his family, will not relate this battle; for in it his kinsmen have fallen, from it his friends have not returned. The Kings of the North will lament in their councils that their warriors desired to play at the game of carnage with the sons of Edward.

"King Æthelstan and his brother Edmund return to the land of the West-Saxons. They leave behind them the raven feeding on the carcases of their foes; the black raven with his pointed beak, and the croaking toad, and the eagle hungering after flesh, and the greedy kite, and the wild wolf of the woods!"*

Such were the tribes and manners in which our poet (for we must not forget him) delighted to find the subject of song. With what force and spirit he has executed the task our readers will be enabled amply to judge from the specimen we subjoin:—

* See Thierry, Book II. Mallet, Hist. du Danemarck, Tom. ii., 293. Olaus Wormius (Literat. Runica, p. 198).

* Torfæi Hist. Rerum Norweg. II., Cap. 4. See Thierry's Hist. Norm. Conq., B. II.

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"THE BATTLE-FLAG OF SIGURD.

I.

"The eagle hearts of all the north
Have left their stormy strand;
The warriors of the world are forth
To choose another land!
Again their long keels shear the wave,
Their broad sheets court the breeze;
Again the reckless and the brave
Ride lords of weltering seas.
No swifter from the well-bent bow
The feather'd shaft hath sped,
Than o'er the ocean's flood of snow
Their snorting galleys tread.
Then lift the can to bearded lip,
And smite each sounding shield.
Wassaile! to every dark-ribbed ship,
To every battle-field!
So proudly the Skalds raise their voices of triumph,
As the Northmen ride over the the broad-bosom'd billow.

II.

"Aloft Sigurdi's battle-flag
Streams onward to the land:
Well may the taint of slaughter lag
On yonder glorious strand;
The waters of the mighty deep,
The wild birds of the sky,
Hear it like vengeance shoreward sweep,
Where moody men must die.
The waves wax wroth beneath our keel,
The clouds above us lour;
They know the battle sign, and feel
All its resistless power.
Who now uprears Sigurdi's flag,
Nor shuns an early tomb?
Who shoreward through the swelling surge
Shall bear the scroll of doom?
So shouted the Skalds as the long ships were nearing
The low-lying shores of a beautiful land.

III.

"Silent the self-devoted stood
Beside the massive tree,
His image mirrored in the flood
Was terrible to see!
As leaning on his gleaming axe,
And gazing on the wave,
His fearless soul was churning up
The death-rune of the brave.
Upheaving, then, his giant form
Upon the brown bark's prow,
And tossing back the yellow storm
Of hair from his broad brow;
The lips of song burst open, and
The words of fire rushed out,
And thundering through that martial crew
Pealed Harold's battle-shout—
It is Harold the dauntless that lifteth his great voice,
As the Northmen roll on with the doom-written banner.

IV.

"I bear Sigurdi's battle-flag
Through sunshine or through gloom,
Through swelling surge on bloody strand
I plant the scroll of doom;
On Scandia's lonest, bleakest waste,
Beneath a starless sky,
The shadowy Three like meteors passed,
And bade young Harold die.
They sang the war-deeds of his sires,
And pointed to their tomb;
They told him that this glory-flag
Was his by right of doom.
Since then where hath young Harold been,
But where Jarl's son should be?
'Mid war and waves, the combat keen,
That raged on land or sea.
So sings the fierce Harold, the thirster for glory,
As his hand bears aloft the dark death-laden banner.

V.

"Mine own death's in this clenched hand,
I know the noble trust;
These limbs must rot on yonder strand,
These lips must lick the dust:
But shall this dusky standard quail
In the red slaughter day?
Or shall this heart its purpose fail—
This arm forget to slay?
I trample down such idle doubt;
Harold's high blood hath sprung
From sires whose hands in martial bout,
Have ne'er belied their tongue:
Nor keener from their castled rock
Rush eagles on their prey,
Then panting for the battle-shock,
Young Harold leads the way.
It is that tall Harold, in terrible beauty,
Pours forth his big soul to the joyaunce of heroes.

VI.

"The ship-borne warriors of the north,
The sons of Woden's race,
To battle as to feast go forth,
With stern and changeless face;
And I, the last of a great line,
The self-devoted, long
To lift on high the Rubric sign
Which gives my name to song.
In battle-field young Harold falls
Amid a slaughtered foe;
But backward never bears this flag,
While streams to ocean flow.
On, on above the crowded dead
This Runic scroll shall flare,
And round it shall the lightning spread,
From swords that never spare.
So rush the hero words from the death-doomed one
While Skalds harp aloud the renown of his fathers.

VII.

"Flag! from your folds, and fiercely wake
War-music on the wind;
Lest tenderest thoughts should rise to shake
The sternness of thy mind;
Brynhilda, maiden meek and fair!
Pale watcher by the sea,
I hear thy wailings on the air,
Thy heart's dirge sung for me;
In vain thy milk-white hands are wrung
Above the salt sea foam;
The wave that bears me from thy bower
Shall never bear me home;
Brynhilda! seek another love,
But ne'er wed one like me,
Who, death foredoomed from above,
Joys in his destiny.
Thus mourned young Harold as he thought on Brynhilda,
While his eyes filled with tears which glittered but fell not.

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VIII.

"On sweeps Sigurdir's battle-flag,
The scourge of far from shore;
It dashes through the seething foam,
But I return no more!
Wedded unto a fatal bride,
Born for a bloody bed,
And battling for her, side by side,
Young Harold's doom is sped.
In starkest fight, where kemp on kemp,
Reel headlong to the grave,
There Harold's axe shall pond'rous ring,
There Sigurd's flag shall wave.
Yes, underneath this standard tall,
Beside this fateful scroll,
Down shall the tower-like prison fall
Of Harold's haughty soul.
So sings the Death-seeker, while nearer and nearer
The fleet of the Northmen bears down to the shore.

IX.

"'Green lie those thickly-timbered shores,
Fair sloping to the sea;
They're cumbered with the harvest stores,
That wave but for the free.
Our sickle is the gleaming sword,
Our garner the broad shield;
Let peasants sow, but still he's lord
Who's master of the field.
Let them come on, the bastard-born,
Each soil-stained churl!—alack,
What gain they but a splitten skull,
A sod for their base back?
They sow for us these goodly lands,
We reap them in our might,
Scorning all titles but the brands
That triumph in the fight!
It was thus the land-winners of old gained their glory,
And grey stones voiced their praise in the bays of far isles.

X.

"'The rivers of your island low
Glance redly in the sun;
But ruddier still they're doomed to glow,
And deeper shall they run:
The current of proud life shall swell
Each river to the brim;
And in that spate of blood how well
The headless corpse will swim!
The smoke of many a shepherd's cot
Curls from each peopled glen;
And hark; the song of maiden mild,
The shout of joyous men!
But one may hew the oaken tree,
The other shape the shroud,
As the LANDEYDA o'er the sea,
Sweep like a tempest cloud.'
So shouteth fierce Harold, so echo the Northmen,
As shoreward their ships like mad steeds are careering.

XI.

"Sigurdir's battle-flag is spread
Abroad to the blue sky,
And spectral visions of the dead
Are trooping grimly by;
The spirit heralds rush before
Harold's destroying brand;
They hover o'er yon fated shore,
And death-devoted band.
Marshal, stout Jarls, your battle fast,
And fire each beacon height;
Our galleys anchor in the sound,
Our banner heaves in sight;
And through the surge and arrowy shower
That rains on this broad shield,
Harold uplifts the sign of power,
Which rules the battle field.'
So cries the death-doomed on the red strand of slaughter,
While the helmets of heroes like anvils are ringing.

XII.

"On rolled the Northmen's war, above
The Raven standard flew;
Nor tide nor tempest ever strove
With vengeance half so true.
'Tis Harold—'tis the sire-bereaved
Who goads the dread career;
And high amid the flashing storm
The flag of Doom doth rear.
'On, on,' the tall Death-seeker cries,
These earth-worms soil our heel;
Their spear points crash like creeping ice
On ribs of stubborn steel!'
Hurra, hurra! their whirlwind sweep,
And Harold's fate is sped;
Bear on the flag—he goes to sleep
With the life-scorning dead.
Thus fell the young Harold, as of old fell his sires,
And the bright hall of heroes bade hail to his spirit."

The fire and vividness of this fine ode will not be denied. Our poet's biographer ventures timidly to prefer it to either of Gray's Scandinavian versions. He need entertain no scruples on the subject. From our high judgment seat we hereby solemnly absolve him of all crime or misdemeanor in the criticism aforesaid; and authorize him to repeat it without let or hinderance on all suitable occasions; all literary coteries, quarterly, monthly, and weekly Reviews, blue-stocking oracles, and other standard authorities, notwithstanding.

But we must close; nor linger upon a theme which might lead us further than every reader would care to follow. We part with William Motherwell and his wild Northmen. The swift barques, hung with glittering shields, and the fierce landing, and the despairing flight, and the burning abbey, and the battle-horn of "thunder,"* and the magic raven ensign,† and the shout of onslaught, and the shriek of defeat,—all vanish slowly into empty space, die off into their own irrecoverable Past, and leave us to soberer—though it may be safer—

* "Tuba illi erat eburnea *tonitruum* nuncupata;" Dudo de S. Quintin.

† King's Sweyn's, woven with magic incantations by three of his sisters, and borne before the Danes in their terrible invasions of England at the dawn of the eleventh century. See the Heimskringla.

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truth. Be it so; we must be content with simple reality, the downright prose of tenements unburnt and throats safe, until the spell be cast upon us from some other region of Fancy, when in some unborn Article lying as yet among the dim possibilities of the Future, we shall once more conduct our readers—

"To fresh fields and pastures new."

From the British Quarterly Review.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Poems and Songs by Allan Cunningham, now first collected, with an Introduction and Notes. By Peter Cunningham. London: John Murray, 1845.

The late Allan Cunningham was one of those men of genius, whose aspirings were unquestionably derived from their intense admiration of the muse of Robert Burns. That Cunningham lighted the torch of his poesy at that of the gifted ploughman of Ayrshire cannot be doubted; but we may add that, in our opinion, he is the brightest star of that galaxy of which Burns is the centre. Deriving much of his peculiar manner from a contemplation of the works of his great prototype, he is not an imitator in any servile sense of the word, but stands forth an original poet, upon the pedestal of his own fine and ardent intellect. Next to Cunningham, perhaps, comes the Ettrick Shepherd; but to the poetry of the former we must award the preference. There is, in almost every effort of Hogg, an inequality, and often a coarseness, from which the poems of Cunningham are free. As lyrists, both of them are far below their great leader, Burns; but such songs as Cunningham has written are better than those of Hogg. We may say the same of Cunningham's Ballads (a much inferior species of composition), most of which are exquisite, and will bear a comparison with the few ballads (proper) which Burns has written. We have already stated that with the exception of the exquisite Burns and the living Thomas Moore, neither Great Britain nor Ireland has produced a great song-writer. Before the time of Burns, the compositions that passed for songs in England, such as those of Carew, Suckling, Prior, &c., were merely elegant and witty, or prettily pointed copies of verses. The rest were mere insipidities moulded into metre, without one requisite of "song" but the name. Within the rigid line we have drawn, as to song-writers, we cannot admit Allan Cunningham. He has written a few real and beautiful lyrics; that is unquestionable. But his lyrics in the mass must class as ballads and not as songs, exquisite as most of them are in poetry and in feeling. Allan Cunningham has fallen short as a lyrical writer, in the same way that other aspirants to this difficult species of writing have failed. He has not been sufficiently steeped in the music to which he ought to have written. In *this* lay the excellence of Burns. The air, with him, inspired the song. He "crooned" over it, until his inflammable soul caught fire; and in this way his inimitable lyrics had birth. The inspiration of Burns was through the ear. That of Moore is evidently the same. Other song-writers have written to the eye; and a set of verses written to the eye, no matter by whom, can only turn out to be a song by mere accident. The ballad is less difficult. It has less dependence upon its air. The union between the two is less intimate. The ballad-tune partakes more of the nature of a chant than of an air, and the ancient ones are all of one single strain. In ballad writing we are inclined to place Allan Cunningham in the van of Scotch poets. In this line he need not fear a comparison with Burns; for in this Burns has done little, and he has done much. Let him, however, speak for himself. The admirable strains of the "Lord's Marie," and of "Bonnie Lady Anne," have been so often quoted, that we pass them over, as familiar to many of our readers. The following, however, which purports to be a relic of the times of "the Covenant," is less known.

"Thou hast sworn by thy God, my Jeannie,
By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heav'n,
That thou wad aye be mine!
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeannie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick owre heav'n,
That thou shalt ay be mine!

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"Then foul fa' the hands wad loose sic bands,
And the heart that wad part sic love;
But there's nae hand can loose the band
Save the finger o' God above.
Tho' the wee wee cot maun be my bield,
And my claithing e'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' love,
Heav'n's armfu' o' my Jean!

"Her white arm wad be a pillow to me,
Fu' safter than the down:
An' love wad winnow owre us his kind kind wings,
An' sweetly I'd sleep an' soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my love,
Come here an' kneel wi' me;
The mornin is fu' o' the presence o' God,
An' I canna pray but thee.

"The morn-wind is sweet mang the beds o' new flow'rs,
The wee birds sing kindly on hie,
Our gude-man leans o'er his kail-yard dyke,
And a blythe auld bodie is he.
The book maun be ta'en when the carle comes hame,
Wi' the holy psalmodie;
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
And I will speak o' thee!"

This is a most touching and beautiful strain; but it is, perhaps, inferior to three simple stanzas that follow it: they are supposed to be the last words murmured by a child lost in the snow, ere its eyes are closed in the deep sleep of death by cold.

"Gane were but the winter cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods
Where primroses blaw.

"Cauld's the snaw at my head,
And cauld at my feet,
The finger o' Death's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

"Let nane tell my father
Or my mither sae dear,
I'll meet them baith in Heav'n
At the spring o' the year."

Here is a simple pathos never excelled; but of all Mr. Cunningham's lyrics, the most pre-eminently poetical is, perhaps, the "Mermaid o' Galloway." We hardly know anything in ballad with which to compare it. It is far superior to Scott's "Glenlas," and even more wildly fanciful than Hogg's "Kilmenie;" as a tale of unearthly terror, it may stand beside the "Ancient Mariner" of Coleridge. The story is as old as that of the sirens; but never was it so told. A young and ardent chieftain on the wild coasts of Galloway is lured by the strains, and next by the blandishments of a mer-maiden to a mysterious death. He first hears her strain in the woods on a moonlight summer-night. Beautiful are they, but not earthly, and their effects are not of earth.

"I' the second lilt of that sweet sang
Of sweetness it was sae fu',
The tod leapt out frae the frighted lambs,
An' dighted his red-wat mou'.

"I' the very third lilt o' that sweet sang,
Red lowed the new woke moon:
The stars drapp'd blude on the yellow gowan tap
Sax miles that maiden roun'.

The "young Cowehill" cannot resist the magic influence of the melody; and in spite of the warnings of his page, he hurries down to the shore, to see and speak to the creature who can produce such strains. He finds a beautiful and artful woman in appearance, and to her blandishments he becomes a ready victim, newly wed as he is.

"But first come take me 'neath the chin,
An syne come kiss my cheek;
And spread my hanks of wat'ry hair
I' the new-moon beam to dreep.

"Sae first he kissed her dimpled chin;
Syne kissed her rosy cheek,
An lang he woo'd her willin lips.
Like heather-hinnie sweet!"

The fate of the rash and unfortunate youth is quickly sealed. Nothing can be more striking than the stanzas descriptive of the sad catastrophe.

"She tied a link of her wet yellow hair
Aboon his burnin bree,
Amang his curling haffet locks
She knotted knurles three.

"She weav'd owre his brow the white lilie,
Wi' witch-knots mae than nine:
'Gif ye were seven times bridegroom owre,
This night ye shall be mine.'

"O! twice he turn'd his sinking head,
An twice he lifted his ee;
O! twice he sought to loose the links
Were knotted owre his bree."

The remainder is soon told. The rash and erring "young Cowehill" is no more seen, and his young bride mourns in the bridal chamber. At the dead hour of midnight, "when night and morning meet,"—

"There was a cheek touch'd that lady's,
Cauld as the marble stane;
And a hand cauld as the drifting snaw
Was laid on her breast-bane.

"'O! cauld is thy hand, dear Willie;
O! cauld, cauld is thy cheek;
An wring these locks o' yellow hair
Frae which the cauld drops dreep.'

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"'O! seek anither bridegroom, Marie,
On these bosom faulds to sleep;
My bride is the yellow water-lilie,
Its leaves my bridal sheet!'"

The poet's youngest son, to whom we owe this publication of his father's poems and songs, has, we see, divided them into three series. We have first the ballads. Next the poems and miscellaneous verses. Last, and best, the songs. This distribution is a judicious one; but our young friend's success in the division has not been quite equal to his good sense in determining so to divide his matter. In sooth it was a difficult and delicate task; and, in our humble notion, some one or two of the effusions, classed as miscellaneous, might have been better classed amongst the ballads; such, for instance, as "Gordon of Brackley;" whilst others, perhaps, might take rank as songs; as why not the "Farewell to Dalswinton," through every stanza of which one feeling flows? The first-mentioned strain is, in our notion, one of the most spirited ballads ever achieved by the genius of the poet. It is full of fire; and we regret that our limits do not permit us to give the whole of it. The story is a sad one. The false spouse of "Gordon of Brackley" is beloved by Inveraye, and returns his unlawful passion. The guilty pair contrive his death. Inveraye comes before the gate of Brackley Castle and insults Gordon, who, having a slender retinue, hesitates to attack the well-attended traitor Inveraye; the ballad opening thus:—

"Down Dee side came Inveraye
Whistling and playing;
And call'd loud at Brackley-gate
Ere day was dawning.

"'Come, Gordon of Brackley,
Proud Gordon, come down;
A sword's at your threshold
Mair sharp than your own!'"

Gordon, who is almost alone, declines the challenge, until stung to madness by his treacherous partner.

"Arise all my maidens
With roke and with fan;
How blest had I been
Had I married a man.
Arise all my maidens,
Take buckler and sword;
Go, milk the ewes, Gordon,
And I shall be lord!"

The generous chieftain, touched to the quick by this insidious appeal, rushes on his fate, having first kissed and taken leave of the traitress, who sends him to his contrived doom. The ballad thus touchingly concludes:—

"'O! cam ye by Brackley,
An what saw ye there?
Was his young widow weeping
And tearing her hair?'
"'I came in by Brackley,
I came in, and oh!
There was mirth, there was feasting,
But nothing of woe.'

"'As a rose bloom'd the lady
And blythe as a bride;
Like a bridegroom bold Inveraye
Smil'd at her side.
And she feasted him there
As she ne'er feasted lord,
Though the blood of her husband
Was moist on his sword!'

"'There's grief in the cottage,
And tears in the ha',
For the gay gallant Gordon
That's dead and awa'.
To the bush comes the bird;
And the flow'r to the plain;
But the good and the brave
They come never again.'

We now come to the songs, properly so called. As in a galaxy, it is by no means easy to fix upon "some bright particular star," and award it the preference; so where almost all is beautiful, selection is not easy. Of the songs which Cunningham has thrown off, perhaps the finest are those relating to the sea and maritime adventure. From the ocean and its changes, its waves and its winds; its wildest frowns and most deceitful smiles; he seemed ever to derive inspiration. Throughout the entire range of his works, whether they be verse or prose, let him catch sight of the waste of waters, whether it be the Northmen's sea ploughed by the Danish "Vikings," or his own

"Solway, white with foam, and sunshine, and sea-mews,"

(a line in itself transcendently descriptive), his genius at once rises, and soars a higher flight, upon stronger wing. That first-rate sea-song, "a Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea," has been so often quoted and praised that we shall pass it by, and turn to Song XLIII., an effusion which ought to be fitted to some old air,—

Wild as the waves
And winds, to which 'tis kin;

such as that known by the style and title of "the Lowlands of Holland," or that which goes, on the banks of Tyne, by the name of "Captain Bover."

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THE PIRATE'S SONG.

"O lady, come to the Indies with me,
And reign and rule on the sunny sea;
My ship 's a palace, my deck 's a throne,
And all shall be thine the sun shines on.

"A gallant ship and a boundless sea,
A piping wind and the foe on our lee,
My pennon streaming so gay from the mast,
My cannon flashing all bright and fast.

"The Bourbon lilies wax wan as I sail;
America's stars I strike them pale:
The glories of sea and the grandeur of land,
All shall be thine for a wave of thy hand.

"Thy shining locks are worth Java's isle:
Can the spices of Saba buy thy smile?
Let kings rule earth by a right divine,
Thou shalt be queen of the fathomless brine."

This is a song in truth and in spirit. The sentiment of a reckless exultation in lawless power pervades every stanza, and breathes in almost every line. It is never overborne by description, the ordinary fault of ordinary attempts at this species of composition. The simple light-heartedness of the following is as different from the wild and reckless exultation of the first as gaiety is from madness. It reminds one of the beautiful pastoral of Burns, "Now westlin winds,"—and might be, and probably ought to be, affixed to the same air.

"The lav'rock dried his wings i' the sun,
Aboon the bearded barley,
When a shepherd lad to my window came
Wi' me to haud a parley.
O are ye sleeping, my lovesome lass,
And dreamin of love I ferlie;
Arise and come to the heights wi' me,
Amang the dews sae pearlie.

"First I pat on my jupes o' green,
And kilted my coaties rarely,
An' dipt my feet in the May-morn dew,
An' gade wi' mithsome Charlie.
It 's sweet to be wakened by one we love,
By night or morning early;
It 's sweet to be woo'd as forth we walk
By the lad whom we love dearly.

"The sun he raise—an better raise;
An' owre the hill lowed rarely;
The wee lark sung—and higher sung
Amang the bearded barley.
He woo'd sae lang on the sunny-knowe side
Where the gowans' heads hang pearlie,
That the tod broke in to the bughted-lambs,
And left my Lad fu' barely.'

Allan, with all his sentimentality and wild poetry, had no small snatch of dry humor in his composition, and, when he chose it, could be "a bit of a wag." Of this perilous gift one or two of the songs in this collection afford proofs. We allude more especially to that specimen of true Scotch humor, yclept "Tam Bo, Tam Bo." In the hands of Mr. Wilson it would, we think, bid fair to rival that "Laird o' Cockpen" which he has rendered so popular, even in high places! The song is long, however, and our space is short, and we must not quote it—not to say that the "gude braid Scots" is, in one or two passages, a *leetle* too "braid" for the gravity of this publication. No such objection, however, applies to the following *jeu d'esprit*, which is no bad specimen of Cunningham's lighter vein: and with it we shall conclude, as in duty bound, our quotations.

ALLAN A MAUT.

"Gude Allan a Maut lay on the rigg,
Ane callen him bear, ane call'd him bigg;
An auld wife slipp'd on her glasses—'aha!
He'll wauken (quo' she) wi' joy to us a'!'
The sun shone out, down dropt the rain,
He laugh'd as he came to life again;
An' carles an' carlines sang, wha saw't,
'Gude luck to your rising, Allan a Maut.'

"Gude Allan a Maut grew green and rank,
Wi' a golden beard and a shapely shank;
An' rose sae steeve, and wax'd sae stark,
That he whomled the maid an' coupit the clark;
The sick and lame leapt hale and weel;
The faint of heart grew firm as steel;
The douce nae mair thought mirth a faut;
'Sic charms are mine,'—quo' Allan a Maut."

Such are the lyrics of Allan Cunningham; and we believe we shall meet with few dissentients when we say that they are the best of his poetical works. His longer poems, "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell" and the "Maid of Elvar," are each defective as a whole, although they embody passages of great poetical power and beauty. He wanted somewhat of the art of properly constructing and skilfully conducting a story, and hence both his longer poetical pieces and his novels lack an interest which all their other merits, and they are many, cannot give them.

We learn from the modest and too brief Memoir of Mr. Peter Cunningham, the poet's youngest son,—to whom the public is indebted for this little volume, that his gifted parent was born at Blackwood, near Dumfries, in 1784. He was brought up to the trade of a stone-mason, but soon became distinguished for his remarkable talents in the vicinity of the place of his birth. Having been applied to by Mr. Cromek, who was engaged in collecting remains of ancient ballads of Ayrshire and Galloway, Mr. Cunningham soon furnished

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that gentleman with various specimens from Nithsdale and the dales of the adjoining county, which he took or affected to take for genuine remains of Border poetry. These Mr. Cromek published in a volume, with annotations, under the title of "Relics of Nithsdale and Galloway Song." Amongst them are the Mermaid of Galloway, Bonnie Lady Anne, Carlisle Yetts, the Lord's Marie, the Lass o' Prestonhill, and others of Cunningham's most exquisite ballads. Competent judges, however, speedily detected the "ruse," ingeniously as it was managed. Bishop Percy declared the ballads too beautiful to be ancient. Sir Walter Scott shook his head in utter incredulity. The Ettrick Shepherd pronounced them at once to be the work of Cunningham; and last, but not least, Professor Wilson asserted the truth in a critique published in Blackwood's Magazine. When the fact became known, it at once established the poet's fame as a man of genius: a character which his varied works have confirmed. For some time after the publication of the "Relics" by Cromek, the author was employed by some of the London journals; but his latter years were passed in the service of Sir Francis Chantrey, an early and attached friend of the poet. Allan Cunningham died October the 20th, 1842, and was buried at the cemetery at Kensall-green, where his last resting-place is marked by a tomb of solid granite, erected by his wife and five surviving children. The profile which adorns the title-page of the present volume is a striking likeness, as far as features are concerned. His remarkably fine and brilliant or rather lustrous eye is, however, wanting to complete the portrait. Mr. Cunningham's manners were simple and unaffected; his conversation racy, manly, and enthusiastic, when the topic excited him; nor was a snatch of dry, sarcastic humor wanting, when the occasion required it. We have said that his Lyrics were written without sufficient reference to the music to which they ought to be adapted; but we do not mean to say that Allan Cunningham had not a high appreciation of the melodies of his country. On the contrary, we have seen the stirring appeal of some of those airs fill his eye with unbidden dew, and enchain his nature as by a spell of power. His sensibilities were, however, more excited by the gentler and more pastoral than by the more passionate of the old airs of Scotland; and, to the last, he preferred the airs of "Tweedside" and the "Bush aboon Traquair" to the deeper pathos of melodies such as "Gilderoy," or the spirit-stirring tones of such strains as "Bruce's Address to his Troops." In truth his love of picturesque and romantic scenery was stronger than his love of pathos; and this is apparent in the finest of his effusions, some of which will live as long as Scotland has a literature or a name.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE TWO MILLIONAIRES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE, BY SARAH FRY.

(Concluded from the April Number of the Eclectic Magazine.)

The readers of this Magazine will remember its being remarked by the first speaker at the Forest Councillor's—

"Besides Morn did not reject the world till the world rejected him."

"That is, he was cheated by a few knaves, from whom no one in their senses would have expected anything else, and he did not find everybody ready to make prompt acknowledgment of his merits and services, some of them being, by the by, known only to those interested in concealing them."

"Was he the only person who, because his situation was subordinate, has been obliged to submit in silence, while others engrossed the fruits of his labors? Right doing would be a mighty easy thing, if applause and profit were its certain rewards."

These words produced a second dispute. Each defended his own views with warmth, if not with judgment; and the party separated more confirmed, or at least more obstinate, in their own opinion than ever. At the next weekly meeting at the Forest Concillor's, some of the disputants took up

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the argument where they had left it, and prepared to fight the battle manfully all over again. The Councillor remained faithful to his character for moderation, and chose a middle path between Morn's censurers and his eulogists. The party were getting somewhat over warm, when our host reminded us that we had not yet heard the story of the second Millionaire. There was an immediate silence, of which the Councillor dexterously profited to put an end to the dispute by the following narration:—

Some years ago, I was returning from Amsterdam, where I had been sent by my Government to obtain payment for some timber for ship-building, about which some difficulties had arisen with the Dutch Government. I had succeeded beyond my expectation in my commission; a new and more advantageous bargain had been concluded, and I was congratulating myself on the credit I should obtain with my Government. It was evening: I was snugly packed in the corner of my new travelling chaise, hugging myself on the prospect of a comfortable night's rest, after travelling the whole of the preceding night over some of the worst roads in Germany, and that is saying much. I was soon shaken out of my doze into which I had fallen, by a tremendous jolt. My old servant, Kunz, who was on the box, was sent flying through the air, and deposited high and dry on a bank by the road-side, before he had time to take the pipe from his mouth, and I was projected with such force in the rear of the postilion, that he was under the horses' feet in a second. Fortunately, the animals, being natives, "and to the matter born," took our mishap very coolly, and stood quite still, while the bipeds were scattering in all directions, as if it had been an adventure they expected, and had made up their minds to. The axle-tree and a spring of the chaise were broken, and so was the postilion's nose: I was quit for the fright, but poor Kunz had dislocated his shoulder. With some difficulty and great exertion, we managed to get the chaise to the next village, and to the inn, or rather beer house—there was but one, and that a dirty, smoky den. I inquired immediately for a smith and a wheelwright; neither were to be had in the place, and the landlord himself advised me to go on to Hard, where I should get all I wanted. "There were no better workmen for many hundred miles round than were to be found at Hard."

Poor Kunz was suffering greatly, and the Esculapius of the village, who had been immediately summoned, could only shake his head and lament that the surgeon had died a few weeks before—he himself never undertook operations. "The best thing you can do," said he, "is to take your servant to Hard, where you will find an excellent surgeon."

"And where, then, is this same Hard?" asked I; "I know no town of that name here."

"It is not a town: it is a village, a short four miles hence."

"And how is it that the best artisans and the most skilful professional men live in the villages instead of the towns?"

"Oh, that is the doing of the Schulze; he is a strange character—a humorist as it is called—a fool, I say, who can do nothing like other people. He wants to make a city of his paltry village, I believe. He has money enough; they say he is a Millionaire, and it is like enough; but he is a miserable, parsimonious wretch, and has as many whims as hairs. I know him well enough, though I have nothing to do with him, thank Heaven."

"And I shall find a good inn at Hard, you say?"

"Oh, yes, certainly; a very good one. There are mineral waters there. Ila Schulze has built a house there for the visitors to the springs, and that will be his ruin, in my humble opinion—that and the doctor he has thought fit to establish there;—a conceited, ignorant body—a mere quack, with his new-fangled notions."

The old gentleman held forth long and loudly in dispraise of his learned, or unlearned, brother or rival, whichever he might be; nevertheless, as he admitted I should find the best surgeon, the best wheelwright, and the best smith in Hard, to Hard I resolved to go. On the following morning, the chaise was patched up as well as it could be with ropes and poles; Kunz, who was still in great pain, packed in as comfortably as circumstances admitted, and despatched before me to the much-talked-of Hard; and the weather being extraordinarily fine, and the way not easily mistaken, I followed on foot.

Scarcely half a mile from the village I was leaving, there was a sudden and striking improvement in the condition of the land. On both sides of the carefully-kept road were rows of fruit trees, in the finest order. The fields beyond seemed adml-

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rably cultivated; not a weed to be seen, the grass abundant, and of the richest quality. Before me lay the village, consisting of cottages, not forming a street but scattered among trees, as in a great garden. In the middle of the village, on a gentle eminence, rose the church. The whole arrangement of the place, the style of building, and the extraordinary fertility of the land around, the more agreeably surprised me from the striking contrast it presented to all I had hitherto seen in this part of the country.

"Why, this village of yours is a perfect paradise, father," said I to an aged peasant who just then came up with me; "I have seen no such land as this for many a mile."

"Yes, God be praised, there is no fault to be found with the land," returned the ancient, leaning on his stick to rest himself beside me as I stopped to look round me.

"How comes it that your village lies so scattered, so unlike the other villages about?" said I.

"Ugh!" replied the old man, with a discontented grunt, "unlike it is, sure enough. Our village was burnt to the ground about fifteen years ago, and we were obliged to build it so, because the Government would have it. They couldn't have done it worse. I have a good mile further to go to church every Sunday, and that's hard enough for us old folks, especially in winter, and some must go further still. Ah! it was a terrible fire, sure enough. There were not five houses spared."

"And how did the fire happen?"

"Ugh! Heaven knows! People say all sorts of things! Some will have it, the Schulze set it on fire himself, on purpose to vex us; but I don't say that exactly."

"But that is a terrible charge indeed against your Schulze."

"Ah!" said the elder, shaking his head significantly, "many and many's the trick he has played us. He was schoolmaster here first; but he had interest somehow with the Government, and so he was palmed upon us as Schulze. Oh, he's as cunning as a fox, and as hard to catch."

"Is he rich?"

"I believe you; as rich as a Jew! But he can't enjoy his money; he lives poorer than any day-laborer. But he is caught sometimes, cunning as he is," added the old man, chuckling. "When the whim seizes him, he throws away his money by the handful. He'll ruin himself at last with his new-fangled nonsense; and who cares? He only uses his money to tyrannize over his poor neighbors."

In this strain the ancient went on wandering, till I wished him good morning, and he struck off through a bye-path.

The view was so charming, so like our dreams of Arcadia, that, involuntarily loitering on my way, I sat down under a tree to enjoy it at my leisure. "How happy, how supremely happy, might the dwellers in this Paradise become, if Satan did not always take a hand in the game of life," thought I. "Who but Satan could have put it into the heads of the Government to send a fellow here to play the great man, and make these honest folks miserable!"

While I thus mused, an old woman passed, whom I immediately hailed.

"Good day, mother! Whereabouts in the village is the public house, can you tell me?"

"Straight on, Sir, on the left hand, near the church; I am the landlady."

"So much the better. Then you can tell me at once what accommodation I can have for myself and my servant for a few days."

"Oh," said the old lady, with discontented air, "that's another thing. I can't lodge gentlefolk: I've no convenience. You must go to t'other house there, higher up on the hill. I saw a broken gimcrack of a chaise there a while agone, I suppose it was yours."

"Do you see that little white house with the green shutters there," continued the old woman, when I asked for some further direction; "that's the Schulze's, and close to it is the big new inn for strangers."

"Oh, and that belongs to the Schulze, also, I suppose?"

"Why, yes and no, as one may say—it is his'n, and it is not, like everything else hereabouts. It's all his fault that it was built."

"It is of no advantage to you, then?"

"Not it, indeed, nor to any one else. Since he's been in the village, my house is not worth half what it was. God forgive him! he will have much to answer for at the last day. Yes, yes," continued she, grumbling. "I should change my plan, quotha. A pretty thing, indeed, at my time of life, to go to school! I was not to be cozened that way, Mr. Schulze! The heavens be praised! I can do without him or the house either, for the matter of that."

While she was speaking, I heard a sud-

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den and warm strife of tongues in one of the neighboring cottages. The old lady picked up her ears, and nodded her head with a smile of malicious satisfaction. "Ah, ah, old Gletchen's catching it at last; serve her right, too—serve her right;" and the old dame trotted off, evidently well pleased that one of her gossips had got into a scrape of some sort, probably with the redoubtable village monarch himself. As I passed the house whence the sounds proceeded, the door opened, and a man, in a dress no way superior to that of a peasant, except that it was scrupulously clean, came out. He was evidently displeased at something; close to him came an old woman in tears, who seemed to be deprecating his wrath, and after her walked a young man, who held out his hand to the departing visitor, with the words, "You are perfectly right, Master Schulze; I had warned mother often enough;" pronounced in a hearty tone.

"Well, well," returned the Schulze, with a kind of authoritative kindness; "for this once I will overlook it."

The old woman reiterated her assurances that the subject of complaint, whatever it might be, should not again occur, and the village despot walked off. He took the same path that had been pointed out to me as the nearest to the inn I was in search of. I quickened my pace. I had curiosity to see the face of the griping millionaire of whom I had heard so much in so short a time; yet I could not say why I should have my desire to see more of a man, to whose advantage so little could be said by those who knew him best. He walked on so quickly that I should not have easily overtaken him, if he had not stopped again to speak to some countrymen coming from the village. We exchanged salutations as I came up, and he gave me the "pas" civilly enough, and that was enough to begin a conversation. It turned naturally enough upon the fruitfulness of the surrounding country. His manner was perfectly unassuming, but very decided, and his expressions betrayed a degree of cultivation greatly beyond what might have been expected from his rustic appearance. As to the land, he asserted roundly that it was neither better nor worse than the other land in the neighborhood, with which I had instituted a comparison greatly to the advantage of the former; the only difference he would admit was the better cultivation. "That very circumstance," I said, "was worthy all my admiration!"

"Every proprietor lives here in the midst ofghis own land," said the Schulze, "and thus it is the easier to overlook and cultivate it."

"But this rich pasturage," said I——

"You have not perhaps observed, that all the meadows lie together and are well irrigated. We have also fine marl in the neighborhood. So they have, or might have, in the other places of which you spoke just now; but the people are idle and ignorant. Nature is always a kind mother, but men do not always give themselves the trouble to understand her language; they prefer their own darkness to her light." This remark was somewhat too philosophical for a village schoolmaster or Schulze. I turned to look again at my companion in his rustic tunic and coarse straw hat. There was, I thought, something beyond his condition in his countenance—I might almost say something noble. I fancied, moreover, that the features were familiar to me. The Schulze returned my gaze with a penetrating look. "Are you not," said he at length, "Adolphe Von Rodern!"

"Von Rodern is my name," still unable to identify the person before me.

He laughed, and held out his hand. "What, my slender friend, once the delight of every bright eye in ——" I attempted to withdraw my hand, for I took it into my head that my new acquaintance was hoaxing me; but he held it fast, and went on—"The world goes well with you; why, what a broad-shouldered, portly-looking young man you are become! And what good wind has blown you hither from the golden middle path you love so well, to such a bye-way as the road to Hard? I bid you heartily welcome, however, since you came. What, do you not know me yet?"

I stood looking stupid enough, I believe. I could not for my life recollect where I had seen the speaker. Suddenly a ray of light flashed on my mind. Was it—could it be my University friend, Engelbert?

"Engelbert it is, and no other." I was deeply moved; the golden days of my youth returned in a moment. I returned his embrace heartily, and forgot in a moment all the ill that had been spoken of him. He called a boy from a neighboring field, and bade him run directly to his wife. "Say that I have found a brother," said he; "tell her to have the breakfast carried

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under the lime trees. We will join her directly."

I was called upon immediately for a sketch of my life since we had parted at Inbingen, the cause of my present journey, and my visit to Hard. The story of many of our former mutual friends came in episodically; and, among others, Morn's, you may be sure, was not forgotten. "And now for yourself, my friend," said I at length, "it is your turn now."

"I," replied Engelbert, laughing: "you may satisfy yourself—look at me. I am what I look like—a peasant, and also Schulze of this village."

"But you, strangest of beings! how came you so? Why, with your fine talents and abundant knowledge, do I find you buried in this remote nook of earth? Can it be your free choice?"

"My free choice!" "And how long have you lived here?" "Nineteen years, and most happily." "Well, well, but explain yourself a little."

"Another time; come to breakfast now. My wife and family will be waiting for us."

We went on a little further, and a sudden turn of the path brought us to the lime trees, under the shade of which sat a beautiful woman of about thirty years of age, in a rustic dress, and with an infant on her lap. At her feet sat another, under two years of age, to whom a rosy cheeked, golden-haired brother was bringing flowers. Two elder boys, apparently between the ages of seven and twelve, were standing near their lovely mother with books in their hands, and their great blue eyes fixed on me with curiosity. Their dress was like their father's, and no way differing either in form or material from that of peasants. The Schulze presented me to his wife, over whose delicate features a gentle blush passed as she returned my salutation. I was speedily acquainted with the whole charming group. The children lay on the grass round a large, exquisitely clean wooden vessel full of milk, which, with the ordinary black bread, formed their breakfast. White bread and newly-churned fresh butter were brought for me, with a flask of old Burgundy. "I know of old our hostility to milk breakfasts," said Engelbert. It seemed to me like a dream; the sight of this really picturesque group, and the extraordinary rencontre with Engelbert as a peasant—he who had been admitted to be the best endowed by nature, the richest in acquired knowledge amongst our whole circle at the University! Somewhat eccentric he had always been considered, but his singularities had been excused as the harmless freaks of a young, inexperienced, and enthusiastic head. But that such a one, destined by nature and fortune for the most splendid career, should end in becoming a village schoolmaster and Schulze—who, in heaven's name, could ever have expected this?

His Augusta—so he called his wife—his children, were evidently most fondly attached to him, as he was to them. How could this man be so selfish, so grasping, so hard-hearted as he had been painted to me? And yet the wealth he was said to possess awakened my suspicions; it had been well known at the University that his family was very moderately endowed with the goods of fortune, and then how did this opulence tally with the simplicity, not to say parsimony, exhibited in the dress and style of living of his family? A miser he must certainly be. I resolved to lengthen my stay, and examine my man a little closer. After breakfast, we continued our walk up the hill.

"I cannot lodge you under my humble roof," said Engelbert, "for I have no spare room. But you will find everything you can want in the inn. I have established baths there over the sulphur springs, and you may take your choice of the rooms, as the season has not yet begun. No visitors will be here before next month."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

The wheelwright had already my carriage, and the surgeon my servant, in their hands. The mechanic undertook the speedy renovation of the chaise, for a hint from the all-powerful Schulze sufficed to make him lay all other work aside. The surgeon had put Kunz's arm in its place again, but it was excessively swollen, and at least a week's quiet was pronounced necessary for him. As far as I was personally concerned, I was well pleased with the delay. Engelbert and his family were well worthy of a visit on purpose.

Everything about this humorist interested me the more, because I was every hour more thoroughly convinced that to few mortals was so assigned so large a portion of pure happiness as to him. His house, like that

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of every other peasant, stood in the midst of a well-ordered flower and kitchen garden. Within reigned the strictest cleanliness, and not simplicity alone, but downright poverty. The sitting-room for the whole family contained but chairs and tables of the plainest kind, a wooden clock, and a small looking-glass. Engelbert himself, his wife, and children, slept on mattresses stuffed with leaves and moss. The house linen was coarse, but of a dazzling whiteness. The table service might have been used in a convent of Capuchins. When I insisted one day upon dining with the family, they bade me welcome, laughing, and warned me that my fare would not be sumptuous. The soup was excellent. We had one dish of roast meat, and abundance of vegetables, young and well cooked. The bread was the common black bread; the only drink of thin beer or water; and that was the whole fare. And yet I thought I had never dined so well. The charming mother, surrounded by the five cherub heads; Engelbert, with his playful wisdom:—the heartfelt happiness of all made a deep impression on me. I confess I thought myself in Heaven, and felt provoked when Engelbert made himself merry with what he was pleased to call my sufferings as a town gourmand at his rustic table. The only expense of the house was in Engelbert's study. There he had a small but choice collection of books, maps in abundance, an electrifying machine, an air-pump, and other instruments of physical science. The study was also the school-room of the children and Augusta's boudoir, for here stood her piano. In some of the empty drawers of her husband's cabinet she kept some finer articles of dress.

"Admirable!" said I. "But your family will out-grow your play-room, my dear Engelbert. You must think of extending it."

"Not before ten years," returned he. "The temple of our happiness is small, but our happiness itself is great. We have more than room enough."

"And you are really and truly happy in these relations?"

"Look at these!" said Engelbert, pointing to his wife and children. "What joyous health in every look and gesture; And these noble forms are animated by yet nobler souls. Here is my kingdom—my republic—my all! I enjoy life in reality, not in appearance, as you do in your city palaces, full of inconvenient conveniences, and your sickening and poverty-stricken villages. I have enough for the real wants of life, and ample sphere of action for my mental powers. I live apart from the splendid misery of a corrupt refinement, but not from the nobler humanity. These are the great immortals! (pointing to his books.) To me lies open the bosom of nature—the glory of God—the way of eternity! What more should I ask or seek for?"

I pressed his hand, but with some embarrassment, for I knew not well how to answer him. I might have said, You are an enthusiast. But he was in the right, and I felt it; and also that, in many of our social relations, we are abundantly absurd, and too often sacrifice the real good of life to our conventional notions. I might have frankly admitted, You are in the right; but then I felt that he had wandered so widely from the accustomed path—his ideas and motives were so little in harmony with the ideas and motives of the age, from and with which I had been and still was acting—that a verbal acquiescence, while it was all I could give, would be of little value.

I could not sufficiently admire his wonderful activity. He farmed on his account, and took not merely a superintending but an actual share in the business of the farm. His office as justice gave abundant employment, one might have thought, and yet it seemed to be merely a supplementary one to him. Every day he spent some hours alone in his study, and his two elder boys received instruction from him. These children were taught, all that they *were* taught, *thoroughly*. The trees of the forest, the plants of the garden, the geology of the neighborhood, were familiar to them, not only in appearance, but in their nature and properties. They called them by their scientific names, for they had learned no others. The prism, the magnet, the microscope, were familiar to them as their ordinary toys. The glorious map of the heavens was open to their constant observation, and they had been early rendered familiar with the starry host.

As Engelbert took upon himself the education of the elder children and all outdoor business, Augusta labored in the same spirit in her department. As well as the usual household arrangements, the care and direction of all the land whose produce was destined for domestic supply; the corn, flax, hemp, &c.; the management of the horses, sheep, cattle, goats, &c., belonging to the farm, were superintended by her.

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Here she was absolute sovereign, and Engelbert laughingly acknowledged himself as subject.

"But, after all, what I desire to know is, how you came here," said I to him one morning. "I admit that all I see is admirable; yet, with your noble faculties, you might surely have done your country other and larger service than by becoming the Schulze of a paltry village."

He promised me an answer, and one fine Sunday morning, which he had promised to give up to me entirely, he came to fulfil his engagement. We went into the garden of the inn, which had been laid out in excellent taste for the visitors of the springs. The breakfast was prepared for us in a vine-canopied arbor, commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country. Some coffee was brought for me, but Engelbert remained true to his rustic fare—milk and rye-bread.

"And now," said he, when he had breakfasted, "I am ready to satisfy your curiosity. In the meantime, Augusta is busy with the children; afterwards we will take a walk, then we go to church. The pastor, and some few other friends, will dine with us. In the afternoon, the young people of the village propose to give you a concert; and in the evening we shall have a dance here, and you must be one of the dancers. And now hear and edify:—

I left the University half a year later than you did, continued Engelbert. My guardian wished me to remain some time longer, but I put thirty louis d'ors in my pocket, and set off on a tour through Germany into Switzerland; thence I wandered into France. From Provence I crossed the sea to Naples, and came home through Rome and Vienna. Two louis d'ors, out of my thirty, I brought back with me, for I had travelled mostly on foot, lived chiefly on bread and water, with an occasional glass of wine, and slept in barns and outhouses for nothing. I returned home just as my guardian was thinking of advertising me in the newspapers. He was extremely displeased at my proceedings, but in my own opinion I had gained as much instruction in my pedestrian tour through foreign countries, as I should have done from the chair of a professor. I passed my examination: my acquirements were extolled, and I obtained an appointment in the Woods and Forests (without salary, however), by way of initiating me into public business. After the lapse of a year, I presented myself as a candidate for promotion in my line. My superiors eulogised my activity, but objected to my age. I was only just three-and-twenty. Good, thought I; if that be all, that is a fault that will mend every day. In another year I came again, and modestly proffered my claim to some Lilliputian office.

"You have some property I understand, Mr. Engelbert?" said the President to me; "Why don't you dress better? You are really not presentable."

"Your Excellency," I answered, "the State has a right to expect good service from me, but it has nothing to do with my clothes."

His Excellency took my answer very much amiss, and I was dismissed with a cool bow. It happened about this time that there was a dispute between our Court and a neighboring one respecting some secularised church property. The right was apparently on the side of the adverse party; but I had by accident discovered in the archives of the Woods and Forests some documents which must inevitably decide the cause in our favor. I wrote thereupon a defence of the claim of our Court, printed it, together with the original document, and transmitted both to the minister to be laid before the King. My production had a great success. I received the order of merit; that is to say, an ell of ribbon to dangle at my button-hole; and, as I afterwards heard, I was looked upon as a rising man. Unluckily, I did not know what to do with the ribon, and sent it back again, with a respectful intimation that I had written neither for vanity nor any view to self-interest, but simply from a love of justice; and that orders and ribbons were of no use to me. This brought down upon me the wrath of the whole army of ribbon-givers and takers. His Excellency the President of the Woods and Forests told me plainly that he took me for a fool, that the Court was highly displeased, and that advancement was not to be thought of from that quarter. About the same time, I lost my guardian, who committed suicide when I attained my majority. The cause was made manifest soon enough. He had spent not only his own fortune, but the greatest part of mine. I was heartily sorry for the man; if he had but possessed courage enough to tell me so, he might have spared himself: I would have forgiven him freely. His property, that is to say, what remained of it, was sold. Of mine, four thousand

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guilders were all that fell to my share. His only child, a daughter, was sent to the orphan asylum. Poor child, her fate was a hard one! I had youth and health, vigor of mind and body; I could easily replace what I had lost. I should have blushed to visit the sins of the father upon the child. I invested my four thousand guilders, and gave up the interest for the education of the child, or for her maintenance till she should marry. But, for the orphan-house, I would have none of it. The best orphan asylum, like all other institutions for education out of the domestic circle, is only an institution for the corruption of morals.

The question was now, what I should do with myself? The State refused my services, because my coat was not to its liking. I shook the dust from my feet, therefore, in my native place, and left it to try and be useful elsewhere. I had kept money enough, according to my own view of the matter, to maintain me till I could find some employment. While yet a boy at school, I had read somewhere a treatise which had made a deep impression on me. The subject was —"Of Unnecessary Necessities." I had often wondered at the numberless superfluities which men choose to consider as necessaries, and, to procure which, they willingly become the sacrifice of others' vices and their own folly. The fewer wants, the fewer desires a man has, the less are his fears and vexations, the fewer his cares. The freest man is he who is least dependent on custom and convenience, and, consequently, the least affected by circumstances. The essay concluded with these words:—"Cleave to the essential alone, and leave to fools the melancholy pleasure of appearance." Even as a schoolboy, I had attempted to accommodate myself to this system. I did my duty in all things, but declined all praise from my masters. I often slept at night upon chairs beside my bed, instead of in it. I drank neither beer nor wine, tea nor coffee, but simply water. I never spent a fifth part of my pocket money on the trifles on which children are accustomed to waste their allowance, and was, therefore, often able to assist those of my schoolfellows who were poorer than myself with real necessities, books, maps, and the like. I was delighted to leave the university when, becoming entirely my own master, I could pursue unmolested the plan I had marked out for myself. The simplicity of my mode of living induced most of my acquaintance to esteem me poor. I was far richer than the greater part of them with double my income, for I wasted nothing, and owed nothing—many of those who pitied or blamed me set no limits to their wishes, and were deeply in debt.

My views of life, however, gave prodigious offence in my native city; but I could not see why I should fare sumptuously or lie softly to please others, when I could please myself at far less cost. My dress was neat, and not *out* of the fashion, but I did not particularly distinguish myself by the fineness of my linen, or employ the most fashionable tailor, and, therefore, I was held *unpresentable* in good society. I did my duty in my vocation; but I never went to "pay my respects" to my superiors, and my manners were pronounced excessively unpolished. I wished to be valued in society for my talents, natural or acquired, and my moral worth—the well-judging public insisted on fine clothes, flattery, and what it is pleased to call respect for appearances. I did not smoke; I did not play at cards; and frequented places of public amusement but little—that was called an "affectation of singularity." My disfavor with society grieved me but little, however; I lived and acted according to my own convictions, was content with moderate means, had the power of helping many with my superfluity, was always cheerful, and never sick—all that was wanting to my happiness was the means of becoming more extensively useful. I could do without the suffrage of the world. Woe to him whose felicity depends on others, if he cannot find it in serving them without expecting their applause.

CHAPTER IX.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

I spent the better part of a year in rambling about this blessed Germany of ours without finding anywhere a suitable sphere of action. Every application for fitting employment was met with a "but." It is silly enough of the people, thought I, that will have nothing to do with a man who asks no more than the means of making himself useful to the best of his ability! I had before projected a journey to London, to offer my services to explore the interior of Africa for the benefit of the world

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and of science; and, if they were not then accepted, to visit that part of the world on my own account. No sooner thought of than done; I turned my face to the northwest.

One evening, I entered the inn of a little town in my way, much fatigued. While my supper was preparing, I took up a provincial "Intelligencer," in which I saw an advertisement for a village schoolmaster; the salary was fifty guilders, with a house, firing, and the use of three acres of land. It struck me directly that this was the very thing for me. A village schoolmaster! The calling, generally esteemed so humble, is in fact one of the very highest importance. I might become the reformer of a whole village, the savior of a thousand unhappy and neglected human beings. To how many important politico-economical, moral, religious, and patriotic points of view might I not pave the way for improvement? Poor as the remuneration was, it was sufficient for me. Real service, in fact, can never be *paid for*. How can virtues of any kind be rewarded by the State? State remuneration can only be measured by the greater or less expenditure of knowledge and activity required. For a village schoolmastership, it is held that very little knowledge or labor is wanting; it is a low kind of thing altogether; hence the pecuniary recompense is paltry. But, for a master of the ceremonies, or a court chamberlain, indeed, most uncommon talents and virtues are demanded; and that is no doubt the reason why more is paid for such articles than for village schoolmasters throughout the kingdom.

I went and offered myself as a candidate for the vacant office. The testimonials of ability I brought with me were examined, and I found I had the honor to be taken for a runaway student; that did not concern me very greatly. Against my capabilities in reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing, there was nothing to be said, and yet the authorities hesitated. Nor was I greatly surprised that they did; for it is not very usual for a man, who upon occasion could read and speak his six languages, to become a village schoolmaster. I doubt if, after all, I should have obtained the place, had there been any other candidates but myself and a deaf tailor.

My sound ears had the preference.

"Hark you, friend," said the Examiner and President of the High Provincial School Commission; "you shall have the place, but, understand, provisionally, for one year, in the course of which we shall see if your moral conduct is approved of."

My letter of provisional installation was duly delivered to me, and with it a letter to the most reverend Pastor Pflock in Hard, who was to induct me into my office.

I was as happy as a king—assuming that kings are in general happier than village schoolmasters. My dwelling in Hard was a ruinous barrack, as dirty as an uncleansed stable; every window patched with paper, and my sitting room a gloomy den without a stove. The only stove in the place was in the school-room, which was to be tenanted every day by me and sixty-five-children, of both sexes. The garden was impassable from rubbish; the three acres of land offered a complete *Flora Hardinensis*, not a wild flower or weed growing in the whole country round but had its specimen there. Heavens! here was room and verge enough for the spirit of reform to revel in.

The most reverend Pastor Pflock received me with severe dignity; gave me abundance of advice; and presented me the following Sunday after service to his congregation, with much solemnity, and many sharp warnings to my juvenile troop.

Pastor Pflock was esteemed a most zealous and orthodox man, who thundered every Sunday against infidels and dissenters with the voice of a stentor; painted the terrors of hell every fortnight, and the joys of heaven once a month; and, once a quarter, we had a vision of the last judgment. But, on the week days, and in common life, he was a common kind of man enough, who was content to let the world wag as it listed, and troubled his head very little about the sayings or doings of his peasants, provided the due offerings were made to his kitchen, and he was not forgotten at wedding feasts and christenings. His flock was ignorant, brutal, poor, and lazy; almost every one was in debt; their agriculture wretched, their method of rearing cattle as bad as possible, and their favorite amusements squabbling, fighting, and going to law. The only thriving person in the village was the Schulze, who also kept the public house, and was a diligent fomenter of the quarrelsome and litigious propensities of his neighbors, by which he was a gainer both ways. The very exterior of the village, the rows of miserable cottages full of dirt and disorder, the coarse, lumpish demeanor of the peasants and their

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wives, the rude audacity of the children, their ragged and dirty clothing, all convinced me that here was my appointed sphere of usefulness—here was I called to labor in my vocation in promoting the happiness of my fellow-men. I danced for joy round the schoolroom like a fool, till the house shook again.

The poverty of the school fund obliged me to make the necessary repairs at my own expense, if I would have it done at all. I had the windows mended, and the walls whitewashed, and floors, tables, benches, and doors, thoroughly scoured; dug up my garden and planted it with vegetables, and set my three acres in order with my own hands. I kept a goat in the stable for the milk; and I had common right of pasture with the rest of the village. I was soon at home in my new abode. The reverend pastor himself was not cleaner or more comfortably lodged. The villagers stared, and seemed as much surprised at my orderly poverty as I was at their nasty abundance.

CHAPTER X.

BEGINNING OF THE REFORMATION.

As soon as I had arranged my dwelling to my liking, I began my operations on the rising generation. They drove every day in and out of the schoolhouse like a herd of swine. I began by accustoming every child to salute me on entering by giving me his hand; and those who came with them dirty were dispatched forthwith to remedy the evil at the spring behind the house. Hands and feet I required to be as clean as the face. Very few seemed to have any acquaintance with the comb. I desired they should all be combed smooth before they came, and the little savages laughed in my face. The laughing I soon settled with the cane. I entreated the assistance of the pastor, and begged him to preach to his flock on the uses of cleanliness. His reverence opened his eyes wider than usual—"What has that to do with religion, schoolmaster? Be so good as to mind your own business." However, with the assistance of the stick, I accomplished the combing also. The clothing now came under consideration. Here nothing was to be done by force. My pupils were all ragged—that I could not help, but I insisted that the rags should be clean. I gave little prizes to those who came to school clean for a week together — needles, knitting needles, scissors, knives, and other trifles, which I bought by the dozen at the neighboring fairs. The whole village, including the parson and the Schulze, sneered at my innovations; but I pursued my own plan obstinately.

Human beings must be *unbrutified* before they can be educated. With the help of these small rewards, I produced a very considerable improvement in the course of the year among the youth of the village; and here and there a few of the elders began to feel some shame, when the children themselves began to notice their dirty habits. As I passed through the village or the fields, the little ones would leave their play, and come to greet me with a smile, and offer their hands. They all liked me; they were afraid of my cane, pleased with my presents, and delighted to listen to the stories which I related to them.

My liberalities made a wonderful talk in the village. In the first year I had really spent more than I received. Two of the poorest, half-naked children I had clothed anew at my own cost, and these proceedings puzzled the good people extremely. A village schoolmaster was generally the poorest where all were poor; no man who possessed any property of his own, however small, would take such an office. Instead, like my predecessors, of accepting presents, or rather alms, from the parents of the scholars, I gave away more than any one else. No one knew what to make of me. Some were of opinion that I was a fugitive from justice, a cash-keeper who had run away with his master's money, or something of the sort. It was a matter of course that people who rarely did or thought any good themselves should think no better of me. The pastor, however, gave a good character of me to the provincial school commission, though not without some strictures on the system of giving rewards to the scholars. But as giving is not so positively forbidden by the law as taking, I was confirmed in my office of schoolmaster for life.

CHAPTER XI.

PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION.

As soon as I was assured of my dignity, I lightened my class by dividing the school

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into classes, and making the elder pupils assist in teaching the younger, and by this method brought them all forward more quickly. For the poorest girls, I bought wool and knitting needles, taught them to make use of them, and gave them what they made for their own property. This piqued the parents who were in better circumstances—their daughters should be no worse off than their companions; the knitting became general, and in time was followed by sewing. A poor woman in the village, with whom I divided my salary, undertook the instruction of the girls in needlework. In the space of a year not only the dirty, but the torn gowns and jackets had nearly vanished from my schoolroom. In some few indeed, the love of dirt and disorder seemed ineradicable; like other diseases, it ran in the blood, and descended from generation to generation.

While the girls were making these advances in civilization, their male associates were not behindhand. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, were diligently pursued; and the diligence was rewarded by the relation of stories of various kinds. It is incredible with what eagerness they would throng round me, when, on a holiday or Sunday afternoon, I took my seat in the fields or woods for this purpose. Every other amusement was readily forsaken for this; and many, even of the grown-up lads, who had ceased to attend the school, never failed to join their younger companions on these occasions. Sometimes I gave them a lesson in natural philosophy, or history, in geography, or a moral lecture; but always in the form of a story. The young people thought they were only amused, while I was gradually undermining their prejudices, awakening their moral sense, and enlarging their views of the world.

I had not less satisfaction in the singing lessons which it was my duty, as a schoolmaster, to give. I had some excellent voices among my scholars, and the vicar choral of a neighboring town assisted me with notes and exercises. My young flock got on exceedingly well; but to amend the church singing, where the elders were concerned, was more than I could accomplish. The whole strength of their lungs was brought into play upon all occasions; they seemed to make a conscience of never sparing them. I presumed to direct the attention of Pastor Pflock to this subject, and asked him to use his influence with his worthy congregation that they should not bellow so unmercifully.

"Eh! what do you mean by that?" said the pastor. "I let every one give free course to his devotional feelings; let them cry aloud, and spare not. Lukewarm singing, lukewarm Christianity, in my opinion."

Apparently he had communicated my ridiculous, my unchristian censure, as he called it, to his whole flock; for I soon remarked that they roared more pitilessly than ever, and came out of church red-hot with their exertions, and as hoarse as ravens.

I found I must be on my guard with these good people, with whom I was very evidently anything but popular; and with my singing, sewing, washing, combing, and story-telling, passed for an innovating, mischievous busy-body. For this judgment, I was not a little indebted to the pastor, to whom I was not sufficiently submissive; and to the Schulze still more largely, because I never spent anything in his house, and purloined, as he considered it, some of his customers, with my Sunday story-telling.

I might have experienced more active efforts of the ill-will of this last dignitary and his partisans, had I not been, in some measure, defended from them by the warm attachment of the children, who never failed to give me warning in time of any conspiracy against me. But what contributed more than all to keep me scatheless from their malice, was a kind of superstitious belief in my powers of mischief—a belief, which being first induced by the old women of the village, had found ready admittance with all.

They took me, in short, for a conjuror, or something of the kind. To this wise conjecture, my extraordinary liberality, taken in conjunction with the scantiness of my apparent means, might have partly contributed, and partly that I had found out and frustrated more than one or two spiteful tricks, intended to be played on me. It happened several times that I received a private visit from one or the other individual whose cow gave bad milk, or who had lost anything in house or field, to request that I would cut the cards, or make a spell of some kind to discover the criminal. It was in vain that I tried to reason them out of this preposterous folly, and refused the offered money. They remained firm in their faith, that "I knew more than I should." Even my poor three acres brought

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me under suspicion, because from being the worst, they were now the best and most productive in the parish. Although every one with their own eyes saw, or might see, that the elder lads helped me in the cultivation of the land, and the younger ones took it by turns to weed for me; although I offered them the plainest and simplest rules to obtain a like result with my own, they preferred their own solution of the enigma, "I knew more than I should," "the devil had a hand in it," &c.

I saw that the elder part of the population were not to be converted. My best hopes rested on their children, who were in a great measure under my influence. I had done much in the course of five years, when a scandalous attempt on the part of the pastor threatened the destruction of my whole plans of reformation. One day the pastor sent for me; received me with extraordinary and unusual civility; and while I was endeavoring to find out his motive for such an unexpected manifestation, he surprised me by a proposal to bestow on me in marriage a young person who lived in his house in some dependent capacity. He promised a good portion with her. I had no inclination to listen to or repeat village scandal, but I could not be ignorant that the girl's conduct was not irreproachable, and Pastor Pflock knew it full well. Of course I gave a direct and immediate refusal; perhaps I was somewhat too abrupt. From that time forward he never preached a sermon without launching forth into invectives against all profligate innovators and "infidels." If I had any doubt as to whom these thunders were directed, his looks would have speedily enlightened me and everybody else, but I despised them too heartily to take any notice of them. By and by I received notice that complaints had been lodged against me with the School Commission. I was charged with immoral conduct; I was unfit to be trusted with the instruction of children. I demanded a hearing; I demanded the names of my accusers, which could not well be refused me; and I never rested till the accusation and its cause had been traced home to Pastor Pflock. The motives for his extraordinary proposal were now clear enough, and I succeeded in making them appear so to the Commission. From bullying, the unworthy pastor descended to supplication, that the business might not become generally known. It transpired, nevertheless; before many days were over, everything that had passed in the justice-room was known to every man, woman, and child in Hard. In another quarter of a year Pastor Pflock was removed, and another, Pastor Bode, replaced him.

The latter, a pious and excellent man, somewhat advanced in life, and well acquainted with the world, without being corrupted by time, supported me warmly in every attempt for the improvement of the people, and labored zealously in his own calling for the object. He went from cottage to cottage to give advice, warning, help, and consolation. I grieve to say, he reaped but a scanty harvest with all his toil. His preaching was not half so much attended or admired as Pflock's had been, the customary offerings to the parsonage kitchen much scantier. The good people of Hard maintained stoutly that Pastor Bode "did not preach the right sort of religion: he was half an infidel, he did not believe in hell," &c., &c. And then they shook their heads, and sighed for the high-seasoned homilies of Pastor Pflock, and the discourse usually ended with the ejaculation, "Ah, he was the man, his were something like sermons! Hard will not see his like again in a hurry!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE COLONY.

About this time a certain Baron Von Loecke paid a visit to Hard, on account of some forest land which he inherited in the neighborhood, and which he wanted to dispose of again, as he did not mean to live in this part of the country. The Government had declined to purchase, because wood was not at all wanted here, and there was no navigable river to aid in its disposal elsewhere. The Baron next offered it to the parish of Hard, as the forest lay so conveniently at hand. But the parish was poor and in debt; it was not in any particular want of wood; and if it were, preferred greatly stealing it from the Baron's forest to buying of him. The offer was refused, although he would have lowered his first demand of nine to seven thousand guilders. The baron was quite at a loss what to do with his new acquisition, and went to ask the advice of Pastor Bode, who referred him to me as the person in Hard most likely to give him proper counsel. He came, and the thought suddenly occurred to me to buy the wood

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myself. My plan was ready in a few minutes. I could not be a loser. The Baron swore at the whole business; he wanted, above all things, to be rid of the trouble, and at last declared that if I could find him a purchaser he should have the whole for six thousand. I told him at once that I would buy it myself if he would accept the half in ready money, and allow me a reasonable time to pay the other half, with a moderate rate of interest. He stared, first at me, and then at my naked schoolroom; but people soon come to an understanding when both parties mean to do so. The bargain was soon struck, and the necessary instruments drawn up. I drew my outstanding capital of four thousand guilders from my native city; paid out of my pocket a yearly sum equivalent to the interest of it, which, if you remember, I had destined for the support of my guardian's daughter, and the Baron received the promised moiety immediately.

The whole village was up in arms at the news of my purchase. No doubt I was supposed to have found the philosopher's stone. I was laughed at for my folly, nevertheless, and many rejoiced beforehand in the expectation that I had certainly overreached myself in my bargain.

The laughter did not very greatly disturb my equanimity. I hired wood-cutters, and a few experienced makers of potash, bought tubs and cauldrons, built furnaces for the calcining, and transformed the fine beech wood into potash. My projects extended themselves. One of my best friends in the village was a young man named Lebrecht, an active, intelligent fellow, who had often assisted me in the school. I now made it over to him entirely, with the income, such as it was, and procured a ratification of the appointment from the Commission. The only share I retained was the story-telling lesson, as it might be called. The schoolhouse I gave up entirely to my successor, and built a temporary abode in the forest, to be near my workmen. I had cottages built for them also, which could be tenanted in winter; and thus commenced a new mode of life, pretty much like that of a settler in the back woods of America. The Harders shook their heads at my foolish undertaking, while one acre after another was changed into potash. In a year some hundreds of acres were cleared. My potash found a rapid sale, and thus the old, impenetrable beech forest, snugly packed in barrels, wandered to all parts of the world. The half of the produce was more than sufficient to pay the remainder of the purchase-money; the Baron was paid sooner than I expected, and I had besides some capital in hand, and the land. I now set to work upon a more substantial dwelling for myself, with barns and outhouses. I bought cattle, laid out the land in pasture and arable land, and so turned farmer as well as potash maker. In draining some part of the meadows, I discovered a spring. In testing its fitness for domestic purposes, I found it was mineral. There is no other in all the country round. A new plan was quickly formed. I built this house for the reception of visitors, and advertised the healing properties of the spring in all the newspapers. It succeeded beyond all my expectations; the visitors were so numerous that in a few years I was obliged to add wings to the bathing-house. My capital yielded me a high interest. I portioned off more than three hundred acres into small farms, and built houses upon them, for which I had lime, sand, and wood gratis, and every house had its tenant ready as soon as it was finished. I chose, in preference to all others, skilful artisans, who were either wanted by the water-drinking guests, or were not easily found in the neighborhood. I took care that the leases should be sufficiently advantageous to the tenant, to give him a real interest in the success of my colony. I was lawgiver as well as landlord, and my indulgence on some points and inexorable severity on others, where the integrity of my colonists was concerned, were so well known, that my regulations were submitted to without hesitation. Look behind you, dear Röden, at those buildings, fourteen in number, which stand on the rising ground by the side of the forest. That is my colony.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NEW DIGNITY.

Among the yearly visitors to the waters, some of the authorities of the land were occasionally to be found, to whom I became known. Had I been dressed like one of themselves, my acquirements would certainly have raised no astonishment, but in one clothed in the coarse garments of a peasant, they were esteemed something wonderful. I passed, moreover, for an

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opulent man, and these two circumstances procured my appointment as Schulze in Hard, on the death of the old one, in spite of all the ancient inhabitants could say against it. My new dignity gave me as much joy, as, under other relations, the post of Prime Minister could have done. I was now in the position I had long desired, and my sphere of action exactly what I wished it to be. I was no stranger to the ingratitude of the Harders, but what else was to be expected from a people so poverty-stricken, ignorant, lazy, and stupid? I must humanize them before I could look for humaner and nobler feelings from them.

I immediately began to work out my projects. Pastor Bode and the schoolmaster Lobrecht were zealous co-operators. Even as Schulze, I continued my narrative lessons to the youth of the village. It was too powerful an engine in my scheme of moral reformation to be neglected. Eight years' experience had rendered me familiar with the chief sources of mischief in Hard, and I hastened to destroy them. One of the greatest was the litigious spirit of the people. They went to law about everything. I took upon myself to be attorney, in defiance of the attorneys, and examined those local regulations which most nearly concerned my peasants, and were most fertile in stuff for lawsuits. A good many I put an end to by amicable arrangement, and the number of my clients increased daily. My office enabled me continually to detect and frustrate the artifices by which provincial advocates often fermented and kept alive the foolish squabbles of the poor ignorant people for their own advantage. This alone was an immeasurable advantage for the village. In the midst of all these official labors, something occurred to me of which I had certainly often thought, but never before felt—something which turned my head for a time, and put an effectual stop to my reformations.

One day I drove a waggon myself with a freight of potash to Berg, a market town about twelve miles from Hard, and where my agent for the sale of it lived. In the waggon I had also a sack of beans, which fell from it as I drove into Berg. A lad who was passing directed my attention to my loss. I ran back, and hoisted the sack on my shoulder to replace it in the waggon. At that moment a very pretty girl, whose dress announced her an inhabitant of Berg, came up with me. I do not know how I looked at her or how she looked at me, but I felt the strongest sensation I had ever experienced in my life. While I was staring like a booby, I lost my hat, and, encumbered as I was, I could not stoop to recover it. The beauty saw my embarrassment, and turning back with the best-hearted smile in the world, picked up the hat and gave it to me. To this day I do not know how I thanked her at all. The smile bewitched me so that I could think of nothing else, and am only surprised how I found my way to my agent's.

In the house of the agent a room was always reserved for me, because, in my frequent journeys to and fro, I found it sometimes convenient to remain the night in Berg. I might as well have gone back this time, but I did not. I stayed in the hope of seeing my little beauty again, and never left the window commanding a view of the main street till I was called to dinner.

As I entered the room where the dinner was served, who should I see but the very object of my thoughts standing by the table; she was evidently preparing to dine with us. The post of honor at the upper end was assigned to me; and the fair stranger placed herself opposite to me. Frau Diedrich, the agent's wife, said something to me, to which I replied, "good, they are exquisite." "Good heavens! how sorry I am you did not come last week," exclaimed the good lady, "we had some much better." "Much better!" said I, bewitched. Frau Diedrich was talking about the carp, and I of the black eyes of the maiden. The fair girl smiled, and looked down.

"Lieber Himmel Herr Schulze, I don't think you heard a word I said?" said my hostess.

"Let the matter alone, wife," said the agent, rising to fetch his pipe. "Herr Schulze is a learned man: he was stargazing."

"Who is your new companion?" I seized the first moment of asking, when the beautiful stranger had withdrawn.

"She is no companion of mine," replied Frau Diedrich; "she is a poor girl whom my sister the Pastorinn Muller has brought up. My brother-in-law is lately dead, and my sister being obliged to leave the vicarage, has sent her to me till she is settled again."

"Poor, is she? So much the better for me," thought I. "Then I may hope I am not poor. I am not more than three and thirty, and not so bad-looking." But then

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I looked again at the delicate town-bred girl, and then at myself—a potash-maker, in my peasant's blouse! My courage sank a hundred fathoms deep.

Passing by the kitchen, I saw my beauty, with an apron before her, busy over the fire, and the thermometer rose a little. She looked as performing an accustomed duty. In the evening, as I was sitting alone in my room, I heard something knocking like a knife on a chopping board. I listened again, and recognised the sound of a detestable old harpsichord, with about as much tone as a tin kettle, and horribly out of tune into the bargain. Thinking it was one of Diedrich's boys amusing himself, I opened the door between, and entered abruptly. Lo, and behold! there sat the fair maiden again, alone! and the room was evidently the one appropriated to her use for the time. She started and colored at my unceremonious entry, and so did I. I seemed destined to appear before her in some awkward guise or other. Now the mischief was done, I could only make the best excuse I could think of, and beg permission to try my skill at tuning the old harpsichord. She consented: I brought it into something like order; and was rewarded by hearing her play, which she did with great taste and feeling. The tin kettle sounded like the music of the spheres. She expressed some surprise to find me musical, and, afterwards, that I could, unlike most country people, speak of anything else than country matters.

"Are the country people all so learned with you, Mr. Schulze?" asked she, with her gentle smile.

I do not know what I answered. The smile and the glance of her black eyes took away my breath and my senses for the time. The poor child seemed to have but little to amuse her in Diedrich's house, for on my asking her to walk out with me, she was ready in a moment. The walk did her good: her features lost a certain tinge of melancholy which I had admired as the greatest of charms till I saw the same features lighted up with smiles, and then I found gladness best became them. At supper, she sat opposite to me again; and after supper, we went to the old harpischord again. This was too much. I never closed my eyes that night. The morning star found me as wakeful as the evening had left me. Lovers reckon by the stars, because they hover in spirit above the earth while they are lovers. I fancied I must be ill, and so I told Diedrich, and made that the excuse for remaining the whole day at Berg. My dear little neighbor had abundance of compassion for me, and did her best to amuse me. While she sang to me, or talked or walked with me, the headache I complained of left me, but my heart—ah, friend Röder! When I returned to Hard, on the third day, I was absolutely miserable. I thought I was going to die, and I believe I made some verses to the moon!

My official duties began to be terribly importunate, and, I am afraid, were very indifferently performed the week after my visit to Berg. On the other hand, I was seized with a sudden zeal for beautifying my house, and had many things done which had hitherto appeared to me extremely superfluous. I even bought an excellent piano, which I found on sale in a neighboring town. This was hardly to be called a superfluity, but I had not felt inclined to cultivate my musical talents the whole eight or nine years I had spent at Hard with half the zeal as since my visit to Berg. The next time I drove over, I bestowed a little more attention on my dress, and when I caught sight of the church tower of Berg behind the pine wood, I could almost hear my heart beat. Diedrich and his wife received me with their wonted cordiality, and their sweet friend returned my awkward greeting with a smile and a blush that looked almost like pleasure at seeing me again.

The harpsichord wanted tuning again, and while I was doing it, I mentioned my purchase of a new piano, and expressed a hope that I should hear her play on it some day, and that was all I said. We went out to walk, and among the thousand things we talked about, the thing I wished most to say was exactly what I did not and could not say.

"Shall you be here again next week?" asked she, when she gave me her hand at parting. We were alone, and yet like an idiot, as I was, I could find no answer, but —"On Thursday certainly," as if I had been talking only to Frau Diedrich.

All the way home I had employment enough in quarrelling with myself, and vowing in my heart to acquit myself the ensuing week somewhat less like a simpleton.

My home was no longer as it had been to me. I wandered through my colony. I looked at my own creation, on the testimony of a resolute purpose, resolutely pur-

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sued. I saw it was right, but it did not rejoice me; I could not look on my work and say "that it was good." Beyond the right and useful, something was wanting, something higher, and that lay beyond my power. My work wanted consecration; as yet, in my little world, the "beautiful" was not! And the beautiful is everywhere the reflected light of Love; when hallowing the earthly, it reveals itself to earth.

This week that passed before I went to Berg again, was certainly longer than the whole eight years I had spent in Hard. This time I found courage to say that the time had appeared immeasurably long since I had seen her, and she answered innocently, "I am very glad when you come: I am so lost here. It is a pleasure to meet any one with whom we can sympathize." And hereupon we were both silent, perhaps, because I took her hand and drew it within my arm, at these words; a freedom I had never ventured on before. I did, however, find courage enough, after a while, to say, that "I should have thought it more likely that she would find here and everywhere hearts only too ready to sympathize with her's," to which she answered nothing, and I was as well satisfied that she did not.

When we returned to the house, I invited Diedrich and his wife to come over to Hard and look at my new buildings. "That we will gladly," answered he. "I want to give Miss Augusta a day's pleasure before she goes back next week;" and here he handed her a letter from his sister-in-law, her protectress.

"And are you really going to leave us?" I asked her, as she sat at the old harpsichord in the evening.

Her hands dropped into her lap—"I must, my foster-mother has sent for me."

I thought I saw a tear sparkle through her long eyelashes, and ventured to press her hand to my lips, when we parted for the night.

On my return to Hard, Diedrich and his whole family accompanied me. And when I was once more at home, and saw that home lighted by her bright presence, sunshine and joy were in me and around me! My work was hallowed by the breath of love. The good was wedded to the beautiful.

Man's heart and hand can accomplish great things in the stir and tumult of the world. Woman is powerless in its troubled strife, yet nobler in her weakness, because more alien to the mere earthly than man. She sanctifies him through her love, awakens in him the sense of the beautiful, and she alone has received from Heaven the gift of crowning his brow with the wreath of victory. For men can never reward men for the struggle and the conquest. All that men can accomplish alone may be great, but it is loveless, just in its purpose, but austere in aspect. Man's only exclusive work is red-handed war. Woe to that world where love is not!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HIGHEST FESTIVAL.

I lodged my guests in the Baths, with a private hint to the landlord and his wife to amuse and occupy Diedrich and his wife as much as possible, that I might keep Augusta exclusively to myself. Frau Diedrich was scandalized at the humility of my household arrangements, and could not understand why I did not "live better," as she phrased it. "I might easily do so," I answered, looking at the only person to whom I was desirous of recommending my humble dwelling, "but it is not necessary to my happiness. I will do without unnecessary necessaries, that I may have wherewith to supply the real ones."

Diedrich shook his head, and merely replied, "Herr Schulze, you are a humorist." But the beloved one looked on me with sparkling eye and kindling cheek. "Where such spotless neatness reigns, who would seek or desire other adornment?" cried she. "When health and contentment are the companions, who asks whether they sit at a table of beechen wood or mahogany?—if they are served on earthenware, or from porcelain and silver?"

I pressed the hand of my sweet advocate in silent gratitude, and led her through ever part of my domain; she had understanding and sympathy for all, and while her eyes wandered over the wide spreading prospect, rich in fruit and promise, her heart seemed to swell within her, her eyes filled with tears—"This is heavenly," she murmured.

"And will you forsake it then?" said I; "will it be heavenly to me when you are gone?" She was silent, as if she did not understand me. "Oh remain. Where else would you be loved and cherished as you are loved and cherished here? Be

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mine! For me there is no happiness without you. You are an orphan; if I may hope to win your heart, who shall refuse me your hand?"

"It is true I have neither father nor mother," said Augusta, and a shade of sadness crossed the clear heaven of her brow, like a white cloud over the transparent depths of summer sky. "But I have made a vow to myself, and I will keep it, never to dispose of myself without the consent and approbation of a man whom I love and honor beyond others in the world."

"And who may the honored one be?" I asked, with a beating heart. "The noblest minded being on earth," she replied warmly. "My father's death was sudden and most grievous. He had, though from no fault of his own, ruined a young man who had been his ward; and yet this young man was the only person in the world who had compassion on his orphan child. He shared with me the little my father's misfortune had left him, provided me with suitable protection, gave me an education—any good that may be in me is his work. I owe him every breath I draw, I honor him as my second father. Where to find him I know not, for, like the Providence that blesses us unseen, he has never been visible to my gratitude; two letters I wrote to him remain unanswered; yet my determination is unalterable never to accept the hand of any man without asking and obtaining his approbation."

"And his name?" asked I, breathless with expectation. "His name is Engelbert." "And yours is Augusta Lenz." She looked at me with surprise. I took her hand and led her back into the house, into my study, and took from the drawer of my desk two letters which I laid before her.

"Good heavens, how did these letters fall into your hands, Mr. Schulze," exclaimed Augusta, as she recognised her own hand-writing. "I am Engelbert," was all I could say. In spite of all I could do to hinder her, Augusta sank on her knees before me, seized my hands, and covered them with tears and kisses.

"Let me, let me," she sobbed, resisting my efforts to raise her. "How I have longed for this moment, when I could pour out my whole heart before my benefactor, my only friend."

But I need say no more, my friend; you will guess how I answered, and how I sped in my wooing. From that moment began the real happiness of my life—a happiness that has never known pause or hindrance in its course, nor will, I hope and trust, till the hearts of both are stilled in death.

You may perhaps be surprised that we did not become sooner known to each other, and yet the cause was very simple. My agent Diedrich had never called me by any other name than my official one, as the people hereabouts are wont to do, and Augusta, who was a stranger to Hard and its relations, had taken it for granted that "Herr Schulze" bore only his family name, and no very uncommon one either.

Whatever Frau Diedrich could say against the irregularity of such a proceeding, I empowered my good friend, Pastor Bode, to publish the bans forthwith. Augusta had given me a double right, in admitting my authority as guardian to its full extent, to insist on her leaving Hard no more. To the good woman who had charge of my bride, she wrote by my desire, ensuring to her the yearly sum she had hitherto received as the price of Augusta's maintenance, and which she was not in circumstances to spare without inconvenience. Diedrich and his wife remained with Augusta my guests at the baths. As bride, I invested her with the full authority of the future mistress, to order and arrange all within and without the house, according to her own pleasure. What a week we passed! second only in felicity to those we have known since.

On the day of our wedding, my kind and gentle Augusta made her appearance, not in the extravagant and somewhat ridiculous finery of a town bride, but in the simple and unpretending costume suitable to the wife of a village Schulze—the guide and associate of peasants, over whom she claimed no other superiority but the undisputed and undisputable one of greater knowledge and virtue.

A fortnight after this, Pastor Bode joined our hands at the altar.

CHAPTER XV.

A FORTUNATE MISFORTUNE.

Augusta's diligence and skill in domestic arrangements spared me many a care. Freed from all anxiety for my private affairs, I could devote myself the more entirely to the weightier duties of my office.

I had been about two years married,

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when the terrible day came which reduced all Hard to ashes. The conflagration had its origin in some very usual but unpardonable piece of carelessness, on the part of one of the inhabitants. All help was useless. The good people of Hard stood by stupified and totally inactive, while others from the neighboring villages were exerting themselves to the utmost to save their cattle and farming stock. There were not half a dozen houses left standing.

The blow was a heavy one; the people were too ignorant and lazy to be otherwise than poor; the aid afforded by Government scanty, when measured by the want. The sufferers looked at one another in helpless consternation; the greatness of the calamity had robbed them not only of their property but of their heads and their hands, such as they were. I alone did not despair —nay, even saw ground for hope, from the very extent of the misfortune. All were now alike poor. They must work, if they meant to eat.

As soon as it became a question of rebuilding the village, I delivered a memorial to the Government, in which I endeavored to prove that a great advantage might accrue to the community of Hard, if such exchanges were effected between the owners of the land as to fix every man in the centre, or nearly so, of his own portion. By this means, not only would the danger of a similar catastrophe be considerably lessened, but, what was of yet more consequence, a fruitful source of dispute and litigation would be cut off, by the comparative isolation of the proprietors. My plan was approved of, and a commission appointed to effect the necessary exchanges, at the head of which I was placed, in spite of the murmurs and opposition of the Harders. The business was arranged at last, but not without considerable difficulty; and every man's portion of land brought within a ring-fence. The grand want at present was of timber for building. There was none fit for the purpose to be procured but from a considerable distance, and consequently at an enormous price; and many were the lamentations that Baron von Loscke's forests had not been purchased when he offered them ten years before.

I now caused the remainder of my timber to be felled, and sold it at the most moderate price, without requiring immediate payment. The greater part I allowed to remain over two years, without interest. To many persons I advanced money. The Government did its part. For the poorest of all, liberal collections were made among the guests at the baths. In little more than a year, the village rose from its ashes in scattered dwellings, as you now see it. As a further security against fire, I had public ovens built, apart from the dwelling houses; better engines provided, and a well dug near every house. I had the water from my own lands, and those of others situate on the heights, conducted into one common channel, and directed towards the waste common land. Here the great canal was divided into a number of smaller canals, passing through the meadows, the fertility of which was increased three-fold, by artificial inundation. The fields and gardens around soon showed signs of improvement. Being immediately under the eye of the owner, they were more carefully cultivated, and much valuable time spared, which had formerly been wasted in running from one outlying field to another. Poverty and necessity compelled the greater part to economy both of time and money. The public house in the village was less visited. In my inn, I allowed neither wine nor spirits to be sold. The widow of the former Schulze, who still kept the house in the village, abused me most unmercifully; but I obtained my object. Had she followed my advice, and arranged her house for the reception of the water-drinkers and bathers, she might have been a much richer woman, for this house is often so full that new guests are continually obliged to leave the place for want of lodging.

It is true that the greater part of the village is still in debt to me, but their other debts are nearly acquitted, and this was the consequence of real misfortune. Our village is the most flourishing and industrious, and therefore the highest in credit in the whole country. We have no more lawsuits, and squabbling and fighting are scarcely remembered amongst us. Many of my former scholars of both sexes are now themselves parents, and I may honestly assert are as warmly attached to me as ever. Order and cleanliness greet the eye and gladden the heart on every side.

It may have contributed in some measure to this happy change, that I remitted the interest of the sums owing to me to those who distinguished themselves the year through in the neatness of their houses and persons, the cultivation and good order of their fields, and in keeping free from quarrels and litigation. By way of encourage-

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ment to the rest, I made a gift of the whole capital due to me, to the three families who first worked themselves free from all other debt.

Engelbert had proceeded thus far in his narration, when we were interrupted by Augusta. She looked like a rose in its full pride of beauty, with all its buds clustering round. The infant was on her arm, the youngest boy clinging to her side, and the elder ones frolicking about her. What a morning greeting was there! I felt a child among those happy children of nature.

The bell for church came up through the valley. We went all together, and I shall not easily forget the effect of the hymn of praise sung in four parts by the numerous congregation. The address of the silver-haired pastor was worthy of the rest—earnest, simple, touching, intelligible to all—practical for this life, yet teaching to look beyond it.

When the service was over, the whole community assembled under the lime trees. The Schulze spoke in a kind and friendly manner to several who addressed him, and then, mounting a bench, read some Government proclamations, and explained and cleared up some misunderstanding respecting them. When this business was over, he pointed me out with his hand to the assembly, and said—"I have here an old and dear friend on a visit to me; and as I wish to give him pleasure, and also to make known to him those young people who have particularly distinguished themselves by their conduct since our last meeting, I invite them all to a dance and supper with me this evening."

And here the Schulze read a long list of names from a paper which he held in his hand: hereupon a general whispering, handshaking, and smiling took place, and the assembly separated with joyous faces and sparkling eyes. The reverend pastor, the schoolmaster, Librecht, an intelligent, well-informed young countryman, possessed of considerable natural talent and ardent thirst for knowledge, and the doctor and his wife, joined us at dinner, which, contrary to Engelbert's usual custom, was very handsome, and had been prepared at the bathing-house. I never passed a happier evening, and have rarely listened to a better concert. Seven-and-forty voices, male and female, executed choruses and motets, from Grann, Handel, Rolle, and Haydn, with a purity of style and precision of tone that would not have disgraced a concert in the capital. Engelbert, his wife, and two elder boys, were among the singers. The concert was given in the open air, behind the garden of the bathing-house. The place seemed made for the purpose. A soft echo from the distant rocks sent back the harmony in magic sweetness; the evening sun shone in full splendor on the fields, and broke through the trees on the broad grassy glade where we stood, chequering its deep emerald with broad gleams of gold, and hovering like a glory round many a fair young head. I confess the whole scene had something inexpressibly touching to me.

O! and all this is the work of one man! thought I, gazing around me. And this man, who, wherever he moved and looked, beheld his own creation, and that it was good, stood there simple and unassuming among the rest, a peasant among peasants. When the concert was over, I clasped his hand with heartfelt emotion, and exclaimed involuntarily, "Thou art one of the really great in the rustic garb."

The evening closed with a dance in the large and handsome saloon of the dwelling-house.* Augusta was my first partner, and a very charming one I found her; and after her, some of the prettiest of the wives and maidens of Hard. Many of them danced exceedingly well, and did infinite credit to the Frau Schulzin, who had been their only instructress. The venerable grey-haired pastor, who mingled with his flock like a grandfather among his beloved children's children, was not the least interesting person of the group. We sat at supper as chance or choice dictated. A fair young rustic, who sat next me, entertained me very agreeably and very rationally—far more so than many a fashionable damsel, whom it has been my lot to meet in circles of far higher pretensions, has done since.

As soon as my carriage was mended, and my servant in condition to travel, I left Hard. Engelbert, who considered me as his guest in a house that belonged to him, would not hear of my offering any remuneration where I had lodged. I left his village, therefore, as his debtor, with what feelings of genuine admiration and respect, I need not describe to you. You have now the history of my second Millionaire (continued Councillor Von Rodern), deduce what advantage you can for the point in dispute.

Even those among us who had defended Morn's Misanthropy could not deny that

* A common practice in Germany.

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Engelbert had fully as much cause for hostility to society in general; and confessed that with the same views of social evil, he had been no self-indulgent Morn, but an unwearied benefactor of his kind. Yet they were unwilling to give up the cause, but defended Morn, as Rousseau has been defended, on the score of the excessive susceptibility of his temper.

"To speak more plainly, he was a vain man, or, as the phrenologists would say, his approbativeness was strongly developed," said Von Krachen smiling. "Hence he was easily deceived, and the often deceived man is inevitably a mistrustful man. With less judgment than imagination, he was often as much mistaken in himself as in others, adopted opinions upon insufficient grounds, and drew general inferences from particular cases."

Engelbert had both head and heart in the right place, and did not abandon a general principle because of trifling failure in peculiar instances. Many lament and complain of the perversity and corruption of the world. Engelbert hated the corruption, but he did not whine over it. He attacked it boldly within his own little world, and reformed it. He made war on the error, but not on the erring. Pity that there are not a few more Engelberts in the world! But the greater part of our world reformers like the theory far better than the practice. They can eulogise virtue freely, but have no courage for the practice of it. They are themselves fettered by the very follies and prejudices against which they cry out so lustily. They are weaklings without heart for that truth and nature they so loudly commend, and hug the chain while they contemn the slavery. Or, if they make a sacrifice, they will have counter sacrifices; praise, honor, popular applause. How many would like to put themselves in Engelbert's place, act the reformer's part, instead of declaiming it; bear all that was repulsive in it, bear to be misconstrued and misrepresented, and never once ask will the world applaud the action? And till people are found willing to do this, take my word for it, though the preachers may be many, the converts will be few.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LITERARY LEGISLATORS.—NO. VI.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

It is very rarely that we find men successful in the House of Commons who have made any reputation for themselves in other pursuits. Such men form the exception, indeed, rather than the rule. Distinguished barristers are almost invariably bad parliamentary orators. Lord Brougham and Sir William Follett were, no doubt, brilliant exceptions; but they, therefore, serve to make the failures of others more remarkable. Literary men, too, seldom make a great figure in the House of Commons. Neither Sir Edward Bulwer, nor his brother Henry, ever commanded much attention there; and although Mr. Disraeli is now one of the acknowledged orators of the day, it has only been after a long course of self-tuition that he has succeeded in obliterating the traces of his early failures. Poets have been the most unfortunate of all. Mr. Sergeant Talfourd occurs at once as an instance. With all his admitted talent, and despite some brilliant orations he delivered on more than one important question, he could never attain parliamentary influence. His tone was too *exalté*, his language too good for the average comprehension: the very same composition which as an essay would have been admired, was as a speech voted a bore.

We cannot except Mr. Monckton Milnes from this unfortunate category. Considering his unquestionable abilities, remembering the evidences of determination of purpose which he has displayed since he has been in parliament, and looking back at some of the speeches he made in the earlier part of his career, we cannot but feel surprised that he has not taken a more decided position. But he has now been ten years a member of parliament, without having achieved a single decisive success as a legislator or as an orator, without having succeeded in attaching that weight or interest

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to his opinions or conduct, which have been secured by men far his inferiors in ability. The names of some mere men of business are familiar with the public, and they are themselves in the way to high promotion, while Mr. Milnes is never spoken of as a man likely to rise in the State, or to render himself permanently useful or important. On the other hand, there is the brilliant example of Mr. Smythe to show that the imputation of the possession of talents, of being addicted to literary pursuits, and above all, of being a poet—dangerous though such imputations may be in this commercial country—is no bar either to popular esteem or official promotion. Mr. Milnes ought long since either to have been a member of some administration, or, at least, to have stood high among those who might be called upon to serve the State. But he is in no such condition. He has no direct party ties, yet has not made for himself a strong independent position. It would be difficult to persuade any one who has attentively observed the honorable gentleman's career, that this proceeds from any indifference to public honor, or any want of personal ambition. He has wilfully neglected opportunities, and having done so, he has been unable to make new ones, when caprice or a sudden fit of activity has led him to desire to do so.

But do we, therefore, undervalue the abilities of Mr. Milnes? Would we assume that non-success in the House of Commons is any proof of inferiority? Do we even assert that Mr. Milnes could not attain that success, and triumphantly too, if he were so minded? By no means. When all the visible evidences of success,—applause, and official promotion, are attainable by the mere red-tape men, it would be unfair to try a man of originality and unusual intellectual powers like Mr. Milnes by any such standard. It would be equally unfair in his case to say that he could not easily shoot far ahead of this class of politicians, and beat them on their own ground. Then how to account for his anomalous position? Why do we find a man like Mr. Disraeli (who grossly failed on his first appearance, which Mr. Milnes never did), one of the leaders of a party; or a man like Mr. Smythe, who has only been half the time he has been in parliament, having held an under-secretaryship, and likely hereafter to be still further promoted; and yet see Mr. Milnes lagging behind in the race, with no defined position and no apparent probability of his taking any? The only explanation we can give is, that he labors under some constitutional tendency to indolence, which prevents him from vigorously following up any particular object; unless, indeed, the imaginative faculty be too strong in him to allow of his sufficiently identifying himself with the more commonplace realities of political affairs. That he would succeed were he resolutely to persevere, we do not hesitate to affirm.

Another reason why he has not long since taken a higher position may have been that his mind is so much elevated above political passions, that he cannot be an efficient ally of party. In this respect he differs from Mr. Disraeli and others, who have displayed superior parliamentary talents. As a politician, he may be described as a liberal Conservative; one who would, perhaps, be prepared to go further than even the professed Liberals themselves. Thinkers of this class would realize all the pleasures of legislation, without incurring its responsibilities; they deal profusely in propositions, which, however well they may read in a speech, would be very dangerous if embodied in an act of parliament. Mr. Milnes usually deals, from preference, in the abstract truths of political science, and does not show a disposition to make compromises of details. Hence, he is not so much in favor with statesmen as are men of a more plastic, or, as they have it, of a more practical nature. Mr. Milnes has been so far a party-man, that he has supported with tolerable consistency the politics of Sir Robert Peel; but he seems to have done so rather because the liberal tendency suited his own views, than from special obligation of fealty to a leader.

The speeches of Mr. Milnes are always distinguished by much thought, often by great vigor and originality. At times they have been so good, they have arrived so near the point of excellence, as to make one regret that a little more pains should not have been bestowed on them, so as to render them more perfect. But even with their occasional looseness, both of thought and phraseology, they are still superior to the majority of the speeches delivered in parliament. Many a wordy and tedious harangue of pompous placemen, which is reported with a slavish accuracy of word-catching, might be dispensed with in favor of a speech from Mr. Milnes, who only receives abbreviated honors. One of the best speeches he ever made was one of his earli-

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ost. It was delivered in 1839, against a motion for the Ballot. Besides being a most able argument on the question, it contained some passages worthy of being remembered. Speaking of the constitution of this country, he said that ours was not a written charter—that our political system was the offspring of time, and the disciple of necessity. The nationality of ages and the habits of generalizing were not to be merged in the most ingenious ballot-box of which philosophers or mechanicians ever dreamed. It was no common-place cant to call the ballot-box un-English. It was "un-English," not with reference to any fanciful analysis of national character, not as inconsistent with a traditionary ideal of what Englishmen ought to be rather than what they are, but un-English so far (and this was all they had to do with) as to prevent the powers of it from working harmoniously and co-ordinately with the other parts of our social and political organization. Again, in reference to the cry that the ballot should be tried as an experiment only, he said there was no such thing in political science as a pure and simple experiment. If an experiment failed, there was no going back. Every act of legislation went far beyond what was apparent at the time of its enactment. If the ballot were granted and it failed, there would then be a cry for universal suffrage. Thus we should go on, from change to change, from disease to remedy and remedy to disease, until all that was vigorous and stable in our social institutions was exhausted, until all natural influences or lawful rights be distorted or destroyed, and nothing be left us but that unmitigated discontent which is at once the child and parent of revolution. These passages are vigorously put, and the whole speech is powerfully argued and full of apt illustrations.

In 1840, he supported Sir Robert Inglis in his motion for Church Extension, upon the broad ground that the voluntary system was totally inadequate to supply the spiritual wants of the community. There were evils, he said, in our social system, with which the voluntary system was totally incompetent to grapple. The defect of that system was, that when in our social state we were going on from bad to worse, the voluntary system took no notice of it. Mr. Milnes also supported the measure for national education under the guidance of the Church. He supported Sir R. Peel's Income-tax, and his liberal measures towards Ireland, especially the Maynooth-bill and the Colleges-bill. In supporting the former, he made a bold defence of the principle of acting on expediency—that bugbear of old-fashioned politicians. He openly avowed his belief that expediency was the best principle of political action, and defended his opinions on good philosophical grounds. His speeches on the subject of the Roman Catholics have always been remarkably liberal and bold. He deserves the more credit for them, because they were made against the bigoted prejudices of a large portion of his constituents. In supporting the Maynooth-bill, he declared that he was ready to lose his seat if that was to be the consequence of his supporting a liberal policy towards the Roman Catholics. And he soon after went down to his constituents at Pontefract, that they might bite if they chose, having shown their teeth. However, they did not think proper to call on him to resign. He was for a Ten-hours'-bill, and when Sir R. Peel's government was shaken by the adverse vote of the House of Commons on that question, he was one of those Conservative members who had the courage to refuse to stultify themselves by rescinding their former votes. He supported Sir R. Peel's Corn-bill of 1846, but avowing his belief that he was not the man to propose it. It was only because Lord J. Russell had refused to take the government that he considered Sir Robert Peel justified.

In questions of foreign policy Mr. Milnes takes great interest. Having travelled much in various parts of the world, he has studied such subjects in their true aspects. He often takes part in debates on foreign policy, and almost invariably throws a new light, derived from his personal experience, on the topics discussed. Here, as in home politics, Mr. Milnes is always found to be on the side of human advancement and freedom. Yet he is no mere theorist. He would not sacrifice the solid advantages of established government, however imperfect, to vague aspirations after unattainable liberty. With the cause of Poland, however, he has always sympathized. Whenever there have been debates in the House of Commons on the affairs of that country, Mr. Milnes has been the loudest and boldest of those who have protested against the conduct of the despotic powers; nor has he been the least eloquent of those able ad-

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vocates of the Poles who have been called into activity in this country by the spirit of freedom. On the other hand, he has always desired to see peace maintained on the Continent; and he was very earnest in deprecating Lord Palmerston's diplomatic evolutions some years since, by which that great benefit to the world was perilled. Speaking on that subject on one occasion, he put his case tersely and forcibly when he said that "an armed peace is a peace without its profits,—a war without its stimulants, or any of those concomitant circumstances that make it endurable."

Mr. Milnes sometimes makes speeches so superior in quality, as to make it more to be regretted that he should not have assumed a higher position in the House of Commons. Whatever subject he takes up he regards it philosophically. He does not drag it down to the level of the party passions of the hour, but rather seeks to lift up his auditors to the full height of which the argument is capable. In common with many of the younger members of the House, he chafes under the sublimated mediocrity which rules in contemporary politics. He would wish to see our statesmen take a firmer grasp of their position, knowing the true situation of things better, and being inspired by loftier aims. He would rather that they left off timidly paddling along the shore of legislative discovery, and struck boldly out into the open sea, with science for their guide and the compass of good intentions. He is, to some extent, imbued with the Continental doctrines of centralization, but without going the full length of our economists. He has not yet been able to bring himself to deny the common claims of human nature. It is very fortunate for him that his party have for some years been more or less in a transition state, and that he has been able to speak his mind with a freedom which a few years ago might have been dangerous to the general union. For accident made him a Tory,—sentiment, a Liberal. All that is comprehensive and statesmanlike in the old creed of his party he adopts with avidity, but always with a lurking preference for some of the most cherished opinions of those to whom he has been nominally opposed. He was at one time put forward by Sir Robert Peel as a pawn, to indicate his game; and a more favorable specimen of an enlightened Conservative could not be found. At another period, he allowed himself to be partially identified with the Young England party; and, in point of talent, the association was a natural one; but his opinion and theirs could not long amalgamate. There was too decided a tendency to absolutism in their ulterior views. He found it more in accordance with his opinions and predilections to follow Sir Robert Peel; and, as we have said, he gave that statesman a general, though not an invariable support. But the original leaven of Liberalism became apparent when Lord John Russell came into power. He immediately published a declaration, which had some effect at the time, that he was prepared to "give the Whigs a fair trial."

The fault of Mr. Milnes's speeches is their inconclusiveness. With the exception of the speech on the Ballot, already referred to, we do not remember one address of his, on a great topic, which is thoroughly well argued from beginning to end, or which, from any sustained declamatory power or careful use of oratorical art, was calculated to produce a permanent effect. It may be an erroneous impression, but he appears to us, of late years, to have been too indolent to perfect anything. His speeches abound in the raw material, both of statesmanship and eloquence. They display a thorough comprehension of the subject, and occasionally present brilliant passages; but as a whole they want coherency, and there is none of that symmetry which so charms in the perusal of a speech by Mr. Smythe or Mr. Macaulay, and which allies the argument to the sympathies and the memory by a new tie, independent of the reasoning faculty. There are constantly provoking evidences of carelessness. He allows himself to be drawn aside from the course of his argument by irrelevant matter. A paradox is to him an irresistible temptation; and, although he has a considerable command of humor, his attempts to be comic usually fail, simply because he will not take the pains to make his sallies neat and pungent. Any one to whom reputation was precious, and fame agreeable, might secure both by going over Mr. Milnes's speeches, and recasting the ideas in a more attractive form. There is the stuff of an orator in him, were he only in earnest. The worst part of the affair is, that Mr. Milnes seems to be growing less careful of the conditions of success every year. He has rather declined than advanced in the opinion of the House since his first efforts secured him

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respect and attention. Yet it ought not to be so, for his mind has not retrograded. Nor was he an impostor in the first instance, like some of those distinguished-extinguished, who come out with a flash and go in again ingloriously.

Mr. Milnes, like Mr. Macaulay, at first sight disappoints you. In his physical aspect he belies his reputation as a poet and a man of intellect,—a reputation in his case well-deserved. Personally, he is by no means distinguished. Scarcely above the middle height, too stout for his size, and rather heavy in his aspect and gait, he would be overlooked at first, in an assembly where there are so many men of a commanding exterior as in the House of Commons. Nor, at a glance, do the face and head, as with Mr. Macaulay, correct the first impression. But they improve on examination. Although the features are irregular,—the nose too prone on the lips, which are disproportionably large, the chin very massive, till the whole face approaches somewhat to that which, if we are to judge from their sculpture, would seem to have been the Egyptian ideal,—and although there is generally a heaviness in the aspect, it is all redeemed when you contemplate the broad, high, intellectual forehead, and the full deep eye, which tells of habitual thought. An expression of sternness prevails in the countenance; but it is a habit of the features, rather than of the mind. The little unconscious actions, which often betray the character, confirm the tale told by his speeches. Careless, even almost to slovenliness, in his dress, he looks and acts like a man to whom it is too much trouble to make up for the world. He moves indolently; lounges, as if without a purpose; has brief fits of activity, and long intervals of quiescence; in short, looks like one who might be happy, if he had only something to do. That delightful dreaminess of existence which is part of the poet's birthright, no one would deprive him of; but when a recluse chooses to be a member of parliament, new duties are imposed on him, especially if Nature has blessed him with unusual talents. He must be an active working man, in direct relations with the world, however mechanical and commonplace it may seem. As a speaker, Mr. Milnes fully bears out this suspicion of habitual indolence. Whether the defect be within or external, whether it be want of earnestness or want of self-training, the effect is the same. He never exercises half the influence he desires to have, or a tithe of what he is capable of. The word slovenly would be scarcely too strong as applied to some of his speeches. His voice is thick and monotonous, only because he will not take the trouble to modulate it; his action is either ungainly or ungraceful, when it is not wholly nugatory, because he will not study the graces of personal delivery. The best proof of his shortcomings in these respects is, that in spite of his deficiencies and wilful negligence of the little arts which are due, as a matter of courtesy even, to an audience, he sometimes produces, by detached portions of his speeches, powerful effects.

Of Mr. Milnes's productions as a poet we could speak at length, were this a fitting place, and should not fear having to use terms of qualified praise, still less of dispraise. Some of them have already been noticed in this periodical. They abound in beauties of the highest order. Mr. Milnes *is* a poet. That is the best and truest criticism we can give.

As a public man, Mr. Milnes may yet do much more than he has done. He has not fulfilled his mission. His talents were not given him to be frittered away, or to be allowed to rust in inglorious idleness. These are not times when such men as he can be dispensed with. The reign of the placeman will not last for ever. More powerful and comprehensive minds are wanted to grapple with the difficulties and dangers which the future already shadows forth. Mr. Milnes will have to bear his share of the general burden. As yet, he has not fulfilled his early promise. But there is still time.

A New Printing Press.—Among the novelties lately exhibited at a literary soirée in London we noticed:

Little's double-acting printing-machine for working daily newspapers at a speed varying from 10,000 to 12,000 copies per hour; the average rate of production of the present machines in use being not more than 4500 per hour. The present "fast machine" works with four cylinders, constantly revolving in one direction, producing two printed sheets with every backward and forward motion of the type. The "Double-Action Machine" works with eight cylinders, six of which have a reversing motion, and produces seven printed sheets with every transverse motion of the type. The working model, exhibiting the operation of feeding and taking away, with the interior arrangement of tapes, rollers, printing-cylinders, &c., attracted considerable attention.—*Lit. Gaz.*

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From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

PACIFIC ROVINGS.

Omoo; A Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas. By HERMAN MELVILLE. London: 1847.

WE were much puzzled, a few weeks since, by a tantalising and unintelligible paragraph, pertinaciously reiterated in the London newspapers. Its brevity equalled its mystery; it consisted but of five words, the first and last in imposing majuscules. Thus it ran:—

"OMOO, by the author of TYPEE."

With Trinculo we exclaimed, "What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? Who or what were Typee and Omoo? Were things or creatures thus designated? Did they exist on the earth, or in the air, or in the waters under the earth; were they spiritual or material, vegetable or mineral, brute or human? Were they newly-discovered planets, nick-named whilst awaiting baptism, or strange fossils, contemporaries of the Megatherium, or Magyar dissyllables from Dr. Bowring's vocabulary? Perchance they were a pair of new singers for the Garden, or a fresh brace of beasts for the legitimate drama at Drury. Omoo might be the heavy elephant; Typee the light-comedy camel. Did danger lurk in the enigmatical words? Were they obscure intimations of treasonable designs, Swing advertisements, or masonic signs? Was the palace at Westminster in peril? Had an agent of Barbarossa Joinville undermined the Trafalgar column? Were they conspirators' watchwords, lovers' letters, signals concerted between the robbers of Rogers's bank? We tried them anagrammatically, but in vain: there was naught to be made of Omoo; shake it as we would, the O's came uppermost; and by reversing Typee we obtained but a pitiful result. At last a bright gleam broke through the mist of conjecture. Omoo was a book. The outlandish title that had perplexed us was intended to perplex; it was a bait thrown out to that wide-mouthed fish, the public; a specimen of what is theatrically styled *gag*. Having but an indifferent opinion of books ushered into existence by such charlatanical manœuvres, we thought no more of Omoo, until, musing the other day over our matutinal hyson, the volume itself was laid before us, and we suddenly found ourselves in the entertaining society of Marquesan Melville, the phœnix of modern voyagers, sprung, it would seem, from the mingled ashes of Captain Cook and Robinson Crusoe.

Those who have read Mr. Herman Melville's former work will remember, those who have not are informed by the introduction to the present one, that the author, an educated American, whom circumstances had shipped as a common sailor on board a South-Seaman, was left by his vessel on the island of Nukuheva, one of the Marquesan group. Here he remained some months, until taken off by a Sydney whaler, short-handed, and glad to catch him. At this point of his adventures he commences Omoo. The title is borrowed from the dialect of the Marquesas, and signifies a rover: the book is excellent, quite first-rate, the "clear grit," as Mr. Melville's countrymen would say. Its chief fault, almost its only one, interferes little with the pleasure of reading it, will escape many, and is hardly worth insisting upon. Omoo is of the order composite, a skilfully concocted Robinsonade, where fictitious incident is ingeniously blended with genuine information. Doubtless its author has visited the countries he describes, but not in the capacity he states. He is no Munchausen; there is nothing improbable in his adventures, save their occurrence to himself, and that he should have been a man before the mast on board South-Sea traders, or whalers, or on any ship or ships whatever. His speech betrayeth him. His voyages and wanderings commenced, according to his own account, at least as far back as the year 1838; for aught we know they are not yet at an end. On leaving Tahiti in 1843, he made sail for Japan, and the very book before us may have been scribbled on the greasy deck of a whaler, whilst floating amidst the coral reefs of the wide Pacific. True that in his preface, and in the month of January of the present year, Mr. Melville hails from New York; but in such matters we really place little dependence upon him. From his narrative we gather that this literary and gentlemanly common sailor is quite a young man. His

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life, therefore, since he emerged from boyhood, has been spent in a ship's forecastle, amongst the wildest and most ignorant class of mariners. Yet his tone is refined and well-bred; he writes like one accustomed to good European society, who has read books and collected stores of information, other than could be perused or gathered in the places and amongst the rude associates he describes. These inconsistencies are glaring, and can hardly be explained. A wild freak or unfortunate act of folly, or a boyish thirst for adventure, sometimes drives lads of education to try life before the mast, but when suited for better things they seldom persevere; and Mr. Melville does not seem to us the manner of man to rest long contented with the coarse company and humble lot of merchant seamen. Other discrepancies strike us in his book and character. The train of suspicion once lighted, the flame runs rapidly along. Our misgivings begin with the title-page. "Lovel or Belville," says the Laird of Monkbarns, "are just the names which youngsters are apt to assume on such occasions." And Herman Melville sounds to us vastly like the harmonious and carefully selected appellation of an imaginary hero of romance. Separately the names are not uncommon; we can urge no valid reason against their junction, and yet in this instance they fall suspiciously on our ear. We are similarly impressed by the dedication. Of the existence of Uncle Gansevoort, of Gansevoort, Saratoga County, we are wholly incredulous. We shall commission our New York correspondents to inquire as to the reality of Mr. Melville's avuncular relative, and, until certified of his corporality, shall set down the gentleman with the Dutch patronymic as a member of an imaginary clan.

Although glad to escape from Nukuheva, where he had been held in a sort of honorable captivity, Typee—the *alias* bestowed upon the rover by his new shipmates, after the valley whence they rescued him—was but indifferently pleased with the vessel on which he left it, and whose articles he signed as a seaman for one cruise. The Julia was of a beautiful model, and on or before a wind she sailed like a witch; but that was all that could be said in her phrase. She was rotten to the core, incommodious and ill-provided, badly manned and worse commanded. American built, she dated from the short war, had served as a privateer, been taken by the British, passed through many vicissitudes, and was in no condition for a long cruise in the Pacific. So mouldering was her fabric, that the reckless sailors, when seated in the forecastle, dug their knives into the dank boards between them and eternity as easily as into the moist sides of some old pollard oak. She was much dilapidated and rapidly becoming more so; for Black Baltimore, the ship's cook, when in want of firewood, did not scruple to hack splinters from the bits and beams. Lugubrious indeed was the aspect of the forecastle. Landsmen, whose ideas of a sailor's sleeping-place are taken from the snow-white hammocks and exquisitely clean berth-deck of a man of war, or from the rough, but substantial comfort of a well-appointed merchantman, can form no conception of the surpassing and countless abominations of a South-Sea whaler. The "little Jule," as her crew affectionately styled her, was a craft of two hundred tons or thereabouts; she had sailed with thirty-two hands, whom desertion had reduced to twenty, but these were too many for the cramped and putrid nook in which they slept, ate, and smoked, and alternately desponded or were jovial, as sickness and discomfort, or a Saturday night's bottle and hopes of better luck, got the upper hand. Want of room, however, was one of the least grievances of which the Julia's crew complained. It was a mere trifle, not worth the naming. They could have submitted to close stowage, had the dunnage been decent. But instead of swinging in cosy hammocks, they slept in *bunks* or wretched pigeon-holes, on fragments of sails, unclean rags, blanket-shreds, and the like. Such unenviable accommodations ought hardly to have been disputed with their luckless possessors, who nevertheless were not allowed to occupy in peace their broken-down bunks and scanty bedding. Two races of creatures, time out of mind the curse of old ships in warm latitudes, infested the Julia's forecastle, resisting all efforts to dislodge or exterminate them, sometimes even getting the upper hand, dispossessing the tortured mariners, and driving them on deck in terror and despair. The sick only, hapless martyrs unable to leave their cribs, lay passive, if not resigned, and were trampled under foot by their ferocious and unfragrant foes. These were rats and cockroaches. Typee—we use the name he bore during his Julian tribulations—records a singular phenomenon in the nocturnal habits of the last named vermin. "Every night they

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had a jubilee. The first symptom was an unusual clustering and humming amongst the swarms lining the beams overhead, and the inside of the sleeping-places. This was succeeded by a prodigious coming and going on the part of those living out of sight. Presently they all came forth; the larger sort racing over the chests and planks; winged monsters darting to and fro in the air; and the small fry buzzing in heaps almost in a state of fusion. On the first alarm, all who were able darted on deck; while some of the sick, who were too feeble, lay perfectly quiet, the distracted vermin running over them at pleasure. The performance lasted some ten minutes." Persons there are, weak enough to view with loathing and aversion certain sable insects that stray at night in kitchen or in pantry, and barbarous enough to circumvent and destroy the odoriferous coleopteræ by artful devices of glass traps and scarlet wafers. Such persons will probably form their ideas of Typee's cockroaches from their own domestic opportunities of observation. That were unjust to the crew of the Julia, and would give no adequate idea of their sufferings. As a purring tabby to a roaring jaguar, so is a British black-beetle to a cockroach of the Southern Seas. We back our assertion by a quotation from our lamented friend Captain Cringle, who in his especially graphic and attractive style thus hits off the peculiarities of this graceful insect. "When full grown," saith Thomas, "it is a large dingy brown-colored beetle, about two inches long, with six legs, and two feelers as long as its body. It has a strong anti-hysterical flavor, something between rotten cheese and asafœtida, and seldom stirs abroad when the sun is up, but lies concealed in the most obscure and obscene crevices it can creep into; so that, when it is seen, its wings and body are thickly covered with dust and dirt of various shades, which any culprit who chances to fall asleep with his mouth open, is sure to reap the benefit of, as it has a great propensity to walk into it, partly for the sake of the crumbs adhering to the masticators, and also, apparently, with a scientific desire to inspect, by accurate admeasurement with the aforesaid antennæ, the state and condition of the whole potatoe-trap." A description worthy of Buffon. Such were the delicate monsters, the savory sexipedes, with whom Typee and his comrades had to wage incessant war. They were worse even than the rats, which were certainly bad enough. "Tame as Trenck's mouse, they stood in their holes, peering at you like old grandfathers in a doorway;" watching for their prey, and disputing with the sailors the weevil-biscuit, rancid pork, and horse-beef, composing the Julia's stores; or smothering themselves, the luscious vermin, in molasses, which thereby acquired a rich woodcock flavor, whose cause became manifest when the treacle-jar ran low, greatly to the disgust and consternation of the biped consumers. There were no delicate feeders on board, but this saccharine essence of rat was too much even for the unscrupulous stomachs of South-Sea whalers. A queer set they were on board that Sydney barque. Paper Jack, the captain, was a feeble Cockney, of meek spirit and puny frame, who glided about the vessel in a nankeen jacket and canvas pumps, a laughing-stock to his crew. The real command devolved upon the chief mate, John Jermin—a good sailor and brave fellow, but violent, and given to drink. The junior mate had deserted; of the four harpooners only one was left, a fierce barbarian of a New Zealander—an excellent mariner, whose stock of English was limited to nautical phrases and a frightful power of oath, but who, in spite of his cannibal origin, ranked as a sort of officer, in virtue of his harpoon, and took command of the ship when mate and captain were absent. What a capital story, by the by, Typee tells us of one of this Bembo's whaling exploits! New Zealanders are brave and bloodthirsty, and excellent harpooners, and they act up to the South-Seaman's war-cry, "A dead whale or a stove boat!" There is a world of wild romance and thrilling adventure in the occasional glimpses of the whale fishery afforded us in Omoo; a strange picturesqueness and piratical mystery about the lawless class of seamen engaged in it. Such a portrait gallery as Typee makes out of the Julia's crew, beginning with Chips and Bungs, the carpenter and cooper, the "Cods," or leaders of the forecastle, and descending until he arrives at poor Rope Yarn, or Ropey, as he was called, a stunted journeyman baker from Holborn, the most helpless and forlorn of all land-lubbers, the butt and the drudge of the ship's company! A Dane, a Portuguese, a Finlander, a savage from Hivarhoo, sundry English, Irish, and Americans, a daring Yankee *beach-comber*, called Salem, and Sydney Ben, a runaway ticket-of-leave-man, made up a crew much too weak to do any good in the whaling way. But

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the best fellow on board, and by far the most remarkable, was a disciple of Esculapius, known as Doctor Long-Ghost. Jermin is a good portrait; so is Captain Guy; but Long-Ghost is a jewel of a boy, a complete original, hit off with uncommon felicity. Nothing is told us of his early life. Typee takes him up on board the Julia, shakes hands with him in the last page of the book, and informs us that he has never since seen or heard of him. So we become acquainted with but a small section of the doctor's life; his subsequent adventures are unknown, and, save a chance hit or two, his previous career is a mystery, unfathomable as the Tahitian coast, where, within a biscuit's toss of the coral shore, soundings there are none. Now and then he would obscurely refer to days more palmy and prosperous than those spent on board the Julia. But however great the contrast between his former fortunes and his then lowly position, he exhibited much calm philosophy and cheerful resignation. He was even merry and facetious, a practical wag of the very first order, and as such a great favorite with the whole ship's company, the captain excepted. He had arrived at Sydney in an emigrant ship, had expended his resources, and entered as doctor on board the Julia. All British whalers are bound to carry a medico, who is treated as a gentleman, so long as he behaves as such, and has nothing to do but to drug the men and play draughts with the captain. At first Long-Ghost and Captain Guy hit it off very well; until, in an unlucky hour, a dispute about politics destroyed their harmonious association. The captain got a thrashing; the mutinous doctor was put in confinement and on bread and water, ran away from the ship, was pursued, captured, and again imprisoned. Released at last, he resigned his office, refused to do duty, and went forward among the men. This was more magnanimous than wise. Long-Ghost was a sort of medical Tom Coffin, a raw-boned giant, upwards of two yards high, one of those men to whom the between-decks of a small craft is a residence little less afflicting than one of Cardinal Balue's iron cages. And to one who "had certainly, at some time or other, spent money, drunk Burgundy, and associated with gentlemen," the Julia's forecastle must have contained a host of disagreeables, irrespective of rats and cockroaches, of its low roof, evil odors, damp timbers, and dungeon-like aspect. The captain's table, if less luxurious than that of a royal yacht or New York liner, surely offered something better than the biscuits, hard as gun-flints and thoroughly honeycombed, and the shot-soup, "great round peas polishing themselves like pebbles by rolling about in tepid water," on which the restive man of medicine was fain to exercise his grinders during his abode forward. As regarded society, he lost little by relinquishing that of Guy the Cockney, since he obtained in exchange the intimacy of Melville the Yankee, who, to judge from his book, must be exceeding good company, and to whom he was a great resource. The doctor was a man of learning and accomplishments, who had made the most of his time whilst the sun shone on his side the hedge, and had unrolled his ungainly carcass over half the world. "He quoted Virgil, and talked of Hobbes of Malmsbury, besides repeating poetry by the canto, especially Hudibras. In the easiest way imaginable, he could refer to an amour he had in Palermo, his lion-hunting before breakfast among the Caffres, and the quality of the coffee to be drunk in Muscat." Strangely must such reminiscences have sounded in a whaler's forecastle, with Dunks the Dane, Finland Van, and Wymontoo the Savage, for auditors.

The Julia had hitherto had little luck in her cruise, and could scarcely hope for better in the state in which Typee found her. Besides the losses by desertion, her crew was weakened by disease. Several of the men lay sick in their berths, wholly unfit for duty. The captain himself was ill, and all would have derived benefit from a short sojourn in port; but this could not be thought of. The discipline of the ship was bad, and the sailors, desperate and unruly fellows, discontented, as well they might be, with their wretched provisions and uncomfortable state, were not to be trusted on or near shore. Three-fourths of them, had they once set foot on dry land, would have absconded, taken refuge in the woods or amongst the savages, and have submitted to any amount of tattoo, paint, and nose-ringing, rather than return to the ship. Already, at St. Christina, one of the Marquesas, a large party had made their escape in two of the four whale-boats, scuttling the third, and cutting the tackles of the fourth nearly through, so that when Bembo jumped in to clear it away, man and boat went souse into the water. By the assistance of a French corvette, and by bribing the king

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of the country with a musket and ammunition, the fugitives were captured. But it was more than probable that they and others would renew the attempt should opportunity offer; so there was no alternative but to keep the sea, and hope for better days and for the convalescence of the invalids. Two of these died. Neither Bible nor Prayerbook were on board the godless craft, and like dogs, without form of Christian burial, the dead were launched into the deep. The situation of the survivors inspired with considerable uneasiness the few amongst them capable of reflection. The captain was ignorant of navigation; it was the mate who, from the commencement of the voyage, had kept the ship's reckoning, and kept it all to himself. He had only to get washed overboard in a gale, or to walk over in a drunken fit, to leave his shipmates in a fix of the most unpleasant description, ignorant of latitude, longitude, and of everything else necessary to be known to guide the vessel on her course. And as to the sperm whales, which Jermin had promised them in such abundance that they would only have to strike and take, not a single fin showed itself. At last the captain was reported dying, and the mate took counsel with Long-Ghost, Typee, and others of the crew. He would gladly have continued the cruise, but his wish was overruled, and the whaler's stem was turned towards the Society Islands.

The first glimpse of the peaks of Tahiti was hailed with transport by the Julia's weary mariners. They had got a notion that if the captain left the ship, their articles were no longer binding, and they should be free to follow his example. And, at any rate, the sickness on board and the shaky condition of the barque, guaranteed them, as they thought, long and blissful leisure amongst the waving palm-groves and soft-eyed Neuhas of Polynesia. Their arrival in sight of Papeetee, the Tahitian capital, was welcomed by the boom of cannon. The frigate Reine Blanche, at whose fore flew the flag of Admiral Du Petit Thouars, thus celebrated the compulsory treaty, concluded that morning, by which the island was ceded to the French.

Captain Guy and his baggage were now set on shore, and it was soon apparent to his men that whilst he nursed himself in the pure climate and pleasant shades of Tahiti, they were to put to sea under the mate's orders, and after a certain time to touch again at the island, and take off their commander. The vessel was not even allowed to go into port, although needing repairs, and in fact unseaworthy; and as to healing the sick, selfish Paper Jack thought only of solacing his own infirmities. The fury of the ill-fed, reckless, discontented crew, on discovering the project of their superiors, passed all bounds. Chips and Bungs volunteered to head a mutiny, and a round robin was drawn up and signed. But when Wilson, an old acquaintance of Guy's, and acting consul in the absence of missionary Pritchard, came on board, the gallant cooper, who derived much of his courage from the grog-kid, was cowed and craven. The grievances brought forward, amongst others, that of the *salt-horse* (a horse's hoof with the shoe on, so swore the cook, had been found in the pickle), were treated as trifles and pooh-poohed by the functionary, "a minute gentleman with a viciously pugged nose, and a decidedly thin pair of legs." But if Bungs allowed himself to be brow-beaten, so did not his comrades. Yankee Salem flourished a bowie-knife, and such alarming demonstrations were made, that the *counsellor*, as the sailors persisted in calling the consul, thought it wise to beat a retreat. Jermin now tried his hand, holding out brilliant prospects of a rich cargo of sperm oil, and a pocket-full of dollars for every man on his return to Sidney. The mutineers were proof alike against menace and blandishment, and, at the secret instigation of Long-Ghost and Typee, resolutely refused to do duty. The consul, who had promised to return, did not show; and at last the mate, having now but a few invalids and landsmen to work the ship and keep her off shore, was compelled to enter the harbor. The Julia came to an anchor within cable's length of the French frigate, on board which consul Wilson repaired to obtain assistance. The Reine Blanche was to sail in a few days for Valparaiso, and the mutineers expected to go with her and be delivered up to a British man-of-war. Undismayed by this prospect, they continued stanch in their contumacy, and presently an armed cutter, "painted a 'pirate black,' its crew a dark, grim-looking set, and the officers uncommonly fierce-looking little Frenchmen," conveyed them on board the frigate, where they were duly handcuffed, and secured by the ankle to a great iron bar bolted down to the berth-deck.

Touching the proceedings on board the French man-of-war, its imperfect disci-

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pline, and the strange, un-nautical way of carrying on the duty, Typee is jocular and satirical. American though he be—and, but for occasional slight yankeeisms in his style, we might have doubted even that fact—he has evidently much more sympathy with his cousin John Bull than with his country's old allies, the French, whom he freely admits to be a clever and gallant nation, whilst he broadly hints that their valor is not likely to be displayed to advantage on the water. He finds too much of the military style about their marine institutions. Sailors should be fighting men, but not soldiers or musket-carriers, as they all are in turn in the French navy. He laughs at or objects to everything; the mustaches of the officers, the system of punishment, the sour wine that replaces rum and water, the soup instead of junk, the pitiful little rolls baked on board, and distributed in lieu of hard biscuit. And whilst praising the build of their ships—the only thing about them he does praise—he ejaculates a hope, which sounds like a doubt, that they will not some day fall into the hands of the people across the Channel. "In case of war," he says, "what a fluttering of French ensigns there would be! for the Frenchman makes but an indifferent seaman, and though for the most part he fights well enough, somehow or other he seldom fights well enough to beat:"—at sea, be it understood. We are rather at a loss to comprehend the familiarity shown by Typee with the internal arrangements and architecture of the Reine Blanche. His time on board was passed in fetters; at nightfall on the fifth day he left the ship. How, we are curious to know, did he become acquainted with the minute details of "the crack craft in the French navy," with the disposition of her guns and decks, the complicated machinery by which certain exceedingly simple things were done, and even with the rich hangings, mirrors, and mahogany of the commodore's cabin? Surely the ragged and disreputable mutineer of the Julia, whose foot had scarcely touched the gangway, when he was hurried into confinement below, could have had scanty opportunity for such observations: unless, indeed, Herman Melville, or Typee, or the Rover, or by whatever other *alias* he be known, instead of creeping in at the hawseholes, was welcomed on the quarter-deck and admitted to the gun-room, or to the commodore's cabin, an honored guest in broadcloth, not a despised merchant seaman in canvas frock and hat of tarpaulin, We shall not dwell on these small inconsistencies and oversights in an amusing book. We prefer accompanying the Julia's crew to Tahiti, where they were put on shore contrary to their expectations, and not altogether to their satisfaction, since they had anticipated a rapid run to Valparaiso, the fag-end of a cruise in an English man-of-war, and a speedy discharge at Portsmouth. Paper Jack and Consul Wilson had other designs, and still hoped to reclaim them to their duty on board the crazy Julia. On their stubborn refusal, they were given in charge to a fat, good-humored, old Tahitian, called Captain Bob, who, at the head of an escort of natives, conveyed them up the country to a sort of shed, known as the Calabooza Beretanee or English jail, used as a prison for refractory sailors. This commences Typee's shore-going adventures, not less pleasant and original than his sea-faring ones; although it is with some regret that we lose sight of the vermin-haunted barque, on whose board such strange and exciting scenes occurred.

Through the book, however, fun and incident abound, and we are consoled for our separation from poor little Jule, by the curious insight we obtain into the manners, morals, and condition of the gentle savages, on whom an attempted civilization has brought far more curses than blessings.

"How pleasant were the songs of Toobonai,"

how gladsome and grateful the rustle of leaves and tinkle of rills, and silver-toned voices of Tahitian maidens, to the rough seamen who had so long been "cabined, cribbed, confined," in the Julia's filthy forecastle! Not that they were allowed free range of the Eden of the South Seas. On board the Reine Blanche their ankles had been manacled to an iron bar; in the Calabooza (from the Spanish *calaboza*, a dungeon), they were placed in rude wooden stocks twenty feet long, constructed for the particular benefit of refractory mariners. There they lay, merry men all of a row, fed upon *taro* (Indian turnip) and bread-fruit, and covered up at night with one huge counterpane of brown *tappa*, the native cloth. It was owing to no friendly indulgence on the part of Guy and the consul, that their diet was so agreeable and salutary. Every morning Ropey came grinning into the prison, with a bucket full of the old worm-eaten biscuit from the Julia. It was a huge treat to the unfortunate

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Cockney, thus to be instrumental in the annoyance of his former persecutors; and lucky for him that their limbo'd legs prevented their rewarding his visible exultation otherwise than by a shower of maledictions. They swore to starve rather than consume the maggoty provender. Luckily the natives had it in very different estimation. They did not mind maggots, and held British biscuit to be a piquant and delicious delicacy. So in exchange for the allotted ration, the mutineers obtained a small quantity of vegetable food, and an unlimited supply of oranges, thanks to which refreshing regimen the sick were speedily restored to health. And after a few days of stocks and submission, jolly old Captain Bob, who spoke sailors' English, and obstinately claimed intimacy with Captain Cook, —whose visit to the island had occurred some years before his birth—relaxed his severity, and allowed the captives their freedom during the day. They profited of this permission to forage a little in a quiet way; assisting at pig-killings, and dropping in at dinner-time upon the wealthier of their neighbors. Tahitian hospitality is boundless, and the more praiseworthy that the island, although so fertile, produces but a scanty amount of edibles. Bread-fruit is the chief resource; fish, a very important one, the chief dependence of many of the poorer natives. There is little industry amongst them, and on the spontaneous produce of the soil the shipping make heavy demands. Polynesian indolence is proverbial. Very light labor would enable the Tahitians to roll in riches, at least according to their own estimate of the value of money and of the luxuries it procures. The sugar-cane is indigenous to the island, and of remarkably fine quality; cotton is of ready growth; but the fine existing plantations "are owned and worked by whites, who would rather pay a drunken sailor eighteen or twenty Spanish dollars a month, than hire a sober native for his fish and *taro*." Wholly without energy, the Tahitians saunter away their lives in a state of drowsy indolence, aiming only at the avoidance of trouble, and the sensual enjoyment of the moment. The race rapidly diminishes. "In 1777, Captain Cook estimated the population of Tahiti at about two hundred thousand. By a regular census taken some four or five years ago, it was found to be only nine thousand!" Diseases of various kinds, entirely of European introduction, and chiefly the result of drunkenness and debauchery, account for this frightful decrease, which must result in the extinction of the aborigines.

> "The palm-tree shall grow,
> The coral shall spread,
> But man shall cease."

So runs an old Tahitian prophecy, soon to be realized. And if Pomaree, who is under forty years of age, proves a long-lived sovereign, she may chance to find herself a queen without subjects. Concerning her majesty and her court, Typee is diffuse and diverting. This is an age of queens, and although her dominions be of the smallest, her people few and feeble, and her prerogative wofully clipped, she of Tahiti has made some noise in the world, and attracted a fair share of public attention. At one time, indeed, she was almost as much thought of and talked about as her more civilized and puissant European sisters. In France, *La Reine Pomarée?* was looked upon as a far more interesting personage than Spanish Isabel or Portuguese Maria; and extraordinary notions were formed as to the appearance, habits, and attributes of her dusky majesty. Distance favored delusion, and French imagination ran riot in conjecture, until the reports of the valiant Thouars, and his squadron of protection, dissipated the enchantment, and reduced Pomaree to her true character, that of a lazy, dirty, licentious, Polynesian savage, who walks about barefoot, drinks spirits, and hen-pecks her husband. Her real name is Aimata, but she assumed, on ascending the throne, the royal patronymic by which she is best known. There were Cæsars in Rome, there are Pomarees in Tahiti. The name was originally assumed by the great Otoo (to be read of in Capt. Cooke), who united the whole island under one crown. It descended to his son, and then to his grandson, who came to the throne an infant, and, dying young, was succeeded by her present majesty, Pomaree Vahinee I., the first female Pomaree. This lady has been twice married. Her first husband was a king's son, but the union was ill-assorted, a divorce obtained, and she took up with one Tanee, a chief from the neighboring island of Imeeo. She leads him a dog's life, and he consoles himself by getting drunk. In that state he now and then violently breaks out, contemns the royal authority, thrashes his wife, and smashes the crockery. Captain Bob gave Typee an account of a burst of this

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sort, which occurred about seven years ago. Stimulated by the seditious advice of his boon companions, and under the influence of an unusually large dose of strong waters, the turbulent king-consort forgot the respect due to his wife and sovereign, mounted his horse, and ran full tilt at the royal cavalcade, out for their afternoon ride in the park. One maid of honor was floored, the rest fled in terror, save and except Pomaree, who stood her ground like a man, and apostrophised her insubordinate spouse in the choicest Tahitian Billingsgate. For once her eloquence failed of effect. Dragged from her horse, her personal charms were deteriorated by a severe thumping on the face. This done, Othello-Tanee attempted to strangle her, and was in a fair way to succeed, when her loving subjects came to her rescue. So heinous a crime could not be overlooked, and Tanee was banished to his native island; but after a short time he declared his penitence, made *amende honorable*, and was restored to favor. He does not very often venture to thwart the will of his royal wife, much less to raise his hand against her sacred person, but submits with exemplary patience to her caprices and abuse, and even to the manual admonitions she not unfrequently bestows upon him.

Upon the whole, life at the Calabooza was not very disagreeable. The prisoners, now only nominally so, had little to complain of, except occasional short commons, arising not from unwillingness, but from disability, on the part of the kind-hearted natives, to satisfy the cravings of the hungry whalers, whose appetites were remarkable, especially that of lanky Doctor Long Ghost. The doctor was a stickler for quality as well as quantity; the memory of his claret and beccafico days still clung to him, like the scent of the roses to Tom Moore's broken gillipot; he was curious in condiments, and whilst devouring, grumbled at the unseasoned viands of Tahiti. Cayenne and Harvey abounded not in those latitudes, but pepper and salt were on board the Julia, and the doctor prevailed on Rope Yarn to bring him a supply. "This he placed in a small leather wallet, a monkey bag (so called by sailors) usually worn as a purse about the neck. 'In my poor opinion,' said Long Ghost, as he tucked the wallet out of sight, 'it behoves a stranger in Tahiti to have his knife in readiness, and his castor slung.'" And thus equipped, the doctor and his brethren in captivity rambled over the verdant slopes and through the cool groves of Tahiti, bathed in the mountain streams, and luxuriated in orange orchards, where "the trees formed a dense shade, spreading overhead a dark, rustling vault, groined with boughs, and studded here and there with the ripened spheres, like gilded balls." Then they had plenty of society; native visitors flocked to see them, and Doctor Johnson, a resident English physician, was constant in his attendance, knowing that the Consul must pay his bill. Three French priests also called upon them, one of whom proved to be no Frenchman, but a portly, handsome, good-humored Irishman, well known and much disliked by the Polynesian Protestant missionaries. A strong attempt was made by Guy and Wilson to get the men to do duty. A schooner was about to sail for Sydney, and they were threatened to be sent thither for trial. They still refused to hand rope or break biscuit on board the Julia. Long Ghost made some cutting remarks on the captain; and the sailors, who had been taken down to the Consul's office for examination, began to bully, and talked of carrying off Consul and Captain to bear them company in the Calabooza. The same ill success attended subsequent attempts, until Captain Guy was compelled to look out for another crew, which he obtained with difficulty, and by a considerable advance of hard dollars. And at last, "It was Sunday in Tahiti, and a glorious morning, when Captain Bob, waddling into the Calabooza, startled us by announcing, 'Ah, my boy—shippee you, harree—maky sail!' in other words the Julia was off," and had taken her stores of old biscuit with her; so the next morning the inmates of the Calabooza were without rations. The Consul would supply none, and it was pretty evident that he rather desired the departure of the obstinate seamen from that part of the island. The whole of his proceedings with regard to them had served but to render him ridiculous, and he wished them out of his neighborhood; but the ex-prisoners found themselves pretty comfortable, and preferred remaining. They were better off than they had for some time been, for Jermin—not such a bad fellow, after all—had sent them their chests ashore; and these, besides supplying them with sundry necessaries, gave them immense importance in Tahitian eyes. They had been kindly treated before, but now they were courted

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and flattered, like younger sons in marching regiments, who suddenly step into the family acres. The natives crowded round them, eager to swear eternal friendship, according to an old Polynesian custom, once universal in the islands, but that has fallen into considerable disuse, except when something is to be gained by its observance. A gentleman of the name of Kooloo fixed his affections upon Typee—or rather upon his goods and chattels; for when he had wheedled him out of a regatta shirt, and other small pieces of finery, he transferred his affections to a newly-arrived sailor, whose chest was better lined, and who bestowed on him a love-token, in the shape of a heavy pea-jacket. In this garment, closely buttoned up, Kooloo took morning promenades, with the tropical sun glaring down upon him. He frequently met his former friend, but passed him with a careless "How d'ye do?" which presently dwindled into a nod. "In one week's time," says poor Typee, "he gave me the cut direct, and lounged by without even nodding. He must have taken me for part of the landscape."

After a while the contents of the chests, and even the chests themselves—esteemed by the Tahitians most valuable pieces of furniture—were given or bartered away, and, as the Consul still refused them rations, the sailors knew not how to live. The natives helped them as much as they could, but their larders were scantily furnished, and they grew tired of feeding fifteen hungry idlers. So at last the latter made a morning call upon the Consul, who, being unwilling to withdraw, and equally so to press, charges which he knew would not be sustained, refused to have anything to say to them. Thereupon some of the party, strong in principle and resolution, and seeing how grievous an annoyance their presence was to their enemy, Wilson, swore to abide near him and never to leave him. Others, less obstinate or more impatient of a change, resolved to decamp from the Calabooza. The first to depart were Typee and Long Ghost. They had received intelligence of a new plantation in Imeeo, recently formed by foreigners, who wanted white laborers, and were expected at Papeetee to seek them. With these men they took service under the names of Peter and Paul, at wages of fifteen silver dollars a month; and, after an affecting separation from their shipmates—whose respectable character may be judged of by the fact, that one of them picked Long Ghost's pocket in the very act of embracing him,—they sailed away for Imeeo, and arrived without accident in the valley of Martair, where the plantation was situate. The chapters recording their stay here are amongst the very best in the book, full of rich, quiet fun. Typee gives a capital description of his employers. They were two in number, both "whole-souled fellows; one was a tall robust Yankee, born in the backwoods of Maine, sallow, and with a long face; the other, a short little Cockney who had first clapped his eyes on the Monument." Zeke the Yankee, had christened his comrade "Shorty;" and Shorty looked up to him with respect, and yielded to him in most things. Both showed themselves well disposed towards their new laborers, whom they at once discovered to be superior to their station. And they soon found their society so agreeable, that they were willing to keep them to do little more than nominal work. As to making them efficient farm servants, they quickly gave up that idea. As a sailor, Typee had little fancy for husbandry; and the doctor found his long back terribly in his way when requested to dig potatoes and root up stumps, under a sun which, as Shorty said, "was hot enough to melt the nose hoff a brass monkey." Long Ghost very soon gave in; the extraction of a single tree-root settled him; he pleaded illness, and retired to his hammock, but was considerably vexed when he heard the Yankee propose a bullock hunting expedition, in which, as a sick man, he could not decently take part. This was only the prologue to his annoyances. Musquitoes, unknown in Tahiti, abound in Imeeo. They were brought there, according to a native tradition, by one Nathan Coleman, of Nantucket, who, in revenge for some fancied grievance, towed a rotten water-cask ashore, and left it in a neglected *taro* patch, where the ground was moist and warm. Musquitoes were the result. "When tormented by them, I found much relief in coupling the word Coleman with another of one syllable, and pronouncing them together energetically." The musquito chapter is very amusing, showing the various comical and ingenious manœuvres of the friends to avoid their tormentors, and obtain a night's sleep. At last they entered a fishing canoe, paddled some distance from shore, and dropped the native anchor, a stone secured to a rope. They were awakened in the morning

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by the motion of their boat. Zeke was wading in the shallow water, and towing them from a reef towards which they had drifted. "The water-sprites had rolled our stone out of its noose, and we had floated away." This was a narrow escape, but nevertheless they stuck to their floating bedstead as the only possible sleeping place. A day's successful hunting, followed by a famous supper and jollification under a banian-tree, put the doctor in good humor, and he made himself vastly agreeable. The natives beheld his waggish pranks with infinite admiration, and Zeke looked upon him with particular favor; so much so, that when upon the following morning an order came from a ship at Papeetee, for a supply of potatoes, he almost hesitated to tell funny Peter to assist in digging them up. But the emergency pressed, and the work must be done. So Peter and Paul were set to unearth the vegetables. This was no very cruel task, for "the rich tawny soil seemed specially adapted to the crop; the great yellow murphies rolling out of the hills like eggs from a nest." But when they were dug up, they had to be carried to the beach; and to this part of the business the lazy adventurers had a special dislike, although Zeke kindly provided them, to lighten their toil, what he called the barrel machine—a sort of rural sedan, in which the servants carried their loads with comparative ease, whilst their employers sweated under shouldered hampers. But no alleviation could reconcile the sailor and the physician to this novel and unpleasant labor, and the potatoe-digging was the last piece of work, deserving the name, that either of them did. A few days afterwards they gave their masters warning, greatly to the vexation of Zeke, although he received the notice with true Yankee imperturbability. He proposed that Long Ghost, who, after the hunt, had shown considerable culinary skill, should assume the office of cook, and that Paul-Typee should only work when it suited him, which would not have been very often. The offer was friendly and favorable, but it was refused. A hospitable invitation to remain as guests as long as was convenient to them, was likewise rejected, and, bent upon a ramble, the restless adventurers left the vale of Martair. Even greater inducements would probably have been insufficient to keep them there. They had been so long on the rove, that change of scene had become essential to their happiness. The doctor, especially, was anxious to be off to Tamai, an inland village on the borders of a lake, where the fruits were the finest, and the women the most beautiful and unsophisticated in all the Society Islands. Epicurean Long Ghost had set his mind upon visiting this terrestrial paradise, and thither his steady chum willingly accompanied him. It was a day's journey on foot, allowing time for dinner and siesta; and the path lay through wood and ravine, unpeopled save by wild cattle. About noon they reached the heart of the island, thus pleasantly described. "It was a green, cool hollow among the mountains, into which we at last descended with a bound. The place was gushing with a hundred springs, and shaded over with great solemn trees, on whose mossy boles the moisture stood in beads." There is something delightfully hydropathic in these lines; they cool one like a shower-bath. He is a prime fellow, this common sailor Melville, at such scraps of description, terse and true, placing the scene before us in ten words. In long yarns he indulges not, but of such happy touches as the above, we could quote a score. We have not room, either for them, or for an account of the valley of Tamai, its hospitable inhabitants, and its heathenish dances, performed in secret, and in dread of the missionaries, by whom such saturnalia are forbidden. The place was altogether so pleasant, that the doctor and his friend entertained serious thoughts of settling there, or at least of making a long stay, when one morning they were put to flight by the arrival of strangers, said to be missionaries, with whom, vagrants as they were, they had no wish to fall in. So they returned to their friend Zeke, nursing new and ambitious projects. They had no intention of remaining with the good-hearted Yankee, but merely paid him a flying visit, and that with an interested motive. What they wanted of him was this. Although feeling themselves gentlemen every inch, they were not always able to convince the world of their respectability. So they resolved to have a passport, and pitched upon Zeke to manufacture it, he being well known and much respected in Imeeo. Zeke was gratified by the compliment, and set to work with a rooster's quil, and a piece of dirty paper. "Evidently he was not accustomed to composition; for his literary throes were so violent, that the doctor suggested that some sort of a Cæsarian operation might be necessary. The precious

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paper was at last finished; and a great curiosity it was. We were much diverted with his reasons for not dating it. 'In this here dumned climate,' he observed, 'a feller can't keep the run of the months, no how; 'cause there's no seasons, no summer and winter to go by. One's etarnally thinking it's always July, it's so pesky hot.' 'Apassport provided, we cast about for some means of getting to Taloo."

The decline of the Tahitian monarchy—the degradation of the regal house of Pomaree, is painful to contemplate. The queen still wears a crown—a tinsel one, received as a present from her sister-sovereign of England,—she has also a court and palace, such as they are; but her power is little more than nominal, her exchequer seldom otherwise than empty. Typee draws a touching contrast between times past and present. "'I'm a greater man than King George,' said the incorrigible young Otoo, to the first missionaries; 'he rides on a horse and I on a man.' Such was the case. He travelled post through his dominions on the shoulders of his subjects, and relays of immortal beings were provided in all the valleys. But alas! how times have changed! how transient human greatness! Some years since, Pomaree Vahinee I., granddaughter of the proud Otoo, went into the laundry business, publicly soliciting by her agents the washing of the linen belonging to officers of ships touching in her harbors." Into the court of this washer-woman queen, Typee and Long Ghost were exceedingly desirous to penetrate. Vague ideas of favor and preferment haunted their brains. During their Polynesian cruise they had seen many instances of rapid advancement; vagabond foreigners, of all nations, domesticated in the families of chiefs and kings, and sometimes married to their daughters and sharing their power. At one of the Tonga islands, a scamp of a Welshman officiated as cupbearer to the king of the cannibals. The monarch of the Sandwich islands has three foreigners about his court—a Negro to beat the drum, a wooden-legged Portuguese to play the fiddle, and Mordecai, a juggler, to amuse his majesty with cups and balls and sleight of hand. On the Marquesan island of Hivarhoo, they found an English sailor who had attained to the highest dignity in the country. He had deserted from a merchant ship, and at once set up on his own hook as an independent sovereign, without dominions, but by disposition most belligerent. A musket and a store of cartridges were his whole possessions; but in a land where war was rife, carried on with the primitive weapons of spear and javelin, they were sufficiently important to make a native prince covet his alliance. His first battle was a decisive victory, a perfect Waterloo, and he became the Wellington of Hivarhoo, receiving as a reward for his distinguished services, the hand of a princess, and a splendid dowry of hogs, mats, and other produce. To conform to the prejudices of his new family, he allowed himself to be tattooed, tabooed, and otherwise paganized, becoming as big a savage as any in the island. A blue shark adorned his forehead; a broad bar, of the same color, traversed his face. The tabooing was a less ornamental but more decidedly useful formality, for by it his person was declared sacred and inviolable. Typee and his medical friend had a strong prejudice against cerulean sharks and the like embellishments; but if these could be dispensed with, they felt no disinclination to form part of Pomaree's household. They had not quite made up their minds what office would best suit them, but their circumstances were unprosperous, and they resolved not to be particular. They understood that the queen was mustering around her all the foreigners she could recruit, to make head against the French. She was then at Taloo, a village on the coast of Imeeo, and thither the two adventurers betook themselves, hoping to be at once elevated to important posts at court; but quite resigned, in case of disappointment, to work as day-laborers in a sugar-plantation, or go to sea in a whaler, then in the harbor for wood and water. Disgusted with their desultory, hand-to-mouth existence, they yearned after respectability and a prime-ministership. To their sanguine anticipations, both of these seemed easy of attainment. Long Ghost, indeed, who, amongst his various accomplishments, was a very Orpheus upon the violin, insisted strongly upon the probability of his becoming a Tahitian Rizzio. But a necessary preliminary to the realization of these day dreams, was a presentation at court, and that was difficult to obtain. Once before Queen Pomaree, they doubted not but she, with Napoleonic sagacity, would discern their merits, and forthwith make Typee her admiral, and Long Ghost inspector-general of hospitals. But they lacked an introduction. The proper course, according to the practice of travelling nobodies, desirous of intruding their plebeian-

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ism into a foreign court would have been to apply to their ambassadors. Unfortunately Deputy Consul Wilson, the only person at hand of a diplomatic character, was by no means disposed to act as master of the ceremonies to the insurgents of the Julia. And their costume, it must be confessed, scarcely qualified them to appear at levee or drawing-room. A short time previously, their ragged and variegated garb had given them much the look of a brace of Polynesian Robert Macaires. Typee had made himself a new frock out of two old ones, a blue and a red, the irregular mingling of the colors producing a pleasing parrot-like effect; a tattered shirt of printed calico was twisted round his head, turban-fashion, the sleeves dangling behind, and bullock's-hide sandals protected his feet. The doctor was still more fantastical in his attire. He sported a *roora*, a garment similar to the South American poncho, a sort of mantle or blanket, with a hole in the centre, through which the head passes. This simple article of apparel, which in the doctor's case was of coarse brown tappa, fell in folds around his angular carcass, and in conjunction with a broad-brimmed hat of Panama grass, gave him the aspect of a decayed grandee. Thus clad, the two friends arrived in the neighborhood of the royal residence, and there were fortunate enough to fall in with Mrs. Po-Po, a benevolent Tahitian matron, who provided them with clean frocks and trousers, such as sailors wear, and in all respects was as good as a mother to them. Her husband, Jeremiah Po-Po, a man of substance and consideration, made them welcome in his house, fed and fostered them, without hope of fee or recompense. A little of this generous hospitality was owing to the hypocrisy of that villain, Long Ghost, who, finding his entertainers devoutly disposed, muttered a "Grace before Meat" over the succulent little porkers, baked *à la façon de Barbarie* in the ground, upon which their kind-hearted Amphitrion regaled them. But neither clean canvas, nor simulated piety, sufficed to draw upon the ambitious schemers the favorable notice of Queen Pomaree. Accustomed to sailors, she held them cheap. A uniform, though but the moth-eaten undress of a militia ensign, would have been a powerful auxiliary to their projects of aggrandizement. Like others of her sex, Pomaree loves a soldier's coat, and maintained in more prosperous days a formidable regiment of body guards, in pasteboard shakos, and without breeches.

To go to court, however, Typee and his comrade were fully resolved; and they were not very scrupulous as to the manner of their introduction. They made up to a Marquesan gentleman of herculean proportions, whose office it was to take the princes of the blood an airing in his arms. Typee, who spoke his language, and had been at his native village, soon ingratiated himself with Marbonna, who introduced them to one of the queen's chamberlains. Bribery and corruption now came into play: a plug of tobacco proved an excellent passport to within the royal precincts, but then Marbonna was suddenly called away, and the intruders found themselves abandoned to their fate amongst the ladies of the court, amiable and affable damsels, whom a little "soft sawder" induced to conduct them into the queen's own drawing-room. Here were collected numerous costly articles of European manufacture, sent as presents to Pomaree. Writing-desks, cut glass and beautiful china, valuable engravings, and gilt candelabras, arms and instruments of all kinds, lay scratched and broken, musty and rusting amongst greasy calabashes, old matting, paddles, fish-spears and rubbish of all kinds. It was supper-time; and presently the queen came out of her private boudoir, attired in a blue silk gown and rich shawls, but without shoes or stockings. She lay down upon a mat and fed herself with her fingers. Presumptuous Long Ghost, unabashed before royalty, was for immediately introducing himself and friend; but the attendants opposed this forward proceeding, and, in doing so, made such a fuss that the queen looked up from her calabash of fish, perceived the strangers, and ordered them out. Such was the first and last interview between Typee the mariner and Pomaree the queen.

"Disappointed in going to court, we determined upon going to sea." The Leviathan, an American whaler, lay in harbor, and Typee shipped on board her. Long Ghost would have done the same, but the Yankee captain disliked the cut of his jib, swore he was a "Sidney bird," and would have naught to say to him. So Typee divided his advance of wages with the medical spectre—drank with him a parting bottle of wine, surreptitiously purchased from a pilfering member of Pomaree's household—and sailed on a whaling cruise to the coast of Japan. We look forward with confidence and interest to an account of what there befell him.

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From Tait's Magazine.

FEMALE AUTHORS. No. I.—MRS. HEMANS.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

FEMALE authorship is, if not a great, certainly a singular fact. And if a singular fact in this century, what must it have been in the earlier ages of the world—when it existed as certainly as now, and was more than now a phenomenon, standing often insulated and alone? If, even in this age, *blues* are *black*-balled and homespun is still the "only wear," and music, grammar, and *gramarye* are the three elements, legitimately included and generally expected in the education of woman, in what light must the Aspasias and the Sapphos of the past have been regarded? Probably as *lusus naturæ*, in whom a passionate attachment to literature was pardoned as a pleasant peccadillo, or agreeable insanity; just as a slight squint in the eye of a beauty, or even a far-off *faux pas* in her reputation, is still not unfrequently forgiven. But, alas! in our age, the exception is likely soon to become the rule—the *lusus* the law; and, at all events, of female authorship, the least gallant of critics is compelled now to take cognisance; and without absolutely admitting this as *our* characteristic, we must confess the diffidence as well as the good-will wherewith we approach a subject where respect for truth and respect for the sex are sometimes apt to jostle and jar.

The works of British women have now taken up, not by courtesy but by right, a full and conspicuous place in our literature. They constitute an elegant library in themselves; and there is hardly a department in science, in philosophy, in morals, in politics, in the belles lettres, in fiction, or in the fine arts, but has been occupied, and ably occupied by a lady. This certainly proclaims a high state of cultivation on the part of the many, which has thus flowered out into composition in the case of the few. It exhibits an extension and refinement of that element of female influence which, in the private intercourse of society, has been productive of such blessed effects; it mingles with the harsh tone of general literature, "as the lute pierceth through the cymbal's clash;" it blends with it a vein of delicate discrimination, of mild charity, and of purity of morals, gives it a healthy and happy tone, the tone of the fireside; it is in the chamber of our literature, a quiet and lovely presence; by its very gentleness, overawing as well as refining and beautifying it all. One principal characteristic of female writing in our age is its sterling sense. It is told of Coleridge, that he was accustomed, on important emergencies, to consult a female friend, placing implicit confidence in her first instinctive suggestions. If she proceeded to add her reasons, he checked her immediately. "Leave these, madam, to me to find out." We find this rare and valuable sense—this short-hand reasoning—exemplified in our lady authors' producing, even in the absence of original genius, or of profound penetration, or of wide experience, a sense of perfect security, as we follow their gentle guidance. Indeed, on all questions affecting proprieties, decorums, what we may call the *ethics* of sentimentalism, minor as well as major morals, their verdict may be considered oracular, and without appeal. But we dare not say that we consider them entitled to speak with equal authority on those higher and deeper questions, where not instinct nor heart but severe and tried intellect is qualified to return the responses. We remark, too, in the writings of females, a tone of greater generosity than in those of men. They are more candid and amiable in their judgments of authors and of books. Commend us to female critics. *They* are not eternally consumed by the desire of being witty, astute, and severe, of carping at what they could not equal—of hewing down what they could or *would* not have built up. The principle, *nil admirari*, is none of theirs; and whether it be that a sneer disfigures their beautiful lips, it is seldom seen upon them. And in correspondence with this, it is curious that (in our judgments, and we suspect theirs) the worst critics are persons who dislike the sex, and whom the sex dislikes—musty, fusty old bachelors, such as Gifford, or certain pedantic prigs in the press of the present day. Ladies, on the other hand, are seldom severe judges of anything, except each other's dress and deportment; and in defect of profound principles, they are helped out by that fine instinctive sense of

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theirs, which partakes of the genial nature, and verges upon genius itself.

Passing from such preliminary remarks, we proceed to our theme. We have selected Mrs. Hemans as our first specimen of Female Authors, not because we consider her the best, but because we consider her by far the most feminine writer of the age. All the woman in her shines. You could not (unknowing of the author) open a page of her writings without feeling this is written by a lady. Her inspiration always pauses at the feminine point. It never "oversteps the modesty of nature," nor the dignity and decorum of womanhood. She is no Sibyl, tossed to and fro in the tempest of furious excitement, but ever a "deep, majestical, and high-souled woman"—the calm mistress of the highest and stormiest of her emotions. The finest compliment we can pay her, perhaps the finest compliment that it is possible to pay to woman, as a moral being, is to compare her to "one of Shakspeare's women," and to say, had Imogen, or Isabella, or Cornelia become an authoress, she had so written.

Sometimes, indeed, Mrs. Hemans herself seems reduced, through the warmth of her temperament, the facility and rapidity of her execution, and the intensely lyrical tone of her genius, to dream that the shadow of the Pythoness is waving behind her, and controlling the motions of her song. To herself she appears to be uttering oracular deliverances. Alas! "oracles speak," and her poetry, as to all effective utterance of original truth, is silent. It is emotion only that is audible to the sharpest ear that listens to her song. A bee wreathing round you in the warm summer morn, her singing circle gives you as much new insight into the universe as do the sweetest strains which have ever issued from this "voice of spring." We are reluctantly compelled, therefore, to deny her, in its highest sense, the name of poet—a word often abused, often misapplied in mere compliment or courtesy, but which ought ever to retain its stern and original signification. A *maker* she is not. What dream of childhood has she ever, to any imagination, reborn? whose slumbers has she ever peopled with new and terrible visions? what new form or figure has she annexed, like a second shadow, to our own idiosyncrasy, to track us on our way for ever? to what mind has she given such a burning stamp of impression, as it feels eternity itself unable to efface? There is no such result from the poetry of Mrs. Hemans. She is less a maker than a *musician*, and her works appear rather to rise to the airs of the piano than that still sad music of humanity—the adequate instrument for the expression of which, has not yet been invented by man. From the tremulous movement, the wailing cadences, the artistic pauses, and the conscious-swelling climaxes of her verse, we always figure her as modulating, inspiring, and controlling her thoughts and words to the tune of some fine instrument, which is less the vehicle than the creator of the strain. In her poetry, consequently, the music rather awakens the meaning, than does the meaning round and mellow off into the music.

With what purpose does a lady, in whom perfect skill and practice have not altogether drowned enthusiasm, sit down to her harp, piano, or guitar? Not altogether for the purpose of display, not at all for that of instruction to her audience, but in a great measure that she may develope in a lawful form, the sensibilities of her own bosom. Thus sate Felicia Hemans before her lyre, not touching it with awful reverence, as though each string were a star, nor using it as the mere conductor to her overflowing thoughts, but regarding it as the soother and sustainer of her own high-wrought emotions, a graceful *alias* of herself. Spring, in its vague joyousness, has not a more appropriate voice in the note of the cuckoo than feminine sensibility had in the more varied but hardly profounder song of the authoress before us.

We wish not to be misunderstood. Mrs. Hemans had something more than the common belief of all poets in the existence of the beautiful. She was a genuine woman, and, therefore, the sequence (as we shall see speedily) is irresistible, a true Christian. Nor has she feared to set her creed to music in her poetry. But it was as a betrayal, rather than as a purpose, that she so did. She was more the organ of sentiment and sensibility than of high and solemn truth, more a golden morning mist, now glittering and then gone in the sun, than a steady dial at once meekly reflecting and faithfully watching and measuring his beams.

She was, as Lord Jeffrey well remarks, an admirable writer of *occasional* verses. She has caught, in her poetry, passing words of her own mind, meditations of the sleepless night, transient glimpses of thought, visiting her in her serener hours, the "silver lining" of those cloudy feelings

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which preside over her darker—and the impressions made upon her mind by the more remarkable events of her every-day life—and the more exciting passages of her reading. Her works are a versified *journal* of a quiet, ideal, and a beautiful life, the life at once of a woman and a poetess; with just enough, and no more, of romance to cast around it a mellow autumnal coloring. The songs, hymns, and odes in which this life is registered are as soft and bright as atoms of the rainbow; like them, tears transmuted into glory, but, no more than they, great or complete. In many poets we see the germ of greatness, which might in happier circumstances, or in a more genial season, have been developed. But no such germ can the most microscopic survey discover in her, and we feel that at her death her beautiful but tiny task was done. Indeed, with such delicate organization, and such intense susceptiveness as hers, the elaboration, the long reach of thought, the slow *cumulative* advance, the deep-curbed, yet cherished ambition which a great work requires and implies, are, we fear, incompatible.

It follows, naturally, from this, that her largest are her worst productions. They labor under the fatal defect of tedium. They are a surfeit of sweets. Conceive an orchard of rose-trees. Who would not, stupified and bewildered by excess and extravagance of beauty, prefer the old, sturdy, and well-laden boughs of the pear and pippin, and feel the truth of the adage —"The *apple* tree is the fairest tree in the wood?" Hence few, comparatively, have taken refuge in her "forest sanctuary;" reluctant and rare the ears which have listened to her "Vespers of Palermo;" her "Siege of Valencia" has stormed no hearts, and her "Sceptic" made, we fear, few converts. But who has not wept over her "Graves of a Household," or hushed his heart to hear her "Treasures of the Deep," in which the old Sea himself seems to speak, or wished to take the left hand of the Hebrew child and lead him up, along with his mother, to the temple service; or thrilled and shouted in the gorge of "Mergarten," or trembled at the stroke of her "Hour of Death?" Such poems are of the kind which win their way into every house, and every collection, and every heart. They secure for their authors a sweet garden plot of reputation, which is envied by none, and with which no one intermeddles. Thus flowers smile, unharmed, to the bolt which levels the pine beside them. Cataracts, in the course of ages, wear away their cliff of vantage, and so their glory suicidally perishes, while "one meek streamlet, only one," beautifies its narrow glen for ever—tapers live while suns sink and disappear. Even a single sweet poem, flowing from a gentle mind in a happy hour, is as "ointment poured forth," and carries an humble name in fragrance far down into futurity, while the elaborate productions of loftier spirits rot upon the shelves. A Lucretius exhausts the riches of his magnificent mind in a stately poem, which is barely remembered, and never read. A Wolfe expresses the emotions of every heart at the recital of Sir John Moore's funeral in a few rude rhymes, and becomes immortal. A Shelley, dipping his pen in the bloody sweat of his lonely and agonized heart, traces voluminous lines of "red and burning" poetry, and his works are known only to some hardy explorers. A Michael Bruce transfers one spring joy of his dying frame, stirred by the note of the cuckoo, to a brief and tear-stained page; and henceforth the voice of the bird seems vocal with his name, and wherever, from the "engulphed navel" of the wood you hear its strange, nameless, tameless, wandering, unearthly voice, you think of the poet who sighed away his soul, and gathered his fame in its praise. A Baillie constructs a work "before all ages," lavishes on it imagination that might suffice for a century of poets, and writes it in colors snatched from the sun; and it lies, on some recherché tables, like a foreign curiosity, to be seen, shown, and lifted, rather than to be read and pondered. A William Miller sings, one gloaming, his "Wee Willie Winkie;" and the nurseries of an entire nation re-echo the simple strains, and every Scottish mother blesses, in one breath, her babe and his poet. We mention this, not entirely to approve, but in part to wonder at it. It is not just that one strain from a lute or a pan's-pipe should survive a thunder-psalm —that effusions should eclipse works.

Mrs. Hemans's poems are strictly effusions. And not a little of their charm springs from their unstudied and extempore character. This, too, is in fine keeping with the sex of the writer. You are saved the ludicrous image of a double-dyed Blue, in papers and morning wrapper, sweating at some stupendous treatise or tragedy from morn to noon, and from noon to dewy eve—you see a graceful and gifted

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woman, passing from the cares of her family, and the enjoyments of society, to inscribe on her tablets some fine thought or feeling, which had throughout the day existed as a still sunshine upon her countenance, or perhaps as a quiet unshed tear in her eye. In this case, the transition is so natural and graceful, from the duties or delights of the day to the employments of the desk, that there is as little pedantry in writing a letter, and the authoress appears only a lady in *flower*. Indeed, to recur to a former remark, Mrs. Hemans is distinguished above all others by her intense womanliness. And as her own character is so true to her sex, so her sympathies with her sex are very peculiar and profound. Of the joys and the sorrows, the difficulties and the duties, the trials and the temptations, the hopes and the fears, the proper sphere and mission of woman, and of those peculiar consolations which the "world cannot give nor take away" that sustain her even when baffled, she has a true and thorough appreciation; and her "Records of Woman," and her "Songs of the Affections," are just audible beatings of the deep female heart. In our judgment, Mrs. Ellis's idea of Woman is trite, vulgar, and limited, compared with that of "Egeria," as Miss Jewsbury used fondly to denote her beloved friend. What a gallery of Shakspeare's female characters would the author of the "Mothers, Daughters, and Women of England" have painted! What could she have said of Juliet? How could she have contrived to twist Beatrice into a pattern Miss? Perdita! would she have sent her to a boarding-school? or insisted on *finishing*, according to the Hannah More pattern, the divine Miranda? Of that pretty Pagan Imogen, what would she make? Imagine her criticism on Lady Macbeth, or on Ophelia's dying speech and confession, or her revelation of the "Family Secrets" of the Merry Wives of Windsor!

Next to her pictures of the Domestic affectionsst and Mrs. Hemans's pictures of nature. These are less minute than passionate, less sublime than beautiful, less studious than free, broad, and rapid sketches. Her favorite scenery was the woodland, a taste in which we can thoroughly sympathize. In the wood there is a fullness, a roundness, a rich harmony, and a comfort, which soothe and completely satisfy the imagination. There, too, there is much life and motion. The glens, the still moorlands, and the rugged hills, will not move, save to one master finger, the finger of the earthquake, who is chary of his great displays. But before each lightest touch of the breeze the complacent leaves of the woodland begin to stir, and the depth of the solitude seems instantly peopled, and from perfect silence there comes a still small voice, so sweet and sudden, that it is as if every leaf were the tongue of a separate spirit. Her favorite season was the autumn, though her finest verses are dedicated to the spring. Here, too, we devoutly participate in her feelings. The shortening day—the new out-bursting from their veil of daylight of those, in summer, neglected tremblers—the stars—its yellow corn—the grey and pensive light—the joy of harvest—the fine firing of all the groves (not the "fading but the kindling of the leaf"—the frequent and moaning winds—the spiritual quiet in which, at other times, the stubble fields are bathed—the rekindling of the cheerful fires upon the hearth—the leaves falling to their own sad music—the rising stackyards—the wild fruit, ripened at the cold sun of the frost—the ineffable gleams of light dropping upon favorite glens or rivers, or hills which shine out like the shoulder of Pelops—the beseeching looks with which, trembling on the verge of winter, the belated season seems to say, "Love me well, I am the last of the sisterhood that you can love"—in short, that indescribable charm, which breathes in its very air and colors its very light, and sheds its joy of grief over all things, have concurred with some sweet and some sad associations, to render autumn, to us, the loveliest and the dearest of all the seasons. As Mrs. Hemans loved woodland scenery for its kindly "looks of shelter," so she loved the autumn principally for its correspondence with the fine melancholy which was the permanent atmosphere of her being. In one of her letters, speaking of an autumn day, she says, "the day was one of a kind I like, soft, still, and grey, such as make the earth appear a 'pensive but a happy place.'" We have sometimes thought that much of Wordsworth's poetry should always be read, and can never be so fully felt as in the autumn, when "Laodamia," at least, must have been written. Should not poems, as well as pictures, have their peculiar light, in which alone they can properly be seen? Should not Scott be read in spring, Shelley in the fervid sum-

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mer, Wordsworth in autumn, Cowper and Byron in winter, Shakspeare all the year round?

In many points Mrs. Hemans reminds us of a poet just named, and whom she passionately admired, namely, Shelley. Like him, drooping, fragile, a reed shaken in the wind, a mighty wind, in sooth, too powerful for the tremulous reed on which it discoursed its music; like him, the victim of exquisite nervous organization; like him, verse flowed for and from her, and the sweet sound often overpowered the meaning, kissing it, as it were, to death; like him, she was melancholy, but the sadness of both was musical, tearful, active, not stony, silent and motionless, still less misanthropical and disdainful; like him, she was gentle, playful, they could both run about their prison garden, and dally with the dark chains which, they knew, bound them till death. Mrs. Hemans, indeed, was not, like Shelley, a vates; she has never reached his heights, nor sounded his depths, yet they are, to our thought, so strikingly alike, as to seem brother and sister, in one beautiful, but delicate and dying family. Their very appearance must have been similar. How like must the girl, Felicia Dorothea Browne, with the mantling bloom of her cheeks, her hair of a rich golden brown, and the ever varying expression of her brillant eyes, have been to the noble boy Percy Bysshe Shelley, when he came first to Oxford, a fair-haired, bright-eyed enthusiast, on whose cheek and brow, and in whose eye was already beginning to burn a fire, which ultimately enwrapped his whole being in flames!

In Mrs. Hemans's melancholy, one "simple" was wanting, which was largely mixed in Shelley's, that of faithless despondency. Her spirit was cheered by faith—by a soft and noble form—of the softest, noblest faith—a form, reminding us much, from its balance of human, poetical, and celestial elements, of that of Jeremy Taylor—the Shakspeare of divines. Although, as we have said, her poetry is not, of prepense and purpose, the express image of her religious thought, yet it is a rich illustration of the religious tendency of the female mind. Indeed, females may be called the natural guardians of morality and faith. These shall always be safe in the depths of the female intellect, and of the female heart—an intellect, the essence of which is worship—a heart, the element of which is love. Unhired, disinterested, spontaneous is the aid they give to the blessed cause—leaning, indeed, in their lovely weakness on the "worship of sorrow," they, at the same time, prop it up through the wide and holy influences which they wield. Their piety, too, is no fierce and foul polemic flame—it is that of the feelings—the quick instinctive sense of duty—the wonder-stricken soul and the loving heart—often it is not even a conscious emotion at all—but in Wordsworth's language—they lie in

> "Abraham's bosom all the year,
> And God is with them, when they know it not."

In Mrs. Hemans's writings you find this pious tendency of her sex unsoiled by an atom of cant, or bigotry, or exclusiveness; and shaded only by so much pensiveness as attests its divinity and its depth: for as man's misery is said to spring from his greatness, so the gloom which often overhangs the earnest spirit arises from its more immediate proximity to the Infinite and the Eternal. And who would not be ready to sacrifice all the cheap sunshine of earthly success and satisfaction, for even a touch of a shadow so sublime!

After all, the nature of this poetess is more interesting than her genius, or than its finest productions. These *descend* upon us like voices from a mountain summit, suggesting to us an elevation of character far higher than themselves. If not, in a transcendent sense, a poet, her life was a poem. Poetry colored all her existence with a golden light—poetry presided at her needlework—poetry mingled with her domestic and maternal duties—poetry sat down with her to her piano—poetry fluttered her hair and flushed her cheek in her mountain rambles—poetry quivered in her voice, which was a "sweet sad melody"—poetry accompanied her to the orchard, as she read the "Talisman," in that long glorious summer day, which she has made immortal—and poetry attended her to the house of God, and listened with her to the proud pealing organ, as to an echo from within the veil. Poetry performed for her a still tenderer ministry; it soothed the deep sorrows, on which we dare not enter, which shaded the tissue of her history—it mixed its richest cupful of the "joy of grief" for her selected lips—it lapped her in a dream of beauty, through which the sad realities of life looked in, softened and mellowed in the medium. What could poetry have done more for her, except, indeed, by giving her that sight "as far as

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the incommunicable"—that supreme vision which she gives so rarely, and which she bestows often as a curse, instead of a blessing? Mrs. Hemans, on the other hand, was too favorite a child of the Muse to receive any such Cassandra boon. Poetry beautified her life, blunted and perfumed the thorns of her anguish, softened the pillow of her sickness, and combined with her firm and most feminine faith to shed a gleam of soft and tearful glory upon her death.

Thus lived, wrote, suffered, and died "Egeria." Without further seeking to weigh the worth, or settle the future place of her works, let us be thankful to have had her among us, and that she did what she could, in her bright, sorely-tried, yet triumphant passage. She grew in beauty; was blasted where she grew; rained around her poetry, like bright tears from her eyes; learned in suffering what she taught in song; died, and all hearts to which she ever ministered delight, have obeyed the call of Wordsworth, to

> "Mourn rather for that holy spirit,
> Mild as the spring, as ocean deep:—
> For her who, ere her summer faded,
> Has sunk into a dreamless sleep."

From the People's Journal.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

You would like to know, good reader, something about the man that is now at the head of the government—whose name you see daily in the newspapers, and whose influence you feel, more or less directly, in the laws of the country, but with whom you never come into personal contact—whom you seldom or never see at meetings, like Mr. Wakley or the Bishop of London, or in the streets, like the Duke of Wellington—who is one of the most powerful and influential, yet at the same time one of the most modest and retiring, men in the empire. Come with me. We will go where we are likely to catch a glimpse of him, when he is not aware that he is observed.

Let us lounge a few minutes about Whitehall. About this time the chief men in parliament are making their way down to the two Houses, more especially towards the lower House, where public business begins at half-past four. There is a constant stream of people; but, even if there were not that source of amusement, there is enough to engage the attention in the historical associations of the place—the wondrous contrasts every time-honored spot presents between its past and its present existence. But we have enough of living objects to arrest our notice. Can you pick out, from the numerous pedestrians who pass, those who are members of the legislature? can you distinguish them from the crowd of loungers, lawyers, parliamentary agents, witnesses, and country cousins, who are accustomed, about this hour of the day, to frequent this highway of British celebrities? No: *he* is not an M. P.; he is a newly-made Queen's counsel: but you have made a very fair guess, for his honors are yet blushing on him, and he walks with quite as much pomposity and consciousness of importance as if he were a real veritable member of parliament. You may know an M.P. in London, as you may know an Englishman in Paris—by his lofty bearing. See the proud, haughty Briton, stalking along the Boulevard! He seems to think the country and all it contains is his by right of conquest, or that he is one of the natural lords of the earth. So with an M.P. going down to the House. With crest erect and chest expanded he stalks along; with eyes not deigning to look down, he sniffs the air, and holds himself aloof, like some superior being. The only human creature he will condescend to notice is some other M.P., as proud and consequential as himself. But who is he that has so wondrously unbent this stiff automaton? A rather shabby looking man, and none of the cleanest. Positively, the M.P. bends to him—speaks to him—bows to him at parting! It is a constituent, and a general election is at hand.

But let us leave our general speculations. There comes one along the pavement, who walks not proudly, yet has a "presence" upon him not to be passed over. Small, even diminutive as he is, what a dignity there is in his carriage! It seems the dignity not so much of pride as of extreme

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modesty or reserve. And yet, if you look again, there is much self-reliance in that firm though rather precise and measured step. What composure! what gravity! what quiet self-absorption! How plain, unpretending, his black frock coat and loose trowsers, made in no fashion of the hour, yet fitting well, and unprofaned by even a grain of dust! And how dazzlingly white the linen is, contrasted with the jet-black silk neck-tie! Upon the whole, what a perfect air of unstudied neatness! Look again, and you will observe that although so small in stature, and formed, in face, hands, and feet, on so *petite* a scale, he grows on you the more you regard him. He occupies in your vision the whole of that broad pavement, as Edmund Kean used to "fill" the stage. Observe well his countenance. It is pale with much thinking and long vigils. It has a character of gravity and wisdom. It looks like the Memnon's head at the British Museum seen through the wrong end of a telescope. It is as an heroic head dwarfed. The brow, how wide—the eyebrows, how boldly, strongly drawn. You cannot see the depth of the forehead, it is so overshadowed by that rather sombre broad-brimmed hat. But the nose, how beautifully formed, how straight and delicate; the mouth, clearly marked and well defined; the lips, how finely chiselled; and on all the countenance what benevolence! He raises his eyes as he passes on: they are clear, deep, mild. As the glance rests for a moment, it reveals a thoughtful, regulated mind. He is gone; and you observe as he pursues his way down Parliament street with firm, but slow and cautious step, with what instinctive respect he is treated, even by those who do not know that he is LORD JOHN RUSSELL, now Prime Minister of England.

Prime Minister of England! Think of the combination of qualities—the knowledge, the self-command, the tact, the unceasing labor required in order to fill that proud position! And to fill it, too, as it has been filled for the last ten or fifteen years, when, not the favor of the Sovereign, or the sinister influence of an aristocracy usurping popular rights, and bolstering up some subservient nominee, but the deliberate approval of the whole people—of the enlightened, many-minded people of England—has been the test of fitness. And what a history does not the phrase itself unfold! what a series of struggles, what an eventful life of toil, of ambition, of triumphs, of disappointments, must not a man endure who in this country, whatever may have been his original station, rises by his talents alone to the highest political position in the kingdom, and rules by universal consent of the most gifted of his contemporaries. We Englishmen allow ourselves much license in speaking of our political governors; but however we may attack and abuse them in the heat of party passions, we are never backward in doing justice to their personal merits. Tory, whig, and radical, are all alike in that respect.

But this Lord John Russell has been one of the most unlucky men in her Majesty's dominions. Entitled, by his policy and position, long since to hold the highest place, he has ever been disappointed. Tantalized for years with the glittering cup held up to his grasp, it has been his doom ever to see it seized by the hand of a rival. He has always prepared the way for another's triumph. And now he deserves a better fate than to be a stop-gap Premier—forced into office almost against his will, and obliged to seem the author of contradictory, and possibly unpopular, measures. But he struggles nobly against his fate. No man could have made more than he has of so untoward a position. However, we do not deal with politics, except by way of illustration: let us content ourselves with a very brief enumeration of the main facts of his early career, with which those who have only regarded him as a party leader may not be acquainted; and then we will sketch a few points of his character. He is the third and youngest son of the late Duke of Bedford, by his first wife, a daughter of Viscount Torrington. He was born on the 19th August, 1792, and first went to school at Sandwich. From thence he went to Cambridge, where, however, he did not particularly distinguish himself. In 1814, he entered Parliament as member for Tavistock, and made his maiden speech in the July of that year, on the Alien Act Repeal Bill. To follow him minutely in his parliamentary career is unnecessary, and would be unprofitable. In 1819 he began that parliamentary agitation of the question of reform which he continued during a series of years, and which ended in his being selected to bring in the great Reform Bill itself. In 1820 he was returned for Huntingdonshire, but in 1826 he lost his seat (owing to his advocacy of Catholic emancipation), and sat for Bandon

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Bridge. He then again represented Tavistock. In 1831 he was returned for the county of Devon; but in 1835 he was rejected on account of his support of the appropriation clause, on the occasion afforded by his resuming office with the Melbourne cabinet, on the resignation of Sir Robert Peel. He was then elected for Stroud, for which borough he sat till the general election of 1841, when he was returned for London. His subsequent public life has been a series of struggles with Sir Robert Peel for power, in which he has regularly laid down principles which have been accepted by the public, while his rival has by favor of circumstances, and a most opportune plasticity of character, as regularly succeeded in standing before the world as the minister who has carried them out. In this respect Lord John Russell suffers a double disadvantage—not merely in the deprivation of present power, but also in possible exclusion from future fame; for history, which seeks for, and seizes on strong and prominent events and characters, may overlook his silent services, in recording the more grand and attractive triumphs of Sir Robert Peel.

While we have been indulging in these retrospections and reflections, Lord John Russell has made his way down to the House of Commons. Let us follow him there. Up all sorts of matted staircases, through all sorts of winding passages, with doors on each side, mysteriously numbered, from which issue now and then, as we pass, plain, ill-dressed, very tired-looking persons (M. P.'s who have been all day serving on committees), and you find yourself at the lower end of that long, plain, chapel-like building, the temporary House of Commons. You are in what is called the speaker's gallery—a row of exclusive seats, sliced off from the front of the strangers' gallery, and used to accommodate the private friends of the members. Run your eye along the front bench on the left-hand side. It accommodates many men whose names are bruited abroad, some of world-wide reputation. One of the nearest—mark well—that small, pale, debilitated-looking man, with head of Roman mould, and finely outlined features, but with a restless, dissatisfied aspect. It is Mr. Roebuck—a politician of unimpeached virtue, sternly devoted to the public good, and a speaker of no mean pretensions, but unfortunate in having an incorrigible acerbity of temper. He last night made a very severe attack on Lord John Russell, and pointed the attention of the country to Sir Robert Peel as being more fit to govern than he. Perhaps Lord John may take some notice of him to-night; so that we shall hear him speak under favorable circumstances. A little further on than he, is Mr. Macaulay, the portly man with a pale, bilious complexion, but round, full face, as if the sun of Hindostan had had power to steal his color, but not to sap his constitution. I need not remind you of his brilliant triumphs in literature and oratory. The little, fragile, pale, small-faced man, with massive forehead and gleaming eyes, is Mr. Sheil. Next him sits Lord Palmerston, a debater, when he chooses, of first-rate powers, and a foreign minister of universal information, remarkable insight, and grand views, but fettered by circumstances. That tall thin person, with handsome expressive features, and who seems pale more from hard work than illness, is Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary—a man of developing talents, and an excellent minister: and next him is Mr. Labouchere, the descendant of a Huguenot, and preserving in face, voice, and character, all the marks of a French origin. He is the Irish Secretary, and a first-rate man of business. He with the silvery hair, florid complexion, youthful air, almost boyish face, and projecting nether lip, is Lord Morpeth, the most *popular* of the Whig ministers—a man of unaffected manners, frank nature, good debating talents, extensive information, business habits, and unflinching honesty of purpose. And if you run your eye along the serried ranks that fill the benches up to the wall, you will see many a face denoting high intellectual powers, many a favorite of the people, many a successful lawyer, many a *millionaire*. They form a powerful and compact party—one which any man—however great his fame, might well be proud to lead.

But why do I draw your attention to these distinguished men—but a few of those who constitute the Liberal party? It is that you may the better estimate the value and importance of him in whom they place so much confidence as to have made him their leader.

Silent, abstracted, with his face overshadowed by his hat, one leg crossed over the knee of the other, and deeply absorbed in reading some dispatches that have just been brought to him in the red box, the key of which dangles from his eye-glass chain, sits Lord John Russell, the diminu-

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tive but imposing man who passed us so modestly in the street, but who here is able to give the law to, and take the lead of, some of the *élite* of his contemporaries He is about to go through half-an-hour of ministerial purgatory; he is going, according to the jocular phrase current in the House, to say his "catechism." From about a quarter to five to a quarter past, the ministers are always down in their places in either House of Parliament, in order to answer any questions that may be put to them on the general policy of the country, or on the business of their particular department, either by the leader of the opposition, or by any private members of parliament. The Prime Minister, of course, usually comes in for a very large share of this nightly torture; but no man bears it better than Lord John Russell. Sir James Graham used to be one of the most happy artists in the way of getting rid of troublesome questioners; but he always did it at the expense of the feelings of the questioner, leaving him and the house under an unsatisfactory impression. Sir R. Peel was also remarkably expert in the same way. Questions used to shower on him, and fall off again, like drops of water from an oil skin. Yet even he used too transparent a cajolery. But Lord John Russell is quite as successful as either, and his triumphs are not so costly. He generally contrives to give satisfaction, even when he cannot always afford information.

See! A burly man, with florid face and flaxen hair, and a good-humored smile, has risen on the opposition side, and put a question, in which, cleverly enough, he has contrived to insinuate a sarcastic speech. He is quizzing the government for their want of any fixed policy; or he has discovered some new poor law grievance; or—anything, in short, out of which he can make a good hit for the electors of Finsbury. It is Mr. Wakley! one of the most honest and hardworking members of the House. He and Lord John Russell are old political allies; but Mr. Wakley does not think the noble lord has gone either fast enough or far enough; and now and then they have had little tiffs—mere lovers' quarrels, however; for they generally "make it up" again very soon. On this occasion, Lord John has confined himself to answering his question. Perhaps he does not wish to weaken the effect of the great ministerial statement he has to make to-night, by drawing attention to any mere personal matter. And the members generally appear equally anxious; for although they generally prefer to ask their questions when there is a crowded House, because they are more universally listened to, they have asked fewer than ever to-night.

Aye! now there seems a stir of attention all through the House; the members all settle themselves in the best positions for hearing; and those in the back rows crane their necks forward. The little statesman in black has long since laid aside his papers and locked his red box. He rises, says something confidentially to the Speaker, and sits down again; and now you hear the sonorous voice from the chair say aloud "that the order of the day be now read." Whereupon Lord John Russell rises once more, stretches out his arm, steps up to the table, then back again, as if he had not quite made up his mind to begin; then turns round and looks at the Speaker, then turns round the other way and looks at the House, and at last comes out with a "Sar! hevin—ar—given notice—ar—that I should take this opport*oo*nity—ar"——and so on. "Well! Is that what they call oratory in the House of Commons? Why, we can show you a better specimen at our borough meetings!" Softly, good stranger; wait a little. No doubt the manner is affected; no doubt there is too much of that semi-aristocratic drawl; no doubt the style is slovenly; the language rather commonplace at present; no doubt the voice seems strangely strained; as though a very little man were trying to talk like a very big one. But listen again. You will find something better soon. Do you hear that sentiment? Did you ever hear political wisdom for the people put before in much fewer words, or more portable by the meanest understanding? Perhaps you do not well understand the subject he has risen to speak upon? No. Well, I'll engage that by the time you have the whole of his speech, you shall not only thoroughly know all the facts and figures that need be known, but that you shall also get a clear insight into all the moral and political considerations that bear on it—in fact, that you shall know about it as much as the greatest statesman in the country. How exquisitely clear is the whole discourse! From the first small beginnings down to the broad, grand peroration where he sums up all, how it bears the subject on its bosom, how it fertilizes the minds of the audience. Like some river stream, clear and pellucid at its source, that winds its

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devious course through various tracks, now pausing on its pebbly bed, now shooting arrow-like along, now widening and swelling into deep lake-like pools, now bearing down all obstacles, till at last it pours its full volume at its outlet. If some sentences are labored and involved, how terse and epigrammatic are others! Mark the simplicity of the diction: the powerful Saxon words! How happy the illustrations, never strained or sought after, yet always ready at the opportune moment. He no longer hems! and has! He is on the full tide of his philosophic spirit. How finely he inculcates his noble maxims of public conduct, how naturally and unaffectedly he draws the mind to contemplate the right and the just, not despising even the expedient! Observe how animated and interested the House have become. He holds them all in a chain, to which he adds new links at each new argument, each new development of his well regulated and statesmanlike mind. Review all he has been saying, and you will confess how he has impressed you with his self-possession, his coolness, his generalship, his extensive information, his insight, his wonderful faculty of making the philosophy of politics easy to the meanest understandings.

But this is only one phase of his parliamentary character. A party leader is not merely required to make expositions of policy, or to give the word of command and mark out manœuvres: he is sometimes obliged to stand forward in single combat. And he must also be able to handle his weapons as well as the bravest or most skilful of his host; or men will not be content to follow his lead, or even to allow him to fight their battles. Now Lord John Russell does not make much pretence, but he is very brave and skilful nevertheless. Like David, with only his courage and his poor sling, he has many times stood up against fearful odds, and yet has prevailed. It is quite a treat to see him ridiculing or demolishing anybody; his proceedings are so quiet and unassuming, yet so masterly. If it be a mere answer to an argument, it is put so simply and forcibly; if it be an anecdote or an illustration, it is introduced so aptly and humorously; if it be necessary to quiz an opponent or to set him down, it is done so effectually, yet with so much dignity. The grave, small, sedate face becomes illumined by sly humor (never ill-natured), the mouth relaxes, and heralds by a smile the irony in which the rebuke is to be conveyed; and the whole object is effected by a few simple artistic touches, which leave irresistibly the impression on your mind of latent power. Nay, even the object of the rebuke seems to feel its force and necessity, and to sit down quietly under it. Lord John is very impartial in administering these castigations. Sometimes, if he has been very hard run, for instance, by Lord George Bentinck, about Irish railways, he will read that aspiring leader such a lesson as will make him heartily wish himself back into the ranks, and that he had never taken on himself those arduous duties. At other times the noble lord will quiz Sir Robert Peel; at others, Mr. Bright or Mr. Wakley. But when he entered the House, we anticipated he might retort on Mr. Roebuck for some of the severe things he had been saying against the government, and his open propitiation of Sir R. Peel. By degrees he approaches that part of his discourse which bears on the honorable member, who sits as usual in triumphant unconsciousness. But now he hears his name; he pricks up his ears! And what an iron pencil is etching his character in his own *aqua fortis!* How true the sketch, how strong the points of censure selected! He who is always the censor of his fellow-men, who imputes sordid motives to all, who sees only the bleak, dark side of men and things, how gently, yet how powerfully, is he rebuked! How delicate, yet how severe, is the satire! Nay, he seems himself almost conscious of its truth: he does not attempt a reply, as he would to a more rude or malevolent antagonist. And even his admirers are not angry with the satirist; for they see so many noble and useful qualities in that stern little Tribune, the member for Bath, that they would fain see them no longer shadowed by infirmity of temper or obliquity of moral vision.

And now you have seen Lord John Russell in almost every aspect he wears in public. But that is not half his usefulness. His integrity is a proverb. He has more *personal* friends than Sir R. Peel; because he has been a more steady and consistent friend, though not so successful, of liberal principles. Had not Lord John prepared the way, Sir Robert could never have carried his great measures. As a statesman and party leader, Lord John sways by firmness and quiet dignity; Sir Robert Peel by dictatorship and cold reserve. In general knowledge they are nearly equal; but

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Lord John Russell has been what Sir R. Peel has never been, an author, both as a historian and a poet. But it will not be in this capacity that he will go down to posterity: it will be as having been the champion of human freedom, the advocate of popular rights, in years when such questions were unpopular, and above all as having been the man who was trusted to propose the Reform Bill.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

MEMOIR OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," "THE SPY," ETC.

BY W. R. GRISWOLD, ESQ.

William Cooper, the emigrant ancestor of James Fenimore Cooper, arrived in America in 1679, and settled at Burlington, in New Jersey. He immediately took an active part in public affairs, for his name appears in the list of members of the colonial legislature for 1681. In 1687, or subsequent to the establishment of Penn at Philadelphia, he obtained a grant of land opposite the new city, extending several miles along the margin of the Delaware and the tributary stream, which has since borne the name of Cooper's Creek. The branch of the family to which the novelist belongs removed more than a century since into Pennsylvania, in which State his father was born. He married early, and while a young man established himself at a hamlet in Burlington county, New Jersey, which continues to be known by his name, and afterwards in the city of Burlington. Having become possessed of extensive tracts of land on the border of Otsego Lake, in central New York, he began the settlement of his estate there in the autumn of 1783, and in the following spring erected the first house in Cooperstown. From this time until 1790, Judge Cooper resided alternately at Cooperstown and Burlington, keeping up an establishment at both places.

James Fenimore Cooper was born at Burlington on the 15th of September, 1789, and in the succeeding year was carried to the new home of his family, of which he is now proprietor. Judge Cooper being a member of the Congress, which then held its sessions in Philadelphia, his family remained much of the time at Burlington, where our author, when but six years of age, commenced, under a private tutor of some eminence, his classical education. In 1800, he became an inmate of the family of Rev. Thomas Ellison, rector of St. Peter's, in Albany, who had fitted for the university three of his elder brothers, and on the death of that accomplished teacher was sent to New Haven, where he completed his preparatory studies. He entered Yale College at the beginning of the second term for 1802. Here he maintained a respectable position, and in the ancient languages particularly had no superior in his class.

In 1805, he quitted the college, and, obtaining a midshipman's warrant, entered the American navy. His frank, generous, and daring nature made him a favorite, and admirably fitted him for the service, in which he would unquestionably have obtained the highest honors, had he not finally made choice of the ease and quiet of the life of a private gentleman. After six years afloat, six years not unprofitably passed, since they gave him that knowledge of maritime affairs which enabled him subsequently, almost without an effort, to place himself at the head of all writers who in any period have attempted the description of the sea, he resigned his office, and on the first day of January, 1811, was married to Miss De Lancey, a sister of the present Bishop of the diocese of Western New York, and a descendant of one of the oldest and most influential families in America. Before removing to Cooperstown, he resided a short time in Westchester, near New York, and here he commenced his career as an author. His first book was "Precaution." This work was undertaken under circumstances purely accidental, and published under great disadvantages. Its success was moderate. It is a ludicrous evidence of the value of critical opinion in America, that "Precaution" was thought to discover so much knowledge of English society as to raise

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a question whether its alleged author could have written it. More reputation for this sort of knowledge accrued to Mr. Cooper from "Precaution," than from his subsequent real work on England. It was published in London, and passed for an English novel. The "Spy" followed. No one will dispute the success of this "Tale of the Neutral Ground." It was almost immediately published also in all parts of Europe. The novelty of an American book of this character probably contributed to give it circulation. It is worthy of remark that all the leading periodicals of the United States looked coldly upon it, though the country did not. It was decidedly the best historical romance then written by an American; not without faults, indeed, but with a fair plot, clearly and strongly drawn characters, and exhibiting great boldness and originality of conception. Its success was perhaps decisive of Mr. Cooper's career, and it gave an extraordinary impulse to literature in the United States, more than anything that had before occurred; it roused the people from their feelings of intellectual dependence. In 1823, appeared "The Pioneers." This book, it seems to me, has always had a reputation partly factitious. It is the poorest of the "Leather Stocking" tales, nor was its success either marked or spontaneous. Still it was very well received, though it was thought to be a proof that the author was written out. With this book commences the absurdity of saying Mr. Cooper introduced family traits and family history into his novels. "The Pilot" succeeded. The success of "The Pilot" was at first a little doubtful in America; but England gave it a reputation which it still maintains. It is due to Boston to say that its popularity was first manifested there. I say due to Boston, not from considerations of merit in the book, but because, for some reason, praise for Mr. Cooper from New England has been so rare. America has no original literature, it is said. Where can the model of "The Pilot" be found? I know of nothing which could have suggested it but the following fact, which was related to me in a conversation with Mr. Cooper. "The Pirate" had been published a short time before. Talking with the late Charles Wilkes, of New York, a man of taste and judgment, our author heard the universal knowledge of Scott extolled, and the sea portions of "The Pirate" cited as a proof. He laughed at the idea, as most seamen would, and the discussion ended by his promising to write a sea story which could be read by landsmen, while seamen should feel its truth. "The Pilot" was the fruit of that conversation. It is one of the most remarkable novels of the time, and everywhere obtained instant and high applause. "Lionel Lincoln" followed. This was a second attempt to embody history in an American work of fiction. It failed, and perhaps justly; yet it contained one of the nicest delineations of character in Mr. Cooper's works. I know of no instance in which the distinction between a maniac and an idiot is so admirably drawn. The setting was bad, however, and the picture was not examined. In 1826, came "The Last of the Mohicans." This book succeeded from the first, and all over Christendom. It has strong and weak parts, but it was purely original, and originality always occupies the ground. In this respect it is like "The Pilot." After the publication of "The Last of the Mohicans," Mr. Cooper went to Europe, where his reputation was already established as one of the greatest writers of romantic fiction which our age, more prolific in men of genius than any other, had produced. The first of his works after he left the United States was "The Prairie." Its success was decided and immediate. By the French and English critics it was deemed the best of his stories of Indian life. It has one leading fault, however, that of introducing any character superior to the family of the squatter. Of this fault Mr. Cooper was himself aware, before he finished the work; but as he wrote and printed simultaneously, it was not easy to correct it. In this book, notwithstanding, Natty Bumpo is quite up to his mark, and is surpassed only in "The Pathfinder." The reputation of "The Prairie," like that of "The Pioneers," is in a large degree owing to the opinions of the reviews; it is always a fault in a book that appeals to human sympathies, that it fails with the multitude. In what relates to taste, the multitude is of no great authority; but in all that is connected with feeling, they are the highest; and for this simple reason, that as man becomes sophisticated, he deviates from nature, the only true source of all our sympathies. Our feelings are doubtless improved by refinement, and *vice versa;* but their roots are struck in the human heart, and what fails to touch the heart, in these particulars, fails, while that which does touch it, suc-

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ceeds; the perfection of this sort of writing is that which pleases equally the head and the heart. "The Red Rover" followed "The Prairie." Its success surpassed that of any of its predecessors. It was written and printed in Paris, and all in a few months. Its merits and its reception prove the accuracy of those gentlemen who allege that Mr. Cooper never wrote a successful book after he left the United States. It is certainly a stronger work than "The Pilot," though not without considerable faults. "The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish," or "The Borderers," was the next novel. "The Water Witch" succeeded.

Of all Americans who ever visited Europe, Mr. Cooper contributed most to his country's reputation. His high character made him everywhere welcome; there was no circle, however aristocratic and distinguished, in which, if he appeared in it, he was not the observed of all observers; and he had the somewhat singular merit of never forgetting that he was an American. Halleck, in his admirable poem of Red Jacket, says well of him—

> Cooper, whose name is with his country's woven,
> First in her fields, her pioneer of mind;
> A wanderer now in other lands, has proven
> His love for the young land he left behind.

After having been in Europe about two years, he published his "Notions of the Americans," in which he "endeavored to repel some of the hostile opinions of the other hemisphere, and to turn the tables upon those who at that time most derided and calumniated us." It contained some unimportant errors, from having been written at a distance from necessary documentary materials, but was altogether as just as it was eloquent in vindication of the institutions, manners, and history of the United States. It shows how warm was his patriotism,—how fondly, while receiving from strangers an homage withheld from him at home, he remembered the scenes of his first trials and triumphs, and how ready he was to sacrifice personal popularity and profit in defence of his country. He was not only the first to defend and to praise America, but the first to whom appeals were made for information in regard to her, by statesmen who felt an interest in her destiny.

Following the Revolution of the Three Days, in Paris, a fierce controversy took place between the Absolutists, the Republicans, and the Constitutionalists. Among the subjects introduced in the Chambers was the comparative cheapness of the system of government of the United States; the Absolutists asserting that the American people paid more direct and indirect taxes than the French. Lafayette appealed to Mr. Cooper, who entered the arena, and (though from his peculiar position, at a heavy pecuniary loss, and the danger of incurring yet greater misfortunes) by a masterly *exposé* silenced at once the popular falsehood. So, in all places, circumstances, and times, he was the "American in Europe," as jealous of his country's reputation as his own.

Immediately afterwards he published "The Bravo," the success of which was very great; probably equal to that of "The Red Rover." It is one of the best, if not the very best, of the works Mr. Cooper had then written. Although he selected a foreign scene on this occasion, no one of his works is more American in its essential character. It was designed not only to extend the democratical principle abroad, but to confirm his countrymen in the opinion that nations "cannot be governed by an irresponsible minority, without involving a train of nearly intolerable abuses." It gave aristocracy some hits, which aristocracy gave back again. The best notice which appeared of it was in the famous Paris gazette, entitled "Figaro," before "Figaro" was bought out by the French Government. The change from the biting wit which characterized this periodical to the grave sentiment of such an article was really touching, and added an indescribable grace to the remarks. "The Heidenmaur" followed. It is impossible for one to understand this book who has not some acquaintance with the scenes and habits described. "The Headsman of Berne" did much better. It is inferior to "The Bravo," though not so clashing to aristocracy. It met with success. It was the last of Mr. Cooper's novels written in Europe.

The first work which Mr. Cooper published after his return to the United States was a Letter to his Countrymen. They had yielded him but a hesitating applause until his praise came back from Europe; and when the tone of foreign criticism was changed, by acts and opinions of his which should have banded the whole American press for his defence, he was assailed here in articles, which either echoed the tone, or were actual translations of attacks upon

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him by foreigners. The custom, peculiar to the United States, of "quoting the opinions of foreign nations by way of helping to make up its own estimate of the degree of merit which belongs to its public men," is treated in this letter with caustic and just severity, and shown to be "destructive of those sentiments of self-respect, and of that manliness and independence of thought that are necessary to render a people great, or a nation respectable." The controlling influence of foreign ideas over the literature, fashions, and even politics of America, are illustrated by the manner in which he was himself treated, and by what he considers the English doctrines which have been broached in the speeches of many of their statesmen. It is a frank and honest book, which was necessary as a vindication of Mr. Cooper, but was called for by the existence of the abuse against which it was chiefly directed; though it seems to have had but little effect upon it. Of the political opinions it contains I have no more to say than that I do not believe in their correctness. It was followed by "The Monikins," a political satire, which was a failure.

The next publication of Mr. Cooper was his "Gleanings in Europe." "Sketches of Switzerland," first and second series, each in two volumes, appeared in 1836; and none of his works betray more striking and vivid descriptions of nature, or more agreeable views of character and manners. It was followed by similar works on France, Italy, and England. All of these were well received, notwithstanding an independence of tone (which is rarely popular), and some absurdities, as, for example, the imputations upon the American Federalists in "The Sketches of Switzerland." The book on England excited most attention, and was reviewed by some writers in England with much asperity. Altogether, the ten volumes which compose this series may be set down as the most intelligent and philosophical books of travel, which have been written by Americans.

"The American Democrat; or, Hints on the Social and Civil Relations of the United States of America," was published in 1835. The design is stated to be "to make a commencement towards a more just discrimination between truth and prejudice." It is essentially a good book on the virtues and vices of American character.

For a considerable time Mr. Cooper had entertained an intention of writing "The History of the Navy of the United States;" and his early experience, his studies, his associations, and, above all, the peculiar felicity of his style when treating of nautical affairs, warranted the expectation that his work would be a solid and brilliant contribution to our historical literature. It appeared in two octavo volumes in 1839, and reached a second edition in 1840, and a third in 1846. The American public had no reason to be disappointed; great diligence had been used in the collection of materials; every subject connected with the origin and growth of the national marine had been carefully investigated, and the result was presented in the most authentic and attractive form. Yet a warm controversy soon arose respecting Mr. Cooper's account of the battle of Lake Erie, and, in pamphlets, reviews, and newspapers, attempts were made to show that he had done injustice to the American commander in that action. The multitude rarely undertake particular investigations; and the attacks upon Mr. Cooper, conducted with a virulence for which it would be difficult to find any cause in the history, assuming the form of vindications of a brave and popular deceased officer, produced an impression so deep and so general, that he was compelled to defend the obnoxious passages, which he did triumphantly in a small volume, entitled "The Battle of Lake Erie; or, Answers to Messrs. Burgess, Duer, and Mackenzie," published in 1843, and in the notes to the last edition of his "Naval History."

Besides the "Naval History," and the essays to which it gave rise, Mr. Cooper has published in two volumes, "The Lives of American Naval Officers;" a work of the highest merit in its department, every life being written with conciseness, yet fulness, and with great care in regard to facts; and in the "Democratic Review" has published a reply to the attacks upon the American marine by James and other British historians.

The first novel published by Mr. Cooper, after his return to the United States, was "Homeward Bound." The two generic characters of the book, however truly they may represent individuals, have no resemblance to classes. There may be Captain Trucks, and there certainly are Steadfast Dodges, but the officers of the American merchant service are in no manner or degree inferior to Europeans of the same pursuits and grade; and with all the

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abuses of the freedom of the press there, the American newspapers are not worse than those of Great Britain in the qualities of which Mr. Cooper arraigns them.

The opinions expressed of New York society in "Home as Found" are identical with those in "Notions of the Americans," a work almost as much abused for its praise of America as was "Home as Found" for its censure, and most men of refinement and large observation seem disposed to admit their correctness. This was, no doubt, the cause of the feeling it excited, for a nation never gets in a passion at misrepresentation. It is a miserable country that cannot look down a falsehood, even from a native.

The next novel was "The Pathfinder." It is a common opinion that this work deserves success more than any Mr. Cooper has written. I have heard Mr. Cooper say, that in his own judgment the claim lay between "The Pathfinder" and "The Deerslayer," but for myself I confess a preference for the sea novels. Leather Stocking appears to more advantage in "The Pathfinder" than in any other book, and in "Deerslayer" next. In "The Pathfinder" we have him presented in the character of a lover, and brought in contact with such characters as he associates with in no other stages of his varied history, though they are hardly less favorites with the author. The scene of the novel being the great fresh water seas of the interior, sailors, Indians, and hunters, are so grouped together that every kind of novel writing in which he has been most successful is combined in one complete fiction, one striking exhibition of his best powers. Had it been written by some unknown author, probably the country would have hailed him as much superior to Mr. Cooper. "Mercedes of Castile," a romance of the days of Columbus, came next. It may be set down as a failure; the necessity of following facts that had become familiar, and which had so lately possessed the novelty of fiction, was too much for any writer. "The Deerslayer" was written after "Mercedes" and "The Pathfinder," and was very successful. Hetty Hunter is perhaps the best female character Mr. Cooper has drawn, though her sister is generally preferred. "The Two Admirals" followed "The Deerslayer." This book, in some respects, stands at the head of the nautical tales. Its fault is dealing with too important events to be thrown so deep into fiction; but this is a fault that may be pardoned in a romance. Mr. Cooper has written nothing of description, whether of sea or land, that surpasses either of the battle scenes of this work; especially that part of the first where the French ship is captured. "The Two Admirals" appeared at an unfortunate time, but it was nevertheless successful. "Jack-o'-Lantern, or Le Feu Follet," was published in 1842. The interest depends chiefly upon the manœuvres by which a French privateer escapes capture by an English frigate. Some of its scenes are among Mr. Cooper's best, but altogether it is inferior to several of his nautical novels. "Wyandotte, or the Hutted Knoll," in its general features, resembles "The Pathfinder" and "The Deerslayer." The female characters are admirable, and but for the opinion, believed by some, from its frequent repetition, that Mr. Cooper is incapable of depicting a woman, Maud Meredith would be regarded as among the very first class of such portraitures. Next came "The Autobiography of a Pocket Handkerchief," in one volume. It is a story of fashionable life in New York, in some respects peculiar among Mr. Cooper's works, and was decidedly successful. "Ned Myers," in one volume, which followed in the same year, is a genuine biography, though it was commonly regarded as a fiction. In the beginning of 1844, Mr. Cooper published "Afloat and Ashore," and a few months afterwards, "Miles Wallingford," a sequel to that tale. They have the remarkable minuteness, yet boldness of description, and dramatic skill of narration, which render the impression he produces so deep and lasting. They were as widely read as any of his recent productions.

The extraordinary state of things which for several years has disgraced a part of the state of New York, where, with unblushing effrontery, the tenants of several large proprietors have refused to pay rents, and claimed, without a shadow of right, to be absolute possessors of the soil, gave just occasion of alarm to the intelligent friends of the institutions of the United States; and this alarm increased, when it was observed that the ruffianism of the "anti-renters," as they are styled, was looked upon by many persons of respectable social positions with undisguised approval. Mr. Cooper addressed himself to the exposure and correction of the evil, in a series of novels, purporting to be edited from the

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manuscripts of a family named Littlepage; and in the preface to the first of these, entitled "Satanstoe, a Tale of the Colony," published in 1845, announces his intention of treating it with the utmost freedom, and declares his opinion, that the existence of true liberty in the United States, the perpetuity of its institutions, and the safety of public morals, are "all dependent on putting down wholly, absolutely, and unqualifiedly, the false and dishonest theories and statements that have been advanced in connexion with this subject."

"Satanstoe" presents a vivid picture of the early condition of colonial New York. The time is from 1737 to the close of the memorable campaign in which the British were defeated at Ticonderoga. "Chainbearer," the second of the series, tracing the family history through the revolution, also appeared in 1845; and the last, "Ravensnest," or, "The Red Skins," a story of the present day, in 1846.

These books, in which the most important practical truths are stated, illustrated, and enforced, in a manner equally familiar and powerful, were received by the educated and right-minded in the United States with a degree of favor that showed the soundness of the common mind beyond the crime-infected districts, and their influence will add to the evidences of the value of the novel as a means of upholding principles in art, literature, morals, and politics. The publication of the last new work of Mr. Cooper, "Captain Spike; or, The Islets of the Gulf," is now in course of publication in this Miscellany.

At nearly sixty years of age he writes with all the freshness of feeling, spirit, and dramatic and descriptive power, that lent such a charm to the earliest works with which he delighted and instructed the world. In person and in mind he seems to be in the vigor of middle life, and with his ardent temperament, keen interest in all that marks the age, and a certain combative spirit, which will not permit him passively to see errors and abuses, it is nearly impossible that he shall cease to write for yet many years. He has been the chosen companion of the prince and the peasant on the borders of the Volga, the Danube, and the Guadalquivir, by the Indus and the Ganges, the Paraguay and the Amazon; where the name even of Washington was never spoken, and the United States is known only as the home of Cooper. Mr. Cooper has the faculty of giving to his pictures an astonishing reality. They are not mere transcripts of nature, though as such they would possess extraordinary merit, but actual creations, embodying the very spirit of intelligent and genial experience and observation. His Indians, notwithstanding all that has been written to the contrary, are no more inferior in fidelity, than they are in poetical interest, to those of his most successful imitators or rivals. His hunters and trappers have the same vividness and freshness; and in the whole realm of fiction there is nothing more actual, harmonious, and sustained; they evince not only the first order of inventive power, but a profoundly philosophical study of the influences of situation upon human character. He treads the deck with the conscious pride of home and dominion, the aspects of the sea and sky, the terrors of the tornado, the excitement of the chase, the tumult of battle, fire, and wreck, are presented by him with a freedom and breadth of outline, a glow and strength of coloring and contrast, and a distinctness and truth of general and particular conception, that place him far in advance of all the other artists who have attempted, with pen or pencil, to paint the ocean. The same vigorous originality is stamped upon his nautical characters. Long Tom Coffin, Tom Tiller, Trysail, Bob Yarn, the boisterous Nightingale, the mutinous Nighthead, the fierce but honest Boltrope, and others who crowd upon our memories, as familiar as if we had ourselves been afloat with them, attest the triumph of this self-reliance; and when, as if to rebuke the charge of envy, that he owed his successes to the novelty of his scenes and persons, he entered upon fields which for centuries had been illustrated by the first geniuses of Europe, his abounding power and inspiration were vindicated by that series of novels ending with "The Bravo," which have the same supremacy in their class that is held by "The Pilot" and "The Red Rover" among stories of the sea. It has been urged that his leading characters are essentially alike, having no difference but that which results from situation. But this opinion will not bear investigation. It evidently arose from the habit of clothing his heroes alike with an intense individuality, which under all circumstances sustains the sympathy they at first awaken, without the aid of those accessories to which artists of less power are compelled to resort. Very few authors have added more than one original and

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striking character to the world of imagination, none have added more than Cooper; and his are all as distinct and actual as the personages that stalk before us on the stage of history. Mr. Cooper is now engaged upon a Robinson Crusoe story, but with features entirely original, which he entitles "Mark's Reef; or, the Crater, a tale of the Pacific Ocean." This work will be published by Mr. Bentley next month.

A SPRING SONG.

BY A SON OF TOIL.

LONGETH my heart
From town to part,
And to hie where the soft breath of spring ever dwelleth;
Where the merry birds sing
Their glad hymn to the spring,
And the loud babbling voice of the brooks ever swelleth;
Thoughts, fly away
(Bodiless souls),
Country and town-life,
How wide are thy goals!
How loveth my eye on the bright sun to rest,
When grandly he sinketh down, down in the west!
How loveth my eye to range wide o'er the scene,
Hill, dale, water, wood, golden corn, and field green,
Or to read some loved book by some old fav'rite tree;
So fly away, thoughts
(Bodiless souls),
Revel deep in the dreams fancy weaveth for thee!

Far from man's haunts,
His idle vaunts,
And his heartlessness, coldness, and scorn, my thoughts flee
To some still shady nook,
'Neath a tree, by a brook,
Midst the pure peaceful pleasures that spring, God, from thee!
Thoughts, fly away
(Bodiless souls),
Country and town-life,
How wide are thy goals!
How loveth my eye to watch buds on their stems,
Till bounteous Nature with flowers the earth gems!
How loveth my eye to watch all life germ forth,
For, creeping or flying, all, all have their worth!
Oh, the glad, peaceful spring-time most hope brings to me:
So fly away, thoughts
(Bodiless souls),
Revel deep in the dreams fancy weaveth for thee!

W. W.

BROTHER MAN!

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

GOD is One, and we are Two—
Brother man, brother man!
Wherefore make so much ado?
Why should differ I and thou?
God is One, and we are Two—

We are wrong, and God is right—
Brother man, brother man!
Why should difference end in fight?
Why should good be quelled by might?
We are wrong, and God is right—
Brother man, brother man!

We are beads, and God the string—
Brother man, brother man!
If we do not closely cling,
Snapped will be the jewelled ring;
We are beads, and God the string—
Brother man, brother man!

We are parts, and God is All—
Brother man, brother man!
Should our body's members brawl
Would it not the brain appal?
We are parts and God is All—
Brother man, brother man!

We are limbs, and God the Head—
Brother man, brother man!
Were the arms to contest led,
Bruises o'er the frame would spread;
We are limbs, and God the head—
Brother man, brother man!

We are children—God our Sire—
Brother man, brother man!
Let to him each heart aspire,
As to heaven flameth fire;
We are children—God our Sire—
Brother man, brother man!

God has spoke it; we shall see—
Brother man, brother man!
All mankind shall brethren be,
Like the stars in unity—
God has spoke it; we shall see—
Brother man, brothar man!

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From Chambers's Journal.

THE THREE STAGES.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

It was a happy group. The honest pair,
Followed by many a blessing and kind wish,
Trod lightly down the elm-embowered walk
Towards the ivied porch. The conscious nurse,
Big with the deep importance of her charge,
Folded with careful arms the tender babe,
Round whom so many budding hopes did cling.
Oh what a heaven was in that smiling face,
As, throwing out its dimpled hands, it peeped
From out its flannel nest! What deep pure joy
Seemed swelling that young heart, as, yet unstained
With passion or with care, it gazed abroad
With its blue eyes upon the arching trees,
The sky, and the green earth!

It was a merry group. Twice twenty years
Had left unchanged that row of towering elms.
But oh how changed was he who 'neath their shade
Led, fondly leaning on his stalwart arm,
His young and blushing bride! The gossips round,
Uncovered, bowed before him as he passed;
For he was wealthy, had his numerous flocks,
And acres stretching far for many a mile.
He had become a shrewd, far-seeing man,
Learned in ledgers, big with calculations,
And deeply read in this world's sapience;
But on this morn, his marriage morn, he sung,
Forgot his speculations for a while,
His pains and losses, and paced blithely on,
Exchanging many a jest with friends around,
To the old hoary porch.

It was a mournful group. The sun shone out,
Lusty and young as sixty years before,
But he who then had twinkled his young eyes
In its bright beams, was now all sadly borne
To the cold grave. There was a motley crowd,
More curious than loving, and a train
Of dry-eyed mourners, full of bursting thoughts
Of wills, and title-deeds, and legacies,
Of heirs and next of kin. One, one there was,
Whose heart wept o'er him, though she was not there,
Whose bosom throed with one big thought—her *husband;*
And no one mourned beside, but hurried on,
With decent coldness and grave unconcern,
And laid him down by his unconscious sires
In the dark dustful earth.

A MATCH OF AFFECTION.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Well, my daughter is married, the popular prints
Are full of her blushes, her blonde, and her beauty,
And my intimate friends drop me delicate hints,
That my poor timid girl is a victim to duty:
They talk about interest, mammon, and pride,
And the evils attending a worldly connexion;
How little they know the warm heart of the bride!
She always was bent on a match of affection!

Dear girl, when implored her fond lover to hear,
At the mention of settlements how was she troubled!
Sir Nicholas offered two thousand a year,
But she would not say yes, till the income was doubled:
Still she clung to her home, still her eyelids were wet,
But the sight of the diamonds removed her dejection;
They were brilliant in lustre, and stylishly set,
And she sighed her consent to a match of affection.

I really want language the goods to set forth,
That my love-stricken Emma has gained by her marriage:
A mansion in London, a seat in the north,
A service of plate, and a separate carriage.
On her visiting list countless fashionists stand;
Her wardrobe may challenge Parisian inspection;
A box at the opera waits her command—
What comforts abound in a match of affection!

Some thought Captain Courtly had won her young heart:
He certainly haunted our parties last season:
Encouragement, also, she seemed to impart,
But sober and quiet esteem was the reason.
When wooed to become a rich baronet's wife,
The captain received a decided rejection,
'She should hope as a friend to retain him through life,
But she just had agreed to a match of affection.'

Some say that Sir Nicholas owns to threescore,
That he only exists amidst quarrels and clamor;
That he lets his five sisters live friendless and poor,
That he never hears reason, and never speaks grammar;
But wild are the freaks of the little blind god,
His arrows oft fly in a slanting direction;
And dear Emma, though many her taste may deem odd,
Would have died had we thwarted her match of affection.

From Howitt's Journal.

THE SOLDIER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(*Translated by Mary Howitt.*)

To the sound of the muffled drum they throng.
The place is still far off! The way is long!
Oh! would he were dead and all was past!
—I think it will break my heart at last!

—No other friend in the world had I—
None other but him who is doomed to die.
—We were all called forth to see the show,
And even I was obliged to go.

—For the last time now he lifts his sight
To the joyful beams of the noonday light!
—Now they bind his eyes—no man he sees!—
May God unto thee give eternal peace!

—The nine have taken aim with care,
Eight useless bullets cut through the air;
They trembled all, their aim was untrue;
—But I—I struck his kind heart through!

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From the London Times.

THE DEATH OF MR. O'CONNELL.

Mr. O'Connell expired on Saturday, the 15th June, at Genoa. He yielded up his latest breath at the distance of many hundred miles from the remains of the humble dwelling which became remarkable as his birth-place. In a remote part of the county of Kerry is a village called Cahirciveen, and within one mile of that obscure locality, may be found a place bearing the name of Carben. The latter was for many years the residence of Morgan O'Connell, father of the extraordinary man to an account of whose life and character these columns are assigned. In that most desolate region was Daniel O'Connell born, on the 6th of August, 1775—a date which he was accustomed to notice with no small complacency, for he took much pleasure in reminding the world that he was born in the year during which our American colonies began to assert their independence, and he sometimes succeeded in persuading his admirers that that incident, taken in connexion with others, shadowed forth his destiny as a champion of freedom. Antecedently to his thirteenth year he received little instruction beyond what pedagogues of the humblest order are capable of imparting; but that class in Kerry are considerably superior to their brethren in other parts of Ireland, and upon the whole it could not be said that even his early education was by any means neglected. About this time his father's pecuniary circumstances began evidently to improve; his uncle, the owner of Derrynane, though long married, had no issue; he declared Daniel O'Connell to be his favorite nephew, and, therefore, the friends of "the fortunate youth" thought that no expense should be spared upon the intellectual culture of one whose acknowledged talents and brightening prospects rendered him what is called "the hope of the family." In those days the Irish members of the Church of Rome were just beginning to exercise a few of the privileges which they now most amply enjoy; and at a place called Redington, in Long Island, one of their priests, a Mr. Harrington, had opened a school. Thither young Daniel O'Connell was sent in the year 1788, and there he remained for about twelve months, when he and his brother Maurice took leave of Mr. Harrington, with the view of proceeding to one of the Roman Catholic seminaries on the Continent. Their first destination was Louvain, but immediately on their reaching that place, it was found that Daniel had passed the admissible age; he, however, attended the classes as a volunteer till fresh instructions could arrive from Kerry. At the end of six weeks the O'Connells proceeded from Louvain to St. Omer, and finally to the English College at Douay, where the subject of this memoir pursued his studies with much distinction. Before he quitted St. Omer, the President of the College, in a letter still preserved, ventured to foretell that his pupil was "destined to make a remarkable figure in society." On the 21st of December, 1793, Mr. O'Connell, being then in the 18th year of his age, quitted Douay, and reached England, without encountering any adventures, save those which sprang from the insults that the revolutionary party were accustomed to inflict upon every one whom they supposed to be an Englishman, or an ecclesiastic, or even a student of divinity. The scenes which he witnessed in France caused Mr. O'Connell frequently to declare that in those days he was almost a Tory. He certainly was not then a revolutionist, for the moment he reached the English packet-boat he and his brother tore the tricolor cockades from their hats, and trampled them on the deck. Those sentiments, however, he did not long continue to cherish, for a year had not quite passed away when he exchanged them for doctrines which strongly savored of Liberalism. It is understood that at a very early age he was intended for the priesthood. Those Irish Roman Catholics who evinced any aptitude for a learned profession found none other open to them in the days of O'Connell's boyhood. But it is difficult to imagine any one more incapable than he was of maintaining even those outward signs of holiness which are generally observed by the ecclesiastics of his persuasion. An overflow of animal spirits rendered him, not merely a gay, but an obstreperous member of society, and his riotous jocularity acknowledged no limits. All idea, therefore, of his becoming a priest, if ever seriously entertained, must have been abandoned before he reached the age of nineteen, for he was then devoted to anything rather than the service of the altar. Hare

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hunting and fishing were amongst his darling pastimes; and these means of relaxation continued to fill his leisure hours, even when his years had approximated to three score and ten. From seventeen to seventy the energy of his intellect and the ardor of his passions seemed to suffer no abatement. A large and well-used law library, a pack of beagles, and a good collection of fishing tackle, attested the variety of his tastes and the vigor of his constitution. Before he had completed his 20th year he became a student of Lincoln's-inn, into which society he was received on the 30th of January, 1794. Previous to the year 1793 Roman Catholics were not admitted to the bar, and Mr. O'Connell was amongst the earliest members of that Church who became candidates for legal advancement. His entrance upon the profession of the law, as a barrister, took place on the 9th of May, 1798, and it must be acknowledged that he spared no pains to qualify himself for that arduous pursuit. Though of a joyous temperament, he was not indisposed to hard labor, so that he became almost learned in the law before he ever held a brief. Conformably with the custom of the Irish bar, Mr. O'Connell prepared himself for any sort of business that might come within his reach, whether civil or criminal—whether at common law or in equity. There are men in the Temple who would laugh to scorn the best specimens of his special pleading; and conveyancers in Lincoln's-inn who hold very cheap his skill in their branch of the profession; but in 1798 there was no man of the same standing on the Munster circuit, or at the Irish bar, who knew more of his profession than young Mr. O'Connell; and in a short time he became a very efficient lawyer of all work. The sanguinary rebellion of that period was then at its height, and he probably cherished in his heart as much of the Jacobinical principle as was consistent with the character of a thorough Roman Catholic. But he was a lawyer, and being also a shrewd politician, he foresaw that of those united Irishmen who escaped from the field many would be likely to perish on the scaffold; with great prudence, therefore, and most loyal valor, he joined the yeomanry and supported the goverment. Again, when it became necessary to recognise a yeomanry force in 1803, he once more took his place in "the Lawyers' Corps." Many anecdotes have been at various times retailed, showing the pains which he took to mitigate the atrocities of that period; and he manifested throughout his life a strong aversion to deeds of blood.

Mr. O'Connell had been four years at the bar, and had entered upon the 28th year of his age, before he contracted matrimony. His father and his uncle pointed out more than one young lady of good fortune whose alliance with him in marriage they earnestly desired; but he felt bound in honor not to violate the vows which he had interchanged with his cousin, Mary, the daughter of Dr. O'Connell, of Tralee. Her father was esteemed in his profession, but her marriage portion was next to nothing; and great, therefore, was the displeasure which this union occasioned. It took place privately on the 23d of June, 1802, at the lodgings of Mr. James Conner, the brother-in-law of the bride, in Dame-street, Dublin. This occurrence for some months remained a secret, but eventually all parties became reconciled. Mrs. O'Connell was deservedly esteemed by her family and friends, while she enjoyed a large share of her husband's affection.

Having now reached that period when Mr. O'Connell embarked in a profession and assumed the responsibilities of domestic life, we may arrest for a moment the current of his biography, in order to advert briefly to his family and connexions. Nothing is more frequent in society than a demand for "the real history of these O'Connells."

This family originally established itself in Limerick; about the beginning of the seventeenth century they transferred their residence to the barony of Iveragh, in the western extremity of Kerry; but being deeply implicated in the rebellion of 1641, they found it convenient to seek shelter in Clare. To this migration, Daniel O'Connell, of Aghgore, formed an exception, and he contrived to keep his little modicum of land by not yielding to that appetite for insurrection, through the indulgence of which, some of his relatives have rendered themselves rather remarkable. His son, John O'Connell, Aghgore and Derrynane, took the field in 1689, at the head of a company of Foot, which he raised for the service of James II., and having served at the siege of Derry, as well as at the battle of the Boyne and Aughrim, was included in the capitulation of Limerick. His eldest son died without issue, but his second son, Daniel, having married a Miss Donoghue, became the father of twenty-two children. The second of this gentleman's sons was Morgan, who married Catherine, the daughter of Mr. John O'Mullane, of Whitechurch, in the county of Cork; and the eldest son of this Morgan was the extraordinary individual whose death we have now to record. Several of his relatives and connexions were respectable, and some of the number have served with distinction in the French and Austrian armies. His father held a good farm, and kept a sort of miscellaneous store, which ministered to the limited wants of Cahirciveen and its rude neighborhood. He lived to see his son a prosperous barrister, and the acknowledged heir to Maurice of Derrynane; old Morgan, therefore, left at his death, which took place in 1809, a very considerable portion, if not the greater part, of all that he possessed, to his second son, Mr. John O'Connell, of Grena.

In the year 1802, Mr. O'Connell found himself under the displeasure of his relatives, and obliged to contend with the difficulties which are inseparable from a growing family and a narrow income. The Legislative union had then been only just consummated; his first popular harangue, however, was delivered at a meeting of the citizens of Dublin, assembled on the 13th of January, 1800, to petition against the proposed incorporation of the Irish with the British Parliament. The public have long been familiar with the grounds upon which Mr. O'Connell was accustomed to urge the claims of his native country to the possession of an independent Legislature. It is believed that he never urged those claims with more effect than in his earlier speeches, the very first of which has been extolled as a model of eloquence. It is a generally received opinion that, from the very starting point of his career, he displayed every quality, good and evil, of a perfect demagogue; and, those pernicious accomplishments being once known to the public of Ireland, his success at the bar ceased to be problematical. The great body of the Roman Catholics were only too happy to patronize an aspiring barrister of their own persuasion; the attorneys on the Munster circuit found that his pleadings were much more worthy of being relied on than those of almost any other junior member of the bar; and soon this description of business poured into his hands so abundantly, that he employed first one, and then a second amanuensis. At *nisi prius* his manner alone was enough to persuade an Irish jury that his client must be right. His anticipations of victory

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always seemed so unfeigned, that, aided by that and other arts, he seldom failed to create in the minds of every jury a prejudice in favor of whichever party had the good fortune to have hired his services. His astonishing skill in cross-examination; the caution, dexterity, and judgment which he displayed in conducting a cause; the clearness and precision with which he disentangled the most intricate mass of evidence, especially in matters of account, procured for him the entire confidence of all those who had legal patronage to dispense. In the Rolls Court also, where Mr. Curran at that time presided, Mr. O'Connell was in the highest favor.

During the few years which elapsed between 1800 and the death of Mr. Pitt, two or three demonstrations were made in Dublin against the Legislative Union, in all of which Mr. O'Connell continued to gain reputation as a popular leader; but he had not yet been recognised as the great agent of what was called "Catholic Emancipation." The history of the years which elapsed between the development of Roman Catholic agitation in 1809 and its signal victory in 1829 discloses just thus much respecting Daniel O'Connell; that he was sometimes the mere mouthpiece, and occasionally the ruler, guide, and champion of the Romish priesthood; that he maintained a "pressure from without," which caused not only the Irish but the Imperial Government to betray apprehension as well as to breathe vengeance; and that he found or created opportunities, during this period of his life, to display in his own person every attribute of a democratic idol. To sustain himself in the position which O'Connell held throughout the meridian of his career required great animal energy and unwearied activity of mind. He possessed both. Long before he reached middle life he had become the most industrious man in Ireland. As early as five o'clock in the morning his matins were concluded, his toilet finished, his morning meal discussed, and his amanuensis at full work; at eleven he was in court; at three or half-past attending a Board or a Committee; later in the evening presiding at a dinner, but generally retiring to rest at an early hour, and not only abstaining from the free use of wine, but to some extent denying himself the national beverage of his country.

He was often heard to say, "I am the best abused man in all Ireland, or perhaps in all Europe." Amongst those who delighted to pour upon him the vials of their wrath, the municipal authorities of Dublin were perhaps the most prominent. The old corporation of that city was so corrupt, so feeble, and so thoroughly Orange in its politics, that Mr. O'Connell reckoned confidently upon "winning golden opinions" from his party, while he indulged his own personal vengeance, by making the civic Government of Dublin an object of his fiercest hostility. In the year 1815 this feud had attained to its utmost height, and various modes of overwhelming their tremendous adversary were suggested to the corporators; but at length shooting him was deemed the most eligible. This manner of dealing with an enemy is so perfectly Hibernian, that in Dublin it could not fail to meet with entire and cordial acceptance. At that time a Mr. D'Esterre, who had been an officer of marines, was one of those members of the Dublin corporation who struggled the hardest for lucrative office. The more knowing members of that body hinted to him that an affair of honor with O'Connell would make his fortune. To such advisers the death of either party would be a boon, for the one was a rival, and the other an enemy. O'Connell had publicly designated the municipality of Dublin as a "beggarly corporation," and upon this a quarrel was founded by their champion, Mr. D'Esterre, who walked about armed with a bludgeon, threatening to inflict personal chastisement on his adversary. The habits of thinking which then prevailed in Ireland admitted of no other course than that Mr. O'Connell should demand satisfaction. Both parties, attended by their friends, met on the 31st of January, 1815, at a place called Bishop's Court, in the county of Kildare. It sometimes happens that a man displays unusual gaiety when he is sick at heart; and never did the jocularity of O'Connell appear more exuberant than on the morning of that day when he went forth to destroy the life of his adversary or to sacrifice his own. Sir Edward Stanley attended Mr. D'Esterre, and Major Macnamara was the friend of Mr. O'Connell. At the first fire D'Esterre fell mortally wounded. A gamester would have betted five to one in his favor. Familiarized with scenes of danger from early youth, his courage was of the highest order; practised in the use of the pistol, it was said that he could "snuff a candle at twelve paces," while Mr. O'Connell's peaceful profession caused him to seem—as opposed to a military man—a safe antagonist, and this, added to D'Esterre's supposed skill as a shot, promised assured success to the champion whom the Orange corporation "sent forth to do battle" with the Popish Goliah. But the lifeless corpse of the real aggressor bore its silent and impressive testimony to the imperfect nature of all human calculations. Mr. O'Connell, though less culpable than his victim, still seemed conscious of having committed a great crime; and, influenced by keen remorse, he expressed the deepest contrition. It is, however, not the fact that he at that time "registered" his celebrated "vow" against the use of the duelling pistols. On the contrary, he engaged in another affair of honor before finally abandoning the *dernier ressort* of bullets and gunpowder. In a few months after the fatal event just recorded, Mr. O'Connell received a communication tending towards hostility from Sir Robert (then Mr.) Peel, who at that time filled the office of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Sir Charles Saxton, on the part of Mr. Peel, had an interview first with Mr. O'Connell, and afterwards with the friend of that gentleman, Mr. Lidwell. The business of exchanging protocols went on between the parties for three days, when, at length, Mr. O'Connell was taken into custody and bound over to keep the peace towards all his fellow subjects in Ireland; thereupon Mr. Peel and his friend came to this country and eventually proceeded to the Continent. Mr. O'Connell followed them to London, but the metropolitan police, then called "Bow-street officers," were active enough to bring him before the Chief Justice of England, when he entered into recognisances to keep the peace towards all his Majesty's subjects; and so ended an affair which might have compromised the safety of two men who since that time have filled no small place in the public mind.

The period which this narrative has now reached was still many years antecedent to the introduction of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill. Down to that moment Mr. O'Connell prosecuted with unabated vigor his peculiar system of warfare against the supporters of Orange ascendency, while he pursued his avocations as a lawyer with increasing and eminent success. As early as the year 1816 his professional position quite entitled him to a silk gown, but his creed kept him on the outside of the bar, where he continued to enjoy the largest and

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most lucrative business that ever rewarded the labors of a junior barrister. Meanwhile that body, called the Catholic Association, with O'Connell at its head, carried on the trade of agitating the Irish populace. The Parliamentary career of him—the "member for all Ireland"—now more immediately claims our attention; and it naturally takes its commencement from the first occasion upon which he was returned for Clare. A vacancy having occurred in the representation of that county, a gentleman called O'Gorman Mahon, seized by a sudden freak, posted off to Dublin, entered the Roman Catholic Association, and proposed a resolution calling O'Connell to become a candidate, which was unanimously carried. Mr. O'Connell had been so often engaged on the wrong side of a legal controversy that he did not, upon this occasion, hesitate to promise his adherents an easy triumph. He averred that he could sit without taking the oaths; and his legal doctrines were supported by Mr. Butler, a member of the English bar, while his pretensions as a candidate were sustained by the influence of the priesthood and the agency of the mob. The combined influence of the Government and of the squirearchy were scattered and set at naught by the power of the priesthood; and Mr. O'Connell was, on the 5th of July, 1828, returned to Parliament by a large majority of the Clare electors. He lost no time in presenting himself at the table of the House of Commons, and expressed his willingness to take the oath of allegiance, but refusing the other oaths, he was ordered to withdraw. Discussions in the house and arguments at the bar ensued; the speedy close of the session, however, precluded any practical result. Agitation throughout every part of Ireland now assumed so formidable a character that Ministers said they apprehended a civil war, and early in the next session the Roman Catholic Relief Bill was introduced and carried; Mr. O'Connell was, therefore, in the month of April, 1829, enabled to sit for Clare without taking the objectionable oaths; but it was necessary that a new writ should issue, under which he was immediately re-elected.

Mr. O'Connell had a seat in the House of Commons for eighteen years, under the rule of three successive sovereigns, during six distinctive Administrations, and in seven several Parliaments.

Every reader is aware that he took an active part in all the legislation of the period, as well as in the various struggles for power and place in which the political parties of the country have been engaged during the last twenty years; and right vigorously did he bear himself throughout those changing scenes. Grattan once said, in reference to Flood, "an oak of the forest is too old and too great to be transplanted at fifty." But O'Connell had reached the age of fifty-five before he underwent the process of transplantation, yet his Parliamentary character was of hardy and flourishing growth. His position, as mouth-piece of the priesthood and populace of Ireland, usually made it necessary that the tone of his speeches should harmonize with the feelings of a rude and passionate multitude; but on subjects distinct from the party squabbles of his countrymen, scarcely any one addressed the House more effectively than did Mr. O'Connell; and it is generally acknowledged that in his speeches upon the great question of Parliamentary Reform he was surpassed by very few Members of either House. Although it cannot be denied that the faults of his character were numerous, and the amount of his political offences most grievous in the sight of the public, yet he enjoyed some popularity even in this country, for many elements of greatness entered into the constitution of his mind. Had he not belonged to a proscribed race, been born in a semi-barbarous state of society, been blinded by the fallacies of an educational system which was based upon Popish theology; had not his intellect been subsequently narrowed by the influence of legal practice, and the original coarseness of his feelings been aggravated by the habits of a criminal lawyer and a mob-orator, he might have attained to enviable eminence, legitimate power, and enduring fame.

In 1834, he received a patent of precedence next after the King's second Serjeant. When the Dublin Corporation was reformed, he was elected Alderman, and filled the office of Lord Mayor in 1841-2. Mr. O'Connell was appointed a magistrate of Kerry 1835, but during the violent excitement which prevailed in 1843, the Lord Chancellor thought it necessary to remove him from the commission of the peace. Still a considerable portion of his ancient influence had not yet passed out of his hands, and when the Whigs once more came into office, he was restored to the commission of the peace, and exercised no small authority over the Irish patronage of the crown, of course giving Lord John Russell, in return, the full benefit of his support, to the great dismay of the "Young Ireland" party, who regarded his adhesion to any British Ministry as a traitorous "surrender of Repeal."

Hervio Nano.—The disposition of this person's remains has been publicly stated, and a friend enables us to give an anatomical account of his last (dis)-appearance. "This extraordinary cripple (says our informant) exhibits the rare combination of perfect symmetry, strength, and beauty, with a great amount of deformity. The head is remarkably fine in form, and the expression intelligent and benign; the chest, shoulders, and arms form a perfect model of strength and beauty; the arms are exceedingly muscular, and the hands very well and strongly formed; when standing, the arms could reach the ground easily, so as to be employed in progression or leaping; in the place of legs there are two limbs, the left about eighteen inches from the hip to the point of the toes, the right about twenty-four from the same points. The feet are natural. The easiest mode of explaining the nature of these limbs is to say, that it seems as though the thigh bones and muscles had disappeared, and the knee joints been raised up to the hips; the bone on the one side is tolerably like a leg-bone, on the other it is compressed into an immensely strong bone of triangular form, with the base upwards, and knit to the hip with very strong ligaments: these limbs are furnished with the muscles which should have belonged to the thigh, and those of the leg are much increased in size; the muscles of the calf being comparatively small, on account probably of his mode of walking, contribute to give the limb the look of a lion's fore-arm. Nearly double power must have been obtained over the feet by this arrangement; and this would account for his extraordinary feats of leaping, such as following a horse at full speed on the hands and feet, and suddenly springing on its back like a monkey, or jumping ten feet in the air: his mode of fighting too was most original; he used to spring in the air, and at the same instant deal the most terrific blow upon his unwary antagonist's head, so that he was a very formidable combatant. It is said that in his palmy days, while driving his cab, a clumsy carter drove against him, and, as usual, accused Hervio of being in fault, at which our hero sprang from his seat on the back of the man, and

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gave him a most terrible thrashing:—his feats of strength in his monkey characters are well known. A very good cast of the entire figure has been made, which will doubtless be shown to those who may be curious in such matters.

Mysterious Canine Instinct.—Mr. Justice Williams' death was extremely sudden. He had passed the shooting season with his valued friends, Mr. and Lady Augusta Milbanke, at the Yorkshire Moors, a family with which he had long been connected, having sat for some years for a borough of the Duke of Cleaveland, her ladyship's father. From thence he went to pass a week with Lord Brougham in Westmoreland. While there, he felt a sharp pain in the chest, but this was only mentioned afterwards, for he never spoke of it to Brougham. On his way through London to his residence in Suffolk he consulted his physicians, who considered it as connected with the liver, and of no grave importance. On his arrival at his seat he was seemingly quite well, and went out daily to shoot. After a week or ten days, he was on the 14th of September, somewhat indisposed, but had been out riding before breakfast. He did not dine at table, there being some visitors there. Lady Williams left him pretty well in the drawing-room, and returned after dinner, but before the company retired from table. She found him apparently well, and playing with her lap-dog. She went to the dining-room, and came back for the dog in three, or, at the most, four minutes after she had left him well. No sooner did she open the drawing-room door than the animal set up a loud bark, and rushed past her violently, barking and howling all the way. She asked him what ailed the dog, but received no answer. She repeated the question, and seeing him, as she thought, asleep, called his servant to see if his head was not too low. The man said, "No; he is sleeping comfortably." She approached him, and again asked him to speak. She observed one eye nearly open, the other half closed, but his color as usual. The servant and another thought still that he slept, but her ladyship felt sure he was gone. So it proved, for he speedily became cold and pale, nor could any of the remedies that were applied restore him. He had complained, when he awoke just before dinner, that he had in his sleep dreamed of a sword piercing his breast. The examination of the body proved only that all the nobler parts—both head, chest, and abdomen—were in a state of perfect health, except a very slight enlargement of the spleen and liver, of no moment. He never had gout, nor had any of his family. We have entered into this detail on account of the very remarkable circumstance of the dog's instinct. It is quite clear that the poor animal was aware of the fatal change some time before any observer of our own species could discover that the spirit of its master had passed from this world. Many stories have been told of such an instinctive sense, but it has never before, we believe, been established on such irrefragable evidence as the facts above detailed constitute.—*Law Review.*

Sir David Brewster.—We rejoice to see it stated that our eminent countryman, Sir D. Brewster, has been nominated by the King of Prussia a Chevalier of the Order of Merit, vice Admiral Krusenstern deceased. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.*

New Opera by Meyerbeer.—Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia* has come out at last at Vienna under the name of *Vielka*, with very great success: it is promised amongst the attractions of the season at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Staudigl, Jenny Lind, and the composer to conduct.

Inventor of Gun Cotton.—*Prof. Schönbein* has had the honor of Knighthood conferred upon him by the King of Sweden.

Roman Remains in Italy.—A communication to the Roman Archæological Society describes a sepulchre recently discovered near the family vault of the Scipios. The inscriptions relate to the deposit of the bodies of freemen Paulus Emilius and Julius Cæsar in this tomb; and later, of the tiring woman of the famous Messalina, and another, Cecilia Metella; among whose bones were found broken toilette elegances, gold hair-pins. Pindarus, physician to Augustus; Junius Blesus, the hitherto unascertained colleague of Sergius Lentulus, A.U.C. 762, are also made known through this discovery; and another inscription speaks of a musician belonging to a collegium symphoniacorum, or *ancient* concert institution of Rome.

Education, Science, and Art.—The Miscellaneous Service Estimates contain an account of the sums proposed to be appropriated during the current financial year to the purposes above mentioned. The sum total which the Government will require from the House of Commons amounts to 349,943*l.* against 325,908*l.* in 1846, and 300,218*l.* in 1845. The sum total will be thus distributed: viz. 100,000*l.* for public education in Great Britain, and 100,000*l.* for the same purpose in Ireland; 6500*l.* for Schools of Design, 2000*l.* for the University Professors, 4536*l.* for the University of London, 7480*l.* for the Scotch Universities, 300*l.* for the Royal Irish Academy, 300*l.* for the Royal Hibernian Academy, 6000*l.* for the Royal Dublin Society, 2600*l.* for the Belfast Academical Institute, 48,518*l.* for the British Museum establishment, 47,959*l.* for the British Museum Buildings, and 3152*l.* for purchases; 5537*l.* for the National Gallery, 8961*l.* for the Museum of Practical Geology and Geological Survey, 4094*l.* for scientific works and experiments, and 2000*l.* for the completion of the monument erected to the memory of the late Viscount Nelson. Amongst the items of the estimate for the National Gallery are the following sums: 2200*l.* required for the purchase of the "Boar's Hunt," by Velasquez; 787*l.* 10*s.* for A. Caracci's "Temptation of St. Anthony; and 1050*l.* for Raffaelle's "Vision of a Knight" (with a drawing).—*Times.*

Death of Geijer the Historian.—By the last advices from Stockholm we regret to learn the death, at Upsala, of Professor Eric Gustaf Geijer, the celebrated historian and philosopher. He has not been spared to complete his great work on the history of Sweden, of which only one volume has been published.

Government Patronage of Literature.—The Marquis of Clanricarde has, in the most spontaneous manner, appointed a son of Mr. Heraud, the poet, to be one of the clerks in the secretary's department of the Post Office.

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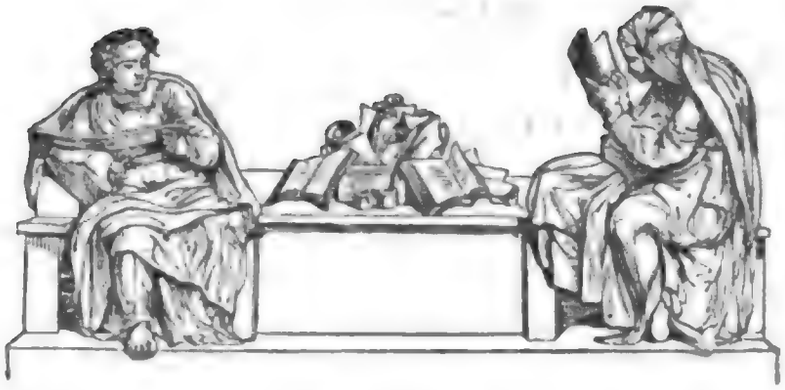

THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

AUGUST, 1847.

From Reynolds's Miscellany.

MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

BY JOHN TAYLOR SINNETT.

Who has not heard of Douglas Jerrold? Who has not seen the touching drama of the "Rent Day," that noble interpretation of Wilkie's picture? And who has not laughed a hundred times over those most admirable letters, which he wrote under the pleasant name of *Punch*, dealing out to all England, in the person of his son, the soundest admonitions, with all the jocund hilarity of Falstaff? What depth of observation there is lurking beneath those facetious remarks! What keen sagacity and wisdom in that quiet irony! What point in that humor! Alack! how does he contrive it? In this age of excitement, turmoil, and confusion, when other people hedge, jostle, knock against each other, and every man tears his way along this bustling world as best he can, without snatching a moment of leisure to husband his remarks, if he make any, his mind at least has been able to settle his thoughts down upon the manners and spirit of the age, and to seize them with the perceptions of a true master. Moreover, he is a living proof that the old genius of the land, though torpid, is not extinct, for he writes with the Saxon pith of yore, and with Saxon simplicity; in an age when many a writer of note does not even read the old authors, he emulates them; *he steps into the footprints of their muses.* He has got the true trick of the old craft; he is every inch a classic.

This eminent writer was but little known to his countrymen before the year 1832, when the domestic drama of the "Rent Day" came out, and took the whole city by storm. He had already produced his "Black-eyed Susan," a beautiful piece; but the thousands of honest gazers who saw it performed at a minor, and most fervently applauded it, never thought of the author; they were satisfied with being pleased. So slowly does a man even of the first class make his way to public favor. Nay, even the "Rent Day," plainly stamped as it was with the lineaments of a forcible mind, nobly and justly directed, did not afford its author that extensive reputation which he deserved. Certainly it gave Jerrold the esteem of the thinking and inquiring, and won golden opinions from those of his profession; but his name did not yet become a household word at the family hearths of his countrymen. His character was growing; but large reputations are slow in coming to maturity, nor was it his fortune to acquire his present universal fame, till he and other fine spirits had founded the immortal *Punch*, that admirable galaxy of *mirth without malice*, full of cracks and jokes, that burn like everlasting candles in

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every house, MAKING THE RICH MAN ALMOST AS HAPPY AS THE POOR.

Douglas Jerrold has generally been considered one of the principal founders of this popular paper, and his excellent "Story of a Feather," "Punch's Letters to his Son," and the famous "Curtain Lectures of Mrs. Caudle," have been the most successful contributions to the work.

Although these successive stories and epistles were written in detached pieces, at isolated periods, they abound everywhere with that robust argument, that liberal and manly spirit, which so few can express happily and lastingly; and the child-like drollery and humor to which the author stoops his mind, only renders the instruction more shapely by the amusement in which it is dressed. Many people have thought that the "Curtain Lectures of Mrs. Caudle" were extended too far, and passed the limits of truth, and that the witty author was too severe upon the sex. Perhaps he was so. Douglas Jerrold has shown in all his works that he had read Fielding, that he had not studied him in vain; he has great skill in irony, and a very marked propensity to satire. Besides, Mrs. Caudle was written *for a country, not for a class*, and if her frivolity, ardent temper, and persecution, seem excessive when applied to some sweet tyrants, there are others whose propensity to subjugate their lords by vocal thunder leave even her example behind. The thousands of English women who would scorn to upbraid their husbands in such lectures, are not represented by her. Though we said she was written for a country, she is far from being general: though she is scattered all over England, she is not *the* Englishwoman we all take pride in. For one such weed there are many flowers; and these lectures have made the weeds less numerous, and the dear, dear flowers more abundant.

The "Men of Character" is an amusing series of essays, written in a jaunty, magazine style, but not so closely and concisely as Jerrold's other productions; they all point an admirable moral to the reader. "Adam Buff, the Man Without a Shirt," is one of the best of these light pieces. The subtle manner of Steele can often be traced in the current of the story; for we, too, have had our essayists, as well as our forefathers in the times of Queen Anne and the two first Georges. Why did they not see their own powers, and unite? Douglas Jerrold, Laman Blanchard, Theodore Hook, Leigh Hunt, Doctor Maginn, the glorious writers led on by the great Christopher in *Blackwood*, the fine spirits who constitute the staff of *Fraser's*, the pleasant writers of the *New Monthly*, that Hercules, Charles Dickens, with Ainsworth, Albert Smith, and Mark Lemon, Gilbert à Becket: what a constellation of talent! what a SPECTATOR they might have given to their country.

Among the dramatic works of Douglas Jerrold, the two we have already named are probably the most interesting, and will continue to be standard plays, "Black-Eyed Susan" and "The Rent Day." He has, however, written several others of considerable merit: "The Schoolfellow," "The Prisoner of War," "The Bubbles of the Day," and "Time Works Wonders;" four comedies sparkling with wit, and directed against the follies, foibles, and frippery of the times we live in. No man has been more successful on the stage in touching the national heart. He may, perhaps, want the fine philosophic theory, the poetic diction of Sheridan Knowles; he may not possess the delicate suavity of Bulwer, but he can clutch the passions and the feelings of the people as well as either of them: for he possesses as deep a pathos as the author of "The Hunchback," and far more virility than the author of "Money." He has his defects, certainly, as well as his beauties. We often think he writes too hurriedly, that he does not linger enough upon a fine thought, which is of all secrets the greatest in the great arts of writing and painting, for when a moralist has got an idea which is striking, he should show it again and again under various phases before he passes from it, leaving the reader ample time to feel its purport and to relish its pleasantry. This habit of development, this reduplication of the one idea under many forms, is the great secret of Hogarth and George Cruikshank, of Fielding and Scott, we had almost said of Shakspeare: but who could ever sound his depths, or read his mysteries? Again, Douglas Jerrold is accused of being too caustic, of forgetting the advice of that courtly gentleman, Sir Lucius O'Trigger: "Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword." "He not only," say his detractors, "cuts, but hacks and mangles his victims." Such, indeed, is the spirit of the age; but we do not allow Jerrold to be guilty of this fault: the seeming defect often lies rather in the honest blunt-

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ness of his language than in the virulence of his charges. Translate his fiercest attacks upon men and manners into the decorous and courtly language of Lesage or Marivaux, of Fielding or Scott, and they would lose two-thirds of the lacerating cruelty they seem to portray.

Of late years this distinguished instructor of the people has partially united in himself the two separate crafts of author and publisher. Without referring to *Punch*, which was at first a sort of joint stock speculation, he has successively ushered into the world the *Illuminated Magazine*, *Douglas Jerrold's Magazine*, and *Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper*, besides taking a share in the first establishment of the *Daily News*. If he did not bring the capital of money to this last journal, he brought to it the still greater capital of mind. In all these enterprises, literary and political, this able moralist had embraced with uncommon ardor the cause and interests of the great body of the people, to all which he gave "a local habitation and a name," when he founded, last year, that noble institution, the great WHITTINGTON CLUB, of which we shall treat separately hereafter. Few men have shown the generous audacity that he has displayed in advocating the rights of the INDUSTRIOUS CLASSES; none have more vividly described the inborn and gallant virtues of the English heart. We think, however, that his proper province is rather in letters than in politics; because his mind is too vigorous to be plastic and compliant, and there is too much sincerity in his nature, as there was in Blanchard's, to stoop to party views and objects. Nor is it easy for such solid mineral as his, to liquify and pour itself out with that rapid abundance that political writing demands. If he wrote an occasional "Examiner," like Swift, when the fit was on; if he reserved his extraordinary strength for uncommon instances, like the one which suggested the "Drapier's Letters," all would be well, and we should see his fine performances follow one another, not periodically, but seasonably, and with his full stamp and impress upon them. Too often exercised, the vital powers of the strongest mind begin to droop, and when the time comes for unusual exertion the muscles of the mind are both jaded and weary. Rousseau, who never went to College, who had read but few books, who saw but little good company at any time, and who at last became a voluntary hermit, was able to beat Montesquieu, and keep pace with Voltaire, neither of whom ever lacked anything that could conduce to greatness in writers; and why? Because he gave himself long intervals of rest. He wrote only when his sympathy was touched, when his spirit was in flame, when his mind, like the teeming breast of a mother, panted for effusion. Rousseau only dealt in masterpieces. He has the sublime eloquence of Bossuet, the searching tenderness of Massillon; his argument is closer than Bourdaloue's or La Bruyère's, his humor not so frequent, but perfectly as quaint as Montaigne's, and his diction has all the music, if not all the graces of Voltaire.

We do not blame Douglas Jerrold for the volubility of his pen; but we regret that he cannot practise a husbandry less prodigal; because we think so highly of his powers that we believe if he gave his thoughts all the maturity they might derive from composure, there is hardly any height he might not attain to in his wit and argument. But, at all events, to speak of him in all justice and candor, he is allowed to be one of the master spirits of the day, and his name shall live after him, and become one of the surviving symbols of the age, when this our busy generation, like the broad wave of a cataract, shall have swept on for ever adown the gulf of time.

ILLNESS OF WORDSWORTH'S DAUGHTER.—We regret to announce that the accomplished and only daughter of Wordsworth lies dangerously and almost hopelessly ill at Rydal Mount. The venerable poet is plunged in the deepest affliction.—*Church of England Journal.*

MONUMENT TO CAXTON.—A public meeting to promote the erection of a monument to William Caxton, the earliest English printer, was held on Saturday afternoon in London—Lord Morpeth in the chair. The meeting was attended by a great number of gentlemen connected with literature. After appropriate addresses had been delivered, resolutions in furtherance of the object of the meeting were passed, and a subscription for the monument entered into.

DEATH OF THE FATHER OF THE IRISH BAR.—Thomas Dickson, Esq., LL.D., Q.C., the father of the Irish bar, died on Thursday morning, at a very advanced age. His demise was quite unexpected, as the day previous he had been engaged in the discharge of his professional duties. He was called to the Irish bar in Michaelmas term, 1792.

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND.—PART II.

Whether Talleyrand's magnificent project of a Territorial Settlement of Europe were really practicable at the time it was proposed, opinions are not agreed. It is, however, hard to say what was not practicable by Napoleon on the morrow of Austerlitz. Talleyrand, following the footsteps of the conqueror, never ceased to urge his favorite theory. He wrote it from Strasburg, reproduced it from the Schoenbrunn, and finally exhausted all his arts of persuasion in urging it in the personal conferences with Napoleon at Brunn, amidst the dead and the dying, on the very field which the preceding eve had witnessed the rout and confusion of the hosts of Austria and Russia, headed by the two emperors. M. Thiers, while he does not deny the merit of the project, casts doubts on its practicability. M. Mignet maintains that at such a moment anything was possible—that the project was practicable—and that, had it been carried into effect, the course of European events would have been far different from that which has actually ensued. Austria would have been enlarged by the accession of a vast territory, precisely in that direction where the augmentation of her power was most necessary for the well-being of Europe. Instead of being, as now, composed of jarring and discordant elements, having no natural coherence, and only kept together by the sword, she would have been rendered homogeneous throughout her entire territory. Instead of leaving her interested to obstruct progress, and to maintain the old regime, she would have been stimulated to concur in the general advancement of civilization. The project, according to Mignet, would have supplied the foundation of a lasting peace, by the combinations it would have created, and the interests it would have satisfied. It was not, however, approved of by Napoleon He proceeded, as he had always done, neither destroying the conquered, nor gaining them over. He weakened, without paralysing them. He left them strength enough to be formidable, and supplied them no motive for any cordial alliance with him. The genius of Napoleon was greater for destruction than for creation. Much of what he pulled down can never be re-erected: little of what he created has stood. He destroyed the holy Roman empire, which had existed since Charlemagne, and he created the confederation of the Rhine, at the head of which he placed himself. He enlarged the secondary states of Germany, and erected several of them into kingdoms, creating, as he imagined, permanent, natural, and useful allies for his empire. Having three years before destroyed the ecclesiastical sovereignties of Germany, he now destroyed the feudal sovereignties of its noblesse. He reduced the power of Austria, depriving her of her Italian territory without indemnifying her upon the Danube. He humiliated, but did not subdue her. Such, in fact, were the results of the victory of Austerlitz, which, it must be admitted, stand in disadvantageous contrast with those which Talleyrand claimed as its possible fruits. The key to Napoleon's policy was the enfeeblement of great states; its effect was the creation of powerful malcontents. He created a swarm of opponents, with whom he was condemned to maintain a perpetual struggle without the possibility of destroying them. His peaces were truces, and can be regarded only as the successive halts of the grand army in its unparalleled career of conquest.

Another of the grand European projects by which the public career of Talleyrand was signalized, was the establishment at Frankfort-on-the-Maine of a permanent congress, with the philanthropic object of maintaining perpetual peace. This congress, at which each state of Europe was to be represented by a resident ambassador, was to consist of three colleges, the first composed of representatives of the four great powers, France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia. England was excluded from this congress; its promoter regarding her, or affecting to regard her, as an exceptional power, the policy and interest of which must always be irreconcilable with those of the Continent. This, it must be confessed, was a curious exclusion to be proposed by one, the favorite object of whose political life was to bring about a close and permanent union of France and England against the world. England with her navy, and France with her army, if cordially allied, might, according to Talleyrand, dictate to the rest of the globe. The apparent inconsistency may,

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however, be understood, when it is remembered that the European congress was projected at the time when Napoleon, in the zenith of his glory, regarded England as his implacable and unrelenting enemy, against which every expedient of policy must be directed.

The second college of Talleyrand's projected congress was to consist of the representatives of states of the second order; and in like manner the third was to be composed of the ministers of powers of the third order.

Thus composed, this high diplomatic body was to be authorized to decide finally and without appeal, by a sort of arbitration, and as an international court of honor, all differences which might arise between the states represented in it, and also to regulate the military contingents of each power. Every decision come to by the first college, provided it were unanimous, was to be final without the intervention of the other two. But in case of a dissent in the first college, then the second and third were to be successively consulted.

This scheme was never attempted to be realized, but from it Napoleon took the idea of the Confederation of the Rhine. Talleyrand would have wished him to have availed himself of his vast powers to establish something more permanent in its duration and more universal in its object.

In all the projects and speculations of Talleyrand, traces are discoverable of the best parts of the theories of the last century, although his purposes were so constantly defeated, and even made subservient to ends of which he disapproved, by the overruling power of the events with which he was surrounded. The minister of a sovereign sprung from arms and aggrandized by victory, he loved not war. His aversion to it was not only a matter of temperament and philosophical repugnance, but even of calculation. War, as a system, appeared to him calculated only to create perpetual causes for its own reproduction, while, on the contrary, his unceasing solicitude was to elicit from every victory consequences which would obliterate all future causes of collision.

Napoleon himself has done Talleyrand the justice to admit the tenacity of purpose, with which he incessantly endeavored to moderate his military propensities. "He never ceased," Napoleon used to say, "repeating to me that I was mistaken respecting the energy of the nation, that it would not continue to second me, and that I should live to see myself at length abandoned by it. Talleyrand has never appeared to me to be either eloquent or persuasive. He used to revolve continually round the same idea." This was true, and the idea round which Talleyrand revolved was an European peace, the alliance of the great powers, the enlightenment of mankind, the advance of civilization and the arts, and the diffusion of knowledge. Although this fatigued Napoleon, he did not the less appreciate the counsels of so sage an admirer, and he never departed for a campaign without bringing in his rear, besides his legion of surgeons, his foreign minister, also skilled in the art of arresting the course of the destroyer.

After having concluded the peace of Presburg, and presided over those which terminated in the elevation of Louis Napoleon to the throne of Holland, and Joseph to that of Naples, and conducted the diplomatic measures which established the Confederation of the Rhine, Talleyrand, now become Prince of Beneventum, was called on to inflict on Prussia the penalty for its impolitic revolt against the imperial power.

When the victory of Austerlitz placed Austria at the feet of Napoleon, the latter left Talleyrand at the village of Brunn, on the very field of the battle, to conduct the negotiations with the agents of Austria, while he went himself to Vienna with M. Haugwitz, to arrange the preliminaries of a treaty with Prussia. Talleyrand opened the negotiations with the announcement of the purposes of France to deprive Austria of her dominions in Italy and Switzerland, with the professed object of removing all future causes of rivalry and war between the two empires. These sacrifices were, of course, resisted by the most lively remonstrances on the part of the Austrian negotiators, who expressed, however, their willingness to surrender Venice and a part of the Italian territory, but insisted that Salsburg, the Tyrol, and other territories, should be conferred upon one of the archdukes, and thus indirectly retained by Austria. One of the most erroneous propositions advanced by Austria, however, on this occasion, requires especial notice.

It will be remembered by every one conversant with the history of this period, that Napoleon was the object of the most unmeasured abuse, for his proposition of giving Hanover to Prussia, and that Prussia was scarcely less censured for her wil-

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lingness to accept the gift. Nevertheless, we now know that Austria, the natural ally and friend of England, did, in the course of the negotiations to which we refer, actually propose to Napoleon, through Talleyrand, that the patrimony of the king of England should be conferred on one of the archdukes, in exchange for the sacrifices she was compelled to make on her southern frontiers.

The sagacious French diplomatist listened to this unprincipled demand with unmixed delight, well aware how potent a means it might be converted into to embroil Austria with England, and was too skilful to crush at once the hopes of its accomplishment. He accordingly received the proposition with much complacency, and promised to lay it before the Emperor. Talleyrand had another object in protracting these negotiations. He knew that Napoleon was at the same time negotiating with M. Haugwitz a treaty with Prussia at the Schoenbrunn, and that Austria would be much more tractable after Prussia was put out of the question by the final settlement, the intelligence of which he hourly expected. He therefore willingly consented to the suspension of the negotiations until Prince Lichtenstein should go to the chateau at which the Emperor Francis was then staying, to obtain fresh instructions and enlarged powers. Talleyrand was to wait at Brunn until his return.

This delay, purposely created by Talleyrand, was a capital fault on the part of the Austrian negotiators, for what was then passing at Vienna, and which they ought to have at least conjectured, if not certainly known, greatly aggravated the difficulties of their position. The immediate object of Napoleon was to detach Prussia from the Coalition before she had time to recover from the terror with which the catastrophe of Austerlitz had struck her. Besides the advantages of bringing the Prussian arrangement to a conclusion while the Austrian negotiation was still pending, there were other reasons for accelerating the general settlement of both treaties. The archdukes were advancing towards Presburg at the head of a hundred thousand men. The Prussian armies were assembled in Saxony and Franconia, and the combined forces of England and Russia were advancing on Hanover. Whatever might be the confidence of Napoleon against such a combination, it was impolitic to wait for it to collect against him. To recommence a war against all Europe in coalition, would at best have been a hazardous game. He therefore saw the necessity for the same promptitude in diplomacy to which he so often owed his success in war.

Napoleon, therefore, immediately on arriving at the Schoenbrunn, on the 13th December, 1805, sent for M. Haugwitz, and received him in the cabinet of Maria Theresa.* After a burst of indignation at the underhand proceedings which Prussia had taken in regard to France, and giving utterance to menaces of the disasters with which he could overwhelm her, now that he had got Austria and Russia off his hands, he elicited from M. Haugwitz an offer of an alliance, as the price of immediate reconciliation. Napoleon did not scruple to offer Prussia conditions, the acceptance of which he knew must seriously compromise her with the other great powers. As she had before betrayed France to the profit of Europe, she was now called on to betray Europe to the profit of France. Napoleon, nevertheless, did not hesitate to propose this course to the plenipotentiary of Prussia, who, so far from showing any repugnancy, seemed enchanted to be enabled to bring back from Vienna an alliance with France, instead of a declaration of war.

This interview took place the 13th December; the treaty was reduced to writing on the 14th, and formally signed at the Schoenbrunn on the following day.

The moment this was accomplished, Napoleon wrote to Talleyrand that if the Austrian negotiators did not immediately accede to the terms offered, he should come without further delay to Vienna. The embarrassment of the Austrian plenipotentiaries now became extreme. In resisting the demands and postponing concessions, they augmented the exigencies of the conqueror, and really increased the difficulties. Hanover was disposable when Talleyrand opened the negotiation—it was now appropriated. The Tyrol, for the surrender of which Austria claimed it, would now have to be given up without an equivalent. In short, it was found that even their increased powers did not meet the demands on which Talleyrand was now ordered to insist; a further reference to the Emperor Francis was necessary, and the conference broke up and was adjourned to Presburg, Brunn having become unhealthy, owing to the noxious exhalations proceeding from the enormous number of bodies of men and

* Thiers, VI., 355.

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horses in a state of decomposition on the field of battle, and the innumerable sick and wounded who crowded the hospitals. Talleyrand, after a conference with Napoleon at Vienna, finally met the Austrian negotiators at Presburg, where the treaty was concluded, amidst the advanced posts of the two hostile armies, and signed by Talleyrand, as the representative of the French empire, on the 26th December.

The death of Mr. Pitt, which occurred in a month after this event, effected a great apparent change in the relations of France and England, and the advent of Mr. Fox and his party to power, offered some ground for expecting that a peace was not altogether impracticable. An accidental circumstance brought about a communication between the two governments, well calculated to mitigate feelings of mutual hostility. A miscreant had the ignorance and baseness to obtain access personally to Mr. Fox, and to propose to him to get Napoleon assassinated. Mr. Fox had the wretch delivered into the hands of the police, and immediately wrote a dispatch to Talleyrand, denouncing in suitable terms the proposition which had been made, and placing at his disposition all the means necessary to prosecute the author, if the thing should be regarded as worthy of serious notice.

Napoleon, sensible of this proceeding on the part of a hostile government, authorized M. Talleyrand to reply to it, which he did in the following terms:—

"I have placed before his majesty the letter of your excellency. 'I recognise in this,' said the Emperor, 'the honor and virtue which have always animated Mr. Fox. Thank him for me, and assure him that, whether the policy of his sovereign leads to the continuance of war, or the quarrel, so useless to humanity, should be brought to as speedy a conclusion as both nations ought to desire, I shall equally rejoice in the new character which, by this proceeding, the war has already assumed, and which is the presage of what may be expected from a cabinet in which I am glad to recognise the principles of Mr. Fox, who is a man so eminently fitted to perceive what is finest and most truly grand in affairs.'"

Mr. Fox addressed to Talleyrand a note in answer to this, conceived in a frank and cordial spirit, in which, without reserve or diplomatic finesse, he offered peace on honorable conditions, and by means, as sure as they were prompt. A correspondence ensued between these distinguished men, in the course of which each of them joined to their public dispatches private letters, full of frankness and cordiality. The necessity under which the British government felt itself placed to insist on including Russia in the arrangements, soon appeared to constitute a formidable obstacle to any favorable issue, this being opposed by Napoleon. Talleyrand, whose dominant thought was directed towards the attainment of a durable peace, which he regarded as the highest interest of France, spared no exertions or persuasions to induce Napoleon to avail himself of the opportunity offered by the presence of Mr. Fox in power to continue the negotiation with England. Napoleon was not less disposed than his minister to avail himself of an opportunity of terminating the war, as auspicious as it was unlooked for. Circumstances also seemed to offer facilities for surmounting the obstacle which had arisen. Information had been received from the French Consul at St. Petersburgh, confirmed by advices from other quarters, that the Emperor Alexander, uneasy at the results of the war, distrustful of the cabinet of St. James's, and especially of the personal predilections of Mr. Fox, desired the re-establishment of peace. In short, the probability of a direct negotiation being opened with Russia was so strong, that it was hoped that the principle of a collective negotiation, on which Mr. Fox had insisted, would be renounced.

Another incident also lent itself to foster the friendly feeling which had already been produced. During these negotiations an exchange of prisoners between France and England was agreed upon. Among the *detenus* in Paris was Lord Yarmouth, afterwards Marquis of Hertford, who was then, although a Tory, an intimate friend of Mr. Fox, and from his predilections for the Continent in general, and Paris in particular, an ardent partisan of peace. This young nobleman, who, during his detention, had moved in the best Parisian society, was well known to Prince Talleyrand, who was an admirer of the English aristocracy. Talleyrand, with his usual tact, seized this opportunity of turning his private intimacies to the public advantage. He invited Lord Yarmouth to his hotel, and there, in a conversation marked by the most exquisite tact, and apparent frankness, assured him that the Emperor most ardently desired peace, that he wished to put aside diplomatic formalities, and to agree frankly on conditions mutually honorable and acceptable; that such conditions could present no difficulty, inasmuch as it was no longer de-

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sired to dispute with England the possession of Malta and the Cape; that the question was, therefore, narrowed to a small compass, especially since Napoleon was willing to restore Hanover to George III.

After receiving these and other confidential communications from Talleyrand, Lord Yarmouth left Paris, promising to return immediately with the secret of the intentions of Mr. Fox. In fact Lord Yarmouth did accordingly return with powers from Mr. Fox, and was subsequently joined by Lord Lauderdale; but notwithstanding the earnest desire of M. Talleyrand for peace, the complication of the affairs of the Continent rendered, as is well known, all these exertions abortive.

After presiding at these various negotiations, and assisting in the ceremonies attending the elevation of Louis Napoleon to the throne of Holland, and Joseph to that of Naples, Talleyrand affixed his name to the treaty of Tilsitt, which was concluded as the consequence of the victories of Jena, Eylau, and Friedland. Prussia and Russia were humbled; the Confederation of the Rhine was extended from the south to the north of Germany; in fine, the empire had attained the meridian of its splendor, and Napoleon reached the summit of his glory. At this dazzling epoch, at a moment of unparalleled prosperity of success, M. Talleyrand ceased to direct the diplomacy of the empire. The signature of the treaty of Tilsitt was his last official act. On the 8th of August, 1807, an imperial decree announced his retirement from office, and named M. Champagny his successor. The following day a second decree raised him to the office of Vice Grand Elector, the third dignity of the empire, with a salary of £20,000. The office was for life.

The retirement of the great diplomatist was *nominally* his own voluntary act; how far it was really his spontaneous choice will not be certainly known until the publication of those autobiographical memoirs, whose appearance is interdicted until the year 1868.

Was he fatigued with the continual sacrifice of his own judgment, which the aspiring ambition of his master exacted? Was his indolence allured by the perspective of the magnificent sinecure which awaited him? Did his incomparable clear-sightedness enable him to see that Napoleon, balanced on a summit, trembled and became giddy with the height to which he had attained? Did he, in short, anticipate at this epoch of grandeur, his approaching decline? These are questions which will be variously received, and to which satisfactory or conclusive answers, with our present information, would be impossible. However this may be, his retirement from affairs at such a moment gave occasion to innumerable conjectures, and no one believed it to be sincerely the result of his own wish. Some ascribed it to the strong disapprobation which Talleyrand entertained for the policy pursued by Napoleon respecting Spain. This opinion Talleyrand did not fail to encourage, and turn to account as soon as the course of events rendered it popular. Still it is difficult to render such a supposition compatible with Talleyrand's own acts. The idea of imitating the policy of Louis XIV. was at least as much that of Talleyrand himself as of Napoleon. Yet there might have been a disagreement as to the time and manner of carrying out such a policy. Others ascribe his retirement to his having opened negotiations for peace with England, without the cognisance of the Emperor; and others again find the cause in the intrigues of Fouché, his personal enemy, who labored incessantly to excite the impatience of the Emperor against his minister, always representing the latter as assuming to himself too great a share in the management of affairs.

Whatever may have produced this estrangement, it was one deeply to be deplored by Napoleon. The vast ambition and great military prowess of Napoleon, and the unequalled good sense, moderation, and *sang froid* of Talleyrand, seemed to be made for each other. The invention, fertility, boldness, and impetuosity of the one were happily checked by the coolness, moderation, powers of deliberation, foresight, and caution of the other. Talleyrand knew how to throw dilatory obstacles in the way of the Emperor when rage and passion transported him and prompted precipitate measures, thus giving him the opportunity of recovering his tranquillity, and acting with ability and dignity. Thus he used to say, with some exaggeration, but much truth and infinite wit, "The Emperor always compromised himself when he was enabled to do anything a quarter of an hour earlier, which I would have induced him to postpone to a quarter of an hour later." The loss of such a counsellor was more than a misfortune; it was a danger.

The retirement of Talleyrand from office did not, however, produce any personal

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coolness between him and the Emperor; their separation was only official. Their amicable relations were maintained. He was loaded with honors. Next in official dignity to the brother of the Emperor, he was Vice Grand Elector of the Empire. He was also Grand Chamberlain of the Imperial Court, and retained the principality of Beneventum, which had been conferred on him after the victory of Austerlitz.

A year after his retirement from the *Hotel des Affaires Etrangères*, he was called on to attend Napoleon at the celebrated interview with Alexander at Erfurth, at which the latter agreed to abandon Spain, receiving in return Moldavia and Wallachia, and where both agreed to engage in a common war against England, if the government of that country would not consent to a peace on practicable terms, and against Austria, unless that state should acquiesce. Talleyrand attended on this occasion, not in a diplomatic capacity, but in his official character of Grand Chamberlain, and did the honors of the imperial court at entertainments where kings and sovereign princes were guests, and where the fate of nations was decided. In the midst of these magnificent convivialities, under the guise of which negotiations so important were carried on, the Emperor felt once more the inestimable value of the counsels of his former minister, and observed to him one day with unaffected regret, "We ought never to have lost your aid." This was, however, the last expression of accordance which passed between these illustrious men.

Napoleon following his own counsels, or rather surrendering himself to the impulses of his ambition, continued the enterprises in which he was engaged. Hitherto the results of his measures were to enfeeble others, and to strengthen or at least defend himself. Now, however, he went further. He did not wait to be attacked, but took the initiative of offence. By his invasion of Spain he roused against him the united power of an entire people. By seizing and carrying away the Pope, he provoked the hostility of all who still respected the ancient and powerful principle represented by the head of the Church—a principle the full value and importance of which he acknowledged on his accession to the Imperial throne, by courting its sanction in the grand ceremonials observed on that occasion. Talleyrand saw plainly the danger which he incurred; he perceived the precipice to the brink of which Napoleon was rushing. Whatever might have been the period when he first allowed his opinion of the Spanish invasion to be perceived, it is quite certain that in 1809 he took so little trouble to dissemble the strong disapprobation he felt, that the Emperor, on his return from the Peninsula, dismissed him from his office of Grand Chamberlain. He was before removed from public affairs, and he was now estranged from the person of the Emperor. Thus was broken the last tie that connected these two distinguished men, of whom the one could accomplish so much while the tide of success lasted, and the other so much whenever reverses took place. From this time Talleyrand proved to be daily more and more severe in his judgments of the Emperor's measures, and Napoleon more and more distrustful of his ex-minister of Foreign Affairs. They fell into a continual collision, irritating to the diplomate and undignified in the sovereign. Napoleon was averse from the malcontent, even the silent. When Talleyrand spoke he never failed to throw bitterness into his words, and if he did not speak, there were not wanting those who put offensive language in his mouth. From this resulted often scenes of violence and mal-adresse on the one part, borne always with that incomparable *sang froid* which has become so well known on the other as to be historical. To menace people daily with having them shot, and yet allow them to occupy a powerful and influential position, leaving all the means of retaliation in their hands, was a deplorable policy. It was but too often the course pursued by Napoleon, who, great as he was, was not above petulancy, and who, governing all around him, knew not how to govern himself. Not daring or probably not thinking he had sufficient grounds for severity, he always calculated on accomplishing something by mere menace, and accordingly he threatened incessantly and without moderation. Thus he wounded, humiliated, and irritated Talleyrand without striking him, and actually awakened in him those views and purposes which he desired to prevent. Sometimes he would mingle favors with bluster. Thus at a moment when he showed the utmost rage against the ex-minister, having learned that he had pressing claims to answer, owing to unsuccessful operations at the Bourse, he consented to purchase from him, at an extravagant price, a furnished hotel, and afterwards allowed him to take away the splendid and valuable furniture. With characteristic

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inconsistency and petulance, Napoleon at the same time refused to pay him the rent of his Chateau at Valencay, which was engaged by the government as the residence of the exiled princes of Spain.

Talleyrand was thus estranged from Napoleon during the last five years of the Empire, but resided in Paris, in princely splendor; for independently of the wealth he had accumulated, he still held the magnificent sinecure of the Vice Grand Electorship, with its twenty thousand pounds a-year.

It was in 1812, that the sagacious diplomate plainly foresaw the fall of Napoleon. When the emperor decided on the expedition to Russia, attacking a power almost inaccessible, at the moment when he was menaced on every side at home, Talleyrand saw his end fast approaching. England, which for ten years had never let him rest, still directed all her vast resources against him; Spain was on fire, and had risen to a man against his usurpation;—Austria proved that maxims were more potent with her than marriages, and the Archduchess, transmuted into the Empress of France, could not prevent her family from directing all its exertions to recover the eight millions of subjects it had lost in the treaties Napoleon had imposed upon it. Clouds gathered, and the firmament was blackened on one side, but Napoleon, nevertheless, disregarding these presages of the storm, rushed among the snows of Russia, encountered the catastrophe of Moscow, and gave the signal for the commencement of that series of reverses, the issue of which was St. Helena.

After the disasters of 1813, when, under the pressure of reverses, Napoleon again had recourse to Talleyrand, desiring to restore him to the ministry of Foreign Affairs, they had a long interview on this subject, which, however, was attended with no result. Whether the sagacious ex-minister saw that the situation of the emperor was desperate, or that he proposed sacrifices to obtain peace, which Napoleon was indisposed to make, or whether, in fine, Talleyrand was unwilling to link himself to the falling fortunes of the Empire, cannot now be ascertained; but it is certain, that the distrust with which these eminent individuals had begun to regard each other, was augmented, and that this abortive attempt to come to an understanding was followed by more numerous sallies of temper on the part of the one, and the utterance, in private, of more biting sarcasm on the part of the other than before.

During the two years which preceded the fall of the Empire, it has been alleged, and to a greater or less extent credited, that Talleyrand intrigued with the Bourbons to bring about the Restoration. Of this, however, there is no proof, and the circumstances of the time, combined with the character and previous life of Talleyrand, afford an explanation of his conduct sufficiently satisfactory to render the supposition of treason and conspiracy gratuitous, and, in the case of so cautious a statesman, in a high degree improbable. Let us consider for a moment the relative position of the emperor and his ex-minister at this epoch.

In the descent which preceded his fall, there were two moments at which Napoleon might, with honor, have made terms with the allies, first at Prague, before the disaster at Leipsic, and secondly at Frankfort, before the troops of the Coalition had crossed the French frontier. At Prague, besides the integrity of France, within its natural geographical limits, he might have retained a part of the territories he had conquered in Europe. At Frankfort, he might have secured France within those limits which nature seems to have assigned to her. The propositions made at Frankfort by Prince Metternich, in the name of Austria; by Lord Aberdeen in the name of England; by M. Nesselrode, in the name of Russia; and by Prince Hardenburg, in the name of Prussia, which bore date the 10th November, 1813, were to the effect that the "Allied Sovereigns were agreed in the opinion that France ought to be preserved in her integrity, and that they were willing that her territory should be bounded by the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees." They declared that they desired to establish a lasting peace, and the equilibrium of Europe upon the basis of the independence of all the great states by land and sea.

This proposal was made with the condition of being accepted in twenty-four hours, and before that time had elapsed the sovereigns repented its moderation, truly concluding that they were in a condition to extort better terms, and to impose more severe humiliation on him who had exacted such frequent and severe sacrifices from them. Napoleon meanwhile was not able to bring himself to accept such conditions with the prescribed promptitude, nor in the unqualified terms in which they were proposed. He did, however, accept them, but

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not in time. His reluctance to renounce in such sweeping terms territories which had cost so much blood and treasure, and the acquisition of which had surrounded his new throne with such splendor, and to abandon to the caprice of the Allies so many princes whom he had created, naturally enough gave occasion for delay, during which the forces of the enemy passed the frontier, penetrated into France, and the negotiations were transferred to Chatillon sur-Seine.

Here the Frankfort propositions were withdrawn, and it was proposed that France should be reduced to her ancient limits, and exposed throughout a frontier of one hundred and fifty leagues to the incursions of foreign powers. Napoleon received this proposition with a storm of indignation. He declared that it would degrade France to a secondary power; that it would not even place her, relatively to other states, in the position she held in 1792; for all other chief states since that epoch had been strengthened and enlarged. Nothing would thus be allowed to France to balance the partition of Poland, the destruction of the ecclesiastical sovereignties of Germany, or the acquisitions of England in the East. He wrote from his bivouack between the Seine and Marne to his plenipotentiary the Duke of Vicenza: "I have received," said he, "the propositions which you have sent to me. There is not a Frenchman whose blood would not boil with indignation at them . . . I am so moved by those infamous proposals, that I feel myself dishonored in being thrown into a situation in which it is possible that they could be made to me. I would rather lose Paris itself than see such propositions made to the French people, and should much prefer to see the Bourbons restored to the throne on reasonable conditions."

He felt that the acceptance of such conditions was incompatible with his antecedents. A soldier of fortune elevated to a throne, is nothing if he be not great. Humbled by defeat, and deprived of his only *prestige* by such a treaty, he would lose the authority necessary for command. He wanted what the old families which govern Europe had, the support of ages past. In a moment of distress they could afford to surrender, having centuries of possession and the records of history to fall back upon. Their political authority was not identified with their possession of territory. Its basis was habit and memories, not victories. The origin, the principle, and the foundation of the imperial throne of France was victory. Losing its greatness, it lost its legitimacy. Napoleon felt this. He might have stopped in his ascent —in his fall it was impossible.

In accordance with these sentiments, he wrote to his plenipotentiary on the 19th January: "If the ancient limits of France are proposed, I have one of three parts to take, either to fight and conquer, or to fight and fall gloriously; or, in fine, if the nation will not support me, to abdicate. The system of reducing France to her ancient limits is inseparable from the restoration of the Bourbons." What he thus enounced he did. He undertook this memorable campaign, one of the most splendid of his splendid career, not like that of Italy, in youth, in an enemy's country, in a season of success, full of hope, with a single enemy before him; but under the pressure of age, on the territory of France, before invading armies, in the midst of revolt, with a broken prestige, and before Europe in coalition. Yet never was his activity greater—his will more decided—his soul more proud—his genius more grand—his victories more glorious, yet more fruitless. His star, before disappearing, shed a dazzling lustre.

Gaining victory without success, and exposing himself to the storm of battle without falling, he adopted the remaining alternative which he had proposed to himself—he abdicated.

It was during this period that Talleyrand has been charged with secretly plotting the overthrow of Napoleon. That he had, through the intervention of parties in his confidence, held communications with the allied powers, and even with the Bourbons, must be admitted; but to form a just estimate of his conduct at this time, it is necessary to remember that Talleyrand never devoted himself to the personal interests or ascendency of any sovereign. Having passed through numerous revolutions, and having been called to serve his country under a succession of sovereigns, which followed one another not by any recognised right of succession, but by a series of *emeutes* and *coups d'état*, Talleyrand gave each of them his co-operation as the heads of the state, *de facto*, rather than as the possessors of any legitimate claim upon his allegiance. He regarded them as the temporary depositories of the national authority, and as such entitled to his aid,

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as a citizen, so long as they possessed the confidence of the nation, and exercised, in fact, the supreme power. It must be remembered that divine right and hereditary claims had ceased to be acknowledged, and if the latter had been reproduced in the elevation of Napoleon to the imperial throne, it then only emanated from the people, was only acknowledged as a matter of expediency, and might, of course, be renounced by the authority which had created it. Talleyrand, in a word, gave to the government *de facto*, for the time being, his services. He was not sufficiently devoted to the imperial regime to desire to maintain it longer than its continuance seemed conducive to the good of the country; and in the position affairs had assumed at the epoch we refer to, the question appeared to be clearly enough reduced to this, whether Napoleon was to be sacrificed to France, or France to Napoleon.

After crossing the frontiers, and transferring the negotiations to Chatillon, the allies declared openly that they separated the French nation from its sovereign; that they were not indisposed to treat with the one on terms and conditions which would not be granted to the other. In this state of things Talleyrand did not hesitate to listen to overtures made to him by secret agents, nor to lend himself to negotiations having for their object to substitute another government for the military dictatorship of Napoleon. He had preserved numerous diplomatic relations with courts of Europe. August persons had regarded him with friendship, had rendered homage to his talents, and admired the firmness with which he had opposed himself to the gigantic projects of conquest in which the Emperor had indulged. Communications were, in fine, opened with him at Paris by the agents of the Congress at Chatillon, and still more directly by Prince Metternich and M. Nesselrode. In these negotiations all the contingencies incidental upon the fall of Napoleon were considered, such as a regency under the Empress Maria Louisa, with the ultimate succession of the King of Rome; a monarchy, with a new prince, to be chosen by the nation; and finally, the restoration of the Bourbons, if that measure appeared to be most conducive to the establishment of general tranquillity. Indeed it is not certain that Caulaincourt himself, the recognised representative of France at the Congress, did not make some overtures to the Emperor Alexander on the subject of a regency under the Empress.

At the same time, other negotiations were secretly in progress. M. Arnaud de Vitrolles had been commissioned to sound the allies on the question of the Restoration. This agent, however, being also connected with the exiled family, and influenced by them, exceeded his powers, and ventured to negotiate directly for the restoration of Louis XVIII., whereas he was only authorized by Talleyrand to mention it as a contingency, and ascertain the feelings of the allies upon it. It has appeared that at that time his projects were but coldly received, so entirely had the principles of legitimacy been banished from the thoughts of Europe. He declared that the cabinets of the allies showed no preference for any particular system, provided that France were deprived of the power of disturbing the general tranquillity, and that even Austria was well disposed to treat with Napoleon, or with a regency. Thus, it will be seen, how little the sovereigns of Europe cared, or even thought about the Bourbons on the very eve of the Restoration.

As the fall of Napoleon became more and more evident, the discussion of the measures to be taken for the security of the country in that contingency was conducted with less reserve. Talleyrand was the centre round which this movement naturally took place. His undisputed ability as a statesman and diplomatist, his participation in all that was well-ordered in the Revolution, and his abstinence from all participation in the atrocities which attended it, his aristocratic descent, and the extreme polish and refinement of his manners, the opposition which he was known to have given to the most culpable aggressions of Napoleon, especially to the invasion of Russia and Spain, all these considerations rendered him more eminently fitted than any other individual to negotiate with the invaders of France, now expected, with their victorious hosts, at the gates of Paris.

Among the persons admitted to the most confidential intercourse with Talleyrand at this epoch were, the Duke de Dalberg, the Marquis de Jaucourt, and the Abbé de Pradt. With the first, Talleyrand maintained the closest intimacy. Sprung from a noble family, his acquaintance with him had commenced when he held the ministry of Foreign Affairs, and the young duke conceived towards him the most lively

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friendship. Besides the consideration which the known friendship of the illustrious ex-minister conferred upon him, he enjoyed a certain diplomatic consideration from his connexion with foreign statesmen. He was the near relation of M. Nesselrode, and the friend of M. de Metternich, of Count Stadion, then holding a high place in the cabinet of Vienna, and of the Baron de Vincent.

The Marquis de Jaucourt had been a member of the Constituent Assembly, had emigrated, returned to France in 1803, when, after presiding over the Tribunate, he was raised by the first consul to the senate. To M. de Pradt, Talleyrand gave but a limited confidence; sufficient, however, to turn the talents and activity of that person to his account. Besides these, the salons of his hotel were the resort of a number of secondary agents, who surrounded him, in expectation of some great governmental change, the nature of which they could not anticipate. Such were MM. Labourie, de Bourrienne (since so well known for his memoirs of Napoleon), and de Vitrolles. To these Talleyrand communicated nothing. The various contingencies were discussed, and among them, the return of the Bourbons was mentioned as an eventuality.

On the approach of the allies to Paris, the Council of Regency, of which Talleyrand, as Vice Grand Elector, was a member, deliberated whether, in case of the capital being declared in a state of siege, the Empress and the King of Rome should remain there. It was at first decided in the affirmative, and this decision was warmly supported by Talleyrand—Joseph Bonaparte and the Arch-Chancellor Le Brun, however, produced an order of Napoleon, that the Regent should quit Paris if the enemy should arrive under its walls. It was therefore ultimately decided that the Regency should be transferred to Blois, attended by all the great officers of state, and functionaries of the government.

This measure liberated Talleyrand from the immediate presence of the government in the capital, and rendered the secret negotiations with the allied powers more easy and safe. But as a member of the Council of Regency, and a high dignitary of the State, it was his duty to accompany the government to Blois. He accordingly presented the semblance of doing this, and was actually leaving Paris when he was stopped at the Barrière de Maine by a company of the National Guard, and compelled to return. This proceeding had been pre-arranged by himself, and it may be easily imagined that no very serious resistance was offered to those who re-conducted him to his hotel.

In fine, the signature of the capitulation which followed the armistice concluded by Marmont, enabled Talleyrand to continue openly his negotiation with the Emperor Alexander, and the allied sovereigns. He assured them that the existing authorities in Paris would easily be brought to unite in a movement against Napoleon, and undertook to manage the affair. Alexander, on the other hand, to inspire all parties in Paris with more confidence in the power and influence of Talleyrand, consented to confer upon him the honor of becoming his guest, during his sojourn in the capital.

Talleyrand then inhabited the splendid hotel at the corner of the Rue St. Florentin, and the Rue de Rivoli, which still bears his name, and which he continued to inhabit till his death. The suite of rooms on the first floor, which look over the garden of the Tuileries, and the spacious area now called the Place de la Concorde, but better known as the Place Louis XV., were prepared for his reception. On the evening of the 30th, MM. de Dalberg, Jaucourt, the Abbé de Montesquiou, the Abbé de Pradt, and the Baron Louis, met in the Cabinet of M. Talleyrand. The situation of the country was discussed, and the various expedients which suggested themselves were successively considered. The regency of the Empress first presented itself, and the advantages it offered were examined, among which the most prominent was the support it was assured it would certainly receive from the Emperor of Austria. When the Bourbons were mentioned, the Duke de Dalberg explained the difficulty of reconciling any liberal system of government with the rooted prejudices in favor of absolute monarchy which were known to prevail with the elder branches of the Bourbons. The name of the Duke of Orleans was mentioned, but M. Talleyrand and the Baron Louis avowed themselves warm partisans of legitimacy as a principle. It was, in fine, agreed that the combination which appeared under the existing circumstances to offer most advantages, was the spontaneous recall of Louis XVIII., with a liberal constitution. Without committing anything to writing, or even settling any precise conditions, an understanding to that

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effect was arrived at, and M. Talleyrand undertook to communicate on the subject with the allied sovereigns on the one hand, and with the leading members of the Imperial Senate on the other.

Talleyrand was well informed of what had passed between the sovereigns at the congress of Chatillon. The Emperor Alexander had told the Princess Stephanie of Baden, that if Napoleon refused to come to terms before the allied powers crossed the Rhine, they would not treat with him, but would overthrow him. At Chatillon, nevertheless, much discordance prevailed among them as to the prospective arrangements. They were perfectly agreed, however, in the absolute necessity of establishing such a government in France as would ensure the permanent tranquillity and security of Europe.

In proportion as the clouds gathered round the imperial throne, Talleyrand saw his salons filled with every shade and variety of opinion, from the staunch republican to the enthusiast of divine right. All assembled there pell-mell; scrutinized each other's looks, and vainly tried to read the future in the visage of their wily host. Talleyrand, with consummate tact and flexibility, had a ready reply for each inquirer, to excite their hopes, or flatter their self love. He told the Republicans, that the Allied Sovereigns desired that the nation should choose its own form of government. He assured the Bonapartists, that their position and appointments would not be disturbed; that there were still chances of a regency under the Empress; but that it was indispensable that the Emperor be removed. To the Royalists, he professed that his earnest wish was to see the House of Bourbon re-established in France; but that, to accomplish this, would require the greatest discretion and the utmost caution, to avoid offending the opinions of large and powerful parties, whose hostility might render every measure directed to that object abortive.

Various attempts were made on the days of the 30th and 31st March, by the Royalist party, to get up popular demonstrations in favor of the Bourbons, but without success. Talleyrand understood the French public too well to countenance such proceedings. On the night of the 30th, he prepared a proclamation, to be published in Paris, by Prince Schwartzenberg, in the name of the Allied Sovereigns, which affords another striking example of the skill and tact of this master of diplomatic finesse. After indicating the conditions of the capitulations, this document concluded thus:

"Parisians—You know the situation of your country. The friendly occupation of Lyons; the proceedings at Bourdeaux;—misfortunes drawn upon France and the true dispositions of your countrymen. You will perceive in these examples, the termination of war abroad and discord at home. You cannot otherwise attain that end. It is with this hope, that Europe, in arms under your walls, addresses you. Hasten to respond to that confidence which she reposes in your patriotism and your wisdom."

Here all parties found something to raise their hopes, or to tranquillize their fears. The example of Bourdeaux was presented to the Royalists; and the partisans of Napoleon, and even the Republicans, were flattered with the assurances, that although Europe was in arms around their capital, she only asked for peace, and left France to choose her own form of government.

On the afternoon of the 31st March, the allies entered Paris by the northern Faubourgs. The strange cortége traversed the Boulevards from the Porte St. Denis to the Champs Elysées, under the eyes of thousands of astonished citizens, who filled the windows and the house-tops. Curiosity and sadness were strangely mingled in the countenances of the multitude. The proclamation had reassured the public, and no sense of danger was manifested. The shops and the marts were re-opened, and commerce flowed in its customary channels. M. Pasquier (the present venerable President of the Chamber of Peers), being then at the head of the municipality, adopted measures for the preservation of order, and the protection of private property.

In the afternoon, the Emperor Alexander arrived at the Rue St. Florentine, and took possession of the suite of rooms provided for him in the magnificent Hotel Talleyrand. All visitors to Paris are familiar with the front of this building, which looks upon the Rue de Rivoli and the Place de la Concorde. The windows of the first floor, with the large stone balcony before them, are those of the apartment of the Emperor. The first object which met his view on approaching, was the spot on which Louis XVI. and his unhappy queen and sister fell under the guillotine. How often did Talleyrand, when, at a later epoch, he declined in favor with the restored family, conduct his guests to this room, of which the

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same furniture is still retained, recur to the proceedings of which it was the theatre, and signalize the ingratitude and infatuation of kings.

This apartment seems destined to be the scene of political and diplomatic intrigue. The same room in which Alexander held his receptions is now the saloon of the celebrated female diplomate and intriguante, the Princess Lieven, the widow of the former Russian Ambassador at London, and now the *intimate* friend, or, as some say, the wife of M. Guizot. Here were concocted the Spanish marriages. Here was planned the purchase of fifty millions in the French funds, by the Emperor Nicholas, and from the same table as that on which was signed the treaty of Paris, were written those letters to the present Czar which brought about the recent financial arrangement with the Bank of France.

But to return to the more immediate subject of our present narrative, Alexander, on arriving in the hotel of his distinguished host, having retired for a short repose, rejoined Talleyrand in the salon. The conversation was immediately directed to the means which would be most effectual to put an end to the war with which it was admitted that all the nations of Europe were fatigued. To be the instrument of establishing universal peace had become the dominant idea in the mind of Alexander. With an imagination stronger than his understanding, and an ardent and generous heart, he had already become the dupe of the celebrated Madame Krudener, who had persuaded him that Napoleon was the BLACK DEMON, or the genius of battles, and that he, the Czar, was the WHITE ANGEL, or the genius of peace, whose mission was to play the part of universal pacificator, in this nether world, by the agency of his vast armies. The unhappy circumstances connected with his father's death had never ceased to haunt his excited imagination, nor did he ever stand perfectly self-acquitted on that terrible event. His more generous impulses therefore rendered him eager to be the instrument of good on the large scale, so as in some measure to atone for his participation, however involuntary, in the event which placed him on the imperial throne.

By circumstances, no less than by temperament, therefore, Talleyrand found in the Emperor a subject easy to be wrought to his purposes, even with much less skill than he had at command. His designs were further facilitated by the counsellors in whom Alexander reposed most confidence. M. de Nesselrode, his chancellor, a practised diplomatist of the most polished manners, participated sincerely in the Emperor's desire for peace, without, however, forgetting that one of the conditions to be advanced at the proper moment should be the acquisition of the complete sovereignty of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. M. Pozzo di Borgo also at that time exercised great influence on the Czar. M. Pozzo, a Corsican, had been a member of the Legislative Assembly under the Revolution, and later, having entered into the service of Russia, had risen to the rank of major-general. Talleyrand, desirous that each of the sovereigns should be informed of what it was most to his purpose that they should know, had placed in attendance on them persons who, while they were acceptable to them respectively from past relations, were also in the confidence of Talleyrand, and ready to lend themselves to his designs. Thus he placed General Beurnonville, who had been a long time Ambassador at Berlin, in attendance on the King of Prussia. The Chancellor de Hardenberg also had numerous relations with Talleyrand, while the latter held the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and did not forget the moderation with which he caused the harsh orders of Napoleon to be executed in Berlin. With Prince Schwartzenberg, the Plenipotentiary of the Emperor of Austria, Talleyrand placed the Duke de Dalberg, rendered acceptable by his former intimacy with Prince Metternich. This was the personage, the management of whom required the most refined tact, for the interests of the Empress Maria Louisa were to be regarded, closely connected as they were with the forfeiture of Napoleon. The great object of the restoration of the Bourbons could only be attained by the voluntary sacrifice of these interests; and it was necessary to convince the Emperor of Austria that his own interests, as well as the interests of all Europe, required the extinction of the rights of his daughter and his grandson. In a preliminary conference which the Duke de Dalberg held with the Prince Schwartzenberg on this subject, he obtained the assurance of the Prince, that the Emperor and the Prince Metternich were both of the opinion that the continued sovereignty of Napoleon was incompatible with the repose of Europe.

This proposition being once admitted, it

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was an easy inference that the regency was inexpedient, since, in fact, it would be a change of government only in name. The regency of the wife, in the name of the son, would be in substance the continuation of the reign of the Emperor. Nevertheless, it was not an easy matter to bring the father to renounce the rights of the daughter and the future empire of the grandson.

The suspension of all regular and recognised government is a state too dangerous to be allowed to continue a moment longer than it can possibly be avoided. It had, accordingly, been arranged that the first conference, with a view to the settlement of the government, should be held immediately after the entry of the sovereigns into the capital. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 31st of March, 1814, this conference was held in the great salon of the Hotel Talleyrand, which we have already described. On the right of the fire-place, and next the splendid centre table which still occupies the room, sat the King of Prussia and Prince Schwartzenberg; to the right of the prince was placed the Duke de Dalberg, and next to him M. Pozzo di Borgo and the Prince de Lichtenstein. On the left of the King of Prussia, and at the table, sat M. Talleyrand. The Emperor Alexander paced incessantly with rapid strides the length of the apartment, repeating in interrupted sentences, and with an interjectional tone and agitated gesticulation, "I was not the person to begin this war. I was forced from my own dominions by an unwarranted and unprovoked invasion. It is neither the thirst for vengeance nor the desire of conquest that has brought me to Paris. I have done everything in my power to spare this great capital. I should have been inconsolable if a stone of it had been disturbed. I do not make war on France or on the French people. My allies acknowledge no enemy save Napoleon and those who are opposed to the liberty of the French people. Is not that your majesty's opinion?" continued Alexander, stopping suddenly opposite the King of Prussia, and directing his words to that monarch.

"I will follow your majesty's counsel," calmly replied King William, "but my own opinion is, that Napoleon should in the first instance be pursued and destroyed. He is now at Fontainbleau with a devoted army. To fight and conquer him is the first and most essential object; afterwards I shall be ready to do whatever your majesty may decide upon."

"Messieurs," resumed the Emperor, addressing himself to Talleyrand and the Duke de Dalberg, "the French are perfectly free to choose whatever sovereign or form of government may be most agreeable to them."

Talleyrand now spoke, and gave to the conference a more deliberative tone. Three expedients in the existing state of affairs presented themselves. 1. To make peace with Napoleon, exacting every practicable guarantee against his future aggressions. 2. The regency of Maria Louisa until the majority of the King of Rome; and 3d, The recall of the Bourbons. Talleyrand proceeded to show the numerous objections which would be raised against the sovereignty of Napoleon, which would impose upon the allied powers the necessity of maintaining an army of occupation, besides an exorbitant military establishment. "The allies," said he, "desire peace—a solid and durable peace, in which all Europe shall feel confidence. With Napoleon as a sovereign in France, there could be nothing but a truce." He argued equally against the Regency, which would, in fact, be nothing but the reign of Napoleon continued under another name. And if it were otherwise, what chance, he argued, would there be of stability for a child under age upon a throne which a great man had failed to establish? How, without the power of genius, the force of age, the resource of glory, could he resist the flood of new ideas and doctrines which was about to overspread the nation? How could he restrain the Royalist party, which was already recommencing its attempts with revived hopes, and declaring openly for the return of the Bourbons, whose power nevertheless it was desired to limit by the establishment of national rights and the consecration of the public liberties. In short, the re-establishment of the House of Bourbon on the throne of France was, he contended, the only solution of the question which was practicable and generally acceptable. This measure would put an end to the military dictatorship under which France had succumbed, would give every necessary guarantee for constitutional liberty, and would be the harbinger of a lasting peace. Here," concluded Talleyrand, "is a fixed, a definite, and intelligible principle on which we can base our pro-

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ceedings—the Ancient Dynasty and the ancient limits."

So argued Talleyrand. The Prince de Lichtenstein, however, disputed the opinion that the public in France desired the restoration of the Bourbons. The allied army had traversed a large tract of the country, and except at Bordeaux had not witnessed a single manifestation favorable to the exiled family. And was not the resistance of the army to be feared? The rooted dislike to the Bourbons was observable in all the corps—the latest conscripts, as well as the oldest veterans. No stability or security could attend any arrangement except one in which the state of public opinion would be considered and respected. In short, the Prince contended that the Restoration, as a permanent measure, was impracticable.

Alexander here interposed.

"By what means do you propose to carry your proposition into effect?" asked he of M. Talleyrand.

"By the acts of the constituted authorities," promptly replied the Vice Grand Elector.

"I will answer for the Senate. The impulse once given by it will be immediately propagated through Paris, and through France. If, however, your Majesty does not put full confidence in my judgment in this matter, I will ask your permission to introduce to your presence the Baron Louis, and M. de Pradt, who will corroborate what I have advanced."

The Emperor having assented, MM. Louis and de Pradt being in waiting for the purpose, were called in. Alexander recommenced his agitated strides from end to end of the room, repeating in broken sentences, as before—

"Napoleon is a common enemy"—"I am the friend of peace—and you, M. de Pradt, what is your opinion?"

"We are Royalists," answered the archbishop, "and all France is with us. If no manifestations are made, it is in consequence of the Congress of Chatillon. Paris will declare itself when it can do so with safety, and the influence of the example of Paris will decide all France."

The Baron Louis expressed himself to the same effect, but was even more decided in his declaration against Napoleon. When it was observed to him that Napoleon was not yet dead, even politically, he replied—*C'est un cadavre; seulement il ne pue pas encore.*

Alexander, now addressing the King of Prussia, asked him whether he still persisted in his resolution against Napoleon, and put the same question to Prince Schwartzenberg. On receiving their answer in the affirmative, the Emperor, in a high state of excitement, still pacing rapidly up and down the room, repeated several times—

"I declare, then, that I will not treat with Napoleon."

"But," interposed Talleyrand, "this declaration only excludes Napoleon himself. It does not refer to his family."

"Eh bien!" resumed the Czar,—"ajoutez:—ni avec aucun des membres de sa famille."

Talleyrand having thus gained his point, instantly took a pen, and committed the declaration to writing. M. Nesselrode made a fair copy of it after it had received some verbal corrections. It was the most important act of these conferences:—

"The armies of the allied powers have occupied the capital of France. The allied sovereigns accept the wish of the French nation. They declare that they will no longer treat with Napoleon Bonaparte, nor with any member of his family. They will respect the integrity of ancient France, as it existed under its legitimate kings. They will recognise and guarantee the constitution which the French people will frame for itself. They desire, therefore, that the Senate shall appoint a provisional government, which may at once serve to administer the affairs of the country, and prepare the constitution which it shall consider to be most suitable to the French people."

After having put his signature to this document, Alexander still hesitated before authorizing its publication. It would constitute a final and irreparable rupture with Napoleon, the vast military genius and grand character of whom still exercised over the excitable imagination of Alexander an indescribable influence. He retained a lively recollection of the interviews at Tillsitt and Erfurth, and he was, moreover, under the strong persuasion that he was himself predestined to survive Napoleon but a short time.

Matters were thus progressing exactly as Talleyrand desired; he worked the strings by which the movements of the actors were directed and governed. He had a two-fold object in view—to accomplish the restoration by the regular play of the constituted authorities, without an emeute or a crisis, and to impose on the restored Dynasty such a constitution as might give all the desired guarantees for the establishment of the

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rights and liberties of the people. As yet, nothing was expressly declared about the Bourbons, for they would fall into their place, as a matter of course; but it was adroitly managed that the allies should pledge themselves that the Senate should decide on the constitution,—such a constitution "as should appear to be suitable to the French people." Thus the constitution was put forth as the first and chief object, and left to the care of the Senate—the monarch would have to be spoken of later. Talleyrand considered that when a government should be regularly organized in place of the Imperial authority, and should be sanctioned by the Senate and the legislative body, all the subordinate authorities would speedily group themselves round it, and the Restoration would be brought about by the mere operation of that habitual obedience to the impulses received from superiors, which had now prevailed throughout all departments of the public administration for fifteen years. His object was more especially to give to the recall of the Bourbons the semblance at least of a national origin, and to make it appear to be the result of an expression of the public will. In adopting this course he also fulfilled the intentions of Louis XVIII., who, in his proclamation of January, 1814, had called upon the Senate to set aside the government of Bonaparte.

Of the Senate, there were not one hundred members in Paris. Many had been sent into the departments to excite the people; others had followed the Regency to Blois. In this body a strong republican minority had lately grown up, violently opposed to Napoleon, and anxious to force him from the Imperial Throne. Of this opposition, most of the members of which had remained in the capital, Talleyrand availed himself with his usual tact. They would have preferred to all other forms of government a Republic, but were persuaded that the time was not yet arrived at which their wishes could be realized. They would therefore be contented with a limited monarchy,—so limited as to leave the sovereign no real power whatever, not even as much as the president of a republic. Without discussing the details of the constitutional monarchy to be proposed with this section of the Senate, Talleyrand was content to avail himself of their hatred of Napoleon, to induce them to originate the proposition of his forfeiture. But still the great majority of the Senate were warm supporters of Napoleon.

Amidst these conflicting interests and jarring opinions, the greatest prudence and caution were necessary. If he had at once disclosed his ultimate designs, he would have encountered a resistance equally strong from both parties. He therefore decided to confine his propositions in the first instance to provisional measures merely, which alarm no party, and offend no opinion, leaving, meanwhile, each party to hope that the subsequent proceedings would be in accordance with its wishes. MM. Talleyrand and de Dalberg therefore resolved to propose the appointment of a committee to consider and report on the course necessary to be taken. On the night of the 31st March, the list of this committee was adopted in the cabinet of M. Talleyrand. It was proposed to include in it, M. Talleyrand as President, and MM. de Dalberg, de Jaucourt, de Montesquiou, and M. de Beurnonville as members. These names will indicate at once that the committee was in fact———M. de Talleyrand; nevertheless, there was something in its composition to inspire confidence among the various parties. M. Beurnonville was especially acceptable to all opinions; an officer of the *ancien régime*, a general under the Republic, a friend of Carnot, he offered guarantees to all parties.

The following day, 1st of April, the Senate met in costume at half-past two, when M. Talleyrand addressed them as follows:—

"Senators,—The letter that I have had the honor of addressing to you, has informed you of the object of this meeting. It is to lay before you certain propositions; and this step itself will indicate to you the perfect freedom of action which you possess. The circumstances in which you are placed, however grave they may be, cannot be beyond your enlightened patriotism. And you must all have felt the pressing necessity for immediate decision, so as not to allow another day to pass without re-establishing the action of the administration, that greatest of all wants, by the appointment of a government, whose authority, conferred under the exigency of the moment, may re-assure the public."

This speech, skilfully composed, was received with an unanimous expression of assent. Some members offered a few observations on the extent of the powers of the proposed provisional government. After a short discussion, the following *senatus-*

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consultum was adopted without any opposition :—

"A provisional government will be established, authorized to administer the affairs of the country, and to present to the Senate such a project of a constitution as may seem best for the French people. This government to be composed of five members, to wit: MM. de Talleyrand, de Beurnonville, Compte de Jaucourt, the Duke de Dalberg, and the Abbé de Montesquiou. The appointment of this government to be notified to the people by an address from the members of the government."

M. Talleyrand having observed that the provisional government, when it would have prepared the draft of the constitution, would give notice to the Senate, with a view to receive its enlightened aid in so important a work: whereupon the Senate replied, that it charged the government to declare, in its address to the nation—1st. That the senate and legislative body should be declared integrant parts of the projected constitution, with such conditions as would ensure liberty of suffrage, and the free expression of opinion.—2d. That the army should retain its rank, pension, and honors. —3d. That the national debt should be guaranteed.—4th. That the sale of the national domains should be irrevocably maintained.—5th. That no one should be prosecuted for any political opinions he may have expressed.—6th. Freedom of conscience and of the press to be established.

Such were to be the bases of the new constitution, to which the provisional government was to pledge itself in its address to the people. There were sixty-five members of the senate present at this meeting, who, at its close, affixed their signatures to the *procès-verbal*, and thus pledged themselves to the views of the provisional government.

Not a word had yet been uttered as to the head of the future government, nor any allusion made to the Emperor, then at Fontainbleau, with a large and devoted army. It was necessary, however, that a decided and immediate step be taken—in short, the forfeiture of Napoleon must be proposed; and, to effect this, Talleyrand, as we have already said, directed his views to the Republican party, whom he flattered with the prospect of a very liberal constitution. One of that party readily offered to make the proposition in the Senate. That body was accordingly convoked again the following evening, 2d April, under the presidency of M. Barthélemy. M. Lambrechts rose, and moved "that the Emperor Napoleon and his family had forfeited the throne, the constitution having been despotically trampled on by him, and that, consequently, the French people and the army were released from their allegiance to him." This motion was supported by the entire Republican party, and by the friends of the provisional government. Some senators, personally devoted to the Bonaparte dynasty, quitted the Assembly. The question, without debate, was immediately put to the vote, and carried by a large majority. The provisional government were authorized to make public this important resolution.

Immediately after this, the Senate proceeded to the Hotel Talleyrand, and were introduced by Talleyrand to the Emperor Alexander. The Czar still continued to manifest the same state of uneasy excitement, ever seeming to consider himself called upon for self-justification.

"Messieurs" (said he, to the senators), "I am delighted to find myself among you. It is neither ambition nor the desire of conquest that has brought me here. My armies have entered France only to repel an unjust aggression. Your Emperor has brought war to my very gates, when I earnestly desired peace. It is just and wise to give to France strong and liberal institutions."

Among the members of the provisional government, M. de Montesquiou alone was a devoted partisan of the Bourbons; but even he admitted that no government, in the existing state of opinion, could hope to stand which would not give some guarantee for the public liberties. The first meeting of the members took place on the evening of the 1st April, the day of their appointment. Their first care was to put the National Guard, then the only recognised public force in the capital, under the command of a chief devoted to the new order of things. General Dessolle, a friend of Moreau, then in retirement, received this important charge. After a provisional ministry was formed, proclamations were issued, announcing to the army that although it no longer was under Napoleon, it did not therefore cease to belong to France. It was invited to submit to the authority of the senate. In fine, the following proclamation, prepared by Talleyrand, was issued :—

"Frenchmen!—Emerging from the civil discord, you selected as your chief a man who appeared upon the theatre of the world, surrounded with the

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characters of greatness. In him you placed all your hopes. He has disappointed you. He has not governed in the interests of the nation, nor even in those of his own dynasty. This despotism has ceased! The allied powers have occupied the capital. The senate have declared that Napoleon has forfeited the throne. The country is not for him. Frenchmen, rally round us! Peace is going to put a term to the confusion of Europe. The august allies have pledged themselves to this. The country, after its long agitations, will have repose; and having been enlightened by the trials through which it has passed, first of anarchy and then of despotism, it will recover its happiness in the return to a paternal government."

Meanwhile, most of the civil authorities of Paris gave their adhesion to the provisional government. Talleyrand, however, desiring still to give his proceedings every legal sanction, which, in such an emergency, was attainable, urged the members of the legislative body to assemble and express their collective opinion on what had been done. This body had some time previously been dissolved by Napoleon, and contained a strong party opposed to him. A large number of its members were now dispersed in the provinces, but still a considerable number remained in the capital. These, by the instigation of Talleyrand, assembled *propriâ motu*, and passed a resolution in accordance with that already adopted by the Senate.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A CHRONICLE OF KENILWORTH CASTLE, ITS HEROES AND ITS HEROINES.

* * * How many hours have I trifled away, seated on an angle of one of its turrets, gazing on the flat but smiling scene below, unheeding, meantime, as the dews of evening fell around me, that the bat sped by me, beating its wing on my forehead, and that the starling had gone to its rest! And this was from one of the Lancastrian towers, the centre of the ruined buildings, that portion which had once rung with shouts of revelry when Elizabeth tarried there, and where the lordly Dudley had reigned supreme in his dark councils.

Yet was not Kenilworth Castle the first of its name, for before the Conquest there stood, on the banks of the river Avon, within the then royal demesne of Stonely, a castle in the woods opposite to the Abbey of Stonely, or Stoneleigh. But in the wars of King Canute's time that parent edifice was destroyed, and none arose in its stead until the days of the lettered Henry I.

At this period let your chronicler picture to you all this district covered with thick woods, save and except where, in the hollow beneath a rising eminence, called by the inhabitants of the village in Dugdale's time the High Town, a lake flowed, augmented (I wish I could improve its name) by a stream denominated the Sow. And in these woods hunted a certain Richard Forestarius, who had his dwelling-house, what we should call, in modern parlance, his shooting-box, there. This, in time, grew into a sort of mansion, or, as our forefathers called it, *worthe*, signifying a house; and here poor Sir William Dugdale, that best and most prosy of men, stops short. Here is half a name, but he cannot find the other half. He, therefore, observes that, doubtless, the name Kenilworth "came from some ancient possessor of the place;" but whether "his name were Kenelm or Kenulph," he cannot say; or whether this fine bold forester, sometimes called Richard Chinew in documents too old to think of without a headache, were the original owner, he does not determine. Certain it is the place has been called Kenil-worthe from time immemorial, and certain it is that it will be so for ever, since we shall now have chronicles in railway-bills and historians in policemen.

The woods and the lake might please Richard Forestarius, and they seem also to have pleased the monarchs of England, who quietly took possession of them after their accustomed fashion. But no new castle arose in place of that ancient fort on the banks of the Avon, until a certain Norman knight, named Geoffrey de Clinton, received the manor as a present from his sovereign, Beauclerk. Now this De Clinton found it, doubtless, a very convenient ride from his

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own place, Clinton in Oxfordshire, his first abode in poor, pillaged England, to Kenilworth; and coming into the woods, and observing what Dugdale calls "that large and pleasant lake" (gone now, soaked up for ever!), he built there, adds the antiquary, warming with his subject into a sort of eloquence, "that great and strong castle, which was the glory of all these parts, and, for many respects, may be ranked in a third place, at the least, with the most stately castles of England."

Geoffrey, it seems, notwithstanding that our dear lover of the aristocracy, Dugdale, must needs own him to have been of mean parentage, and, indeed, raised from the "*dust*," a strong word for our author, by King Henry, was a man of extraordinary parts; and being promoted to the office of Lord Chamberlain and Treasurer, together with the seemingly incongruous post of Lord Justice of England, he *might* be worthy, perhaps, to set his mean and dusty foot in Warwickshire.

De Clinton forthwith began erecting those strong, dauntless towers, which have survived their younger and fairer sisters. But such was his piety, that he did not think it seemly to build his castle without a monastery accompanying. Together with the thick walls of Cæsar's Tower, which he built, arose those of a monastery of Black Canons; and there still remain the relics of that monument of superstition, or work of faith, begun "for the redemption of his soul." An arch, overgrown with ivy, standing isolated over a pathway which leads from the village below the castle to the church, is yet to be seen and pondered upon, and, it is hoped, reverenced. From this, ere yet Geoffrey de Clinton was gathered to his forefathers, emerged grave men, with eyes uplifted, canons regular of the Order of St. Augustin, clad in white coats with linen surplices under a black cloak, with a hood covering their heads and necks, and reaching to their shoulders, having under it doublets, breeches, white shoes or slippers; these, when they walked abroad, visiting their patron, perchance, at the castle, or going to shrive some wounded knight, or to sing mass in the church, or to ride over to Warwick, or to visit the Grey Friars of Coventry, assumed a three-cornered cap, which surmounted their shaven crowns; or wore, perchance, as the weather dictated, a broad hat; and thus arrayed, and looking, it may be presumed, sackcloth and ashes, though they were so comfortably clothed, they solemnly paraded, as their need might be, the stately chambers of the Clinton buildings. I feel myself shiver at the thought, for dark were sometimes their hearts as well as their garments.

De Clinton died, and when he was consigned to that dust from which, as Dugdale expresses it, he so manifestly sprang, his son succeeded to his honors and employments. And now, in the troublous times of the second Henry, Kenilworth rose in importance as a fortress; many people, paying a rent, obtaining leave to reside in it for the security of their persons and goods; and even the king found it expedient to fortify Cæsar's Tower, and to replenish its stores of provisions, and eventually to take possession of it altogether. So it passed out of the hands of the Clintons, Geoffrey, the son of its founder, possessing it scarcely seven years. In short, the sheriff of the county, an office then perpetual, took upon himself the charge of the castle in the king's name; and, among other suitable additions, that of a gaol formed a main feature in the items expended upon Geoffrey de Clinton's edifice. The canons, meantime, had prospered: manors, farms, mills—that, for instance, at Guy's Cliff, near Warwick—had been added to their appurtenances; and still they fished in the pool, still claimed their tithes. Their hour was not yet come. In those ages which were reputed dark in our younger days, but which we know, on the testimony of great philosophic writers around, to have been light, their power was pre-eminent. Farewell to the Clintons, who, returning to their village of Clinton, now called Glimpton, and enjoying other estates, founded that great family of which his Grace the Duke of Newcastle is the present representative.

The castle, nevertheless, flourished; Henry III. taking an evident delight in that fort, which is said to have given him shelter from the treasons of the profligate John. And, therefore, the king chose to line the chapel with wainscot: he made seats there for himself and his queen; he repaired the tower wherein the bells rang, and he renewed the walls to the south, where still they stand in honor of his memory. But ill was he repaid, and those very walls were soon barricaded against him.

The career of Simon de Montfort is well known: a course of oppression varied by a journey to the Holy Land was the prelude to the insurrection of the barons, of which

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De Montfort was the very soul and spirit. He had not, however, during that turbulent career, neglected to provide for the security of his castle, which contained his dearest hostage, Simon, his son and heir. He fortified that place, and appointed Sir John Giffard, a knight of renowned courage, its governor; and that the neighboring castle of Warwick might not interfere with its security, De Montfort made no scruple of surprising it, and carrying off the earl, his wife, and family, prisoners to the gaol of Kenilworth. But his knowledge as well as his power was formidable, and he introduced many new warlike engines for the defence of the now kingly fortress; "so that it was," says the historian, "wonderfully stored."

The career of Simon de Montfort subsequently belongs to history. The events of the battle of Lewes, the detention of the king a prisoner at Hereford Castle, affected, however, the importance of Kenilworth as a castle. For, in those stirring times, it formed a refuge for the disaffected and vacillating barons. "Twenty banners," writes old Dugdale, "and a great multitude of soldiers, were brought to this castle, which they made their station for awhile." Kenilworth, therefore, remained unscathed; for it was now defended by the younger Simon de Montfort, who already began to rival his father in valor.

The battle of Evesham destroyed, however, effectually the fortunes of the De Montfort family, three of whom perished in that engagement.

In the abbey of Evesham, Simon passed the anxious days before the battle; but his heart was heavy, and his energy quite subdued. Edward, the gallant and royal youth, escaping from the hands of Mortimer, was now advancing from the vicinity of Kenilworth to face his own and his father's foe. He planted himself on the brow of a hill near the town, the rear of his army extending nearly to what is still called the Battle-well, a puddle down in a hollow in an orchard. De Montfort's observations were, meantime, directed to the advancing host. To disguise himself and his followers, the prince bore the banner of young De Montfort, which had been taken at Kenilworth. As he advanced, one Nicholas, a barber attending on De Montfort, skilful in ensigns, dispatched a message to his master that his son's forces were coming, for he knew the banner. But De Montfort, incredulous, desired the man to ascend the abbey-steeple, that he might have a better view. By this time, Edward had taken down the young De Montfort's banner, and erected his own. The alarm was soon given, and De Montfort, assembling his troops, told them it was for the laws of the land—yea, for the cause of truth and justice, that they were to fight." But God, says Dugdale, owned "him not in this un-Christian enterprise."

The young and gallant Henry de Montfort was in this engagement. His father had dressed him in his own armor, and placed him in the van of his army; for De Montfort had lost, ere the battle began, his ancient confidence and courage. "May God receive our souls, our bodies are in the hands of his enemies!" was his expression, as the conflict began. Then Edward's troops found out the disguised Henry; yet he resisted them; and, rushing through the host, protected his father. No quarter was given; and throughout that long summer's evening, for it was in August, the battle went on. As the sun declined, setting for ever upon the fated De Montfort and his son, the gallant pair were found vainly resisting their foes. The veteran warrior asked for quarter; he was told that none was given. Then he rushed among his foes, repeating, "God have merey on our souls!" with a resolute despair, and perished. His gallant son was also slain. Guy, his younger brother, was made a prisoner. Seven hours had this battle lasted, and the Battle-well was, according to tradition, choked up with blood. Many of the fugitives from Evesham hastened to Kenilworth, where Simon, now the head of his haughty and valiant family, received them. And here, guarded by an effective garrison, he continued to live in almost regal power. His castle was the very centre of discontent and sedition, and it became the seat of arbitrary feudal power. From the stately tower of Cæsar the reckless De Montfort, now the second Earl of Leicester, sent forth his bailiffs and officers like a king; his soldiers spoiling, burning, plundering, and destroying the houses, and towns, and lordships of their adversaries. He led, in short, a sort of Rob Roy warfare; carrying off cattle, imprisoning many, fining them for their liberty.

But this could not endure for ever; and presently it was found that the royal forces had advanced to Warwick, there to await reinforcements, and then to attack Kenilworth.

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That princely building was still however spared. Simon fled to France, for he saw that his ruin was impending; and he left the castle under the control of Henry de Hastings, telling him to defend it stoutly, and assuring him that he should be relieved. On the day after the Feast of St. John the Baptist, however, it was begirt by the king's troops; and a message was sent to summon it to surrender.

But the garrison was inflexible; the messengers were repulsed with engines casting great stones; and the king, and even the pope's legate, Ottabon, who excommunicated them at once, did not daunt De Hastings and his men.

A wise and merciful resource for storming the castle was then adopted. For the king dreaded again "imbruing the kingdom in streams of blood." He therefore called together, under the authority of the legate, a convention of the clergy and laity, to determine what was to be done with the estates of those who were disinherited; and hence was framed the famous *Dictum de Kenilworth*, published in 1266, in the fifty-first year of Henry III. Of this, the chief article of import to our subject is the power given to every disinherited person to redeem his land, by a fine, proportioned according to the nature of his offence; and this *dictum* was proclaimed in the collegiate church of St. Mary, at Warwick, the following Sunday, the king, his council, and a great auditory of all estates and degrees attending.

So Kenilworth stood in all her integrity and beauty, and again set her foes at defiance. But the De Montforts owned it no more. Still danger threatened the noble pile, for De Montfort contemptuously rejected the proffered mercy of the king, which travelled after him to Ely, and disclaimed the authority of the council, since "he had no voice in it;" "at which the king," writes our grave and loyal historian, "was greatly moved, and gave orders to storm the castle."

He issued, therefore, a special writ to the sheriff of Warwickshire to bring in all the masons and other laborers within his precinct (now called pioneers), with their hatchets, pickaxes, and tools, to Northampton, to await his orders.

Meantime, however, an epidemic raged within the towers of Kenilworth, and the hearts of the garrison sank within them. Their provisions became scarce, and, after some deliberation, they agreed to the king's terms. No undue advantage of their misery was taken by the merciful Henry; the governor had four days allowed him to remove his goods from the castle; and Henry, journeying to Osney, near Oxford, celebrated the nativity of our Saviour with great joy.

Henceforth Kenilworth was to become a royal residence; for Henry bestowed it on his younger son, Edmund, created after the death of De Montfort, Earl of Leicester and Duke of Lancaster. And here, with a modified and respectable degree of power, this young prince seems to have made himself comfortable enough. He had his two mills standing on the lake; and several freeholders, who held of him by suit and fealty. He owned two woods; the one called the Frith the other the Park, then common. He had his court-leet, his *gallows*, assize of bread and beer, and a market—or as my dear and respected Sir William Dugdale, Garter King-at-Arms, writes it doubtless with great propriety, "mercat"—on Tuesdays. Not only was this everyday power exhibited to the enthralled tenantry, but galas were held, such as we moderns would give half our fortunes—such as have any, since the railroads—to have witnessed. I mean the famous Round Table, which was established at Kenilworth, in 1279, by Roger Mortimer, earl of March, its chief, "and the occasion thereof." Now the Round Table was a knightly game, consisting of one hundred knights and as many ladies, who, for exercise of arms, came together to assemble in the stately chambers of Kenilworth. And the very cause and spirit of this institution were derived from feudal pride and power. It was suggested in order to avoid contention about precedency, and was rather a revival than a novelty, the custom of the Round Table being one of great antiquity. Gaily and gallantly were the games conducted, from the feast of St. Mathew the Apostle, even unto Michælmas. The tilt yard was thronged with brave competitors, and the hall with ladies dancing, and clad, when they assembled round the table, in silk mantles to show their degree. The banquet was afterwards held at the Round Table. Many knights came from foreign countries for the exercise of arms. The Round Table was eventually perpetuated by Edward III., who built at Winchester a house called the Round Table, of "an exceeding compasse to the exercise of like, or farre greater chevalry within."

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These were the bright days of Kenilworth, but a cloud soon impended over its battlements, for owing to the treason of Thomas, earl of Lancaster, in the reign of Richard II., it reverted a second time to the crown; and that unfortunate monarch contemplated making Kenilworth his place of retirement, and trusted there to be in safety. He was, however, carried off to Berkeley Castle, and there, according to the received accounts, barbarously murdered.

In the reign of Edward III., the Lancaster family were restored in blood, and again owned, among their other possessions, this castle. Blanch, the co-heiress with her sister Maud of the last Earl of Lancaster, became the wife of John of Gaunt, and upon her father's property being divided this portion of it fell to her share; and henceforth Kenilworth owned for its master no less a person than John of Gaunt.

That worthy Plantagenet had a soul. Hitherto strength, not domestic convenience, had been the aim of the feudal owners of the castle; he now resolved to render it a suitable abode for the brother of Edward III. At this era, indeed, a degree of convenience and splendor in such edifices superseded the rude arrangements of our ancestors. So there arose, towards the latter reign of Richard II., those light and beautiful buildings, comprising the now ruined hall, the buttery, the kitchen, the chapel, many sleeping apartments in turrets, and sundry cellars and dungeons, most delicate in their architectural beauty! and as the structure progressed, John of Gaunt put it under the charge of John d' Eyncourt, the ancestor of the time-honored family of that name.

But it was doomed that Kenilworth was never long to remain in the possession of a subject. To John of Gaunt succeeded his son, Henry Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV., and this castle, a part of his possessions, was again attached to the crown, and attached it remained until the days of Queen Elizabeth. Here, Henry V. built a tower so close upon the pool as to acquire the name of *le Plesans en Marys*. It was removed by Henry VIII., who pulled it down, and rebuilt it in the base-court of the castle, near what is still called the Swan Tower.

The annals of Kenilworth are mute until it became, by the gift of Elizabeth, the stately possession of Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester.

His spirit was suited to the place. The great, the strong, the beautiful, was his sphere: the great, for his lordly ambition; the strong, for security in his crimes; the beautiful, as applying to his exquisite taste and unbounded munificence. An insatiable curiosity is excited by the character of this mysterious, bad man, of whom it was said, with much wit, "that his depth was not fathomable in those days, nor his policy in these." No, with all the lights of history broadly shining on his carreer, Dudley is still a great historical enigma.

His surname was derived from the Castle of Dudley, one of the oldest fortresses of this island, and was assumed, according to the ancient custom of England, by the younger children of the barons of that place. Proud and commanding as was once that castle, so was the intellect of the race who derived their name from its towers; ancient as the days of Dudo the Saxon, who gave his name to it in the year 700. From this race sprang Edmund Dudley, the lawyer, the statesman, and the tool of Henry VII. He was crafty, able, and unscrupulous, like his celebrated descendant, but less fortunate. Scarcely had Henry VII. expired than his instrument, with his accomplice, Empson, was committed to the Tower, thence never more to emerge, since both of these execrable men perished on the scaffold. His talents, his ambition, but not his misfortunes, descended to his son, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, the most powerful subject that this kingdom ever beheld. He resembled his father, however, in more respects than one. After sitting as one of the judges upon his great enemy, the Duke of Somerset, and rising to the highest possible acmé of power and influence, he thought it not unseemly to oppress his poor cousin, John, baron of Dudley, whose estates being entangled by usurers, were got, by successive mortgages, into the duke's hands; so that he at last compassed what he had for many years sighed for, the possession of Dudley Castle. This he repaired in a manner worthy of his greatness, adorning it with the arms of his own branch of the family, the quarterings of his mother and her high-born relatives, so that the renovated structure might henceforth appear to belong to his family alone; and the poor rightful baron meantime went by the name of the "Quondam Lord," until, by a turn of fate, the Duke of Northumberland was

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attainted, and the Castle of Dudo restored to the injured man, the ancestor, be it observed, of the Lords Dudley and Ward.

From this oppressive, haughty, unscrupulous stock, sprang Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Who that looks into history, can help subscribing to Dr. Arnold's belief in hereditary tendencies? Yet there is one contradiction to this theory in Ambrose, the good Earl of Warwick, brother of the Earl of Leicester. Where he reposes, in the chapel dedicated to Our Ladye at Warwick, his effigies, in armor, with his mantle of an earl lying thereon, his head resting on a mattrass cut in marble, his hands conjoined as in prayer; at his feet a bear, all muzzled, painted to the life, is an inscription placed there by the pious care of his widowed countess, recounting his virtues. It is long; but one short memorial, enough for any man, was inscribed on the heart of his contemporaries. He was called "the good Earl of Warwick." Many are the traits related of his noble, beneficent spirit. They are scarcely remembered, whilst the dark vices and brilliant career of his brother are known to every English reader.

Little, however, has transpired of Robert Dudley's boyish days, nothing even of the date of his birth; and the first signal event of his life was his marriage to Amy Robsart, no ideal personage, but the actual daughter of a sturdy knight, Sir John Robsart; and, moreover, that union was contracted at the express wish of the Duke of Northumberland, and was celebrated at Shene, the king, Edward VI., honoring the nuptials by his grave, but youthful presence. Amy, so bewitchingly pictured by Sir Walter Scott, was a considerable heiress, descended from a Norfolk family; and, as it was one of the duke's plans to marry his sons early, by way of forming a strong family compact in those factious days, we may presume that Amy's family were not to be despised. Noble blood ran in her veins, and two of her ancestors had been Knights of the Garter. And gallant doings there were at this wedding; certain gentlemen, among other sports, striving which should carry away a goose's head that was hanged, the animal being alive, on two cross-posts! And we may reasonably presume that, until deep designs had risen in the mind of the accomplished young Dudley, the youthful pair may have known felicity, perhaps the only real taste of it that Dudley's finished career of crime permitted. He was, even in that dawn of his influence, a perfect and most elegant courtier, prone to gallantry, and of an imagination easily kindled to love; his temper was complaisant, and he was deadly insidious to those whom he designed to ruin. For the rest, he was lavish to every one who served him—a quality which enhanced his power; and he knew well how to choose his time, how to carry his point, and well did he succeed in some respects, for *this* world was everything to him, and he stopped at no scruples of honor or humanity.

One word more about Amy Robsart. At the time of his first marriage, Dudley was still only a knight, though, after his restoration in blood, he went by the name of Lord Robert Dudley, a title which he bore when the first gleam of light—the possibility of his obtaining the hand of his sovereign in marriage—broke upon him. He was not at that time the owner of Kenilworth, which Elizabeth did not bestow upon him until 1562. Alas, poor Amy!—or, as some vexatious historians will have it, poor Annie—she died two years previously; and the world was filled, to use an expression of the day, with "the lamentable tragedy of her death."

The story to which Camden, in his *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, refers, stating that the lady fell from a high place, has been but little embellished in its tragical particulars by the author of *Kenilworth;* but when he makes his heroine repair to that castle and witness there the festivities which she was forbidden to share, he commits an anachronism, for which we are, nevertheless, greatly obliged to him.

Dudley, it seems, first endeavored to dispose of Amy by poison. He applied to Dr. Bayley, a Professor of Physic at Oxford, and a Fellow of New College. That gentleman refused to do his behest, and Dudley endeavored to displace him. He employed in this affair Sir Richard Varney, who is said, indeed, to have prompted the foul deed, to which the report that Dudley was either a bachelor or a widower gave facility. The lady was enticed to Cumnor Hall, in Berkshire, there to rest under the care of Anthony Forster, who lived in the old manor-house of the place, and whilst she was here their scheme was brought to bear.

Seeing their victim deeply melancholy, "as one," says Aubrey, "who knew by her other handling that her death was not far off," they tried to persuade her to take

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a potion they had prepared for her. This she refused; and they then sent to Dr. Bayley, at Oxford, and entreated him to persuade her into compliance with their advice; but he, misdoubting them, and dreading lest "he should be hanged afterwards, should the murder be found out," "as a color to their sin," refused. Then it was necessary to adopt some other plan. Poor doomed one! One day, when still detained in that gloomy old manor-house, all her servants were sent off by Varney and Forster to Abingdon, three miles from Cumnor, Varney remaining alone with her, with one man only. Then the deed of horror was accomplished! The unhappy Amy was first stifled, or strangled, it is not known which; and afterwards the two miscreants flung her down stairs, and "broke her neck, using much violence upon her." A report was set on foot in the neighborhood, that she had met with this accident by chance, and "still without hurting of her hood that was upon her head." But, says Aubrey, "the inhabitants of the place will tell you that she was conveyed from her usual chamber where she lay to another, where the bed's head of her chamber stood close upon a secret postern-door, where they, in the night time, came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very much, and broke her neck, throwing her down stairs."

How the blood freezes in such a recital! Innocence, youth, rank, pleaded not for the wretched Amy in that dark hour, with those murderous tools; and the blow came from the hand that should have protected and saved her.

The miscreants hoped that murder would not out, but a just avenging Providence defeated their schemes. One of the two persons concerned was afterwards convicted of felony. During his imprisonment he related the tale of Amy's death; he was instantly, by the Earl of Leicester's vengeance, made away with, and was found dead in his cell. Varney died miserably in London, and, stung by remorse, was heard, shortly before his death, to say that all the devils in hell were tearing him to pieces! Forster, a person before this event given to mirth and hospitality, pined and drooped away in silent anguish. An inquest sat upon the mangled remains of Amy, and her brother came to Cumnor to investigate her death; but Leicester found means to stop his mouth, and to suppress all inquiries. And a splendid funeral in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, attested his conjugal sorrow. Only one evil accident occurred. The earl's chaplain, one Dr. Babington, in preaching the funeral sermon, referred to the lady as being pitifully "murdered;" instead of saying, "pitifully slain." Such is the account of Aubrey. It is said by grave, dispassionate reasoners, not to be very consistent, and that the silence of the lady's family tends to prove that the inquisition after her death referred to the disposal of her property; but tradition is ever a safer guide than argument.

The death of Amy removed the obstacle, but did not insure the earl's nuptials with the queen. Honors were, indeed, showered down upon him in abundance, and whatever he desired for himself or his friends was bestowed upon him as soon as asked. When at Cambridge with the queen, the earl received honors little short of those due to royalty; but still the one boon was withheld—her regal hand. Elizabeth knew no equal, even in her affections. In despair, and prone, notwithstanding all his barbarous conduct to poor Amy, to the tender affections, a marriage took place at this time between Douglas, baroness-dowager of Sheffield, and the fascinating Leicester. The union was, however, kept a secret, and its actual proof has even been doubted. The unfortunate Lady Douglas Howard, Leicester's second wife, was the daughter of Howard, first Baron Effingham. Her first husband, Lord Sheffield, died suddenly of that mysterious complaint to which the slanderous of those times gave the name of "Leicester's rheum," a term which speaks volumes of his imputed character. This lady was solemnly wedded to Dudley at Esher, in Surrey, as she herself and other witnesses deposed, according to the rites of the Church of England. The ring then placed upon her finger was set with five pointed diamonds, having a table diamond in the centre; and it had been a gift to the Earl of Leicester from one of the Earls of Pembroke, on condition that he should use it for a wedding-ring, and for no other purpose. The lady and the witnesses were vowed to secresy, from fear of the queen's displeasure. Soon afterwards the birth of a son appeared likely to cement the union; and Leicester even committed himself so far as to write a letter, in which he thanked God for that event, and subscribed himself, "Your loving husband, Robert Leicester." A daughter was also the offspring of this marriage. Moreover,

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Lady Douglas was served in her chamber as a countess, until her lord gave orders that such honors should be omitted, for fear of a disclosure (a circumstance which Scott, with others, has borrowed in relation to Amy Robsart). Notwithstanding these manifest bonds, five years afterwards Leicester married Lettice, countess of Essex, the death of whose husband, Walter, earl of Essex, drew down many suspicious on the earl.

Henceforth began a system of persecution towards the ill-fated Lady Douglas Sheffield. That high-spirited woman refused an offer of 700*l.* as a yearly provision. She was then threatened, upon her non-compliance, with never seeing her husband more, nor receiving a single farthing from him unless she gave up her claims. The unhappy Lady Sheffield soon found that a slow poison was consuming her strength; she too well knew from what source it emanated. Her hair and nails fell off, and, to preserve her life, she gave her hand, notwithstanding her previous union with Dudley, to Sir Edward Stafford, the queen's ambassador in France; although she felt and acknowledged that, in so doing, she prejudiced the claims of her children.

Such was the lot of those whom Lord Leicester cursed with his preference. Yet, during all this time, it was his ambition to be esteemed a religious person. Hypocrisy perfected his sins, and left not a single regret to those who would fain believe that such a being could not combine talents, bounty, accomplishments, with a deep dye of crime.

In the now silent tower of Warwick, the gaiety of which has long since been swallowed up in its new and busy neighbor, Leamington, at one extremity of the High Street, apart from the thoroughfare, there stands an ancient hospital, erected in the height of his career by the proud Earl of Leicester. You enter beneath an humble archway, and a monastic building, round a small quadrangle, recalls you to other times, plants you in another age. A series of conventual-looking apartments, connected together by a rude cloister, contains twelve brethren, the bedesmen of Lord Leicester, whose silver badge, the bear's paw, they still wear, as did the liveried servants of old, on the sleeves of their blue cloth surcoats. The poor brethren were to be chosen, more especially, from those wounded in battle; and at this time several who suffered at Waterloo claim and find the benefits of that tranquil and comfortable residence, granted to them for life. A master (to be a clergyman) resides at one extremity of the quadrangle, his windows overlooking that pleasant country, from the fertile pastures of which the revenues of the hospital are derived. A corridor, garnished with flowers, runs round the first story of the quadrangle; whilst to the west is a rude but spacious hall, in which James I. rested on his journey from Scotland to England. All is serene; and a chapel, standing on a rock of sandstone, beneath which an arch is formed, crowns the whole with that sanctity which the earl loved—in public. There is no pulpit, prayers only being permitted; and a goodly sight it is to see these ancient men turn out from their monastic quarters and walk, in sober order, to prayers; the custom of the sixteenth century, its dress, its rules, being strictly observed to this day; and they show you, in the large conventual-looking kitchen of the hospital, a sampler, worked with the arms of the Dudleys, and said, by tradition, to be the handiwork of Amy Robsart. All recalls the saintly charity of olden times, coupled, perhaps, with superstition, but yet providing for the poor and aged in a way they best like—with *homes*.

The earl continued to sin on, and to atone. It was before his third marriage, and ere yet the Earl of Essex had experienced the effects of a "cunning recipe," brought by an Italian surgeon to Lord Leicester, and whilst Lady Sheffield was in close secresy, and when the memory of Amy had somewhat died away, that Queen Elizabeth visited Kenilworth. Lord Leicester resembled his father in one respect, he wished to render Kenilworth what his father had desired to render Dudley,—"one of the fairest as well as the strongest places in England." The project cost him 60,000*l.*, and required scores of extortions to complete it. Even his gardens were the result of an oppression which nothing but the dread of "Leicester's rheum" could have caused an indignant and groaning public to have tolerated. Forgotten for the time, perhaps, were all private interests; love was forsaken, friendship despised, and ambition, which grasped at a crown, alone remembered by the remorseless Leicester.

It was in the July of 1575 that Queen Elizabeth, in one of her progresses, visited Warwickshire. Kenilworth Castle was in

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its height of splendor and beauty; for the portion called the Leicester Buildings was completed. Light and elegant in their architecture, much of them remains; and, on some parts, patches of mortar and of beams and rafts show the extent and height of the dwelling-rooms. Well might old Laneham write of "the rare beauty of bilding that his honor hath advanced; all of the hard quarry-stone; every room so spacious, so well belighted, and so hy roofed within; so seemly too sight by du proportion without; a day-tyme, on every side so glittering by glasse; a night, by continuall brightness of candel, fyre, and torchlight, transparent thro the lyghtsome wyndy, as it wear the Egiptian pharos relucent untoo all the Alexandrian coast."

But the great beauty of the castle consisted in gardens, an acre or more in extent, on the north of the castle; within the castle wall, extending the whole length of it, was raised a terrace of fine grass, sloping its verdant sides to the garden. The garden was adorned after the fashion of the day, with obelisks, spheres, and white bears, the ancient badge of the Earls of Warwick; at either extremity were arbors, "redolent," as Laneham expresses it, by sweet trees and flowers; alleys, some of them covered with grass; others, for a change, with fine sand, not so light or soft as to distress the lover of those fair promenades with dust, but smooth, firm, and pleasant to walk on as the sands by the seashore—were constructed in four divisions, ornamented at each angle by a pilaster rising pyramidally fifteen feet high, upon which were set orbs of ten inches thick. These pilasters were coated with fine porphyry, thither conveyed at great expense. Such was the garden, and singularly serene and beautiful must it have looked beneath the frowning towers above; whilst, adds the encomiast of the scene, "further also, by great cast and cost" (I trust old Laneham will pardon my here altering his spelling), "the sweetness of savor on all sides, made so respirant from the redolent plants, and fragrant herbs and flowers, in form, color, and quantity, so deliciously variant; and fruit-trees bedecked with apples, pears, and ripe cherries."

Near the terrace, and adjoining the north wall, stood a large cage, or aviary, twenty feet in height. This fabric was covered over with a wire net; it contained windows, separated by jutting columns, and surmounted by arches. The columns supported a cornice, underneath which every part was beautified by imitations, in painting, of precious stones, great diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, set in gold, "by skilful head and hand, by toil and pencil, so lively expressed, as it might be great marvel and pleasure to consider how near excellency of art could approach unto the perfection of nature."

Then, at intervals, there were holes and caverns cut into the walls, both for warmth and coolness, to roost the birds at night; a refuge, too, against the weather. It is in one of those grottoes that Sir Walter Scott supposes Amy Robsart to have concealed herself, and to have been surprised therein by Queen Elizabeth. Who can forget that masterly, that exquisite scene? But since, as Laneham remarks, "the silver-sounded lute, without the sweet touch of hands; the glorious cup, without the fresh fragrant wine; or the rich ring with gem, without the fair-featured finger, is nothing, indeed, in his proper use; even so his honor accounted of this mansion, till he had placed there tenants accordingly." He had his aviary, therefore, replenished with birds of every country; one, indeed, then most rare, from Africa; and the ear and the eye were alike riveted and entranced by gorgeous plumes and soft sounds.

In the midst of the garden stood a fountain of white marble, from the midst of which rose a column set up in the shape of two Atalantæ joined together, back to back, the one looking to the east, the other to the west, with their hands holding a fair bowl, over which played jets of pellucid water, which fell into the bason wherein the column was planted. This being kept always two feet deep in water, was filled with "fair liking" fish, pleasantly playing to and fro; and here the ragged staff, one of the cognisances of the Dudleys, was seen overtopping the column; whilst below were figures of Neptune, armed with his trident, trailed into the deep by his marine horses; on another side was Thetis, in her chariot, drawn by dolphins; then Triton, by his fishes. Here was Proteus, bearding his sea-bulls; there Doris and daughters solacing the sea and sands. And here was many a pastime, many a practical joke played off, by turning the water over the loiterers in that exquisite scene; a species of frolic which, as Laneham relates, moved the "trees to seem laughing, but the skies to more sport."

Beyond, whilst around you were the soft gales and the delicious coolness of the gush-

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ing fountains; whilst strawberries, cherries, and other fruits, not separated from the pleasaunce, by growing there in high perfection, tempted the senses, and the perfumes of the flowers accorded with the melodious notes of the birds; beyond, the *penseroso* who paced along the grassy terrace might see the woods and waters in the park, for pool and chase were near at hand: there was no monotony in a scene so varied. "At one moment, in one place, at hand, without travail, to have so full fruition of so many God's blessings," did, as the inspired Laneham remarks, render the gardens of Kenilworth, "for etymon of the words, worthy to be called Paradise; and though not so goodly as Paradise for want of the fair rivers, yet better a great deal by the lak of so unhappy a tree." Paradise was, in truth, a name often applied in old times to certain portions of pleasure-grounds; as at Wressel, and Lekinfield, in the East Riding of Yorkshire.

Never had the castle been known before, and it has never since displayed, such a perfection of feudal grandeur; nor were its minor claims less great. In air it was, as Laneham observes, "sweet and wholesome;" it stood on an easy-mounted hill, its front due facing the east; in the diversified ground about it, "sweet springs bursting forth," delighted both sight and sound; and so judiciously were its demesnes "sorted" into arable land, meadow, pasture, wood, and water, that nothing could, by the most fastidious taste, be desired. The pool or lake on the west, nourished with many springs, teemed with fish, "delicate, great, and fat, and with all kind of wild-fowl." The lake, "by a rare situation and natural amitie," half surrounded the castle, the western towers of which seemed to stand within its clear waters, encircling the edifice also, both on the south, with its two arms, and then stretched itself, as in the form of two legs, a mile or two to the westward. On the south the castle was, therefore, in fact, separated from the park, yet linked to it in one place by a green slope, called even in Warwickshire a brae (or sloping bank next the water), sprinkled with conies, which were suffered more for pleasure than commodity. On the north and west lay the vast chase, stocked with the red-deer and other "stately game;" and beautiful was the pleasure-ground, with "delectable, fresh, umbrageous arbors, seats, and walks, overshadowed by tall, and what seems to us strange, fragrant trees, so that Diana herself might have deigned there well enough to range for her pastime."

The left arm of the pool northwards was adorned by Lord Leicester with a bridge, connecting the chase with the castle, and affording a beautiful prospect on it, and over the pleasances and the far-distant country. And not far from this park there was an excellent quarry of building-stone, which was employed, according to tradition, by Kenelph, or Kenelm, in the erection of the castle.

It was in the height of the summer of 1575, that Queen Elizabeth was entertained by Lord Leicester at Itchlington, seven miles from Kenilworth, where the banquet was held under a tent of extraordinary size; and thence, hunting by the way, they came to the castle. It was eight o'clock in the evening when her "highness" reached the park, where she was received by one of the ten Sybils, who, "comely clad in pall (a long upper mantle) of white silk," pronounced a proper "poesy in English rhyme and metre," the burden of which we spare our readers. Her majesty passed then into the tilt-yard, the remains of which, shaded by the wild hazel and grazed by the stray lambkin, may still be traced near the castle. Here she was addressed by a tall porter, who pretended to a "great pang of impatience" at seeing his territory invaded; yet confessing anon that he found himself pierced at the presence of a personage "so evidently expressing an heroical sovereignty over the whole estate," yielded up his club, his keys of office, and all, and caused his trumpeters to sound from the wall a tune of welcome; and then rang the courts and echoed the bartisans with the tones of those trumpets—"a noble voice," breathed from trumpets formed of silver. The evening star was now glimmering about the castle, and the "moon, resplendent still, but of an ampler round," must have begun to rise when the gallant procession rode along the tilt-yard into the inner gate next the base-court of the castle; and here a beautiful apparition delighted the queen. Floating upon a movable island, blazing with torches on the bosom of the lake, came there to greet her majesty the "Lady of the Lake," a personage distinguished in the famous romance called *La Morte d'Arthur*. She, too, attended by two nymphs, met the queen with a "fair-penned metre," setting forth the antiquity of the castle, and saying how she had guarded this lake since the days of King Arthur. "We thought,"

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answered Elizabeth, keeping up the characteristics of this splendid charade, "the lake had, indeed, been ours. But do you call it yours, now? Well, we shall commune on it with you hereafter."

Such were some of the ceremonials, too long to rehearse more particularly, with which the queen was welcomed into the now deserted hall and chambers of Kenilworth, and, as she passed from court to court, and from one scene of pageantry to another, pshawms, cornets, flutes, recorders (a wind instrument resembling the clarionet), flutes, viols, harps, raised that loud concert in which her spirit so much delighted. One circumstance is remarkable in all these ceremonials, the indirect tribute to literature. No pageant was complete without its poet; a personage who appeared, on this occasion, in a long ceruleous garment, with a side-and-wide sleeve, Venetian-wise drawn up to the elbow; his doublet-sleeves under that, crimson, nothing but silk; a bay garland on his head, and a scroll in his hand. But, alas! my poor poet, I must fain add, was regarded only as a servant; and his "ceruleous garment" was intended to mark that condition, blue being, in ancient times, the appropriate color for servants.

The festivities at Kenilworth would fill a volume, if recited; and, indeed, they differed only in splendor from those of which there are so many recitals in this festive reign. Even on Sunday there was little interruption to the jollities of the party. The forenoon was, indeed, occupied in quiet and vacation from work, and in divine service and preaching at the parish church; but the afternoon was occupied in "excellent music," and in dancing "of lords and ladies," and of "other worshipful degrees," uttered with such lively agility and commendable grace, "as shewed that this day served as well for diversion as any other." On Monday, however, the castle was all in motion; and late in the afternoon, for the day was hot, the woods rang with the blast of the huntsman's horn, the halloos of the huntsmen resounding from the echoes of wood and vale; and her majesty rode forth to see the sport and to join it.

Soon was the hart discovered—soon chased by the hot pursuit of the hounds, until it "took soil," or, to explain that term, plunged into the water, swimming—his head carried in stately fashion, like the sail of a ship, the hounds pursuing him as if they were a number of skiffs sailing to despoil a carvel or galley; but at last the hart was killed, but the sport ceased not.

It was resumed in the form of a pageant by torch-light, in the woods, at night, when a personage entitled Hombre Salvagio, held a long discourse with Echo; the particulars of which delighted old Gascoigne, who has preserved them, more than they do me. Afterwards, the delicious evenings were solaced sometimes by a gentle stroll, the queen preferring that over the bridge into the chase, whilst a decorated barge filled with musicians, sailed along the shores of the lake—the echoes of the wind-instruments reverberating from the stern masses of the keep—Cæsar's grim tower. Yet were not all her enjoyments so gentle. One day, thirteen bears were tied up in the outer court, to be baited with bear-dogs, a variety of the mastiff, having somewhat of the hound's scent—their bite was dangerous, if not mortal; and deep and hollow their bark was heard in the minor court, where, longing for blood, they lay, expecting their murderous joys. A natural antipathy existed between this now extinct race of dogs and the bear; "and many a torn coat," observes Laneham, "and many a maimed member (God wot) and bloody face hath the quarrel cost between them." It was thought, however, very pleasant sport to see these beasts, to behold the bear peering after the enemy's approach, to witness the nimbleness of the dog, and his expertness in seizing his advantage, to wonder at the strength and experience of the bear in avoiding his assaults. "If he was bitten in one place, how he would pinch in another to get free; if he were taken once, then what shift, what byting, with clawing, with roaring, with tossing, and tumbling, he would work to wind himself from them. It was," says the chronicler, adding some particulars as to the bear shaking the blood from his ears, a matter of "goodly relief!"

The calm nights were solaced with fireworks, mounting high in the still air above, or burning unquenchably in the waters beneath—"contrary to fire's kinde;" and peals of guns were mingled with shouts of delight, and the mecker voices of the fair. Then an Italian tumbler charmed the queen with his mountebank tricks; and the week came round again to Sunday, when a "fruitful" sermon at the church was followed by a solemn Bride-ale, the procession of which, a suitable couple to marry having been selected, took place in the tilt-yard.

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It were long to tell all the ceremonials of this gay occasion, honored, although it were Sunday, by a "comely quintain."

For nineteen days a repetition of these costly and elaborate pleasures went on; and, that time might not be marked nor heeded during this revelling, the following delicate compliment was paid to her majesty:—Upon the top of Cæsar's Tower, near the battlements, there were two dials, the one facing the east, the other the south; thus placed, they might show the hours both to town and country; both faces large, having gold letters on a blue, or as old Laneham expresses it, "bice ground." These, during the whole of Elizabeth's sojourn at the castle, were silent, "sang not a note." "But mark," says the solemn and superstitious Laneham, "whether it were by chance, by constellation of stars, or by fatal appointment (if fates and stars," he adds, with simplicity, "do deal with dials), thus was it indeed." The hands of both the tables stood firm and fast, always pointing to two o'clock, in which Laneham saw a deep and mystical meaning, finding in it, among other imbecilities peculiar to himself, "a type of my Lord Leicester's good heart, frank and friendly to all estates;" which, indeed, was about as remote a conviction as man could come to. One word more, however, touching these mysterious dials, the marks of which, on Cæsar's Tower, may be distinguished at the present day. They were enamelled, and with the sun's beams upon them must have, indeed, been splendid; and their color, bice, was given to them by a preparation from an Armenian stone, now found in the silver mines of Germany, known to us moderns under the name of smalt. So complete in every point were the splendors of Leicester Castle. It wanted nothing except virtue in its great owner; nothing but humanity and honor, of which he had not a grain; nothing but religion, to which he made such audacious pretensions, to render it, indeed, a paradise.

Its splendors were not without one chronicler or more. Two persons have commemorated the celebrated festivities held during one of Elizabeth's progresses at Kenilworth; these were, Robert Laneham and George Gascoigne. Laneham is remarkably like Pepys. I say is, for such men never die; they are always our company, they live in our everyday thoughts, they are not set apart as heroes are, they are a portion of our own selves. Laneham was a mercer, or merchant, and served his time in the City of London. He travelled, however, on account of his business, and picked up some accomplishments, which he takes care in his narrative to point out to the attention of society. He danced, he played on the guitar, cittern, and virginal; he was a gallant with the ladies, a *bon vivant* with the men; and was wont to "be jolly and dry in the morning." In short, Mr. Laneham was not the very steadiest of men in the world, or probably he would not have been so pleasant a writer. He was bookish, also; and altogether, his acquirements gained him a place in Lord Leicester's favor, and he was made through his interest, clerk of the council-chamber door, and keeper of the same; and a properer gossip never held that office. "When the council sit," this is his own description of his duties, "I am at hand; if any make a babbling—Peace! say I; if I take a listener in the chinks or well-hole, I am by-and-by at the bones of him; if a friend come, I make him sit down by me on a form or chest: let the rest walk, a God's name!"

Of far higher consideration was George Gascoigne, author of *The Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth*. This was a sort of poetical programme of all "verses, proses, or poetical inventions that were to be presented there, before the queen's majesty." Gascoigne accompanied the queen in all her progresses. He was not only a poet, but a singer and actor, and recited some of the inventions which he penned.

The career of Leicester, prosperous as it seemed, was not devoid of many pungent mortifications and anxieties. His wife, Lady Lettice, whose beauty had captivated his heart, retained, indeed, her empire over his affections until the last moment of his existence; but she was cousin to the queen, whose jealousy might be excited by these new bonds. Long and sedulously were they, therefore, concealed; nor was it until her son, the Earl of Essex, had attained his well-known place in the queen's affections, that she was permitted to return to court. Nor would the queen meet her, even at the house of any of her courtiers. "On Shrove Tuesday," writes Rowland Whyte, "the queen was persuaded to go to Mr. Comptroller's, and there was my Lady Leicester, with a fair jewel of 300*l*. A great dinner was prepared by my Lady Shandos, and the queen's coach ready, when, on a sudden, she resolved not to go, and so sent word." Then .n the decline of his favor, and when the

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young rival in his affections, Sir Walter Raleigh, was supplanting him, when Leicester was banished in an honorable and civil way to Flanders, where he had the command of a considerable military force, he had by this time, in 1584, openly acknowledged his Countess Lettice; and he sent for her there that he might hold a court with regal splendor. The countess was, however, forbidden to leave England, and Elizabeth's anger knew no bounds. "I will let the upstart know," such were her words, "how easily the hand which has exalted him can beat him down to the dust." After a time, however, her "choler," to use an expression of the times, abated. "The queen is on very good terms with you," writes Sir Walter Raleigh to the earl; "and, thanks be to God, well pacified, and you are again 'her sweet Robin.'" But no prosperity could soften the malignity of Leicester's disposition where his interests or his ambition were at stake; and *not* the lightest stain upon his memory is his enmity to Mary, queen of Scots, prompted by a desire that the posterity of the Earl of Huntingdon, who had married his sister, should, from their descent from George, duke of Clarence, be included in the succession to the crown.

His name was a word of fear, a term implying remorseless revenge,—the arrow that flieth by night, the bowl, or the dagger, as might best suit his lordly convenience. At length, disgust at his vices, dread of his crimes, and that desire of exposing wickedness which is natural to man, broke out in a production entitled, *Leicester's Commonwealth*. It was written beyond seas, or at least published abroad; and its design was to represent the earl as one who wished to subvert the government, and to substitute a Leicestrian commonwealth. In this composition, which was imported in great numbers, Leicester was represented to be an atheist, and a monster of ambition and cruelty. It was soon dispersed over the country, and obtained the popular title of "Father Parsons' Green Coat,"—the leaves being edged with green, and Father Parsons conjectured to be the author. So great was the sensation which it excited, that the queen issued letters from the privy council, declaring that all its allegations were false; and Sir Philip Sidney, the amiable and accomplished nephew of Lord Leicester, composed an answer, which was never published. To this day the author of the work has never been discovered, but it is supposed to have been one of the Popish writers, who was irritated by the earl's now imputed patronage of the Puritans. The reputation of Leicester stood even this shock, and survived also his campaign, and his manifest inefficiency in the Low Countries. The first in the tournament, Leicester was not blessed with the high capacity essential for a general. Yet he was made lieutenant-general—his sovereign alone his superior—when the Spanish Armada threatened the British shores.

But the career of Leicester was now at a close, and the threads of his destiny were cut short suddenly. Whether by disease, or by that retributive justice which doomed the secret assassin to fall by his own potions, by poison which he had prepared for others, history has not decided. His death, however, took place at his own house, Cornbury, in Oxfordshire, whither he retreated in disgust with the court, and tired of the world, which he had loved not wisely but too well, with the intention of proceeding to Kenilworth. Suddenly, if not fearfully, did he expire. On the 27th of August, 1588, he was well, and wrote to Lord Burleigh that he should soon return to court, adding his apologies for leaving London without seeing him. On the 4th of September he breathed his last. This fact discountenances the statement of Camden, that he died of fever, since his illness would have been, in all probability, more lingering. The public impression was, that he died in consequence of taking a poison prepared for others, he being, in the preparation of such deadly doses, a rare artist. Such is the impression of Namton; and the privy council taking up the matter, examined at some length a man named Crofts, who was suspected of the deed, but no conclusion was arrived at. He died, however, consistently as he had lived, for his existence was one great piece of acting. His will, written whilst he was in Flanders, is framed with consummate art: that whilst he appears to consider mainly his wife's interests, he leaves the bulk of his fortune to his son, Robert Dudley, the offspring of Lady Sheffield; and, happily for Sir Robert Dudley, Ambrose, the good Earl of Warwick, was still alive; so that through his interest the will was carried into effect.

In the chapel of Our Ladye, at Warwick, repose the mouldering bones of Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, with his earl's coronet on his head, and his countess's effigies lying beside him. A more detested,

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yet a more powerful subject has rarely served a British monarch. His religious zeal, by which he misled persons of weak judgment, never regulated his passions, nor soared above his temporal interests. Professing the utmost piety, he may, therefore, morally, be denied the title to Christianity. Yet there is something bold in his career, and captivating to the imagination in his fearless vices. Great as a politician, he "never chose a back game;" his imperious nature could not brook the duplicity which it required. He sought and admired men of ability; but he kept them away from court, in stations "where they might be useful to him and he to them." The generous patronage of talent, from a pure appreciation of merit, was unknown to him.

The plaything of fortune, Robert Dudley, the son of Lady Sheffield, succeeded his father as the Lord of Kenilworth. The Lady Lettice, his father's widow, notwithstanding her devotion to the memory of the last earl, became through life the bitter enemy of his son. One word more about this Lady Lettice, be-praised in those beautiful lines by Sir Gervace Clifton, beginning,—

> "There you may see that face, that hand,
> Which once was fairest in the land;
> She that in her younger years
> Matched with two great English peers,
> She that did supply the wars
> With thunder, and the court with stars."

Lady Lettice appears, nevertheless, to have been a lady of questionable virtue, at least in her youth. She lived to see her noble son, the Earl of Essex, perish on the scaffold; and having committed the folly of marrying a third husband, Sir Charles Blount, she saw him perish also in the same way. Then she retired, a reclaimed and chastened mourner, to expiate her early delinquencies by good will to man and piety to God:

> "Whose gold thread when she saw spun,
> And the death of her brave son,
> Thought it safest to retire
> From all care, and vain desire,
> To a private country cell,
> Where she spent her days so well,
> That to her the better sort
> Came to her as to our holy court;
> And the poor that lived near,
> Death nor famine would not fear."

Her stepson succeeded to his father's possessions, but not to his titles, when he was fifteen. The earl had always kept him in obscurity, chiefly, it is said, in the hope of bringing him one day forward as his son by Queen Elizabeth. And well might he be proud of this fine, ill-fated youth, who, as he shone forth the proprietor of Kenilworth, was looked upon as one of the finest gentlemen in England; tall, well-proportioned, and handsome, though red-haired, learned beyond his years, an adept in mathematics, endowed with a frank and generous nature, and with a spirit of enterprise. Such was Robert Dudley. His youth was passed in voyages of discovery, for which he had a passion, and in an ill-starred attempt to prove his legitimacy. But the rancor of his mother-in-law frustrated his hopes. The corrupt times of James I. had now arrived, and the sources of justice were corrupted. The process which young Dudley set on foot was suddenly closed, the examinations locked up. Broken-hearted, Sir Robert requested a license from King James to quit England for three years. Abroad, the titles of Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland were accorded to him; and he sighed for that recognition due to his birth. He had by this time connected himself with the family of Leigh, his neighbors at Stoneleigh Abbey, by a marriage with the Lady Alice Leigh. He left his lady at Kenilworth, probably hoping some day to return thither, and again to head those halls with an earl's dignity. But he never revisited his native country, but died at Florence, having been first created by the Emperor Ferdinand a grand duke of the empire. His true celebrity consisted, however, in his great projects for draining the marshes near Pisa, and raising Leghorn from an insignificant place into a commercial town, by the erection of a haven, and other improvements. His schemes, among which one for the improvement of our revenue was submitted to James I., were those of a benevolent as well as of an able man. He had all the talents of the Dudleys, without their vices. His narratives of his voyages are preserved in Hakluyt's collection; and his work on increasing the revenue established his reputation as a man of great abilities. His standard production was a book, now extremely rare, *Del Arcano del Mare*, in two folio volumes, full of schemes, charts, plans, and replete with knowledge, especially in mathematical science. This work, which is chiefly intended for the promotion of navigation, and the extension of com-

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merce, has been styled "*a singular treasury* of curious and important schemes." Whilst thus devoting himself to the pursuit of science, Sir Robert Dudley received intelligence from home, which must have tended greatly to dispel all lingering wishes ever to return there. We have already seen how his claim to the earldom of Leicester was disposed of; his scheme for improving the revenue was judged pernicious, and tended to hasten rather than to retard his exile. In his castle he left his wife, Lady Alice, and four infant daughters; but though they resided at Kenilworth, the place, by the statute of fugitives, was forfeited to the crown, upon the flight of Sir Robert. No steps were taken respecting it, however, until Henry Prince of Wales, was advertised of its provincial fame, and was imbued with the notion of its being indeed a royal residence. It was then surveyed; and from the account of it, it must, indeed, have been magnificent—too much so, indeed, to escape kingly cupidity. The circuit of the castle within the walls comprised an extent of seven acres; and the walks on the walls were so wide, that two or three persons could walk abreast on them. The rooms of great state were built with as much uniformity as any of later time; and the cellars were erected upon arches of freestone. The chase, called the King's Wood, formerly stocked with deer, had at this period been suffered to fall into neglect—the deer had strayed; and the Countess Lettice (shame on her saintly reputation!) had cut down much of the timber, which was hers by will; yet still it was valued at 20,000*l.*, and it was said, was in "a convenient state for removal." Alas! one by one, one beholds, as in a vision, the glories of Kenilworth departing, in gloomy procession. "There runneth through the said grounds," the survey goes on to state, "by the walls of the castle, a fair pool, containing cxi acres, well stored with fish and fowl, which, at pleasure, is let round about the castle." It makes one sigh to hear of it—no pool is there now—all filled up, dried up, let off, long ago; the eye rests upon a green, fair country, with a marvellous lack of water, for the blessed Avon is miles off. With a sigh I write on. "The circuit of the castle, mannours, parks, and chase, lying round together, contains at least xix or xx miles in a pleasant country; the like, both for state, strength, and pleasure, not being within the realm of England."

Alack the day! 14,500*l.* were paid for it; and it became the property of Prince Henry, descending after his death to Charles I., who succored the widow and orphans of its former possessor, bestowing on the Lady Alice, during the civil wars, the title of Duchess of Dudley during the term of her natural life. Sir Robert died at Florence; and as far as any connexion with Kenilworth is concerned, his race with him: they were extinct to that still lordly demesne and stately castle.

Dugdale leaves its history unfinished; but what matters it? 'Tis but to repeat the oft-told tale,—it was ruined by the civil wars.

> "It was not in the battle,
> No tempest gave the shock."

No, it was by a mean, vulgar-minded, stupid, roundheaded, puritanical neglect and indifference, as well as by a dirty rapacity, that this grand edifice, visited by the Plantagenets, by the Tudors, by the Stuarts, owned by lofty barons and loved by gentle dames, fell into decay. Cromwell gave it away to his officers, who pillaged, dismantled, and then left it. At last he stopped the depredations, and left Time to do the rest.

It *has* done all that the most sagacious utilitarian could desire. It has shaken her battlements, crumbled her topless turrets, choked up her lake, broken down her walls. Year after year the ivy grows, and, clothing, destroys what it covers. Year after year visitants carry away reliques, or leave fragments of vile repasts indecently held there; for I call it indecent to profane so grand and melancholy a scene with rude revelry. Year after year one part or another becomes unsafe; and the limits of the building are now scarcely traceable. And yet it is, and has been, for many years, the property of a time-honored, a lettered, a virtuous, and therefore, of course, castle-loving race, who bear the lofty title of one who must oft-times have paced in those jocund halls—Clarendon.

In consequence of the earnest desire felt by the late Dr. Arnold (as recorded in the history of his life), that some mark of royal favor should be bestowed on Rugby School, the Queen has been graciously pleased to intimate her intention to found a gold medal for the special encouragement of the study of history at that institution.

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From the Eclectic Review.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD AND THE ERA OF GEORGE III.

Correspondence of John, Fourth Duke of Bedford, selected from the Originals at Woburn Abbey. With an Introduction. By Lord John Russell. Vol. 3. London: Longman and Co.

This volume completes the *Bedford Correspondence*, and relates to a far more eventful period of our history than either of its predecessors. Its contents, however, have added little to our information, though a few gleams are thrown on the party contests and court intrigues of the day. In this respect our expectations have not been met. The historical value of the *Correspondence* is small, and it is utterly destitute of interest to the general reader. When such personages as Walpole, Pulteney, Chatham, Bute, and the elder Fox, to say nothing of a host of others, figure on the stage, it might have been expected that there would be much to attract public notice, and to illustrate the character and principles of our leading statesmen. But this is not the case, at least, in any other than a very meagre and unsatisfactory degree. Of the letters which are printed we are concerned to remember a few only, the majority may be forgotten without regret. We are glad to possess the *Correspondence* for occasional reference, but have no expectation of being much indebted to it in any of our labors. The fourth Duke of Bedford was a man of secondary talents, and without any moral qualities to ennoble his name. He was indebted solely to his position in the Whig party for the small share of influence he exercised. Had he been a commoner his name would not have been known, but having been born a peer he was of course entitled to office, and belonging to the party which had long enjoyed a monopoly of the good things of public life, he early aspired to share them. His political morality was that which was current in his day, and the interests of the small party which he nominally led, were therefore preferred to any broader or more generous sympathies. The government of the country was conducted, at this period, on principles from the avowal of which the least honorable of our statesmen would now shrink. Jobbing was universal, it was reduced to system, and he was deemed the most successful politician who showed most skill in the application of its arts. It is lamentable to see what a falling off there had been from the middle of the previous century. Gross selfishness pervaded public life. All sense of responsibility was gone, the national exchequer was robbed for personal or party ends, and the forms of the constitution were employed to counteract its purpose and extinguish its spirit. It was altogether a dull, dead level, over which intelligent Englishmen can scarcely be induced to travel even by the genius and withering oratory of Chatham.

The services rendered by the Whigs at the close of Queen Anne's reign, rendered them of necessity the ministers of the House of Hanover. Had the Tories prevailed, the Stuarts would have been restored; but Bolingbroke and Atterbury were driven into exile, and the nation was content to preserve its liberties at the price of receiving a monarch, whose coarse manners and profligate morality commanded no respect. The second George, of dull capacity and limited information, pursued the policy of his father, and the nation was consequently ruled for many years by an oligarchy of Whig nobles, who distributed amongst themselves, and their dependants, the spoils of office. The usual result followed, and it is well for English freedom that it did. Had the Whig nobles of that day been more considerate and sagacious, they might have perpetuated for many years, their tenure of office. But they became imperious, shamelessly corrupt, and suspicious, both of talent and of patriotism. Hostility was thus aroused. Genius and virtue took part against them. The theory of the constitution was appealed to, and public sympathies were awakened by the eloquence of Chatham and the subsequent reasonings of Shelburne and Burke. The first stage of their decline was marked by divisions amongst themselves.

"The period which elapsed," remarks Lord John Russell, "between the fall of Sir Robert Walpole and the reign of George the Third, was the age of small factions. The great Whig party, having had from the accession of the House of Hanover complete possession of power, broke into

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many little sections, divided from each other by personal predilections, and not by distinct lines of policy. Thus their quarrels and their friendships were precarious and capricious: there was no reason why any one statesman should not join with any other statesman to whom he had been the week before most opposed; nor, to say the truth, was there any great question in dispute, like the Revolution settlement, or the American war, or the French war, upon which parties widely separated in opinion, could take their stand."—p. xi.

George III. succeeded his grandfather in October, 1760, and was mainly influenced in his early measures by his mother, the Princess Dowager, and her adviser Lord Bute. His father had headed the opposition to the Whig ministers of George II., and as the Tory predilections of Lord Bute were well known, a change of administration was generally expected. The Duke of Newcastle, however, was nominally retained as First Lord of the Treasury, and even Mr. Pitt, whose brilliant career had humbled the power of France, with whom he was then negotiating a peace, was continued in office for a brief space. "There is nothing new under the sun," said Horace Walpole. "Nor under the grandson," replied George Selwyn. Few, however, were deceived by this forbearance. The monarch had evidently taken his resolution, and found in Lord Bute an instrument ready to his hand. Had his purpose been high-minded and generous, he would have broken through the trammels of a Whig oligarchy without seeking to establish a secret and irresponsible power. But Lord Bute aimed to govern as the favorite of an eastern monarch, and the young king, true to his adviser, aided the policy by every means at his command. This was the sin of George III.; and it robs him of all merit in the measures he adopted, and has covered his memory with a reproach which no private virtues, had they been a thousand-fold more brilliant than any he possessed, could have atoned for. He wanted only the power to become the despot; and failing this, he condescended to intrigue and dishonesty. We pass by the continental policy of the king, by which Mr. Pitt's views were overruled, and a peace was concluded with France, much less favorable to England than that minister had insisted on. The Duke of Bedford differed from his colleague on this point, and proceeded to Paris to negotiate the treaty. "His dispatches," says Lord John, "appear to me to be creditable to his industry and judgment; at all events, they afford better materials than have yet been given to the world, for arriving at an impartial opinion on the merits of the peace of Paris."

The policy of the king was of course veiled under specious pretences. This was necessary in order to its accomplishment, and the condition of parties readily suggested the plea. The nation was summoned to the aid of a young monarch struggling, as was alleged, against a dominant faction. The crown had lost its dignity, the glory of the sceptre was departed, and all true Englishmen were required to assist their sovereign in breaking through unconstitutional restraints which prevented his calling able and faithful men to his councils. There was much seeming force in all this. It found a ready response in the nation, and was for a time looked on with favor. The truth, however, was soon learnt. The king's Friends, as a party separate from the ministry was called, were found to be more powerful than his responsible advisers. Lord Bute exercised greater influence over the government than the Duke of Newcastle. The royal patronage was dispensed without regard to his approval, and changes were effected in government trusts without his opinion being consulted. Each statesman in his turn, when disengaged from office, denounced this system. Lord Chatham indignantly declaimed against an influence behind the throne, more powerful than the throne itself. Mr. Granville spoke of a set of Janizaries, at whose will he would not hold office; the Duke of Bedford protested in the royal closet against the power of Lord Bute; and Mr. Burke, in his masterly pamphlet, laid bare the whole scheme to public indignation. This passage of our history is too little known. It has been thrown into the shade by what followed, and has been sedulously kept out of sight by the admirers of George III. It should, however, be studied by every Englishman; and if its effect be to lower that monarch in public estimation, it will only be a just retribution for the undue praise bestowed on him. Lord Russell remarks on this passage of our history:—

"Not that the plan of Lord Bute and his royal pupil was of so systematic a character, nor the government to be subverted of so beneficent a nature, as the great Whig statesman portrayed to the world; but that the project of restoring to the Crown that absolute direction and control which Charles the First and James the Second had been forced to relinquish, and from which George the

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Second had quietly abstained, was entertained and attempted by George the Third, can hardly be doubted.

"It must be owned, that the moment was in many respects eminently auspicious to the execution of such a plan. The Stuarts, as Mr. Adolphus remarks, had fallen into contempt; and the Whig families were no longer necessary to guard the parliamentary title of the House of Hanover. Let us add to this, that the Whigs were themselves broken into sections, separately weak, and too jealous of each other to combine. The Duke of Newcastle, the ancient chief of the party, had lowered himself by folly, and his party by corruption. Lord Holland was hated, and could not stand alone; Mr. Pitt was haughty and self-willed, and had broken his connexion with the other Whig chiefs; the Duke of Bedford, in his eagerness for peace, had acted with and under Lord Bute. Nor was the king deficient in the prudence and caution requisite for the conduct of a refined scheme."—pp. xxix., xxx.

The royal favorite, like most of his class, was unfitted for the power to which he aspired. His understanding was by no means strong, nor was his intellect broad and capacious. He wanted the practice, and probably the power, of a debater; and was utterly incapable of measuring the ebb and flow of popular opinion. His sympathies were with the prerogative, but he lacked the genius and the courage of Strafford. It had been remarked of him, by the father of the king, that he was fit to be the minister of a small German court where there was no business. It is therefore no marvel that he was speedily terrified by the conflict he had invited.

"Parliamentary opposition," says Lord Russell, "surprised and confounded his judgment; popular clamor overcame his resolution, and scared his ambition. With these faults of mind and temper, it is not to be wondered at, that he lightly broke with the Duke of Newcastle, his ready and convenient helpmate. The power of that veteran minister was silently taken away: if places were given, his opinion was not asked; if peers were created, he was not informed of the intention; even the Board of Treasury at which he presided was taught to thwart him. Yet the favorite who could thus wantonly provoke a powerful party had scarcely taken the reins into his hands, before he shrank from the conflict, and resigned his office."—p. xxxi., xxxii.

Such was the man on whom George III. relied; and the tenor of his policy was not long in being proclaimed. We have already seen that the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt were retained in office on the accession of the king. The former was comparatively tractable, but the latter was dictatorial and imperious. The elder Pitt was about the last man in the kingdom to content himself with the semblance of power. He felt his superiority. His genius towered over the men about him, and his proud spirit indignantly spurned the dictation of the favorite. He had restored the fading fortunes of his country by the vigor and ability of his foreign policy,—introducing order where confusion had existed, and recalling victory to the national standard. His natural imperiousness was thus heightened, and he took no pains to conceal it. We are not therefore surprised at his being chafed by the resolutions which his colleagues adopted without his concurrence. This feeling is evinced in the following brief communication, dated March 10, 1761, addressed to the Duke of Bedford, and which sufficiently indicates the probability of what speedily followed.

"Mr. Pitt presents his compliments to the Duke of Bedford, and is obliged to his Grace for taking the trouble of communicating to him the measure of turning out Mr. Malone, already decided and in part executed. Had Mr. Pitt been consulted on a matter of this consequence, he should have doubted the expediency of such a step, and have thought that it required to be more maturely weighed."—p. 6.

The crisis was hastened by the Minister's own folly. He afforded the court the pretext they desired. The wily favorite waited his opportunity. He pulled the wires in secret, and thus avoided the odium of dismissing the most popular servant of the crown. "Although," remarks Lord Brougham, "a plot had certainly been formed to eject him from the ministry, leaving the chief control of affairs in the feeble hands of Lord Bute, whose only support was court favor, and whose chief talent lay in an expertness at intrigue; yet there can be but little doubt that this scheme was only rendered practicable by the hostility which the great minister's unbending habits, his contempt of ordinary men, and his neglect of everyday matters, had raised against him amongst all the creatures both of Downing-street and St. James's."*

What had been long foreseen and designed, occurred in October, 1662. Thwarted in his designs, Pitt indignantly declared at the council board, that he was responsible to the people, and would no longer retain a situation which made him responsible for measures he was not permitted to

* Historical Sketches, vol. i., p. 26.

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direct. His resignation was of course accepted; and what occurred in the closet of the king, and in the communications which passed between Mr. Pitt and Lord Bute, constitutes the least creditable passage of his history. We do not complain of his reception of a pension. While such things are dispensed, no man could prefer a better claim; but his demeanor was unworthy of his character, and the overflowings of his gratitude were out of all keeping with the occasion.

The premier was yet retained, but his time was drawing near. For a little while longer he was borne with. He submitted to much more than consisted with self-respect, but at length the predominance of the favorite provoked even his resignation. His decision, with the grounds of it, was announced to the Duke of Bedford, May 15, 1762.

"I have had," he says, "so many proofs of your Grace's goodness to me, that I flatter myself you will excuse the liberty I now take in troubling you upon my own subject. It has been the greatest misfortune to me, that I have been obliged to take a resolution relating to my own situation, without having had an opportunity of previously consulting your Grace, and taking your advice, before I had put it in execution. But as the circumstances admitted of no delay, and as I have endeavored, in the step I have taken, to act agreeably to what your Grace was so good as to declare to me was the rule I should go by, when your Grace, from your goodness and partiality to me, engaged me to remain in the king's service, I hope I can have no doubt of your approbation. When I mentioned the difficulties of my undertaking such an employment at that time, unknown to, and unsupported by, either the king or his minister, your Grace was pleased to say, that if, after trial, I found I had not that countenance, credit, and support, which my station and situation entitled me to, you would be far from advising or wishing that I should remain in employment; that case has now happened, and that has made my retreat unavoidable. Your Grace has seen the little credit which I have had either in business, or in any disposition of honors or employments, numbers of peers made without my knowing anything of it until it was absolutely done; and except in the case of Mr. Probert, which was only an exchange of employment with Mr. Sloper, I don't remember one single recommendation of mine which has taken place since his Majesty's accession to the crown, I mean as to civil employments, or indeed, I may add, as to military ones also. But that which is the immediate cause of my resignation, is some late transactions with my board, and particularly with the secretary, Mr. Martin (unknown to me), which must expose me to them, make me appear insignificant there, and are a plain declaration of the little regard and confidence which his Majesty's ministers have in me. In this situation it is impossible for me to remain in the Treasury, with any honor or ease to myself, or any advantage to the public or my friends. I beg your Grace would not mention these particulars till I have the honor and pleasure to see you, and I will then explain them fully to you, and acquaint you with all that has passed upon this occasion. In the meantime, as I have felt the great advantage of your Grace's support whilst I was in the administration, I hope I shall have the comfort of your friendship and good opinion out of it."—pp. 79, 80.

Lord Bute immediately became in name what he had long been in reality, the prime minister of the king. So far his intrigues had been successful. He had glided to and fro on the political stage, more powerful than those who were visible to the public; and superficial observers doubtless concluded that the reality of power would now be retained in connexion with its well known symbols. In this, however, they were mistaken. Whilst he worked in the dark his incapacity was not seen; but now that he came forth into open day and challenged observation, his enemies were amply revenged. Some members of the Whig party, including the Duke of Bedford, were for a time retained in his administration, but their places were gradually supplied by Tories, whose temper was more ductile as their principles were more acceptable at court. Nothing could exceed the unpopularity of the premier. He was literally hated by the nation, and soon shrank from the storm he had raised. He announced his intention to resign office, in a letter to the Duke of Bedford, dated April 2, 1763, in which there is much obvious untruth coupled with an affected moderation, and a profession of public spirit, for which he never gained credit beyond the precincts of the court.

"I am now going," he says, "to trouble your Grace for the last time, in all probability, on politics, as I shall be out of office and a private man before I can be honored with any return: the subject I am going to touch forces me to write about myself much more than I wished to do, and for this reason I hope you will excuse it. To enter, therefore, into matters, I take the liberty of observing to your Grace, that when the Duke of Newcastle went out, and I found myself under a necessity to accept my present situation, I did it with the utmost reluctance; and nothing but the king's safety and independency could have made me acquiesce in a way of life so opposite to every feeling; nor did I kiss the king's hand till I had received his solemn promise to be permitted to go out when peace was once attained. Thanks to

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kind Providence and your Grace's abilities, that day is now come; and well it is so, for, independent of all other private considerations, the state of my health is such, and any constant application to business is declared to be so fatal to me, that I find myself under the unpleasant necessity of putting my much-loved sovereign in mind of his promise. I have done so; and after scenes that I can never forget, his tenderness for me has got the better of his partiality to my poor endeavors to serve him, and he approves my determination. Since this, I have often talked with his Majesty on the subject of a new administration, and he is come to the final resolution of putting the Treasury into Mr. Grenville's hands, as the only person in the House of Commons in whom he can confide so great a trust; Mr. Fox having taken the king's word when he first entered on the management of his affairs, that, the peace made, he might be permitted to go to the House of Lords. Three things the king is determined to abide by, and to make the basis of his future administration as they have been of his present.

"1st. Never upon any account to suffer those ministers of the late reign, who have attempted to fetter and enslave him, ever to come into his service while he lives to hold the sceptre.

"2dly. To collect every other force, and above all, that of your Grace and Mr. Fox to his councils and support.

"3dly. To show all proper countenance to the country gentlemen acting on Whig principles, and on those principles only supporting his government."—pp. 223, 224.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the inaccuracies of this letter. If one thing be more obvious than another, it is that Bute had from the first been designed for the office he filled, and that his retirement, so far from being part of a preconcerted plan, was induced by fear, and was in direct opposition to the wishes of the king. The obstinacy of the monarch would have braved a storm before which the weaker and more timorous favorite quailed. The exclusion alluded to, obviously points to Newcastle and Pitt, with whom, however, ere many months had passed, Bute was again in correspondence with the design of forming another administration. Moreover, the Whigs, and Whig principles, were the objects of his special hatred. He had compassed their exclusion from power, and had raised up as their competitors a knot of reconciled Jacobins, who were content to forward the policy of the Stuarts under the house of Hanover. The Duke of Bedford, in his reply to Bute's application, pointed out the weakness of the administration which it was proposed to form, and advised that one should be constituted on a broader and more stable basis, particularly urging that the leading members of the Whig party should be called to the king's councils. Lord Russell gives the following account of the negotiations which ensued:—

"Nothing could be more unpalatable than such advice. Still the weakness which the Duke had pointed out was felt; and the death of Lord Egremont, which happened soon after, made it necessary to hit on some new expedient for keeping the great Whig chiefs out of power. At this emergency the Duke of Bedford was again applied to, and a special agent was sent to Blenheim with orders to see the duke secretly at Woodstock. This time the duke advised that Mr. Pitt should be sent for, and asked to propose his own terms.

"Lord Bute relished this counsel as little as the former. But seeing there was no remedy, he sent himself to Mr. Pitt, and consented that he should have an audience of the king, carefully concealing the fact that the Duke of Bedford had advised this course.

"The proposals made by Mr. Pitt were, according to the only accounts which were published, somewhat extraordinary. It is said that he not only desired to form a compact ministry of the principal Whigs of the kingdom, but that he refused to allow Mr. Grenville the office of paymaster, and put an absolute veto on the Duke of Bedford, as well as all others who had been concerned in the peace of Paris. It is to be lamented that a letter of Mr. Pitt relating to these transactions, has not been made public. The interview ended with a declaration of the king, which broke off the negotiation: 'Mr. Pitt, this will never do. My honor is concerned.'

"What is certain is, that the king, who had hitherto been so cautious and reserved, spoke openly of Mr. Pitt's conditions, and took pains to inflame the anger of the proscribed. In particular, he told Lord Hertford that 'Mr. Pitt proscribed several, particularly his friend Lord Powis, had said little of Mr. Legg, and still less of the Duke of Grafton.' He desired Lord Sandwich to inform the Duke of Bedford that Mr. Pitt would not even consent that he should hold a place in the household.

"It seems not a little strange that the Duke of Bedford should advise the king to send for Mr. Pitt, and that Mr. Pitt's first condition should be the exclusion of the Duke of Bedford from the king's councils. What Mr. Pitt really said to the king is not yet known. But there is no reason to doubt the duke's own assertion, that he did not wish for office.

"His inclinations, however, were changed when he found himself proscribed. In the heat of his indignation, inflamed by the king's personal request, he accepted at once the office of President of the Council. But in resuming a place in the cabinet, he insisted that Lord Bute should retire from the king's presence and councils; and this indeed was the absolute condition in which the administration stood. Thus Lord Bute recommended the king to send for the Duke of Bedford, who proscribed Lord Bute; and the Duke of Bedford advised his Majesty to send for Mr. Pitt, who proscribed the Duke of Bedford. In this confu-

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sion of persons and parties, a ministry was created which lasted for nearly two years."—pp. xxxvii—xxxix.

The same course of intrigue was continued under the administration of Mr. Grenville, which led the Duke of Bedford to seek an audience with the king, in order to remonstrate against the system that was pursued. His conduct on this occasion has been variously represented, but we are bound to say that the defence of Lord John is substantially satisfactory:—

"There appears," he says, "no reason to doubt, that from the commencement of the reign there was a party called the 'King's friends,' who attempted to exercise all real power, while the show of it was only left to the responsible ministers; that on them all favor was bestowed, and by them the measures of the court were directed: that while such was their influence, they kept in the back-ground, occupying permanently lucrative subordinate places, and leaving the labor and the risk of political affairs in the ostensible rulers of the country: that at a signal from the court, any minister was at once removed; and a subservient House of Commons were directed to transfer their votes to some other puppet, destined to hold a rank equally powerless, by a tenure equally precarious.

"If there be truth in these delineations, it was surely the duty of an old counsellor of the Crown to warn the sovereign of his danger; to implore him 'to permit his authority and his favor to go together;' and either to invest his ministers with the influence belonging to his royal station, or to produce in open daylight the secret depositaries of his confidence. By such conduct the Duke of Bedford showed that he well knew the eternal difference between a true and sworn friend of the monarchy, and a slippery sycophant of the court.

"The king, having resolved to keep his favor for his private friends and the Bute party, told the chancellor that he considered the Duke of Bedford's remonstrance as a resignation; nor could it be considered unhandsome to his ministers, after the alternative had been put to him, that he should take his choice of the course he preferred. He was resolved not to govern as George the First and George the Second had governed, by means of open parliamentary ministers."—pp. xliv—xlvi.

The Grenville administration is known in English history by one of the most impolitic and mischievous pieces of legislation ever perpetrated. The resolutions which it carried for imposing stamp duties on America, led to the revolt of the colonies, and ultimately to their independence. But we cannot enter on this theme. Our business is with the Duke of Bedford, and before closing our notice of his *Correspondence*, we must advert to the defence which his descendant has made against the fierce onslaught of Junius. If we do not misread the signs of the times, there is a tendency amongst our political writers to depreciate unduly this most marvellous of anonymous assailants. Indiscriminate eulogy was formerly fashionable, and we are now in danger of going to an opposite extreme. Admit all that can fairly be urged—and we confess that it is much—and the letters of Junius will yet remain amongst the most lucid, condensed, vigorous, and withering specimens of political writing in our language. At a time when men feared to write their thoughts, and the nation was refused a report of the debates of its representatives, this masked champion entered the lists, and by his undaunted bearing and weight of metal, bore down every opponent. That he was unscrupulous, we admit. The floating rumor of the day was adopted, private vices were dragged to light; even natural deformities, as with fiendish exultation, were dilated on, and where other materials were wanting, invention was permitted to enlarge, to aggravate, and to blacken, the follies or the misdeeds of those whom he sought to overwhelm with public infamy. The moral of Junius was inferior to the mental. His character, however, cannot be duly estimated, without regard being had to the circumstances and spirit of his age. The more healthy modes of expressing public opinion were suppressed. Men were forbidden to speak and write as they felt, while the sacredness of the constitution was violated, and public liberty openly assailed. It is not for the advocates of such a policy to censure the vices of Junius. They were the growth of their own measures, the stealthy, unscrupulous, and revengeful indignation with which an outraged people gave utterance to their maledictions. We would his letters had been free from these vices, but as the atrocities of the French revolution were the natural fruit of the heartless tyranny and sensualism of the ruling classes of that country, so the untruths, the slanders, the bitter malevolence of Junius, find their cause and explanation in the political condition of his times. One thing he accomplished, and for this we shall never withhold our gratitude. He had great faults; but he won for the people the right of free speech. He often penned untruths, and for this he is to be censured; but he established the claim of Englishmen to utter within the hearing of their rulers, the indignant re-

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bukes of an insulted people. At the commencement of his career his printer, Woodfall, dared not publish, without considerable alterations, a report which he had furnished of one of Burke's speeches; but within two years that same printer published his celebrated "Letter to the King." The nation had found a champion, and they nobly sustained him.

Lord Russell has successfully defended his ancestor from the attacks of Junius. This is simple justice. Though not above the morality of his day, the Duke of Bedford did not fall below it. He was not guilty in the special matters alleged by Junius. He was probably incapable of the crimes charged upon him. No candid reader of the *Introduction* to this volume will fail to acquit him, whatever estimate may be formed of his patriotism or ability. The *Introduction* itself forms an appropriate comment on the period to which the Letters refer. It is characterized by good sense and clearness of style, and may be read with advantage by the historical student. The noble author is, of course, somewhat partial to the memory of his ancestor. It would have been strange had it been otherwise. His partiality, however, is seen, not so much in any exaggerated estimate of his worth, as in the denunciation of his merciless assailant.

From Tait's Magazine.

CATALINA DE ERAUSO, THE NAUTICO-MILITARY NUN OF SPAIN.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

Why is it that *Adventures* are so generally repulsive to people of meditative minds? It is for the same reason that any other want of law, that any other anarchy, is repulsive. Floating passively from action to action, as a withered leaf surrendered to the breath of winds, the human spirit (out of which comes all grandeur of human motions) is exhibited in mere *Adventures* as either entirely laid asleep, or as acting only by lower organs that regulate the *means*, whilst the *ends* are derived from alien sources, and are imperiously predetermined. It is a case of exception, however, when even amongst such adventures the agent reacts upon his own difficulties and necessities by a temper of extraordinary courage, and a mind of premature decision. Further strength arises to such an exception, if the very moulding accidents of the life, if the very external coercions are themselves unusually romantic. They may thus gain a separate interest of their own. And, lastly, the whole is locked into validity of interest, even for the psychological philosopher, by complete authentication of its truth. In the case now brought before him, the reader must not doubt; for no memoir exists, or personal biography, that is so trebly authenticated by proofs and attestations direct and collateral. From the archives of the Royal Marine at Seville, from the autobiography of the heroine, from contemporary chronicles, and from several official sources scattered in and out of Spain, some of them ecclesiastical, the amplest proofs have been drawn, and may yet be greatly extended, of the extraordinary events here recorded. M. de Ferrer, a Spaniard of much research, and originally incredulous as to the facts, published about seventeen years ago a selection from the leading documents, accompanied by his *palinode* as to their accuracy. His materials have been since used for the basis of more than one narrative, not inaccurate, in French, German, and Spanish journals of high authority. It is seldom the case that French writers err by prolixity. They *have* done so in this case. The present narrative, which contains no sentence derived from any foreign one, has the great advantage of close compression; my own pages, after equating the size, being as 1 to 3 of the shortest continental form. In the mode of narration, I am vain enough to flatter myself that the reader will find little reason to hesitate between us. Mine will, at least, weary nobody; which is more than can be always said for the continental versions.

On a night in the year 1592 (but which night is a secret liable to 365 answers), a Spanish "*son of somebody*,"* in the fortified

* *i. e.*, "Hidalgo."

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town of St. Sebastian, received the disagreeable intelligence from a nurse, that his wife had just presented him with a daughter. No present that the poor misjudging lady could possibly have made him was so entirely useless for any purpose of his. He had three daughters already, which happened to be more by 2+1 than *his* reckoning assumed a reasonable allowance of daughters. A supernumerary son might be stowed away; but daughters in excess were the very nuisance of Spain. He did, therefore, what in such cases every proud and lazy Spanish gentleman was apt to do—he wrapped the new little daughter, odious to his paternal eyes, in a pocket handkerchief; and then, wrapping up his own throat with a good deal more care, off he bolted to the neighboring convent of St. Sebastian; not merely of that city, but also (amongst several convents) the one dedicated to that saint. It is well that in this quarrelsome world we quarrel furiously about tastes; since agreeing too closely about the objects to be liked and appropriated would breed much more fighting than is bred by disagreeing. That little human tadpole, which the old toad of a father would not suffer to stay ten minutes in his house, proved as welcome at the nunnery of St. Sebastian as she was odious elsewhere. The superior of the convent was aunt, by the mother's side, to the new-born stranger. She, therefore, kissed and blessed the little lady. The poor nuns, who were never to have any babies of their own, and were languishing for some amusement, perfectly doated on this prospect of a wee pet. The superior thanked the hidalgo for his very splendid present. The nuns thanked him each and all; until the old crocodile actually began to cry and whimper sentimentally at what he now perceived to be excess of munificence in himself. Munificence, indeed, he remarked, was his foible next after parental tenderness.

What a luxury it is sometimes to a cynic that there go two words to a bargain. In the convent of St. Sebastian all was gratitude; gratitude (as aforesaid) to the hidalgo from all the convent for his present, until, at last, the hidalgo began to express gratitude to *them* for their gratitude to *him*. Then came a rolling fire of thanks to St. Sebastian; from the superior, for sending a future saint; from the nuns, for sending such a love of a plaything; and, finally, from papa, for sending such substantial board and well-bolted lodgings, "from which," said the malicious old fellow, "my pussy will never find her way out to a thorny and dangerous world." Won't she? I suspect, son of somebody, that the next time you see "pussy," which may happen to be also the last, will not be in a convent of any kind. At present, whilst this general rendering of thanks was going on, one person only took no part in them. That person was "pussy," whose little figure lay quietly stretched out in the arms of a smiling young nun, with eyes nearly shut, yet peering a little at the candles. Pussy said nothing. It's of no great use to say much, when all the world is against you. But, if St. Sebastian had enabled her to speak out the whole truth, pussy *would* have said:—"So, Mr. Hidalgo, you have been engaging lodgings for me; lodgings for life. Wait a little. We'll try that question when my claws are grown a little longer."

Disappointment, therefore, was gathering a-head. But for the present there was nothing of the kind. That noble old crocodile, papa, was not in the least disappointed as regarded *his* expectation of having no anxiety to waste, and no money to pay, on account of his youngest daughter. He insisted on his right to forget her; and in a week *had* forgotten her, never to think of her again but once. The lady superior, as regarded *her* demands, was equally content, and through a course of several years; for, as often as she asked pussy if she would be a saint, pussy replied that she would, if saints were allowed plenty of sweetmeats. But least of all were the nuns disappointed. Everything that they had fancied possible in a human plaything fell short of what pussy realized in racketing, racing, and eternal plots against the peace of the elder nuns. No fox ever kept a hen-roost in such alarm as pussy kept the dormitory of the senior sisters; whilst the younger ladies were run off their legs by the eternal wiles, and had their chapel gravity discomposed, even in chapel, by the eternal antics, of this privileged little kitten.

The kitten had long ago received a baptismal name, which was Kitty; that is, Catharine, or Kate, or *Hispanice* Catalina. It was a good name, as it recalled her original name of pussy. And, by the way, she had also an ancient and honorable surname, viz. *De Erauso*, which is to this day a name rooted in Biscay. Her father, the *hidalgo*, was a military officer in the Spanish service, and had little care whether his kitten should turn out a wolf or a lamb, having made over

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the fee simple of his own interest in the little Kate to St. Sebastian, "to have and to hold," so long as Kate should keep her hold of this present life. Kate had no apparent intention to let slip that hold, for she was blooming as a rose-bush in June, tall and strong as a young cedar. Yet, notwithstanding this robust health and the strength of the convent walls, the time was drawing near when St. Sebastian's lease in Kate must, in legal phrase, "determine;" and any *chateaux en Espagne*, that the Saint might have built on the cloistral fidelity of his pet Catalina, must suddenly give way in one hour, like many other vanities in our days of Spanith bonds and promises. After reaching her tenth year, Catalina became thoughtful, and not very docile. At times she was even headstrong and turbulent, so that the gentle sisterhood of St. Sebastian, who had no other pet or plaything in the world, began to weep in secret—fearing that they might have been rearing by mistake some future tigress—for as to infancy, *that*, you know, is playful and innocent even in the cubs of a tigress. But *there* the ladies were going too far. Catalina was impetuous and aspiring, but not cruel. She was gentle, if people would let her be so. But woe to those who took liberties with *her!* A female servant of the convent, in some authority, one day, in passing up the aisle to matins *wilfully* gave Kate a push; and in return, Kate, who never left her debts in arrear, gave the servant for a keep-sake a look which that servant carried with her in fearful remembrance to her grave. It seemed as if Kate had tropic blood in her veins, that continually called her away to the tropics. It was all the fault of that "blue rejoicing sky," of those purple Biscayan mountains, of that tumultuous ocean, which she beheld daily from the nunnery gardens. Or, if only half of it was *their* fault, the other half lay in those golden tales, streaming upwards even into the sanctuaries of convents, like morning mists touched by earliest sunlight, of kingdoms overshadowing a new world which had been founded by her kinsmen with the simple aid of a horse and a lance. The reader is to remember that this is no romance, or at least no fiction, that he is reading; and it is proper to remind the reader of real romances in Ariosto or our own Spenser, that such martial ladies as the *Marfisa*, or *Bradamant* of the first, and *Britomart* of the other, were really not the improbabilities that modern society imagines. Many a stout man, as you will soon see, found that Kate, with a sabre in hand, and well mounted, was but too serious a fact.

The day is come—the evening is come—when our poor Kate, that had for fifteen years been so tenderly rocked in the arms of St. Sebastian and his daughters, and that henceforth shall hardly find a breathing space between eternal storms, must see her peaceful cell, must see the holy chapel, for the last time. It was at vespers, it was during the chanting of the vesper service, that she finally read the secret signal for her departure, which long she had been looking for. It happened that her aunt, the lady Principal, had forgotten her breviary. As this was in a private 'scrutoire, she did not choose to send a servant for it, but gave the key to her niece. The niece, on opening the 'scrutoire, saw, with that rapidity of eye-glance for the one thing needed in any great emergency which ever attended her through life, that *now* was the moment for an attempt which, if neglected, might never return. There lay the total keys, in one massive *trousseau*, of that fortress impregnable even to armies from without. Saint Sebastian! do you see what your pet is going to do? And do it she will, as sure as your name is St. Sebastian. Kate went back to her aunt with the breviary and the key; but taking good care to leave that awful door, on whose hinge revolved her whole life, unlocked. Delivering the two articles to the Superior, she complained of a head-ache—[Ah, Kate! what did *you* know of head-aches, except now and then afterwards from a stray bullet or so?]—upon which her aunt, kissing her forehead, dismissed her to bed. Now, then, through three-fourths of an hour Kate will have free elbow-room for unanchoring her boat, for unshipping her oars, and for pulling ahead right out of St. Sebastian's cove into the main ocean of life.

Catalina, the reader is to understand, does not belong to the class of persons in whom chiefly I pretend to an interest. But everywhere one loves energy and indomitable courage. I, for my part, admire not, by preference, anything that points to this world. It is the child of reverie and profounder sensibility who turns *away* from the world as hateful and insufficient, that engages *my* interest: whereas Catalina was the very model of the class fitted for facing this world, and who express their love to it by fighting with it and kicking it from year to year. But, always what is best in its kind one admires, even though the kind be

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disagreeable. Kate's advantages for her *rôle* in this life lay in four things, viz. in a well-built person, and a particularly strong wrist; 2d, in a heart that nothing could appal; 3d, in a sagacious head, never drawn aside from the *hoc age* [from the instant question of life] by any weakness of imagination; 4th, in a tolerably thick skin, not literally, for she was fair and blooming, and decidedly handsome, having such a skin as became a young woman of family in northernmost Spain. But her sensibilities were obtuse as regarded *some* modes of delicacy, *some* modes of equity, *some* modes of the world's opinion, and *all* modes whatever of personal hardship. Lay a stress on that word *some*—for, as to delicacy, she never lost sight of the kind which peculiarly concerns her sex. Long afterwards she told the Pope himself, when confessing without disguise her sad and infinite wanderings to the paternal old man (and I feel convinced of her veracity) that in this respect, even then, at middle age, she was as pure as is a child. And, as to equity, it was only that she substituted the equity of camps for the polished (but often more iniquitous) equity of courts and towns. As to the third item—the world's opinion—I don't know that you need lay a stress on *some*; for, generally speaking, *all* that the world did, said, or thought, was alike contemptible in her eyes, in which, perhaps, she was not so *very* far wrong. I must add, though at the cost of interrupting the story by two or three more sentences, that Catalina had also a fifth advantage, which sounds humbly, but is really of use in a world, where even to fold and seal a letter adroitly is not the least of accomplishments. She was a *handy* girl. She could turn her hand to anything, of which I will give you two memorable instances. Was there ever a girl in this world but herself that cheated and snapped her hands at that awful Inquisition, which brooded over the convents of Spain, that did this without collusion from outside, trusting to nobody, but to herself, and what? to one needle, two hanks of thread, and a very inferior pair of scissors? For, that the scissors were bad, though Kate does not say so in her memoirs, I know by an *à priori* argument, viz. because *all* scissors were bad in the year 1607. Now, say all decent logicians, from a universal to a particular *valet consequentia*, *all* scissors were bad: *ergo*, *some* scissors were bad. The second instance of her handiness will surprise you even more: She once stood upon a scaffold, under sentence of death (but, understand, on the evidence of false witnesses). Jack Ketch was absolutely tying the knot under her ear, and the shameful man of ropes fumbled so deplorably, that Kate (who by much nautical experience had learned from another sort of "Jack" how a knot *should* be tied in this world), lost all patience with the contemptible artist, told him she was ashamed of him, took the rope out of his hand, and tied the knot irreproachably herself. The crowd saluted her with a festal roll, long and loud, of *vivas*; and this word *viva* of good augury—but stop: let me not anticipate.

From this sketch of Catalina's character, the reader is prepared to understand the decision of her present proceeding. She had no time to lose: the twilight favored her; but she must get under hiding before pursuit commenced. Consequently she lost not one of her 45 minutes in picking and choosing. No *shilly-shally* in Kate. She saw with the eyeball of an eagle what was indispensable. Some little money perhaps to pay the first toll-bar of life: so, out of four shillings in Aunty's purse, she took one. You can't say *that* was exorbitant. Which of us wouldn't subscribe a shilling for poor Katy to put into the first trouser pockets that ever she will wear? I remember even yet, as a personal experience, that when first arrayed, at four years old, in nankeen trousers, though still so far retaining hermaphrodite relations of dress as to wear a petticoat above my trousers, all my female friends (because they pitied me, as one that had suffered from years of ague) filled my pockets with half-crowns, of which I can render no account at this day. But what were my poor pretensions by the side of Kate's? Kate was a fine blooming girl of 15, with no touch of ague, and, before the next sun rises, Kate shall draw on her first trousers, and made by her own hand; and, that she may do so, of all the valuables in Aunty's repository she takes nothing beside the shilling, *quantum sufficit* of thread, one stout needle, and (as I told you before, if you would please to remember things) one bad pair of scissors. Now she was ready; ready to cast off St. Sebastian's towing rope; ready to cut and run for port anywhere. The finishing touch of her preparations was to pick out the proper keys: even there she showed the same discretion. She did no gratuitous mischief. She did not take the wine-cellar

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key, which would have irritated the good father confessor; she took those keys only that belonged to *her*, if ever keys did; for they were the keys that locked her out from her natural birthright of liberty. "Show me," says the Romish Casuist, "her right in law to let herself out of that nunnery." "Show us," we reply, "*your* right to lock her in."

Right or wrong, however, in strict casuistry, Kate was resolved to let herself out; and *did* so; and, for fear any man should creep in whilst vespers lasted, and steal the kitchen grate, she locked her old friends *in*. Then she sought a shelter. The air was not cold. She hurried into a chestnut wood, and upon withered leaves slept till dawn. Spanish diet and youth leave the digestion undisordered, and the slumbers light. When the lark rose, up rose Catalina. No time to lose, for she was still in the dress of a nun, and liable to be arrested by any man in Spain. With her *armed* finger [aye, by the way, I forgot the thimble; but Kate did *not*],—she set to work upon her amply embroidered petticoat. She turned it wrong side out; and with the magic that only female hands possess, she had soon sketched and finished a dashing pair of Wellington trousers. All other changes were made according to the materials she possessed, and quite sufficiently to disguise the two main perils—her sex, and her monastic dedication. What was she to do next? Speaking of Wellington trousers would remind *us*, but could hardly remind *her*, of Vittoria, where she dimly had heard of some maternal relative. To Vittoria, therefore, she bent her course; and, like the Duke of Wellington, but arriving more than two centuries earlier [though *he* too is an early riser], she gained a great victory at that place. She had made a two days' march, baggage far in the rear, and no provisions but wild berries; she depended for anything better, as lightheartedly as the Duke, upon attacking, sword in hand, storming her dear friend's entrenchments, and effecting a lodgment in his breakfast-room, should he happen to have one. This amiable relative, an elderly man, had but one foible, or perhaps one virtue in this world; but *that* he had in perfection,—it was pedantry. On that hint Catalina spoke: she knew by heart, from the services of the convent, a few Latin phrases. Latin!—Oh, but *that* was charming; and in one so young! The grave Don owned the soft impeachment; relented at once, and clasped the hopeful young gentleman in the Wellington trousers to his *uncular* and rather angular breast. In this house the yarn of life was of a mingled quality. The table was good, but that was exactly what Kate cared little about. The amusement was of the worst kind. It consisted chiefly in conjugating Latin verbs, especially such as were obstinately irregular. To show him a withered frost-bitten verb, that wanted its preterite, wanted its supines, wanted, in fact, everything in this world, fruits or blossoms, that make a verb desirable, was to earn the Don's gratitude for life. All day long he was marching and counter-marching his favorite brigades of verbs—verbs frequentative, verbs inceptive, verbs desiderative—horse, foot, and artillery; changing front, advancing from the rear, throwing out skirmishing parties, until Kate, not given to faint, must have thought of such a resource, as once in her life she had thought so seasonably of a vesper head-ache. This was really worse than St. Sebastian's. It reminds one of a French gaiety in Thiebault or some such author, who describes a rustic party, under equal despair, as employing themselves in conjugating the verb *s'ennuyer—Je m'ennuie, tu t'ennuies, il s'ennuit; nous nous ennuyons*, &c.; thence to the imperfect—*Je m'ennuyois, tu t'ennuyois*, &c.; thence to the imperative—*Qu'il s'ennuye*, &c.; and so on through the whole melancholy conjugation. Now, you know, when the time comes that, *nous nous ennuyons*, the best course is, to part. Kate saw *that;* and she walked off from the Don's [of whose amorous passion for defective verbs one would have wished to know the catastrophe], and took from his mantelpiece rather more silver than she had levied on her aunt. But the Don also was a relative; and really he owed her a small cheque on his banker for turning out on his field-days. A man, if he *is* a kinsman, has no right to bore one *gratis*.

From Vittoria Kate was guided by a carrier to Valladolid. Luckily, as it seemed at first, but it made little difference in the end, here, at Valladolid, were the King and his Court. Consequently, there were plenty of regiments and plenty of regimental bands. Attracted by one of these, Catalina was quietly listening to the music, when some street ruffians, in derision of the gay colors and the form of her forest-made costume—[rascals! one would like to have seen what sort of trousers *they* would

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have made with no better scissors!]—began to pelt her with stones. Ah, my friends, of the genus *blackguard*, you little know who it is that you are selecting for experiments. This is the one creature of fifteen in all Spain, be the other male or female, whom nature, and temper, and provocation, have qualified for taking the conceit out of you. This she very soon did, laying open a head or two with a sharp stone, and letting out rather too little than too much of bad Valladolid blood. But mark the constant villany of this world. Certain Alguazils—very like some other Alguazils that I know nearer home—having stood by quietly to see the friendless stranger insulted and assaulted, now felt it their duty to apprehend the poor nun for murderous violence: and had there been such a thing as a treadmill in Valladolid, Kate was booked for a place on it without further inquiry. Luckily, injustice does not *always* prosper. A gallant young cavalier, who had witnessed from his windows the whole affair, had seen the provocation, and admired Catalina's behavior—equally patient at first and bold at last—hastened into the street, pursued the officers, forced them to release their prisoner, upon stating the circumstances of the case, and instantly offered Catalina a situation amongst his retinue. He was a man of birth and fortune; and the place offered, that of an honorary page, not being at all degrading even to a "daughter of somebody," was cheerfully accepted. Here Catalina spent a happy month. She was now splendidly dressed in dark blue velvet, by a tailor that did not work within the gloom of a chestnut forest. She and the young cavalier, Don Francisco de Cardenas, were mutually pleased, and had mutual confidence. All went well—when one evening, but, luckily, not until the sun had been set so long as to make all things indistinct, who should march into the antechamber of the cavalier but that sublime of crocodiles, *Papa*, that we lost sight of fifteen years ago, and shall never see again after this night. He had his crocodile tears all ready for use, in working order, like a good industrious fire-engine. It was absolutely to Catalina herself that he advanced; whom, for many reasons, he could not be supposed to recognise—lapse of years, male attire, twilight, were all against him. Still, she might have the family countenance; and Kate thought he looked with a suspicious scrutiny into her face, as he inquired for the young Don. To avert her own face, to announce him to Don Francisco, to wish him on the shores of that ancient river for crocodiles, the Nile, furnished but one moment's work to the active Catalina. She lingered, however, as her place entitled her to do, at the door of the audience chamber. She guessed, already, but in a moment she *heard* from papa's lips what was the nature of his errand. His daughter Catherine, he informed the Don, had eloped from the convent of St. Sebastian, a place rich in delight. Then he laid open the unparalleled ingratitude of such a step. Oh, the unseen treasure that had been spent upon that girl! Oh, the untold sums of money that he had sunk in that unhappy speculation! The nights of sleeplessness suffered during her infancy! The fifteen years of solicitude thrown away in schemes for her improvement! It would have moved the heart of a stone. The *hidalgo* wept copiously at his own pathos. And to such a height of grandeur had he carried his Spanish sense of the sublime, that he disdained to mention the pocket-handkerchief which he had left at St. Sebastian's fifteen years ago, by way of envelope for "pussy," and which, to the best of pussy's knowledge, was the one sole memorandum of papa ever heard of at St. Sebastian's. Pussy, however, saw no use in revising and correcting the text of papa's remembrances. She showed her usual prudence, and her usual incomparable decision. It did not appear, as yet, that she would be reclaimed, or was at all suspected for the fugitive by her father. For it is an instance of that singular fatality which pursued Catalina through life, that, to her own astonishment (as she now collected from her father's conference), nobody had traced her to Valladolid, nor had her father's visit any connexion with suspicions travelling in that direction. The case was quite different. Strangely enough, her street row had thrown her into the one sole household in all Spain that had an official connexion with St. Sebastian's. That convent had been founded by the young cavalier's family; and, according to the usage of Spain, the young man (as present representative of his house) was the responsible protector of the establishment. It was not to the Don, as harborer of his daughter, but to the Don, as *ex officio* visitor of the convent, that the hidalgo was appealing. Probably Kate might have stayed safely some time longer. Yet, again, this would but have multiplied the clues

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for tracing her; and, finally, she would too probably have been discovered; after which, with all his youthful generosity, the poor Don could not have protected her. Too terrific was the vengeance that awaited an abettor of any fugitive nun; but above all, if such a crime were perpetrated by an official mandatory of the church. Yet, again, so far it was the more hazardous course to abscond, that it almost revealed her to the young Don as the missing daughter. Still, if it really *had* that effect, nothing at present obliged him to pursue her, as might have been the case a few weeks later. Kate argued (I daresay) rightly, as she always did. Her prudence whispered eternally, that safety there was none for her, until she had laid the Atlantic between herself and St. Sebastian's. Life was to be for *her* a Bay of Biscay; and it was odds but she had first embarked upon this billowy life from the literal Bay of Biscay. Chance ordered otherwise. Or, as a Frenchman says with eloquent ingenuity in connexion with this story, "Chance is but the *pseudonyme* of God for those particular cases which he does not subscribe openly with his own sign manual." She crept up stairs to her bed-room. Simple are the travelling preparations of those that, possessing nothing, have no imperials to pack. She had Juvenal's qualification for carolling gaily through a forest full of robbers; for she had nothing to lose but a change of linen, that rode easily enough under her left arm, leaving the right free for answering any questions of impertinent customers. As she crept down stairs, she heard the Crocodile still weeping forth his sorrows to the pensive ear of twilight, and to the sympathetic Don Francisco. Now, it would not have been filial or lady-like for Kate to do what I am going to suggest; but what a pity that some gay brother page had not been there to turn aside into the room, armed with a roasted potatoe, and, taking a sportsman's aim, to have lodged it in the Crocodile's abominable mouth. Yet, what an anachronism! There *were* no roasted potatoes in Spain at that date, and very few in England. But anger drives a man to say anything.

Catalina had seen her last of friends and enemies in Valladolid. Short was her time there; but she had improved it so far as to make a few of both. There was an eye or two in Valladolid that would have glared with malice upon her, had she been seen by *all* eyes in that city, as she tripped through the streets in the dark; and eyes there were that would have softened into tears, had they seen the desolate condition of the child, or in vision had seen the struggles that were before her. But what's the use of wasting tears upon our Kate? Wait till to-morrow morning at sun-rise, and see if she is particularly in need of pity. What now should a young lady do—I propose it as a subject for a prize essay—that finds herself in Valladolid at nightfall, having no letters of introduction, not aware of any reason great or small for preferring any street in general, except so far as she knows of some reason for avoiding one or two streets in particular? The great problem I have stated, Kate investigated as she went along; and she solved it with the accuracy with which she ever applied to *practical* exigencies. Her conclusion was —that the best door to knock at in such a case was the door where there was no need to knock at all, as being unfastened, and open to all comers. For she argued that within such a door there would be nothing to steal, so that, at least, you could not be mistaken in the dark for a thief. Then, as to stealing from *her*, they might do that if they could.

Upon these principles, which hostile critics will endeavor to undermine, she laid her hand upon what seemed a rude stable door. Such it proved. There was an empty cart inside; certainly there was, but you couldn't take *that* away in your pocket; and there were five loads of straw, but then of those a lady could take no more than her *reticule* would carry, which perhaps was allowed by the courtesy of Spain. So Kate was right as to the difficulty of being challenged for a thief. Closing the door as gently as she had opened it, she dropped her person, dressed as she was, upon the nearest heap of straw. Some ten feet further were lying two muleteers, honest and happy enough, as compared with the lords of the bed-chamber, then in Valladolid: but still gross men, carnally deaf from eating garlic and onions, and other horrible substances. Accordingly, they never heard her, nor were aware, until dawn, that such a blooming person existed. But she was aware of *them*, and of their conversation. They were talking of an expedition for America, on the point of sailing under Don Ferdinand de Cordova. It was to sail from some Andalusian port. That was the very thing for *her*. At daylight she woke, and jumped up, needing no more toilet than the

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birds that already were singing in the gardens, or than the two muleteers, who, good honest fellows, saluted the handsome boy kindly—thinking no ill at his making free with *their* straw, though no leave had been asked.

With these philo-garlic men Kate took her departure. The morning was divine; and leaving Valladolid with the transports that befitted such a golden dawn, feeling also already, in the very obscurity of her exit, the pledge of her escape; she cared no longer for the crocodile, or for St. Sebastian, or (in the way of fear) for the protector of St. Sebastian, though of *him* she thought with some tenderness; so deep is the remembrance of kindness mixed with justice. Andalusia she reached rather slow; but many months before she was sixteen years old, and quite in time for the expedition. St. Lucar being the port of rendezvous for the Peruvian expedition, thither she went. All comers were welcome on board the fleet; much more a fine young fellow like Kate. She was at once engaged as a mate; and *her* ship, in particular, after doubling Cape Horn without loss, made the coast of Peru. Paita was the port of her destination. Very near to this port they were, when a storm threw them upon a coral reef. There was little hope of the ship from the first, for she was unmanageable, and was not expected to hold together for twenty-four hours. In this condition, with death before their faces, mark what Kate did; and please to remember it for her benefit, when she does any other little thing that angers you. The crew lowered the long-boat. Vainly the captain protested against this disloyal desertion of a king's ship, which might yet perhaps be run on shore, so as to save the stores. All the crew, to a man, deserted the captain. You may say *that* literally; for the single exception was *not* a man, being our bold-hearted Kate. She was the only sailor that refused to leave her captain, or the king of Spain's ship. The rest pulled away for the shore, and with fair hopes of reaching it. But one half hour told another tale: just about that time came a broad sheet of lightning, which, through the darkness of evening, revealed the boat in the very act of mounting like a horse upon an inner reef, instantly filling, and throwing out the crew, every man of whom disappeared amongst the breakers. The night which succeeded was gloomy for both the representatives of his Catholic Majesty. It cannot be denied by the greatest of philosophers, that the muleteer's stable at Valladolid was worth twenty such ships, though the stable was *not* insured against fire, and the ship *was* insured against the sea and the wind by some fellow that thought very little of his engagements. But what's the use of sitting down to cry? That was never any trick of Catalina's. By day-break, she was at work with an axe in her hand. I knew it, before ever I came to this place, in her memoirs. I felt, as sure as if I had read it, that, when day broke, we should find Kate hard at work. Thimble or axe, trowsers or raft, all one to *her*. The Captain, though true to his duty, seems to have desponded. He gave no help towards the raft. Signs were speaking, however, pretty loudly that he must do something; for notice to quit was now served pretty liberally. Kate's raft was ready; and she encouraged the captain to think that it would give both of them something to hold by in swimming, if not even carry double. At this moment, when all was waiting for a start, and the ship itself was waiting for a final lurch, to say *Good-bye* to the King of Spain, Kate went and did a thing which some misjudging people will object to. She knew of a box laden with gold coins, reputed to be the King of Spain's, and meant for contingencies in the voyage out. This she smashed open with her axe, and took a sum equal to 100 guineas English; which, having well secured in a pillow-case, she then lashed firmly to the raft. Now this, you know, though not "*flotsom*," because it would not float, was certainly, by maritime law, "*jetsom*." It would be the idlest of scruples to fancy that the sea or a shark had a better right to it than a philosopher, or a splendid girl who showed herself capable of writing a very fair 8vo., to say nothing of her decapitating in battle several of the king's enemies, and recovering the king's banner. No sane moralist would hesitate to do the same thing under the same circumstances, on board an English vessel, though the First Lord of the Admiralty should be looking on. The raft was now thrown into the sea. Kate jumped after it, and then entreated the captain to follow her. He attempted it; but, wanting her youthful agility, he struck his head against a spar, and sank like lead, giving notice below that his ship was coming. Kate mounted the raft, and was gradually washed ashore, but so exhausted, as to have lost all recollection. She lay for hours until the warmth

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of the sun revived her. On sitting up, she saw a desolate shore stretching both ways —nothing to eat, nothing to drink, but fortunately the raft and the money had been thrown near her; none of the lashings having given way—only what is the use of a guinea amongst tangle and seagulls? The money was distributed amongst her pockets, and she soon found strength to rise and march forward. But which *was* forward? and which was backward? She knew by the conversation of the sailors that Paita must be in the neighborhood; and Paita, being a port, could not be in the inside of Peru, but, of course, somewhere on its outside—and the outside of a maritime land must be the shore; so that, if she kept the shore, and went far enough, she could not fail of hitting her foot against Paita at last, in the very darkest night, provided only she could first find out which was *up* and which was *down*; else she might walk her shoes off, and find herself six thousand miles in the wrong. Here was an awkward case, all for want of a guide post. Still, when one thinks of Kate's prosperous horoscope, that after so long a voyage, *she* only, out of the total crew, was thrown on the American shore, with one hundred and five pounds in her purse of clear gain on the voyage, a conviction arises that she *could* not guess wrongly. She might have tossed up, having coins in her pocket, *heads or tails?* but this kind of sortilege was then coming to be thought irreligious in Christendom, as a Jewish and a Heathen mode of questioning the dark future. She simply guessed, therefore; and very soon a thing happened which, though adding nothing to strengthen her guess as a true one, did much to sweeten it if it should prove a false one. On turning a point on the shore, she came upon a barrel of biscuit washed ashore from the ship. Biscuit is about the best thing I know, but it is the soonest spoiled; one would like to hear counsel on one puzzling point, why it is that a touch of water utterly ruins it, taking its life, and leaving a *caput mortuum* corpse! upon this *caput* Kate breakfasted, though *her* case was worse than mine; for any water that ever plagued *me* was always fresh; now *hers* was a present from the Pacific ocean. She, that was always prudent, packed up some of the Catholic king's biscuit, as she had previously packed up far too little of his gold. But in such cases a most delicate question occurs, pressing equally on medicine and algebra. It is this: if you pack up too much, then, by this extra burden of salt provisions, you may retard for days your arrival at fresh provisions; on the other hand, if you pack up too little, you may never arrive at all. Catalina hit the *juste milieu;* and about twilight on the second day, she found herself entering Paita, without having had to swim any river in her walk.

The first thing, in such a case of distress, which a young lady does, even if she happens to be a young gentleman, is to beautify her dress. Kate always attended to *that*, as we know, having overlooked her in the chestnut wood. The man she sent for was not properly a tailor, but one who employed tailors, he himself furnishing the materials. His name was Urquiza, a fact of very little importance to us in 1847, if it had stood only at the head and foot of Kate's little account. But unhappily for Kate's *début* on this vast American stage, the case was otherwise. Mr. Urquiza had the misfortune (equally common in the old world and the new) of being a knave; and also a showy specious knave. Kate, who had prospered under sea allowances of biscuit and hardship, was now expanding in proportions. With very little vanity or consciousness on that head, she now displayed a really fine person; and, when drest anew in the way that became a young officer in the Spanish service, she looked* the representative picture of a Spanish *caballador*. It is strange that such an appearance, and such a rank, should have suggested to Urquiza the presumptuous idea of wishing that Kate might become his clerk. He *did*, however, wish it; for Kate wrote a beautiful hand; and a stranger thing is, that Kate accepted his proposal. This might arise from the difficulty of moving in those days to any distance in Peru. The ship had been merely bringing stores to the station of Paita; and no corps of the

* "*She looked*," &c. If ever the reader should visit Aix-la-Chapelle, he will probably feel interest enough in the poor, wild, impassioned girl, to look out for a picture of her in that city, and the only one known *certainly* to be authentic. It is in the collection of Mr. Sempaler. For some time it was supposed that the best (if not the only) portrait of her lurked somewhere in Italy. Since the discovery of the picture at Aix-la-Chapelle, that notion has been abandoned. But there is great reason to believe that, both in Madrid and Rome, many portraits of her must have been painted to meet the intense interest which arose in her history subsequently amongst all the men of rank, military or ecclesiastical, whether in Italy or Spain. The date of these would range between sixteen and twenty-two years from the period which we have now reached (1608.)

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royal armies was readily to be reached, whilst something must be done for a livelihood. Urquiza had two mercantile establishments, one at Trujillo, to which he repaired in person, on Kate's agreeing to undertake the management of the other in Paita. Like the sensible girl that we have always found her, she demanded specific instructions for her guidance in duties so new. Certainly she was in a fair way for seeing life. Telling her beads at St. Sebastian's, manœuvring irregular verbs at Vittoria, acting as gentleman usher at Valladolid, serving his Spanish majesty round Cape Horn, fighting with storms and sharks off the coast of Peru, and now commencing as book-keeper or *commis* to a draper at Paita, does she not justify the character that I myself gave her, just before dismissing her from St. Sebastian's, of being a "handy" girl? Mr. Urquiza's instructions were short, easy to be understood, but rather comic; and yet, which is odd, they led to tragic results. There were two debtors to his shop (*many*, it is to be hoped, but two meriting his affectionate notice), with respect to whom he left the most opposite directions. The one was a very handsome lady; and the rule as to *her* was, that she was to have credit unlimited, strictly unlimited. That was plain. The other customer, favored by Mr. Urquiza's valedictory thoughts, was a young man, cousin to the handsome lady and bearing the name of Reyes. This youth occupied in Mr. Urquiza's estimate the same hyperbolical rank as the handsome lady, but on the opposite side of the equation. The rule as to *him* was—that he was to have *no* credit; strictly none. In this case, also, Kate saw no difficulty; and when she came to know Mr. Reyes a little, she found the path of pleasure coinciding with the path of duty. Mr. Urquiza could not be more precise in laying down the rule than Kate was in enforcing it. But in the other case a scruple arose. *Unlimited* might be a word, not of Spanish law, but of Spanish rhetoric; such as "*Live a thousand years*," which even annuity offices hear, and perhaps utter, without a pang. Kate, therefore, wrote to Trujillo, expressing her honest fears, and desiring to have more definite instructions. These were positive. If the lady chose to send for the entire shop, her account was to be debited instantly with *that*. She had, however, as yet, not sent for the shop, but she began to manifest strong signs of sending for the shop*man*. Upon the blooming young Biscayan had her roving eye settled; and she was in course of making up her mind to take Kate for a sweetheart. Poor Kate saw this with a heavy heart. And, at the same time that she had a prospect of a tender friend more than she wanted, she had become certain of an extra enemy that she wanted quite as little. What she had done to offend Mr. Reyes, Kate could not guess, except as to the matter of the credit: but then, in that, she only executed her instructions. Still Mr. Reyes was of opinion that there were two ways of executing orders: but the main offence was unintentional on Kate's part. Reyes, though as yet she did not know it, had himself been a candidate for the situation of clerk; and intended probably to keep the equation precisely as it was with respect to the allowance of credit, only to change places with the handsome lady—keeping *her* on the negative side, himself on the affirmative—an arrangement that you know could have made no sort of pecuniary difference to Urquiza.

Thus stood matters, when a party of strolling players strolled into Paita. Kate, as a Spaniard, being held one of the Paita aristocracy, was expected to attend. She did so; and there also was the malignant Reyes. He came and seated himself purposely so as to shut out Kate from all view of the stage. She, who had nothing of the bully in her nature, and was a gentle creature when her wild Biscayan blood had not been kindled by insult, courteously requested him to move a little; upon which Reyes remarked that it was not in his power to oblige the clerk as to that, but he *could* oblige him by cutting his throat. The tiger that slept in Catalina wakened at once. She seized him, and would have executed vengeance on the spot, but that a party of young men interposed to part them. The next day, when Kate (always ready to forget and forgive) was thinking no more of the row, Reyes passed; by spitting at the window, and other gestures insulting to Kate, again he aroused her Spanish blood. Out she rushed, sword in hand—a duel began in the street, and very soon Kate's sword had passed into the heart of Reyes. Now that the mischief was done, the police were, as usual, all alive for the pleasure of avenging it. Kate found herself suddenly in a strong prison, and with small hopes of leaving it, except for execution. The relations of the dead man were potent in Paita, and clamorous for justice, so that the *corrégidor*, in a case

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where he saw a very poor chance of being corrupted by bribes, felt it his duty to be sublimely incorruptible. The reader knows, however, that, amongst the relatives of the deceased bully, was that handsome lady, who differed as much from her cousin in her sentiments as to Kate, as she did in the extent of her credit with Mr. Urquiza. To *her* Kate wrote a note; and, using one of the Spanish King's gold coins for bribing the jailor, got it safely delivered. That, perhaps, was unnecessary; for the lady had been already on the alert, and had summoned Urquiza from Trujillo. By some means, not very luminously stated, and by paying proper fees in proper quarters, Kate was smuggled out of prison at nightfall, and smuggled into a pretty house in the suburbs. Had she known exactly the footing she stood on as to the law, she would have been decided. As it was, she was uneasy, and jealous of mischief abroad; and, before supper, she understood it all. Urquiza briefly informed his clerk, that it would be requisite for him to marry the handsome lady. But why? Because, said Urquiza, after talking for hours with the *corrégidor*, who was infamous for obstinacy, he had found it impossible to make him "hear reason," and release the prisoner, until this compromise of marriage was suggested. But how could public justice be pacified for the clerk's unfortunate homicide of Reyes, by a female cousin of the deceased man engaging to love, honor, and obey the clerk for life? Kate could not see her way through this logic. "Nonsense, my friend," said Urquiza, "you don't comprehend. As it stands, the affair is a murder, and hanging the penalty. But, if you marry into the murdered man's house, then it becomes a little family murder, all quiet and comfortable amongst ourselves. What was the *corrégidor* to do with that? or the public either? Now let me introduce the bride." Supper entered at that moment, and the bride immediately after. The thoughtfulness of Kate was narrowly observed, and even alluded to, but politely ascribed to the natural anxieties of a prisoner, and the very imperfect state of liberation even yet from prison *surveillance*. Kate had, indeed, never been in so trying a situation before. The anxieties of the farewell night at St. Sebastian were nothing to this; because, even if she had failed *then*, a failure might not have been always irreparable. It was but to watch and wait. But now, at this supper table, she was not more alive to the nature of the peril than she was to the fact, that if, before the night closed, she did not by some means escape from it, she never *would* escape with life. The deception as to her sex, though resting on no motive that pointed to these people, or at all concerned them, would be resented as if it had. The lady would resent the case as a mockery; and Urquiza would lose his opportunity of delivering himself from an imperious mistress. According to the usages of the times and country, Kate knew that in twelve hours she would be assassinated.

People of infirmer resolution would have lingered at the supper-table, for the sake of putting off the evil moment of final crisis. Not so Kate. She had revolved the case on all its sides in a few minutes, and had formed her resolution. This done, she was as ready for the trial at one moment as another; and, when the lady suggested that the hardships of a prison must have made repose desirable, Kate assented, and instantly rose. A sort of procession formed, for the purpose of doing honor to the interesting guest, and escorting him in pomp to his bed-room. Kate viewed it in much the same light as the procession to which for some days she had been expecting an invitation from the *corrégidor*. Far ahead ran the servant-woman as a sort of outrider. Then came Urquiza, like a Pasha of two tails, who granted two sorts of credit, viz. unlimited and none at all, bearing two wax-lights, one in each hand, and wanting only cymbals and kettle drums to express emphatically the pathos of his Castillian strut. Next came the bride, a little in advance of the clerk, but still turning obliquely towards him, and smiling graciously into his face. Lastly, bringing up the rear, came the prisoner—our Kate—the nun, the page, the mate, the clerk, the homicide, the convict; and, for this day only, by particular desire, the bridegroom elect.

It was Kate's fixed opinion, that, if for a moment she entered any bed-room, having obviously no outlet, her fate would be that of an ox once driven within the shambles. Outside, the bullock might make some defence with his horns; but once in, with no space for turning, he is muffled and gagged. She carried her eye, therefore, like a hawk's, steady, though restless, for vigilant examination of every angle she turned. Before she entered any bed-room, she was resolved to reconnoitre it from the doorway, and, in case of necessity, show fight at once, before entering, as the best chance, after all, where all chances were bad. Everything

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ends; and at last the procession reached the bed-room door, the outrider having filed off to the rear. One glance sufficed to satisfy Kate that windows there were none, and, therefore, no outlet for escape. Treachery appeared even in *that;* and Kate, though unfortunately without arms, was now fixed for resistance. Mr. Urquiza entered first, "Sound the trumpets! Beat the drums!" There were, as we know already, no windows; but a slight interruption to Mr. Urquiza's pompous tread showed that there were steps downwards into the room. Those, thought Kate, will suit me even better. She had watched the unlocking of the bed-room door—she had lost nothing, she had marked that the key was left in the lock. At this moment, the beautiful lady, as one acquainted with the details of the house, turning with the air of a gracious monitress, held out her fair hand to guide Kate in careful descent of the steps. This had the air of taking out Kate to dance; and Kate, at that same moment, answering to it by the gesture of a modern waltzer, threw her arm behind the lady's waist, hurled her headlong down the steps right against Mr. Urquiza, draper and haberdasher; and then, with the speed of lightning, throwing the door *home* within its architrave, doubly locked the creditor and debtor into the rat-trap which they had prepared for herself.

The affrighted out-rider fled with horror: she already knew that the clerk had committed one homicide; a second would cost him still less thought; and thus it happened that egress was left easy. But, when out and free once more in the bright starry night, which way should Kate turn? The whole city would prove but a rat-trap for her, as bad as Mr. Urquiza's, if she was not off before morning. At a glance she comprehended that the sea was her only chance. To the port she fled. All was silent. Watchmen there were none. She jumped into a boat. To use the oars was dangerous, for she had no means of muffling them. But she contrived to hoist a sail, pushed off with a boat hook, and was soon stretching across the water for the mouth of the harbor before a breeze light but favorable. Having cleared the difficulties of exit she lay down, and unintentionally fell asleep. When she awoke the sun had been up for three or four hours; all was right otherwise; but had she not served as a sailor, Kate would have trembled upon finding that, during her long sleep of perhaps seven or eight hours, she had lost sight of land; by what distance she could only guess; and in what direction, was to some degree doubtful. All this, however, seemed a great advantage to the bold girl, throwing her thoughts back on the enemies she had left behind. The disadvantage was, having no breakfast, not even damaged biscuit; and some anxiety naturally arose as to ulterior prospects a little beyond the horizon of breakfast. But who's afraid? As sailors whistle for a wind, Catalina really had but to whistle for anything with energy, and it was sure to come. Like Cæsar to the pilot of Dyrrhachium, she might have said, for the comfort of her poor timorous boat (though destined soon to perish), "*Catalinam vehis, et fortunas ejus.*" Meantime, being very doubtful as to the best course for sailing, and content if her course did but lie off shore, she "carried on," as sailors say, under easy sail, going, in fact, just whither and just how the Pacific breezes suggested in the gentlest of whispers. *All right behind*, was Kate's opinion; and, what was better, very soon she might say, *all right ahead:* for some hour or two before sunset, when dinner was for once becoming, even to Kate, the most interesting of subjects for meditation, suddenly a large ship began to swell upon the brilliant atmosphere. In those latitudes, and in those years, any ship was pretty sure to be Spanish: sixty years later the odds were in favor of its being an English buccaneer; which would have given a new direction to Kate's energy. Kate continued to make signals with a handkerchief whiter than the crocodile's of Ann. Dom., 1502, else it would hardly have been noticed. Perhaps, after all, it would not, but that the ship's course carried her very nearly across Kate's. The stranger lay-to for her. It was dark by the time Kate steered herself under the ship's quarter; and *then* was seen an instance of this girl's eternal wakefulness. Something was painted on the stern of her boat, she could not see *what;* but she judged that it would express some connexion with the port that she had just quitted. Now it was her wish to break the chain of traces connecting her with such a scamp as Urquiza; since else, through his commercial correspondence, he might disperse over Peru a portrait of herself by no means flattering. How should she accomplish this? It was dark; and she stood, as you may see an Etonian do at times, rocking her little boat from side to

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side, until it had taken in water as much as might be agreeable. Too much it proved for the boat's constitution, and the boat perished of dropsy, Kate declining to tap it. She got a ducking herself; but what cared she? Up the ship's side she went, as gaily as ever, in those years when she was called pussy, she had raced after the nuns of St. Sebastian; jumped upon deck, and told the first-lieutenant, when he questioned her about her adventures, quite as much truth as any man, under the rank of admiral, had a right to expect.

This ship was full of recruits for the Spanish army, and bound to Conception. Even in that destiny was an iteration, or repeating memorial of the significance that ran through Catalina's most casual adventures. She had enlisted amongst the soldiers; and, on reaching port, the very first person who came off from shore was a dashing young military officer, whom at once by his name and rank (though she had never consciously seen him), she identified as her own brother. He was splendidly situated in the service, being the Governor-General's secretary, besides his rank as a cavalry officer; and his errand on board being to inspect the recruits, naturally, on reading in the roll one of them described as a Biscayan, the ardent young man came up with high-bred courtesy to Catalina, took the young recruit's hand with kindness, feeling that to be a compatriot at so great a distance was to be a sort of relative, and asked with emotion after old boyish remembrances. There was a sort of scriptural pathos in what followed, as if it were some scene of domestic re-union, opening itself from patriarchal ages. The young officer was the eldest son of the house, and had left Spain when Catalina was only three years old. But, singularly enough, Catalina it was, the little wild cat, that he yet remembered seeing at St. Sebastian's, upon whom his earliest inquiries settled. "Did the recruit know his family, the De Erausos?" Oh, yes; everybody knew them. "Did the recruit know little Catalina?" Catalina smiled, as she replied that she did; and gave such an animated description of the little fiery wretch, as made the officer's eyes flash with gratified tenderness, and with certainty that the recruit was no counterfeit Biscayan. Indeed, you know, if Kate couldn't give a good description of "Pussy," who could? The issue of the interview was—that the officer insisted on Kate's making a home of his quarters. He did other services for his unknown sister. He placed her as a trooper in his own regiment, and favored her in many a way that is open to one having authority. But the person, after all, that did most to serve our Kate, was Kate. War was then raging with Indians, from both Chili and Peru. Kate had always done her duty in action; but at length, in the decisive battle of Puren, there was an opening for doing somethink more. Havock had been made of her own squadron; most of the officers were killed, and the standard was carried off. Kate gathered around her a small party—galloped after the Indian column that was carrying away the trophy—charged—saw all her own party killed—but (in spite of wounds on her face and shoulders) succeeded in bearing away the recovered standard. She rode up to the general and his staff; she dismounted; she rendered up the prize; and fainted away, much less from the blinding blood, than from the tears of joy which dimmed her eyes, as the general, waving his sword in admiration over her head, pronounced our Kate on the spot an *Alférez*,* or standard-bearer, with a commission from the King of Spain and the Indies. Bonny Kate! Noble Kate! I would there were not two centuries laid between us, so that I might have the pleasure of kissing thy fair hand.

Kate had the good sense to see the danger of revealing her sex, or her relationship, even to her own brother. The grasp of the Church never relaxed, never "prescribed," unless freely and by choice. The nun, if discovered, would have been taken out of the horse-barracks, or the dragoon-saddle. She had the firmness, therefore, for many years, to resist the sisterly impulses that sometimes suggested such a confidence. For years, and those years the most important of her life—the years that developed her character—she lived undetected as a brilliant cavalry officer under her brother's patronage. And the bitterest grief in poor Kate's whole life, was the tragical (and, were it not fully attested, one might say the ultra-scenical) event that dissolved their long connexion. Let me spend a word of apology on poor Kate's errors. We all commit many; both you and I, reader. No, stop; that's not civil. You, reader, I know, are a saint; I am not, though very near it. I do err at long in-

* *Alférez.* This rank in the Spanish army is, or was, on a level with the modern *sous-lieutenant* of France.

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tervals; and then I think with indulgence of the many circumstances that plead for this poor girl. The Spanish armies of that day inherited, from the days of Cortez and Pizarro, shining remembrances of martial prowess, and the very worst of ethics. To think little of bloodshed, to quarrel, to fight, to gamble, to plunder, belonged to the very atmosphere of a camp, to its indolence, to its ancient traditions. In your own defence, you were obliged to do such things. Besides all these grounds of evil, the Spanish army had just then an extra demoralization from a war with savages—faithless and bloody. Do not think, I beseech you, too much, reader, of killing a man. That word "kill" is sprinkled over every page of Kate's own autobiography. It ought not to be read by the light of these days. Yet, how if a man that she killed were ———? Hush! It was sad; but it is better hurried over in a few words. Years after this period, a young officer one day dining with Kate, entreated her to become his second in a duel. Such things were every-day affairs. However, Kate had reasons for declining the service, and did so. But the officer, as he was sullenly departing, said—that, if he were killed (as he thought he should be), his death would lie at Kate's door. I do not take his view of the case, and am not moved by his rhetoric or his logic. Kate was, and relented. The duel was fixed for eleven at night, under the walls of a monastery. Unhappily the night proved unusually dark, so that the two principals had to tie white handkerchiefs round their elbows in order to descry each other. In the confusion they wounded each other mortally. Upon that, according to a usage not peculiar to Spaniards, but extending (as doubtless the reader knows) for a century longer to our own countrymen, the two seconds were obliged in honor to do something towards avenging their principals. Kate had her usual fatal luck. Her sword passed sheer through the body of her opponent: this unknown opponent falling dead, had just breath left to cry out, "Ah, villain, you have killed me," in a voice of horrific reproach; and the voice was the voice of her brother.

The monks of the monastery, under whose shadows this murderous duel had taken place, roused by the clashing of swords and the angry shouts of combatants, issued out with torches to find one only of the four officers surviving. Every convent and altar had a right of asylum for a short period. According to the custom, the monks carried Kate, insensible with anguish of mind, to the sanctuary of their chapel. There for some days they detained her; but then, having furnished her with a horse and some provisions, they turned her adrift. Which way should the unhappy fugitive turn? In blindness of heart, she turned towards the sea. It was the sea that had brought her to Peru; it was the sea that would perhaps carry her away. It was the sea that had first showed her this land and its golden hopes; it was the sea that ought to hide from her its fearful remembrances. The sea it was that had twice spared her life in extremities; the sea it was that might now, if it chose, take back the bauble that it had spared in vain.

KATE'S PASSAGE OVER THE ANDES.

Three days our poor heroine followed the coast. Her horse was then almost unable to move; and, on his account, she turned inland to a thicket for grass and shelter. As she drew near to it, a voice challenged—"*Who goes there?*" Kate answered, "*Spain.*" "*What people?*" "*A friend.*" It was two soldiers, deserters, and almost starving. Kate shared her provisions with these men: and, on hearing their plan, which was to go over the Cordilleras, she agreed to join the party. Their object was the wild one of seeking the river Dorado, whose waters rolled along golden sands, and whose pebbles were emeralds. Hers was to throw herself upon a line the least liable to pursuit, and the readiest for a new chapter of life in which oblivion might be found for the past. After a few days of incessant climbing and fatigue, they found themselves in the regions of perpetual snow. Summer would come as vainly to this kingdom of frost as to the grave of her brother. No fire, but the fire of human blood in youthful veins, could ever be kept burning in these aerial solitudes. Fuel was rarely to be found, and kindling a secret hardly known except to Indians. However, our Kate can do everything, and she's the girl, if ever girl did such a thing, or ever did not such a thing, that I back at any odds for crossing the Cordilleras. I would bet you something now, reader, if I thought you would deposit your stakes by return of post (as they play at chess through the post office), that Kate does the trick, that she gets down to the other side: that the soldiers do not: and that the horse, if

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preserved at all, is preserved in a way that will leave him very little to boast of.

The party had gathered wild berries and esculent roots at the foot of the mountains, and the horse was of very great use in carrying them. But this larder was soon emptied. There was nothing then to carry; so that the horse's value, as a beast of burden, fell cent. per cent. In fact, very soon he could not carry himself, and it became easy to calculate when he would reach the bottom on the wrong side of the Cordilleras. He took three steps back for one upwards. A council of war being held, the small army resolved to slaughter their horse. He, though a member of the expedition, had no vote, and if he had the votes would have stood three to one—majority, two against him. He was cut into quarters; which surprises me; for, unless one quarter was considered his own share, it reminds one too much of this amongst the many *facetiæ* of English midshipmen, who ask (on any one of their number looking sulky) "if it is his intention to marry and retire from the service upon a superannuation of £4 4s. 4 1-2d. a year, paid quarterly by way of bothering the purser." The purser can't do it with the help of farthings. And, as respects aliquot parts, four shares among three persons are as incommensurable as a guinea is against any attempt at giving change in half-crowns. However, this was all the preservation that the horse found. No saltpetre or sugar could be had: but the frost was antiseptic. And the horse was preserved in as useful a sense as ever apricots were preserved or strawberries.

On a fire, painfully devised out of broom and withered leaves, a horse-steak was dressed; for drink, snow was allowed *à discretion*. This ought to have revived the party, and Kate, perhaps, it did. But the poor deserters were thinly clad, and they had not the boiling heart of Catalina. More and more they drooped. Kate did her best to cheer them. But the march was nearly at an end for them, and they were going in one half hour to receive their last billet. Yet, before this consummation, they have a strange spectacle to see; such as few places could show, but the upper chambers of the Cordilleras. They had reached a billowy scene of rocky masses, large and small, looking shockingly black on their perpendicular sides as they rose out of the vast snowy expanse. Upon the highest of these, that was accessible, Kate mounted to look around her, and she saw —oh, rapture at such an hour!—a man sitting on a shelf of rock with a gun by his side. She shouted with joy to her comrades, and ran down to communicate the joyful news. Here was a sportsman, watching, perhaps, for an eagle; and now they would have relief. One man's cheek kindled with the hectic of sudden joy, and he rose eagerly to march. The other was fast sinking under the fatal sleep that frost sends before herself as her merciful minister of death; but hearing in his dream the tidings of relief, and assisted by his friends, he also staggeringly arose. It could not be three minutes' walk, Kate thought, to the station of the sportsman. That thought supported them all. Under Kate's guidance, who had taken a sailor's glance at the bearings, they soon unthreaded the labyrinth of rocks so far as to bring the man within view. He had not left his resting-place; their steps on the soundless snow, naturally, he could not hear; and, as their road brought them upon him from the rear, still less could he see them. Kate hailed him; but so keenly was he absorbed in some speculation, or in the object of his watching, that he took no notice of them, not even moving his head. Kate began to think there would be another man to rouse from sleep. Coming close behind him she touched his shoulder and said, "My friend, are you sleeping?" Yes, he was sleeping; sleeping the sleep from which there is no awaking; and the slight touch of Kate having disturbed the equilibrium of the corpse, down it rolled on the snow; the frozen body rang like a hollow iron cylinder; the face uppermost and blue with mould, mouth open, teeth ghastly and bleaching in the frost, and a frightful grin upon the lips. This dreadful spectacle finished the struggles of the weaker man, who sank and died at once. The other made an effort with so much spirit, that, in Kate's opinion, horror had acted upon him beneficially as a stimulant. But it was not really so. It was a spasm of morbid strength; a collapse succeeded; his blood began to freeze; he sat down in spite of Kate, and he also died without further struggle. Gone are the poor suffering deserters; stretched and bleaching upon the snow; and insulted discipline is avenged. Great kings have long arms; and sycophants are ever at hand for the errand of the potent. What had frost and snow to do with the quarrel? Yet they made

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themselves sycophantic servants of the King of Spain; and they dogged his deserters up to the summit of the Cordilleras, more surely than any Spanish bloodhound, or any Spanish tirailleur's bullet.

Now is our Kate standing alone on the summit of the Andes, in solitude that is shocking, for she is alone with her own afflicted conscience. Twice before she had stood in solitude as deep upon the wild—wild waters of the Pacific; but her conscience had been then untroubled. Now is there nobody left that can help: her horse is dead—the soldiers are dead. There is nobody that she can speak to except God; and very soon you will find that she does speak to him; for already on these vast aerial deserts He has been whispering to her. The condition of Kate is exactly that of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." But possibly, reader, you may be amongst the many careless readers that have never fully understood what that condition was. Suffer me to enlighten you, else you ruin the story of the mariner; and by losing all its pathos, lose half the jewels of its beauty.

There are three readers of the "Ancient Mariner." The first is gross enough to fancy all the imagery of the mariner's visions delivered by the poet for actual facts of experience; which being impossible, the whole pulverises, for that reader, into a baseless fairy tale. The second reader is wiser than that; he knows that the imagery is *not* baseless; it is the imagery of febrile delirium; really seen, but not seen as an external reality. The mariner had caught the pestilential fever, which carried off all his mates; he only had survived—the delirium had vanished; but the visions that had haunted the delirium remained. "Yes," says the third reader, "they remained; naturally they did, being scorched by fever into his brain; but how did they happen to remain on his belief as gospel truths? The delirium had vanished; why had not the painted scenery of the delirium vanished, except as visionary memorials of a sorrow that was cancelled? Why was it that craziness settled upon this mariner's brain, driving him, as if he were a Cain, or another Wandering Jew, to "pass like night—from land to land;" and, at uncertain intervals, wrenching him until he made rehearsal of his errors, even at the hard price of "holding children from their play, and old men from the chimney corner?"* That craziness, as the third reader deciphers, rose out of a deeper soil than any bodily affection. It had its root in penitential sorrow. Oh, bitter is the sorrow to a conscientious heart, when, too late, it discovers the depth of a love that has been trampled under foot! This mariner had slain the creature that, on all the earth, loved him best. In the darkness of his cruel superstition he had done it, to save his human brothers from a fancied inconvenience; and yet, by that very act of cruelty, he had himself called destruction upon their heads. The Nemesis that followed punished him through them—him, that wronged, through those that wrongfully he sought to benefit. That spirit who watches over the sanctities of love is a strong angel—is a jealous angel; and this angel it was

> "That lov'd the bird, that lov'd the man,
> That shot him with his bow."

He it was that followed the cruel archer into silent and slumbering seas:—

> "Nine fathom deep he had follow'd him
> Through the realms of mist and snow."

This jealous angel it was that pursued the man into noon-day darkness, and the vision of dying oceans, into delirium, and finally (when recovered from disease), into an unsettled mind.

Such, also, had been the offence of Kate; such, also, was the punishment that now is dogging her steps. She, like the mariner, had slain the one sole creature that loved her upon the whole wide earth; she, like the mariner, for this offence, had been hunted into frost and snow—very soon will be hunted into delirium; and from that (if she escapes with life) will be hunted into the trouble of a heart that cannot rest. There was the excuse of one darkness for her; there was the excuse of another darkness for the mariner. But, with all the excuses that earth, and the darkness of earth, can furnish, bitter it would be for you or me, reader, through every hour of life, waking or dreaming, to look back upon one fatal moment when we had pierced the heart that would have died for us. In this only the darkness had been merciful to Kate—that it had hidden for ever from her victim the hand that slew him. But now

* The beautiful words of Sir Philip Sydney, in his "*Defence of Poesie.*"

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in such utter solitude, her thoughts ran back to their earliest interview. She remembered with anguish, how, on first touching the shores of America, almost the very first word that met her ear had been from him, the brother whom she had killed, about the "Pussy" of times long past; how the gallant young man had hung upon her words, as in her native Basque she described her own mischievous little self, of twelve years back; how his color went and came, whilst his loving memory of the little sister was revived by her own descriptive traits, giving back, as in a mirror, the fawn-like grace, the squirrel-like restlessness, that once had kindled his own delighted laughter; how he would take no denial, but showed on the spot, that, simply to have touched—to have kissed—to have played with the little wild thing, that glorified, by her innocence, the gloom of St. Sebastian's cloisters, gave a right to his hospitality; how, through him only, she had found a welcome in camps; how, through him, she had found the avenue to honor and distinction. And yet this brother, so loving and generous, it was that she had dismissed from life. She paused; she turned round, as if looking back for his grave; she saw the dreadful wildernesses of snow which already she had traversed. Silent they were at this season, even as in the panting heats of noon, the Zaarahs of the torrid zone are oftentimes silent. Dreadful was the silence; it was the nearest thing to the silence of the grave. Graves were at the foot of the Andes, that she knew too well; graves were at the summit of the Andes, that she saw too well. And, as she gazed, a sudden thought flashed upon her, when her eyes settled upon the corpses of the poor deserters—could she, like them, have been all this while unconsciously executing judgment upon herself? Running from a wrath that was doubtful, into the very jaws of a wrath that was inexorable? Flying in panic—and behold! there was no man that pursued? For the first time in her life Kate trembled. Not for the first time, Kate wept. Far less for the first time was it, that Kate bent her knee—that Kate clasped her hands—that Kate prayed. But it was the first time that she prayed as they pray, for whom no more hope is left but in prayer.

Here let me pause a moment for the sake of making somebody angry. A Frenchman who sadly misjudges Kate, looking at her through a Parisian opera-glass, gives it as his opinion—that, because Kate first records her prayer on this occasion, therefore, now first of all she prayed. I think not so. I love this Kate, blood-stained as she is; and I could not love a woman that never bent her knee in thankfulness or in supplication. However, we have all a right to our own little opinion; and it is not you, "*mon cher*," you, Frenchman, that I am angry with, but somebody else that stands behind you. You, Frenchman, and your compatriots, I love sometimes for your festal gaiety of heart; and I quarrel only with your levity and that eternal worldliness that freezes too fiercely—that absolutely blisters with its frost—like the upper air of the Andes. You speak of Kate only as too readily you speak of all women; the instinct of a natural scepticism being to scoff at all hidden depths of truth. Else you are civil enough to Kate; and your "*hommage*" (such as it may happen to be) is always at the service of a woman on the shortest notice. But behind you, I see a worse fellow; a gloomy fanatic; a religious sycophant that seeks to propitiate his circle by bitterness against the offences that are most unlike his own. And against him, I must say one word for Kate to the too hasty reader. This villain whom I mark for a shot if he does not get out of the way, opens his fire on our Kate under shelter of a lie. For there is a standing lie in the very constitution of civil society, a *necessity* of error, misleading us as to the proportions of crime. Mere necessity obliges man to create many acts into felonies, and to punish them as the heaviest offences, which his better sense teaches him secretly to regard as perhaps among the lightest. Those poor deserters, for instance, were they necessarily without excuse? They might have been oppressively used; but in critical times of war, no matter for the individual palliations, the deserter from his colors *must* be shot: there is no help for it: as in extremities of general famine, we shoot the man (alas! we are *obliged* to shoot him) that is found robbing the common stores in order to feed his own perishing children, though the offence is hardly visible in the sight of God. Only blockheads adjust their scale of guilt to the scale of human punishments. Now, our wicked friend the fanatic, who calumniates Kate, abuses the advantage which, for such a purpose, he derives from the exaggerated social estimate of all violence. Personal

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security being so main an object of social union, we are obliged to frown upon all modes of violence as hostile to the central principle of that union. We are *obliged* to rate it, according to the universal results towards which it tends, and scarcely at all, according to the special condition of circumstances, in which it may originate. Hence a horror arises for that class of offences, which is (philosophically speaking) exaggerated; and by daily use, the ethics of a police-office translate themselves, insensibly, into the ethics even of religious people. But I tell that sycophantish fanatic—not this only, viz. that he abuses unfairly, against Kate, the advantages which he has from the *inevitably* distorted bias of society; but also, I tell him this second little thing, viz. that upon turning away the glass from that one obvious aspect of Kate's character, her too fiery disposition to vindicate all rights by violence, and viewing her in relation to *general* religious capacities, she was a thousand times more promisingly endowed than himself. It is impossible to be noble in many things, without having many points of contact with true religion. If you deny *that*, you it is that calumniate religion. Kate *was* noble in many things. Her worst errors never took a shape of self-interest or deceit. She was brave, she was generous, she was forgiving, she bore no malice, she was full of truth, qualities that God loves either in man or woman. She hated sycophants and dissemblers. *I* hate them; and more than ever at this moment on her behalf. I wish she were but here, to give a punch on the head to that fellow who traduces her. And, coming round again to the occasion from which this short digression has started, viz. the question raised by the Frenchman, whether Kate were a person likely to *pray* under other circumstances than those of extreme danger? I offer it as *my* opinion that she was. Violent people are not always such from choice, but perhaps from situation. And, though the circumstances of Kate's position allowed her little means for realizing her own wishes, it is certain that those wishes pointed continually to peace and an unworldly happiness, if *that* were possible. The stormy clouds that enveloped her in camps, opened overhead at intervals, showing her a far distant blue serene. She yearned, at many times, for the rest which is not in camps or armies; and it is certain, that she ever combined with any plans or day-dreams of tranquillity, as their most essential ally, some aid derived from that dovelike religion which, at St. Sebastian's, as an infant and through girlhood, she had been taught so profoundly to adore.

Now, let us rise from this discussion of Kate against libellers, as Kate herself is rising from prayer, and consider, in conjunction with *her*, the character and promise of that dreadful ground which lies immediately before her. What is to be thought of it? I could wish we had a theodolite here, and a spirit-level, and other instruments, for settling some important questions. Yet no; on consideration, if one *had* a wish allowed by that kind fairy, without whose assistance it would be quite impossible to send, even for the spirit-level, nobody would throw away the wish upon things so paltry; I would not put the fairy upon any such errand; I would order the good creature to bring no spirit-level, but a stiff glass of spirits for Kate—a palanquin, and relays of fifty stout bearers—all drunk, in order that they might not feel the cold. The main interest at this moment, and the main difficulty—indeed, the "open question" of the case, was, to ascertain whether the ascent were yet accomplished or not; and when would the descent commence? or had it, perhaps, long commenced? The character of the ground, in those immdiate successions that could be connected by the eye, decided nothing; for the undulations of the level had been so continual for miles, as to perplex any eye but an engineer's in attempting to judge whether, upon the whole, the tendency were upwards or downwards. Possibly it was yet neither way; it is, indeed, probable that Kate had been for some time travelling along a series of terraces, that traversed the whole breadth of the topmost area at that point of crossing the Cordilleras, and which perhaps, but not certainly, compensated any casual tendencies downwards by corresponding reascents. Then came the question, how long would these terraces yet continue? and had the ascending parts *really* balanced the descending? upon *that* seemed to rest the final chance for Kate. Because, unless she very soon reached a lower level, and a warmer atmosphere, mere weariness would oblige her to lie down, under a fierceness of cold, that would not suffer her to rise after once losing the warmth of motion! or, inversely, if she even continued in motion, mere extremity of cold would of itself speedily absorb the little surplus energy for

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moving, which yet remained unexhausted by weariness.

At this stage of her progress, and whilst the agonizing question seemed yet as indeterminate as ever, Kate's struggle with despair, which had been greatly soothed by the fervor of her prayer, revolved upon her in deadlier blackness. All turned, she saw, upon a race against time, and the arrears of the road; and she, poor thing! how little qualified could *she* be, in such a condition, for a race of any kind; and against two such obstinate brutes as time and space! This hour of the progress, this noontide of Kate's struggle, must have been the very crisis of the whole. Despair was rapidly tending to ratify itself. Hope, in any degree, would be a cordial for sustaining her efforts. But to flounder along a dreadful chaos of snow-drifts, or snow-chasms, towards a point of rock, which, being turned, should expose only another interminable succession of the same character, might *that* be endured by ebbing spirits, by stiffening limbs, by the ghastly darkness that was now beginning to gather upon the inner eye? And, if once despair became triumphant, all the little arrear of physical strength would collapse at once.

Oh! verdure of human fields, cottages of men and women (that now suddenly seemed all brothers and sisters), cottages with children around them at play, that are so far below—oh! summer and spring, flowers and blossoms, to which, as to *his* symbols, God has given the gorgeous privilege of rehearsing for ever upon earth his most mysterious perfection—Life, and the resurrections of Life—is it indeed true, that poor Kate must never see you more? Mutteringly she put that question to herself. But strange are the caprices of ebb and flow in the deep fountains of human sensibilities. At this very moment, when the utter incapacitation of despair was gathering fast at Kate's heart, a sudden lightening shot far into her spirit, a reflux almost supernatural, from the earliest effects of her prayer. A thought had struck her all at once, and this thought prompted her immediately to turn round. Perhaps it was in some blind yearning after the only memorials of life in this frightful region, that she fixed her eye upon a point of hilly ground by which she identified the spot near which the three corpses were lying. The silence seemed deeper than ever. Neither was there any phantom memorial of life for the eye or for the ear, nor wing of bird, nor echo, nor green leaf, nor creeping thing, that moved or stirred, upon the soundless waste. Oh, what a relief to this burden or silence would be a human groan! Here seemed a motive for still darker despair. And yet, at that very moment, a pulse of joy began to thaw the ice at her heart. It struck her, as she reviewed the ground, that undoubtedly it had been for some time slowly descending. Her senses were much dulled by suffering; but this thought it was, suggested by a sudden apprehension of a continued descending movement, which had caused her to turn round. Sight had confirmed the suggestion first derived from her own steps. The distance attained was now sufficient to establish the tendency. Oh, yes, yes, to a certainty she had been descending for some time. Frightful was the spasm of joy which whispered that the worst was over. It was as when the shadow of midnight, that murderers had relied on, is passing away from your beleaguered shelter, and dawn will soon be manifest. It was as when a flood, that all day long has raved against the walls of your house, has ceased (you suddenly think) to rise; yes! measured by a golden plummet, it *is* sinking beyond a doubt, and the darlings of your household are saved. Kate faced round in agitation to her proper direction. She saw, what previously, in her stunning confusion, she had *not* seen, that, hardly two stones' throw in advance, lay a mass of rock, split as into a gateway. Through that opening it now became probable that the road was lying. Hurrying forward, she passed within the natural gates. Gates of paradise they were. Ah, what a vista did that gateway expose before her dazzled eye? what a revelation of heavenly promise? Full two miles long, stretched a long narrow glen, everywhere descending, and in many parts rapidly. All was now placed beyond a doubt. She *was* descending—for hours perhaps *had* been descending insensibly, the mighty staircase. Yes, Kate is leaving behind her the kingdom of frost and the victories of death. Two miles further there may be rest, if there is not shelter. And very soon, as the crest of her new-born happiness, she distinguished at the other end of that rocky vista, a pavilion-shaped mass of dark-green foliage, a belt of trees, such as we see in the lovely parks of England, but islanded by a screen (though not everywhere occupied by the usurpations) of a thick bushy undergrowth. Oh, verdure of dark-olive foliage, offered

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suddenly to fainting eyes, as if by some winged patriarchal herald of wrath relenting—solitary Arab's tent, rising with saintly signals of peace, in the dreadful desert, must Kate indeed die even yet, whilst she sees but cannot reach you? Outpost on the frontier of man's dominions, standing within life, but looking out upon everlasting death, wilt thou hold up the anguish of thy mocking invitation, only to betray? Never, perhaps, in this world was the line so exquisitely grazed, that parts salvation and ruin. As the dove to her dove-cot from the swooping hawk, as the Christian pinnace to Christian batteries, from the bloody Mahometan corsair, so flew, so tried to fly towards the anchoring thickets, that, alas! could not weigh their anchors and make sail to meet her, the poor exhausted Kate from the vengeance of pursuing frost.

And she reached them; staggering, fainting, reeling, she entered beneath the canopy of umbrageous trees. But, as oftentimes, the Hebrew fugitive to a city of refuge, flying for his life before the avenger of blood, was pressed so hotly that, on entering the archway of what seemed to *him* the heavenly city-gate, as he kneeled in deep thankfulness to kiss its holy merciful shadow, he could not rise again, but sank instantly with infant weakness into sleep—sometimes to wake no more; so sank, so collapsed upon the ground, without power to choose her couch, and with little prospect of ever rising again to her feet, the martial nun. She lay as luck had ordered it, with her head screened by the undergrowth of bushes, from any gales that might arise? she lay exactly as she sank, with her eyes up to heaven; and thus it was that the nun saw, before falling asleep, the two sights that upon earth are fittest for the closing eyes of a nun, whether destined to open again, or to close for ever. She saw the interlacing of boughs overhead forming a dome, that seemed like the dome of a cathedral. She saw through the fretwork of the foliage, another dome, far beyond, the dome of an evening sky, the dome of some heavenly cathedral, not built with hands. She saw upon this upper dome the vesper lights, all alive with pathetic grandeur of coloring from a sunset that had just been rolling down like a chorus. She had not, till now, consciously observed the time of day; whether it were morning, or whether it were afternoon, in her confusion she had not distinctly known. But now she whispered to herself—"*It is evening:*" and what lurked half unconsciously in these words might be—"The sun, that rejoices, has finished his daily toil; man, that labors, has finished *his;* I, that suffer, have finished mine." That might be what she thought, but what she *said* was, "it is evening; and the hour is come when the *Angelus* is sounding through St. Sebastian's." What made her think of St. Sebastian's, so far away in depths of space and time? Her brain was wandering, now that her feet were *not;* and, because her eyes had descended from the heavenly to the earthly dome, *that* made her think of earthly cathedrals, and of cathedral choirs, and of St. Sebastian's chapel, with its silvery bells that carried the *Angelus* far into mountain recesses. Perhaps, as her wanderings increased, she thought herself back in childhood: became "pussy" once again; fancied that all since then was a frightful dream; that she was not upon the dreadful Andes, but still kneeling in the holy chapel at vespers; still innocent as then; loved as then she had been loved; and that all men were liars, who said her hand was ever stained with blood. Little enough is mentioned of the delusions which possessed her; but that little gives a key to the impulse which her palpitating heart obeyed, and which her rambling brain for ever reproduced in multiplying mirrors. Restlessness kept her in waking dreams for a brief half hour. But then fever and delirium would wait no longer; the killing exhaustion would no longer be refused; the fever, the delirium, and the exhaustion, swept in together with power like an army with banners; and the nun ceased through the gathering twilight any more to watch the cathedrals of earth, or the more solemn cathedrals that rose in the heavens above.

All night long she slept in her verdurous St. Bernard's hospice without awaking, and whether she would *ever* awake seemed to depend upon an accident. The slumber that towered above her brain was like that fluctuating silvery column which stands in scientific tubes sinking, rising, deepening, lightening, contracting, expanding; or like the mist that sits, through sultry afternoons, upon the river of the American St. Peter, sometimes rarefying for minutes into sunny gauze, sometimes condensing for hours into palls of funereal darkness. You fancy that, after twelve hours of *any* sleep, she must have been refreshed; better at least than she was last night. Ah! but sleep is not always sent upon missions of

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refreshment. Sleep is sometimes the secret chamber in which death arranges his machinery. Sleep is sometimes that deep mysterious atmosphere, in which the human spirit is slowly unsettling its wings for flight from earthly tenements. It is now eight o'clock in the morning; and, to all appearance, if Kate should receive no aid before noon, when next the sun is departing to his rest, Kate will be departing to hers; when next the sun is holding out his golden Christian signal to man, that the hour is come for letting his anger go down, Kate will be sleeping away for ever into the arms of brotherly forgiveness.

What is wanted just now for Kate, supposing Kate herself to be wanted by this world, is, that this world would be kind enough to send her a little brandy before it is too late. The simple truth was, and a truth which I have known to take place in more ladies than Kate, who died or did *not* die, accordingly as they had or had not an adviser like myself, capable of giving so sound an opinion, that the jewelly star of life had descended too far down the arch towards setting, for any chance of re-ascending by *spontaneous* effort. The fire was still burning in secret, but needed to be rekindled by potent artificial breath. It lingered, and *might* linger, but would never culminate again without some stimulus from earthly vineyards.* Kate was ever lucky, though ever unfortunate; and the world, being of my opinion that Kate was worth saving, made up its mind about half-past eight o'clock in the morning to save her. Just at that time, when the night was over, and its sufferings were hidden, in one of those intermitting gleams that for a moment or two lightened the clouds of her slumber, Kate's dull ear caught a sound that for years had spoken a familiar language to *her*. What was it? It was the sound, though muffled and deadened, like the ear that heard it, of horsemen advancing. Interpreted by the tumultuous dreams of Kate, was it the cavalry of Spain, at whose head so often she had charged the bloody Indian scalpers? Was it, according to the legend of ancient days, cavalry that had been sown by her brother's blood, ca-

* Though not exactly in the same circumstances as Kate, or sleeping, *à la belle étoile*, on a declivity of the Andes, I have known (or heard circumstantially reported) the cases of many ladies besides Kate, who were in precisely the same critical danger of perishing for want of a little brandy. A dessert spoonful or two would have saved them. Avaunt! you wicked "Temperance" medallist! repent as fast as ever you can, or, perhaps the next time we hear of you, *anasarca* and *hydrothorax* will be running after you to punish your shocking excesses in water. Seriously, the case is one of constant recurrence, and constantly ending fatally from *unseasonable* and pedantic rigor of temperance. The fact is, that the medical profession composes the most generous and liberal body of men amongst us; taken generally, by much the most enlightened; but professionally, the most timid. Want of boldness in the administration of opium, &c., though they can be bold enough with mercury, is their besetting infirmity. And from this infirmity females suffer most. One instance I need hardly mention, the fatal case of an august lady, mourned by nations, with respect to whom it was, and is, the belief of multitudes to this hour (well able to judge), that she would have been saved by a glass of brandy; and her attendant, who shot himself, came to think so too late—too late for *her*, and too late for himself. Amongst many cases of the same nature, which personally I have been acquainted with, twenty years ago, a man, illustrious for his intellectual accomplishments, mentioned to me that his own wife, during her first or second confinement, was suddenly reported to him, by one of her female attendants (who slipped away unobserved by the medical people), as undoubtedly sinking fast. He hurried to her chamber, and *saw* that it was so. The presiding medical authority, however, was inexorable. "Oh, by no means," shaking his ambrosial wig, "any stimulant at this crisis would be fatal." But no authority could overrule the concurrent testimony of all symptoms, and of all unprofessional opinions. By some pious falsehood my friend smuggled the doctor out of the room, and immediately smuggled a glass of brandy into the poor lady's lips. She recovered with magical power. The doctor is now dead, and went to his grave under the delusive persuasion, that not any vile glass of brandy, but the stern refusal of all brandy, was the thing that saved his collapsing patient. The patient herself, who might naturally know something of the matter, was of a different opinion. She sided with the factious body around her bed (comprehending all beside the doctor), who felt sure that death was rapidly approaching, *barring* that brandy. The same result in the same appalling crisis, I have known repeatedly produced by twenty-five drops of laudanum. An obstinate man will say—"Oh, never listen to a non-medical man like this writer. Consult in such a case your medical adviser." You will, will you? Then let me tell you, that you are missing the very logic of all I have been saying for the improvement of blockheads, which is, that you should consult any man *but* a medical man, since no other man has any obstinate prejudice of professional timidity. N.B. I prescribe for Kate *gratis*, because she, poor thing! has so little to give. But from other ladies, who may have the happiness to benefit by my advice, I expect a fee, not so large a one considering the service, a flowering plant, suppose the *second* best in their collection. I know it would be of no use to ask for the *very* best (which else I could wish to do), because that would only be leading them into little fibs. I don't insist on a *Yucca gloriosa*, or a *Magnolia speciosissima* (I hope there *is* such a plant). A rose or a violet will do. I am sure there is such a plant as that. And if they settle their debts justly, I shall very soon be master of the prettiest little conservatory in England. For, treat it not as a jest, reader; no case of timid practice is so fatally frequent.

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valry that rose from the ground on an inquest of retribution, and were racing up the Andes to seize her? Her dreams that had opened sullenly to the sound waited for no answer, but closed again into pompous darkness. Happily, the horsemen had caught the glimpse of some bright ornament, clasp, or aiguillette, on Kate's dress. They were hunters and foresters from below; servants in the household of a beneficent lady; and in some pursuit of flying game had wandered beyond their ordinary limits. Struck by the sudden scintillation from Kate's dress played upon by the morning sun, they rode up to the thicket. Great was their surprise, great their pity, to see a young officer in uniform stretched within the bushes upon the ground, and perhaps dying. Borderers from childhood on this dreadful frontier, sacred to winter and death, they understood the case at once. They dismounted: and with the tenderness of women, raising the poor frozen cornet in their arms, washed her temples with brandy, whilst one, at intervals, suffered a few drops to trickle within her lips. As the restoration of a warm bed was now most likely to be successful, they lifted the helpless stranger upon a horse, walking on each side with supporting arms. Once again our Kate is in the saddle; once again a Spanish Caballador. But Kate's bridle-hand is deadly cold. And her spurs, that she had never unfastened since leaving the monastic asylum, hung as idle as the flapping sail that fills unsteadily with the breeze upon a stranded ship.

This procession had some miles to go, and over difficult ground; but at length it reached the forest-like park and the chateau of the wealthy proprietress. Kate was still half-frozen and speechless, except at intervals. Heavens! can this corpse-like, languishing young woman be the Kate that once, in her radiant girlhood, rode with a handful of comrades into a column of two thousand enemies, that saw her comrades die, that persisted when all were dead, that tore from the heart of all resistance the banner of her native Spain? Chance and change have "written strange defeatures in her face." Much is changed; but some things are not changed: there is still kindness that overflows with pity; there is still helplessness that asks for this pity without a voice: she is now received by a Senora, not less kind than that maternal aunt, who, on the night of her birth, first welcomed her to a loving home; and she, the heroine of Spain, is herself as helpless now as that little lady who, then at ten minutes of age, was kissed and blessed by all the household of St. Sebastian.

Last month, reader, I intended to drive through to the end of the journey in the present stage. But, oh, dear reader! these Andes, in Jonathan's phrase, are a "severe" range of hills. It takes "the kick" out of any horse, or, indeed, out of any cornet of horse, to climb up this cruel side of the range. Rest I really must, whilst Kate is resting. But next month I will carry you down the other side at such a flying gallop, that you shall suspect me (though most unjustly) of a plot against your neck. Now, let me throw down the reins; and then, in our brother Jonathan's sweet sentimental expression, "let's liquor."

Testimonial to the Originator of Public Wash-houses.—On Monday afternoon, a gratifying testimonial was presented to Mrs. Catherine Wilkinson, the originator of public wash-houses, and at present the matron of the Corporation Baths and Wash-houses, in Upper Frederick street, in this town. A large party was invited at the mansion of C. Lawrence, Esq., Mosely-hill, to witness the presentation. The Mayor and his lady, Mrs. Earle of Spekelands, and other branches of the family of the respected and worthy host and hostess, Mrs. Wm. Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Tinne, and the members, both old and young, of several of the families of the neighborhood, attended on this interesting occasion. Mrs. Wilkinson was led to a chair, handsomely decorated with flowers, by Mr. Lawrence, who pleasantly observed that though it was June, he would crown her Queen of May. The day being fine, tables with refreshments were laid out on the lawn in front of the house, after which the testimonial was presented, consisting of a silver teapot, cream-jug, spoons, and China tea service, and tray, inlaid with pearl. On the teapot and cream-jug there is the following inscription:

Presented by
The Queen,
The Queen Dowager,
And the Ladies of Liverpool,
To Catherine Wilkinson.
1846.
"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Mr. Charles Kinnaird Sheridan (son of the late Thomas Sheridan, and grandson of Richard Brinsley Sheridan,) one of the Attachés of the British Embassy at Paris, died in the Hotel of the Embassy on Sunday night last, May 30, in the 30th year of his age.

A Princely Composer.—The opera of *Zaire*, composed by the Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, brother of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, was performed in Berlin, for the first time, on the 23d of May, with decided success.

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From Howitt's Journal.

CASPAR HAUSER, THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF BADEN.

Such is the startling title of a little book, professing to be published at Paris, but supposed to be printed in Switzerland, and to this hour most religiously proscribed in Baden. Thereby hangs a tale, and a most strange tale, yet little known, and never published in England.

Our readers will well recollect the Life of Caspar Hauser, published in London by Simpkin and Marshall in 1833. It was a translation of the account drawn up from legal documents by Anselm von Feuerbach, the criminal judge, and one of the very commissioners appointed in Bavaria to inquire into the facts connected with the life, the discovery, and the murder of Hauser. There was also a little book published about him by the Earl Stanhope, who patronized and adopted Hauser while alive, but after his death, having been on a visit to the court of Baden, professed to have discovered that Hauser was an impostor. So far, however, from Hauser having been discovered to be an impostor, all the circumstances of his life are utterly opposed to such a possibility; and the circumstances of both his life and death, the more they are reflected upon by the German public, the more firmly do they fix themselves in its mind, as connected with some great state mystery and crime. The very fact, that this youth was for seventeen years shut up in a hidden cell; that he was tended by a man in disguise; that when he was supposed to have lost all recollection of his origin, and all power of communicating aught respecting his life except one long and great blank, he was sent out into the world, with a letter in his hand, purporting him to be the son of a poor girl; but, when it was found that, having acquired the power of speech, he began to put one thing to another, and to draw forth from the strange mystery of his life indications which might eventually furnish a clue to his real origin, that then "The Man," as Hauser always called him, the man in disguise who had kept him prisoner, should suddenly appear, and attempt his life: should again appear, and stab him to death —these circumstancs were to the German public convincing proofs that no poor girl was the mother, no priest, as asserted, the father of this youth; but that more wealthy, more powerful, and more worldly exalted personages were implicated in the parentage, and in the crimes perpetrated on this unfortunate person.

These things have made Caspar Hauser the very Perkin Warbeck of Germany. That he had, however, a more real claim to a lofty origin is strongly attested by the secret firmness with which the faith in his right to the title indicated in the heading of our article, is held by a vast body, not only of the people, but of the most intelligent classes in Germany; and still more so by the active and rigid vigilance with which all publications, all talk, and even all whispers of this faith in Baden are suppressed. Let but a copy of the book or pamphlet be sent in the most secret manner into any town of Baden, and the police is instantly on the track of it; letters are intercepted in the post that mention it, and questions on the subject in ordinary conversation are touched with alarm.

Before going into the singular details which we mean now to give, in order to put the reader on the true ground for fully comprehending their bearings, it will be as well to give a concise history of Caspar Hauser, from the publications already referred to, and well known in England.

Kaspar, or Caspar Hauser, the Nuremberg foundling, was observed in the evening of Whit-Monday, the 26th of May, 1828, standing against the wall in the Unschlitt market-place. The citizen, an inhabitant of the market-place, who first observed him, was struck by his singular appearance. It was that of a peasant youth, clad in the peasant costume, and holding in his hand a letter addressed to the captain of the fourth squadron of the sixth regiment of light horse, lying there. Being conducted to him by this good citizen, and questioned by him who and what he was, it became evident that he was almost wholly incapable of speech, was thoroughly ignorant of everything in life, and strange in his behavior. To all questions he answered, "From Regensburg," or "*Joh woais nit*," in the dialect of Bavaria, "I don't know;" and yet on pen and ink being put before him, he wrote in a tolerably legible hand, his name,

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"Kaspar Hauser." All endeavors to draw from him, however, whence he came, where he had lived, or any other matter connected with himself, were vain. He appeared to be from sixteen to seventeen years of age. He was of middle size, broad-shouldered, and of a perfect regularity of build. His skin was white and fine, his limbs were delicately moulded, his hands small and beautifully formed; and his feet, which were as soft in texture and finely shaped as his hands, bore not the slightest trace of having been compressed in shoes. He showed the utmost abhorrence of all food or drink, except dry bread and water. His speech was confined to a very few words or sentences in the old Bavarian dialect, as "*Reuta wähn, wie mei Votta Wähn is:*" "I wish to be a trooper, as my father was." He exhibited the most utter unacquaintance with the commonest objects and most daily appearances of nature, and a total indifference to the comforts and necessities of life. In his wretched dress was found a handkerchief marked K. H.; and he had also in his pocket a manuscript Catholic prayer-book. The writer of the letter which he had brought in his hand professed to be a poor laborer, and the father of ten children, and said that the boy had been left by his unknown mother at his door; that he had taken him in, and brought him up secretly, teaching him reading, writing, and Christianity. The letter was dated 1828, from the Bavarian frontiers, but the place not named. Within it was another letter, purporting to be from the mother, and written in Roman characters, saying that the boy was born on the 30th of April, 1812; that his mother was a poor maiden, who could not support him, and his father a soldier in the 6th regiment of light horse, now dead. That she requested the laborer to keep him till he was seventeen, and then send him to the regiment.

The whole of the story was soon felt to hang very badly together. It was not likely that a mother, determining to expose her child, would lay it at the door of a poor laborer with ten children, and expect him to keep it seventeen years. It was less likely that any poor laborer in such circumstances could or would so faithfully support a burden of this kind for so many years, and then so punctually convey him to the place appointed. Besides, what motive could the man have for concealment? The mother might have, but what could the poor laborer have? If he had received the child, he would most likely have let him run about with his own ten. But to shut him up in a dark den, and there for seventeen years feed and visit him, was a piece of labor and mystery which no common laborer would subject himself to. There was evidently a nobler parentage, and another story, for which this was but a clumsy substitute.

He was handed over by the captain of horse to the police the very evening that he was found, and he was treated by them as a helpless person from some unknown place. The greatest curiosity was excited regarding him, as soon as the case was known, and the Bürgermeister Binder especially exerted himself to penetrate the mystery which surrounded him. The result of much inquiry, partly from himself, and partly from circumstantial evidence, was that he had been kept from his childhood in a dark, subterranean place, where he could not once stretch himself properly, it was so small, and there he had remained, clad only in a shirt and trowsers, and fed on bread and water. Occasionally he found himself attacked with very heavy sleep, and on awaking from these peculiar sleeps he found that his clothes had been changed, his nails cut, and the place had been cleaned out. His only amusement was playing with two wooden horses. For some time, however, before he was carried off to Nuremberg, the man who tended him, but whose face he never saw, had come frequently into his cell, had guided his hand in writing with a pencil on paper, which had delighted him very much, and had taught him to say he would be a soldier as his father had been; that he was from Regensburg; and "I don't know." At length "the man," as he always called him, came one night, carried him out of his dungeon, made him try to walk, on which he fainted, and at last brought him to the gate of Nuremberg.

Every circumstance testified to the truth of these facts. He stumbled slowly forward in attempting to walk. He appeared to have no guidance or control of his limbs. His feet, which had never been used to boots, were now thrust into them, and evidently gave him the greatest torture. Walking occasioned him to groan and weep. His eyes could not bear the light, but became inflamed; and the formation of the bones and muscles of his legs demonstrated that he had sat all his life long. At first he had no idea whatever of the qualities of

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things; nor of distances. He was delighted with the flame of a candle, and put his finger into it. At the police office he exhibited no symptoms of interest in anything, of confusion, or of alarm. Feigned cuts were made at him, and thrusts, but he did not even wink in consequence. The sound of bells made no impression on him; but on drums beating near him he was thrown into convulsions.

From the police-office he was removed to the prison for vagabonds and beggars. Here the keeper at first regarded him as an impostor, but soon found him actually to be in the state of a little child; and the jailor's children played with him, and taught him to speak.

The public curiosity regarding him and his story grew, and numbers flocked from all sides to see him. They brought him toys. Von Feuerbach visited him after he had been considerably more than a month in Nuremberg, and found his room stuck all over with prints and pictures which had been given him, and money, playthings, and clothes lying about in regular order, which every night he packed up, and unpacked and arranged every morning. He complained that the people teazed him; that he had head-aches, which he had never known in his cell.

On the 18th of July he was released from the prison, and given into the care of Professor Daumer, who undertook to bring him up and educate him; and an order was issued by the magistrates that he should not be interrupted by any more visitors. Here being shown a beautiful prospect from a window, he drew back in terror; and when afterwards he had learned to speak, and was asked why he did so, he said it was because a wooden shutter seemed to have been put close before his eyes, spattered all over with different colors His sense of smell was most acute, and often gave him great agony. He could not bear to pass through or near a churchyard, because the effluvia, unperceived by others, affected him with horror. He was extremely amiable, and attached himself with the utmost affection to Professor and Mrs. Daumer.

On the 17th of October he was found bleeding and insensible, from a dreadful wound in the forehead, in a cellar. He was supposed to be dead; but he finally recovered, and stated that "the man" had entered the house in the absence of the family, having his face blacked, and had wounded him; how he got into the cellar he could not tell. In his delirium he had often said, "Man come—don't kill me. I love all men—do no one anything. Man, I love you too. Don't kill—why man kill?"

Strict official inquiry was made into the circumstances, but no further light was thrown upon them. It was evident, however, that some diabolical mystery hung over him. There were powerful enemies somewhere, and it was now evident that they had taken alarm. The public curiosity had spread far and wide the fame of this strange youth, and it was evident that he might yet recollect things which might lead to a detection of his origin. Amongst those who now became deeply interested in him was Lord Stanhope, who undertook the whole charge of his education, and removed him to Anspach. Here he was placed for awhile as clerk in the registrar's office of the Court of Appeal; and he was quietly performing his duties when Lord Stanhope began to talk of adopting him and bringing him to England. This most probably sealed his fate; for one evening, December 14, 1833, as he was returning from the office, a stranger accosted him in the street, and on pretence of giving him news from Lord Stanhope, and intelligence regarding his origin, induced him to accompany him into the castle gardens, where he suddenly stabbed him in the left side. Hauser had strength enough to reach home, and to utter a few indistinct words, when he fainted. The police were instantly summoned, but before they arrived Kaspar Hauser was dead. No trace of the murderer could be found.

It is no wonder that a fate so melancholy upon a life so strange should rouse the public mind to an extraordinary degree. It was felt that the eyes of those who, for some unknown purpose, but as clearly from most important grounds, had thus treated this unfortunate youth, who had inflicted on him a treatment which Professor Feuerbach styled "a crime against the life of a soul," had never been removed from him. It was evident that no ordinary persons, and no ordinary fears, were concerned. It became the subject of deep popular inquiry; and the public knowledge of certain strange events in a certain high quarter led gradually to a conviction which now exists with a wide and deep effect on the popular mind in Germany. We will proceed to state what this conviction is, and on what it rests, from a little volume entitled, "*Einige Beiträge Zur Geschichte Caspar*

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Hausers, nebst einer dramaturgischen Einleitung von Joseph Heinrich Garnier."

CASPAR HAUSER.

"The first prince was a murderer, and introduced the purple to conceal the stains of his deed in this blood color."—SCHILLER'S *Fiesco.*

[The author, after glancing at some of the many rumors of the crimes of palaces which, spite of the censorship of the press and the swarming of police, still circulate in Germany, proceeds as follows:—]

To these princely family-histories I add, as no unfitting topstone, the singular fate of Caspar Hauser. In the territory of Baden the story runs from end to end, that the unfortunate Hauser was the true heir of the throne of Baden, a son of the Grand-Duke Karl and the adopted daughter of Napoleon, Stephanie Tascher. If this rumor stood nakedly and alone, we should hesitate to make it public; but it stands linked with such a train of facts, which we produce for our justification, that we entertain at least a doubt, a bitter doubt.

In the time of the French Revolution, in Baden ruled the Margrave Karl Frederick, a brave and able man, and one of the few sovereigns whom the public could honestly praise. At an already advanced age, he made a left-handed marriage with a lady of the court, Fräulein Geyer von Geyersberg. The fruits of this marriage were the three Margraves, formerly the Counts von Hochberg, of whom the eldest, through a singular concurrence of circumstances, yet sits on the grand-ducal throne.

The heir apparent to the throne (namely, the eldest son of the Margrave Frederick) died during the lifetime of his father a violent death, while on a journey to the north, in the year 1801. The carriage was upset, and his neck was broken. He left, however, a son, Karl, who succeeded on the death of his grandfather in 1811. This was the husband of Stephanie, whom he married in 1806. Stephanie, now in advanced age, is esteemed a lady of fascinating manners, full of intellect and goodness of heart; but in the flower of her youth she united in herself all which constitutes the perfect charm of a young Frenchwoman. Notwithstanding, for a long time she deigned not to confer on her husband a word or look. An evil demon appeared to stand between them, and it did stand between them; who it was we shall anon see. Sound sense and natural goodness, however, finally triumphed; the married pair discovered the truth, and became attached to each other. Their eldest child was the Princess Louise, who was born in 1811. Their marriage seemed to promise to become one of the happiest in the world, but the evil demon again presented itself. Karl was amiable, but weak; a knot of dissipated people acquired an influence over him; he was regularly ruined, and died of exhaustion in the thirtieth year of his life. He had had in the whole five children; three princesses, who still live; and two princes, one born in September, 1812, who died (?) in a few weeks; the other born in 1816, who died in the following year. Karl, therefore, left no male heir; and, at his death, who succeeded to the throne?—The evil genius of his father—his father's brother Ludwig, and that after the next elder brother, the Margrave Frederick, had died in the preceding year 1817, and died, too, of a sudden death.

Since, then, this Grand-Duke Ludwig, the predecessor of the present reigning grand-duke, is the principal figure in the infernal picture that we now unroll, it is necessary in a few words to denote his character. Possessing a powerful constitution, he was full of vehement and contradictory passions. He was dissolute to the highest degree, irreconcilable in his hatred, constant in friendship, or more properly, grateful for personal services rendered him which were truly of a very dubious kind, consisting in procuration and base adulation, arbitrary and despotic, and yet so able, that perhaps never was there a prince who could rely so unconditionally on the devotion of his soldiers; at a signal from him they would have fired on father and mother. He was, moreover, persevering and determined in his resolves and opinions, and, finally, not wanting in personal courage, to which he added tolerable knowledge of military affairs.

Let us now take a retrospective review of the whole succession of deaths which must happen, in order to open to him the way to the throne: and we find his eldest brother, who was killed by the overturning of his carriage; his next elder brother, who also died a sudden death; his brother's son, who died in the bloom of his years; and the two male children of this nephew, who both perished in their infancy.

Without allowing ourselves to speculate how far these circumstances were ordered or effected by a human hand, since the inquiry is impossible, so much is certain, he

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was the murderer of his nephew, the murderer of Karl.

At the time of the Congress of Vienna, a rumor was abroad that he had procured poison to be given him in Vienna; and the suicide of Karl's valet which took place in that city, and the cause of which never could be discovered, was soon connected with it in the public mind, and regarded as the consequence of the stings of conscience. Yet Karl died not till 1818: it did, indeed, appear as if his health had suffered a shock since his sojourn in Vienna; yet we willingly admit that Karl died in direct consequence of his debaucheries; but, if we cast a glance at the loose companions who seduced him into these disgraceful excesses, we at once discover none but people who, after the death of the nephew, became the particular favorites of the uncle.

One of these, Von Gensau, colonel of the guards, led a life of constant scandal, contracted false debts, embezzled even fees belonging to the war-office, for which a poor devil of the name of Bernauer, who served both gentlemen as secretary, soon after the accession of the present grand-duke, was arrested, and for two years continued under trial at Carlsruhe. But Ludwig was too shrewd, and too zealous an observer, for he acquainted himself with the whole gossip of the city, and knew it all, for the debaucheries of his colonel of guards to escape him, which the very children in the streets were familiar with, and yet he never brought him to account for them. Was there a criminal secret between the two—the cement of this enduring connexion? The reward for having ministered diligently to the excesses of the nephew, which exhausted his strength? Was there a secret between them? Probably there was more than one!

Another favorite of the Grand-Duke Ludwig was the Major Hennehofer, in whom many believe that they see the murderer of Caspar Hauser. This man has, indeed, talent, but unrestrained by principle, and capable of anything. He made a strikingly rapid career in Germany. The war of 1813 found him a commissary, if I mistake not, at Gernsbach. He was about the person of Karl, as a ranger; but under Ludwig he rose speedily to the rank of Minister of Foreign Affairs. Those must have been important services which were rewarded with so rapid an advancement. Was he also in the secret?

The grand-duke openly took from the theatre a dancer, Mademoiselle Werner; he had two children by her, and afterwards created her Countess of Langenstein. Extensive and various as were his intrigues, to this lady he showed an unvarying constancy; he visited her every day, reposed in her the most unbounded confidence, and left her at his death the bulk of his private property, which was considerable. Near the residence of this Mademoiselle Werner was that of the park-ranger Haüser, who had earlier been chamberlain to Ludwig of Baden, still stood in high favor with him, and whose daughter daily visited her neighbor, where she often saw the grand-duke too. Both Mademoiselle Werner and the daughter of the park-ranger are good, plain, unpretending women, of the middle class, to whom people willingly listen when they talk out of their own heads, or become the echoes of persons of fashion. In this way, on one occasion came flying to me a feather, which once hung in the pinion of one of the Haüser family.

The conversation was of Hennehofer; of his brilliant career; and whether, in case of a change in the government, he might not be a loser. "By no means," was the answer, "*he knows too much.*" That much could not have grown in her garden; it was evidently the observation of the ruler, who had let it fall in confidential talk with his mistress. I could well comprehend on what occasion the grand-duke might have dropped this expression. Major Hennehofer stood in connexion with Mademoiselle Werner, he was even about to marry her sister; he had no private property; nothing but his pay. In the intimate conversations concerning this marriage, in which the grand-duke took a lively interest, and which he particularly desired, it was quite in character that the princely favorite or her sister, who was looking for a secure provision, should observe to the duke that the future bridegroom depended entirely on his pay, and might lose it under a successor. To which the reply was the requisite consolation. "He is indispensable to the successor, *he knows too much.*" But what *did* he know?

Perhaps it was how both the heirs male had perished so speedily while the sisters all remained alive. The people from the first regarded the affair as very striking, and said all sorts of things about it: the deaths were also attended with truly extraordinary circumstances.

Before the death of each of the princes

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appeared the white lady. This white lady, as every one knows, bestowed formerly, and for ages, her visits on many of the great families of Germany, and each appearance was the herald of death. In the Castle of Blankenburg in the Hartz country, you may see a very striking full-length portrait of her. The white lady appeared at the cradle of the princes successively, bowed herself in grief over it, and the terrified nurses fled away.

I have read with much pleasure the stories of the white lady and of the banshee, in the Irish popular legends; but as all these bore an ancient date, I had drawn the conclusion that the white lady had long since vanished, and appeared no more. I deduce, therefore, from this present fact, another meaning, one which certain persons in Carlsruhe adopted, that the white lady was no other than the Reichsgräfin, formerly maid of honor, Geyer von Geyersberg, the mother of the present grand-duke, and that she destroyed the children.

This woman must have been an unnatural monster towards her own children. She was recklessly extravagant and irregular in her life; credit, she had none amongst the rich, to whom she was too well known; her agents went continually about amongst the dwellings of the poor, and exacted from them, under menaces and the most deceitful promises, their little savings for their own necessities.—She is dead, but curses and imprecations on her memory daily resound around her grave, from thousands of those whose families she reduced to poverty or whose poverty she aggravated to ruin. Her eldest son is now Grand-duke of Baden; her two other sons are Margraves of Baden, and all three are very rich; yet it has occurred to none of them to rescue the memory of their mother! They left her, during the latter years of her life, in a condition of indigence and destitution, which she endeavored to escape by compelling from widows and orphans their last mites: and now that she is in her grave, they will not, by a small part of their superfluous wealth, purchase her an exemption from the curses of these unhappy ones! When the mother appears so infamous to her own children, what shall we think of her? We must believe everything, the moment that we can be shown what interest she could have to become the accursed work-tool of the murder in question.

We have already said, that the Margraf Karl Frederick, *at an advanced age*, contracted a left-handed marriage with the maid of honor, Mademoiselle Geyer von Geyersberg, *who was very young*, and she bore the margraf particularly strong and healthy children. The courtiers made remarks thereon, and plenty of people set it down to their own satisfaction, that the real father of these children was no other than their own half-brother, the evil demon of our history, Ludwig of Baden; and certainly he who could seduce his father's wife to a crime of this kind, could easily lead her to the infinitely lesser sins of stealing or smothering other people's children. But if, indeed, these partly worn-out rumors were based on fact, there are other mysterious circumstances in the history of Ludwig, which can only be explained by the intimate relation between father and son, between a man and his successor.

When Ludwig ascended the throne, he was yet a vigorous man. He had two healthy and strong children by his mistress the Gräfin Langenstein; he was not a man to be dreaming of dying soon; he was ambitious to the highest degree; why then did it never occur to him to marry, that he might be able to leave his throne to his own children—that throne, which, according to all appearances, he had grasped only by a whole series of crimes? The most powerful reasons of state must indeed urge upon him the policy of hastening such a marriage.

Between the courts of Bavaria and Baden, there existed and still exist the most serious and earnestly contested claims to the possession of the Pfalz, the richest and most beautiful portion of Baden. After the death of the Grand-Duke Ludwig, there remained none of the family of the Margrave Karl Frederick, except the children of the Reichsgräfin von Hochberg, *i. e.* Madam Geyer von Geyersberg, who had been so created. But these were the fruit of a left-handed marriage, *i. e.* of a marriage in which the children inherited the quality, not of the father, but of the mother only. Thus the ruling family legally expired with Ludwig of Baden; and Bavaria might now make good its claims on the Pfalz, and Austria its claims on the Breisgau, which, in consequence of the French Revolution, had been given to Baden, at the expense of Bavaria. It became doubtful even whether the Reichsgräfin Hochberg could establish the claims of her children to the old hereditary portion of Baden

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which had for centuries belonged to the house.

There were stupendous difficulties in these respects to surmount. The congress of Aix-la-Chapelle must declare the Graf von Hochberg capable of succeeding; and the whole influence of Alexander, the Emperor of Russia, who had married a princess of Baden, was necessary to elicit this declaration; which, however, after all, could not be elicited further than that the Hochberg family, if entitled to succeed at all, was entitled to succeed only to the original hereditary lands of the Margrave of Baden. It became necessary to make many journeys to all the courts of Europe; the Margrave Wilhelm, brother of the present grand-duke, engaged in the time of Charles X. to support the French court, and continued some months in Paris. There was a mass of memorials written and dispersed amongst the ruling powers. The Baden Chamber of Deputies was called on time after time to declare that the whole Grand Duchy of Baden was one and indivisible. A thousand other things were done and attempted; and yet, notwithstanding all this, the Court of Bavaria has never resigned its claims to the Pfalz, and these affairs at the present hour are by no means decided.

Now all these difficulties were at once at an end, had Ludwig early married, and had legitimate male heirs. Why then did he not marry immediately on coming to the throne? Why did he not marry long before, as the creeping disease of his nephew had for years plainly opened to his view the certainty of his succession?

Could it be that he had brought the Reichsgräfin to act the white lady, and to the pitch of infanticide, by the promise of setting her own children—*his own children*, on the throne? If he gave such a promise, he was the man to keep it. But if he gave no such promise, or were no such man, was he not in the hands of the participator of his crime, and could she not come forward with this menace: "Remember the Bohemian Forest!* keep faith with us, or we will discover all!" Should he free himself from this by fresh murders? He was weary of murder, and in his wild doings towards the end of his life, many saw only his violent efforts to drown the irrepressible reproaches of his conscience.

But if he did not revolt from recent murder, were not the confidants perhaps too many? Could not these hold, in preparation for the worst chance, a written disclosure for foreign countries? It is certainly true that Ludwig of Baden never appearad to regard his heir to the throne but with a degree of aversion; but the case is very common, that the reigning father does not love his successor, who seems to await his end, and every day to pray for his life to be shortened. Ludwig was, moreover, sagacious, and must thoroughly perceive the pitiful want of character and the intellectual insignificance of his successor, who was not the man for him. Or was there engraven in his expressionless countenance, palpable *to his eye*, a train of crimes which made his hair stand on end, his blood run ice-cold?

But did he really feel the pangs of an evil conscience? In his last years he had about him a dissolute, but at the same time bigoted and ignorant priest of the name of Engesser, who possessed an unlimited influence over him, an influence which he shared only with the aforesaid Hennehofer. These two understood each other admirably. Engesser, at the time that he contrived to attract the eye of Ludwig, was simply a parish priest. In little more than the space of a year, he rose to be the head of a ministerial department; but, in fact, he was prime minister, at whose nod everything gave way. Besides this, the grand-duke, who was otherwise avaricious, lavished upon him houses and money. Did the Protestant but aged prince feel a necessity to shrive himself before the Catholic priest? Spite of his stupidity he was Jesuit enough to appease the conscience of the ruler with Catholic grounds of consolation. The priest still lives, and is become a rich man.

To all these rumors there is a consideration on the other side to be weighed, and it is important. If these rumors could spread themselves, and maintain themselves till now, had it been only in a confined circle, how did it happen that Karl of Baden, and his intellectual wife, against whom, and whose children, these hellish plans were directed, had no suspicion of them? Who knows? perhaps they had more, perhaps they had certainty.

Ludwig was banished at the command of the Grand-Duke Karl to his estate, and a good many other persons at the same time.

Nothing more precise ever reached the public regarding this measure, than that a political crime was laid to his charge, a conspiracy to hurl Karl from the throne, to which, in fact, Ludwig climbed out of his

* See Schiller's "Robbers."

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very banishment. The crime, and cause of abhorrence, must have been of no ordinary dye, which induced the nephew, for the honor of the family, to conceal it in a mysterious darkness. And if injustice were on this occasion done to Ludwig, why have none of the participators in it complained of it; Ludwig being upon the throne, and having raised them every one into places of high trust around him? They continued dumb, as before.

But of whatever kind these crimes were, how do they connect themselves with the history of Hauser?

His apparent age tallied exactly with the elder of the young princes who perished or were conveyed away, who was born at the end of 1812, and his first appearance with the termination of the reign of Ludwig.

His birth occurred at an agitated period. His father made the campaign in 1813 in France; afterwards he went to Vienna; and his absence gave to his enemies opportunity enough to carry off the child, and to take the necessary measures for its concealment, when the white lady brought under her veil a dead child to exchange for the living one, which, according to the rumor, was strangled.

At the ascension of Leopold, the present grand-duke, to the throne, there was again a strange but general report through Carlsruhe, that the ghost of a murdered prince had appeared to him as he went through the vaults of the palace. Did some one of those in the secret blab in this shape? In a censor-ridden country this is the only way in which a weary conscience can relieve itself. It cannot speak out, but it can half speak.

But if Hauser was the son of Karl of Baden, and Ludwig of Baden, the uncle, was the cause of his incarceration, who was then the cause of his murder? God knows! I know only this, that the present Grand-Duke Leopold, in whose time the murder happened, is called the friend of the middle class, and is universally beloved by his subjects; for so we read very often in the Carlsruhe Court Journal.

After Leopold's accession to the government, Engesser and Hennehofer retained for a while their posts. Certain passages in the "*Hochwächter*," to which I alluded in my preface, made, however, such a scandal regarding the doings of these two gentlemen, that they were both removed; but it was done very gently, and Hennehofer, it is said, will one day be reinstated.—*He knows too much!*

Well, I have related only *surmises*, and made thence only dubious *deductions: they of whom I have spoken are answerable to no tribunal which can put these surmises to the proof.*

These words are not mine. My passions as a republican might have led me wrong, and have given an importance to these matters which they might not deserve. But the words are those of an unimpassioned man; of a sober criminal judge, Feuerbach, to whom the king of Bavaria deputed the inquiry concerning Caspar Hauser, and who printed them in the report of the inquiry thus: "*There are circles of human society into which the arm of justice dares not penetrate.*"

As the result of my material towards the history of Baden, the following important queries particularly present themselves:—

1. Did Karl actually begin to sicken at the Congress of Vienna?

2. Does the murder of his chamberlain stand connected with that circumstance, or with that of the murder of the former prince which had occurred before?

3. Have people seen the white lady, who are yet still living?

4. Had the ranger Hennehofer already been connected with the successor of Ludwig?

5. Why did he make so rapid a career of advancement?

6. How great is the sum which Engesser received from Ludwig? and how can such an endowment be explained?

7. Why was Ludwig banished to his estate? and what were those who were banished with him charged with?

8. In the features of Caspar Hauser is there not an obvious likeness to Karl of Baden, especially in the lower part of the face?

9. For some time before the appearance of Caspar Hauser there came every five days a man into his cell, who taught him to write and read. Did any confidant of Ludwig of Baden,—for instance, Hennehofer,—make such regular journeys?

To these there might be added another query, out of the political circumstances which arose on Caspar's death:—

10. Was the Ritter von Lange, who is by no means an ass in other respects, and who asserts in the public prints that Caspar Hauser destroyed himself *on speculation*,—

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was this man before in debt and difficulties, and is he so no longer?—or has his property since then received a remarkable augmentation?

The answer to these queries would solve a multitude of mysteries.

To this little book is added this:—

POSTSCRIPT.

I wrote the above in a kind of compulsory solitude, without books or other means of assistance than a copy of Schiller's "Robbers," and a little table of the genealogy of the House of Baden, which I owed to the care of an acquaintance. In other circumstances my details might have been richer. At this moment, the printing being finished, there comes to my hands something, which, for the sake of completeness, I add. The *Frankfort Journal* of the 4th of February states that:—

"A certain Herr Cuno, Royal Economy Counsellor of Prussia, writes from Ratibor to the Magdeburg Gazette of the 9th of February, 1834, a letter, in which he says, that in the Vossich Gazette of November the 16th, 1816, No. 138, stands this communication:—

"Paris, 6th Nov., 1816.

"A boatman of Gross-Kemps found, on the 23d of October, a bottle swimming in the Rhine, containing a paper with this passage in Latin:—Cuicunque qui hanc epistolam invenit. Sum captivus in carcere apud Lauffenburg juncta Rheni flumen; meum carcer est subterraneum, nec novit locum ille qui nunc solio meo potitus est. Non plus possum scribere, quia sedulo et crudeliter custoditus sum.

"S. Hanes Spranciò."

To him who shall find this letter. I lie in a dungeon at Lauffenburg, on the Rhine; my subterranean prison is unknown to him who now sits on my throne. I can write no more because I am strictly and severely watched.

This singular document Herr Cuno communicated to Feuerbach, the President of the Court of Appeal, because he believed him to be prosecuting the history of Hauser. What must we think of it? Many things. The letter being written in Latin, and Latin of its kind, seems to indicate the author of it to be a country clergyman. Further, the writer being closely watched was to account for the singular choice of the vehicle of publication. The bottle had probably not been carried far, but flung out of the house window into the flood, which is stated to be on the Rhine. The place, Lauffenburg, points to the Upper Rhine Lands of Baden, for in Switzerland there is no throne. The date agrees with the government of Karl, and if Hauser was really the elder prince, then *his underground dungeon was unknown* to his father.

Now, Engesser was a parish priest in the Upper Rhine Land; had he a hand in this, and thereby laid the foundation of his rapid fortune? In this case, he must have been too wicked to have written this document. It must have been some subordinate clergyman who had been made prison assistant; whose conscience oppressed him; but who was too closely watched to allow him to fly, and who hoped to help his charge by this scheme. If that charge was Hauser, he was then only four years old.

Or, perhaps, it was a chaplain, who by chance was brought there upon the trace of his superior clergyman. It would be interesting to learn whether, about this time, there was not a sudden death in the neighborhood. The inhabitants of Lauffenburg should recollect, and if any such fact occurred, send the account of it to the Swiss newspapers.

I learn further, that some days ago the *Dorfzeitung* contained the intelligence that the father of Hauser had been discovered to be a Catholic priest. I am generally on my guard against such reports, because of late there have been obviously manifold attempts to lead the public mind from the track; but in this case, perhaps, the last news may link itself to the first, and may locate Hauser's dungeon in some parsonage on the Rhine, near Lauffenburg, if, on the appearance of the paragraph in the Vossich Gazette, the youth had not been conveyed elsewhere.

Here I send my little volume into the world, with a greeting to my friends. I must hide myself like a thief, in order to complete and print it. The Baden government has recently made inquisition after me, and the Strasburg police in consequence have been actively on the alert to discover me. As I have, since my abode on the French frontiers, held myself aloof from political correspondence, and concealed my retreat even from my most intimate friends, I may certainly believe that my regular and retiring behavior can have drawn no increased surveillance of the French police upon me. And what can the Baden government want with me? A respectable and trustworthy person, who neither knew of the conversation in Rebstock alluded to in my preface, nor of my

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pamphlet, assured me that it was on account of a *brochure*, which this government was anxious to prevent me publishing. In this case the Baden government could not surely be aware that I meant to give forth the history of Hauser merely in the form of *rumors*, timidly and in doubt. Are mere *rumors* of such consequence that people should give themselves so much trouble about them?

I have thus printed pretty fully the contents of this singular little volume, which has so long kept, and still keeps, the Baden government in such uneasiness. Mere rumors, nay, the slightest rumors, on this subject, put it into the greatest alarm. The story of Caspar Hauser had been read by us in England, and was partly forgotten, when, during, our residence in Heidelberg in 1841, there was a sudden muttering in society of some circumstance which had taken place there. It was this. The police had waited on three citizens, and demanded their attendance at the police-office. There as many letters were produced, addressed to these gentlemen respectively, each announcing that a copy of the pamphlet now translated in these pages, and containing also an essay on Schiller's "Robbers," full of allusion to its subject, had been forwarded in a certain parcel to a certain Herr Trübner for each of them. These letters had been intercepted at the post-office, and the parcel in question, on its arrival, also had been intercepted at the parcel post, and the said books taken out, and were now produced. The three gentlemen were now strictly questioned as to their knowledge of, and connexion with, the senders of these books. They pleaded ignorance, but were not entirely dismissed without shrewd suspicions; and the books and letters were taken care of.

This circumstance, in a little gossiping place like Heidelberg, where the police is strong and active, but tittle-tattle is still more strong and active, created, as may be supposed, a most lively, deep, and universal, though whispered, sensation. It was to us a matter of no little surprise how so strange an interest could attach to the story of Caspar Hauser, but particularly why the government treated a knowledge of it as a criminal matter. The love of talking on a prohibited subject was in our favor, and we soon were let into the whole mystery.

We found the belief of Caspar Hauser having been no other than the eldest son of the Grand-Duke Karl, a fixed and most extensively diffused article of faith in the public mind, and not the less so in the higher than in the lower classes. All the suspicious circumstances above mentioned were detailed to us—the bad character of Ludwig, the sudden deaths which had cleared his way to the throne; the worse character of the Margravine of Hochberg, his step-mother, and supposed to be something even nearer to him; the fate of the Grand-Duke Karl, and the deaths, so called, of his two sons, while his daughters all lived; and then the mysterious story of Caspar Hauser; all were put together with matters that gave a strange verisimilitude to the relation. All that had been alleged of Caspar Hauser's being the son of a laborer, and then of a priest, would not satisfy public belief. They felt that the care and expense of seventeen years' so peculiar incarceration implied a victim of a higher station. The fame of the old Margravine von Hochberg was terrifically evil: her name was accompanied by muttered curses. There was no doubt whatever in the public mind that the Major Hennehofer was THE MAN spoken of by Caspar Hauser as his keeper, and who was, after two attempts, finally his murderer. It appeared clear that the party which had doomed Caspar Hauser to so strange a confinement, had believed that he would never be able to tell tales; but when they found that he had acquired languages, and that public curiosity was excited about him, they became alarmed. He was pursued and killed by *the man;* the man escaped readily, and was never discovered. The Baden government betrayed no eagerness to find him, or to dive into the mystery. When suspicion turned strongly upon this Hennehofer, he was never brought to any inquiry by government, but continued to live under its protection, and does so contiuue to this day. He lives in his castle in the Upper Rhine Land, leading a gloomy and secluded life. The public has always looked on the widow of the Grand-Duke Karl, and supposed mother of Caspar Hauser, with great regard, attracted not only by her talents and virtues, but by her ill health, and supposed secret sorrows. It believed, and believes, that the wicked old Margravine, as they call her, and her paramour Ludwig, had resolved at all costs that the children of the Frenchwoman, Stephanie, adopted daughter of Napoleon, should never sit on the ducal throne of Baden.

And what course did the reigning family

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of Baden take to get rid of these dark suspicions? Did it invite inquiry; bring them to the light and disprove them? No! It has, from the first moment of their spreading, regarded them with the utmost apparent alarm and anxiety. Every means has been employed to stifle and suppress the report. The police has everywhere the strictest orders to keep it down—to watch for and seize every book or writing on the subject. In fact, if the reigning family be innocent, it has adopted every means calculated to convince the public that it is guilty. It has adopted every means that guilt could instinctively adopt.

In the meantime, the Court of Bavaria, on the murder of Caspar Hauser, had instituted an inquiry, which went on for some time under the management of the acute and celebrated President of the Court of Appeal, Anselm von Feuerbach, and at length terminated with an abrupt announcement in the report of the judge in the words quoted above, that "*there are circles of human society into which the arm of justice dares not penetrate.*"

Such a termination, accompanied by such an announcement, was not calculated to set the public mind at rest. It only went on questioning, and putting things together with a more insatiable avidity. What increased and sustained this avidity was, that Lord Stanhope, who had evinced so much interest in Hauser while living, after his death was invited to the Court at Carlsruhe, and speedily professed that he regarded the whole history of Hauser as a hoax, or something of the kind, and manifested no care about him. Not so with the sagacious and persevering Feuerbach. He pursued his own individual scrutiny into this mysterious history with enduring ardor, and it was said had made curious discoveries, and was likely one day to publish them. Feurbach died suddenly, as has done almost every one who, in Germany, has been rash enough to trouble himself about this matter. We have conversed with connexions of the judge, and they seemed to entertain little doubt of the *nature* of his *fatal disease*.

The books about Caspar Hauser were strictly prohibited throughout Baden. The portraits of him were considered to bear a striking resemblance to the reigning family. Any talk on this subject was secret; and the greatest vigilance on the part of the police made every one who had a copy of Hauser's history hide it carefully.

There was a lady, who came occasionally to our house, whom we unexpectedly found very open on the subject; but not being able to answer certain questions, she said she would ask her father, who knew a great deal about it from a friend at court. The next time we saw this lady we asked the result of her inquiries. Her countenance fell at once. She said that she had done very wrong. Her father had reprimanded her very severely; for this matter was by no means to the honor of the reigning family; and should, least of all, have been exposed to foreigners.

Thus this opening was as suddenly closed as found. We learned nothing more from this informant, than that there were many things of strange character about the history of the Baden family, and that a great sensitiveness reigned throughout the palace on these subjects.

So great was the jealousy of any discovery of an interest in the story of Caspar Hauser, that we never could procure a sight of the book we have now quoted from more than one person in Germany; and a second loan of it was declined, lest no good might come of it. We tried Hamburg and other large cities, but in vain. On our return to England, hearing that the work was published in Paris, we commissioned a German physician there, a warm friend of ours, to procure a copy. He sent us word that all his exertions to that end had been in vain. The shop was speedily shut after the publication there; the publisher had disappeared; and it was believed that the Baden government had taken care both of him and his dangerous stock.

We learned, however, that the author of the book was living in England. He had been obliged to make a rapid retreat not only from Germany, but from the continent, in consequence of this publication, and has continued to reside in England ever since, as his only retreat. The author, however, did not possess a copy of his own book; and it has not been without a most unremitting research that we have at length procured it

Some time ago we received from the author the following letter, which will open up a new and unexpected connexion of the history of Caspar Hauser with the politics of the continent. It is full of matter of singular importance.

SIR,

I have not forgotten the permission you gave me in a letter some four months ago to call on you; but it is now my turn to ask you whether you still take some interest

in the subject of Caspar Hauser? His mother, the Grand-Duchess Stephanie, is here, and something serious might be done. I have documents in hand never printed before, and the discovery or detection can be pushed forth several steps more. A new book would now be in time. The only misfortune is this—I know it from my own experience, to what persecutions a man is exposed by interfering in this subject; and I should under no circumstances advise you to publish ever a translation under your name, if you wish ever to return to Baden; and then secondly, there are so many new statements to be made, which nobody but myself can take under his responsibility. I intend, under all circumstances, to publish a new book on Caspar Hauser; but, as it would be quicker done and better, if I had your co-operation, consider whether it is worth your while to undertake the thing. Many things will only be translations in it, and it is only the new information I must work out myself.

As you have some knowledge of Baden and the subject of Caspar Hauser, I may be brief enough in laying before you the plan of the book as I have conceived it. The book is to contain a full information of all that is known until now to the public, and also to me, concerning Hauser. In my new statements certainly I appear as a witness, and for this reason I should distribute the matter in the following way:

Introduction.—A short sketch of my own life, with a view of showing the way in which I got connected and acquainted with the principal actors of the tragedy, also throwing new light on their doings and character. The sketch is limited to this point—elucidating the subject of C. H.

The book itself would contain a review of the principal publications on C. H. that have appeared; and lastly, my new statements and unprinted documents. There would be for consideration:

1. *Feuerbach's little work on Caspar Hauser*, as containing all the principal incidents in the life of C. H. from his first appearance at Nuremberg, to the first attempt on his life. As to the authors of the crime, Feuerbach hints bravely that a court and priests (the priest Engesser) were implicated in it. The book being already translated into English, extracts would be sufficient principally referring to the facts, leaving the proofs aside. (In my possession.)

2. *The little work of the Earl of Stanhope* on Hauser. From this must be taken the relation of the end of C. H., and as he represented him as an impostor, his assertions must be disproved. (I can get it.)

3. The little pamphlet I published myself at Strasburg, 1834, wherein the family crimes of the grand-ducal family were drawn to the light. (I can get it.)

4. A second article of mine which appeared in a German paper, "Deutsches Leben," of which I published four numbers here in 1834. (I can get it.)

These two productions of mine must be translated and given in whole, because they had their history; inciting the court of Baden to important steps, and serving, by a strange accident, as a trap in which the principal culprit "Von Hennehofer" was caught. Of this immediately after having despatched two other publications.

There appeared in Switzerland a little book on Hauser, with the name of Paris on the title; this is probably the work you meant when you wrote to me. Besides some generally known notices, it is merely an amplification of my own pamphlet, in which the author has drawn largely on fiction. The book, however, is useful, as the subject is complete, and reads like a novel. (I can get it.)

A real novel, however, appeared under the title Caspar Hauser, at Stuttgart, by a friend of mine, Sieboldt, which is partly made up from real facts, and in this respect deserves consideration. (I have it in my own possession.)

We come now to the subsequent events.

When my pamphlet appeared, the Baden government took the most extraordinary measures to suppress it. But the strangest events happened after I had already left Strasburg for Paris.

I was hidden at Strasburg because the French government wanted to induce me not to print the pamphlet. Some of the Germans, however, saw me occasionally; amongst those was a man I had only seen once or twice without taking much notice of him. His name was Sailer, he is a native of Wirtemberg, where his father was deputy, and by profession an apothecary. To this Sailer a friend of mine had given the manuscript of the Preface, in which, after it had been printed, I had wrapped some tobacco for him. My friend, without my knowledge, had given that manuscript to Sailer, Sailer soon afterwards departed for Kippenheim, where he had an uncle, and in the neighborhood of which Hennehofer, minister of foreign affairs in Baden, under Lud-

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wig, lived. He heard of the manuscript of a Preface, in which mention was not yet made of the real subject, and asked it from Sailer. From this moment, willing to employ him as his spy, he cultivated his acquaintance, and after the pamphlet had appeared, he really sent him to Strasburg, which I had already left. But arrived there he discovered his mission immediately to a friend of mine, who wrote down everything he said he had heard *from*, or been told by Hennehofer. What he said rendered the guilt of the latter glaring, and I learned several new facts of importance. All these discoveries were sent to me to Paris.

In the summer of the same year I published here the above mentioned periodical, "Deutsches Leben, Kunst und Poesie," in the second number of which I began a paper on Caspar Hauser, a condensation and criticism of what I had said before, but also containing a new matter of importance, the dispute of Baden with Bavaria about the Palatinate.

Though this matter belongs to details further on, I will state it here as showing you at once how the affairs of Hauser enter into the politics of Europe.

The Palatinate formerly belonged to Bavaria, and the Breisgau, or South of Baden, to Austria. In 1813, when Baden had not yet separated from Napoleon, the two powers concluded a treaty at Ried, in virtue of which Bavaria ceded to Austria the Tyrol, under a promise of indemnification by the Palatinate, and a yearly payment of 100,000 guilders by Austria, until Bavaria should be in possession, paid to the present day—whilst on the other hand Austria coveted the Breisgau. These designs were, however, frustrated by the accession of Baden to the allied army and the protection of Russia. There remained only one chance: the Grand-Duke Karl, husband to Stephanie, had at that moment no male children: and the same was the case with the only two remaining heirs, his two uncles. If he, therefore, died without male issue, the reigning family became extinct, and then both Austria and Bavaria could renew their pretensions. Thus both powers were interested in the extinction of the family.

Of these two uncles, the younger, Ludwig, grand-duke (1818—1830), who was very ambitious, had likewise no chance of reigning unless his nephew died without male issue. He was, moreover, much in want of money, and had a personal spite against Stephanie. He it was who, through the *Reicshsgräfin*, Geyer von Geyersberg, the mother of the Margraves and the reigning duke, put the two male children of Stephanie out of the way. This was long known in the country; but the elder one, Hauser, who was believed to have been murdered like his brother, was saved in a strange way. It is almost certain that this was not done with the knowledge of Ludwig, but rather by his confederates, who in the child wished to preserve a weapon wherewith to frighten Ludwig, when on the throne, into a compliance with their wishes. Here Austria got in by obtaining knowledge of the secret, and forced Ludwig to a great extent to reign according to her own wishes. The same threat of exposing him was also employed against the reigning grand-duke. For this I can quote now an English authority for you, namely, extracts from the French papers, with the editorial observations in the *Chronicle*, then the organ of the ministry, number of October 28, 1839. But there being a slight mistake in it, I will place here the fact as it is.

Papers referring to Hauser and the crimes committed against him were deposited with Rothschild and the Baden ambassador at the Diet; von Blittersdorf, a creature of Metternich, had the impudence to tell the grand-duke either to buy off the papers with two millions of guilders, or to run the risk of having the thing published.

The grand-duke, frightened, laid the affair before the council of state, who advised him not to pay; but he was so full of fear that he paid the money from his private purse. Not satisfied with that, he was forced also to make Blittersdorf his minister of foreign affairs—(it was the period of the Syrian question, when a war against France was possible, and Austria, consequently, interested to have a creature of her own master of the policy and army of Baden.) The grand-duchess, aware of the disappearance of the money, and the part Blittersdorf had taken in the transaction, openly showed him her indignation. Then they took this revenge: the Jewish banker von Haber, who had acted as the agent of Austria, near Don Carlos, slandered her, openly boasting of having enjoyed her favors. Julius von Goeler then reproved him, and denounced him to the magistrate (vor Amt), but the thing was quashed. It was the same Goeler who in 1843 (October), refused to admit Haber at the ball given in honor of the Prussian grand-duchess, Helena, at Baden-Baden, for

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the reason assigned, and thus gave rise to those two famous duels: in the first of which both Goeler and his antagonist, a Russian officer, were killed; and in the second, the Baden artillery officer, Don Sarahaga, by the hands of Haber. But the Goelers, whom I know intimately, belonging to the highest nobility of Baden, the first result was, that the Austrian party was overthrown, and Blittersdorf driven out of the ministry. The thing, however, had created such a scandal, that the grand-duke also repudiated his wife, a daughter of the ex-king of Sweden, Gustavus, as blasted in her reputation. This again was answered by her brother, the Prince of Sweden, in the service of Austria, who had married a daughter of Stephanie, now here in England, from whom he also separated as being a princess of Baden. There is already plenty of other scandal, but what I cannot explain here; through Austria, also, the Jesuits were introduced into the business of Hauser.

To return now to our real subject: I said, then, above, that Sailer had been sent by Hennehofer to Strasburg as a spy, with an order of finding out "from whom I had received my information," and then exposed his secrets. For the moment I could not make use of the discoveries, valuable as they had been. But in the same year, 1834, towards the end of it, when arrived here, I published the above-mentioned German paper. Sailer was at that moment at Strasburg; and now Hennehofer, by pay, and under the greatest promises, succeeded in persuading him to suppress the numbers that were sent to Strasburg, and prevent their circulation in Germany. To a great extent this was done; but Sailer, now still more in the possession of the secrets of Hennehofer, used his position to extort money from him, and thus lived at his expense until the end of 1835. At that time Sailer was at Zurich, and there a political murder was committed against a Prussian spy, named Lessing (see *Conversations-Lexicon der Neuzeit*, s. v.) and Sailer, like many others of the German refugees, was arrested. In searching his house, the whole series of the letters of Hennehofer to Sailer was discovered, and Sailer himself by the judge examined on the subject of Hauser. Both his deposition and the letters of Hennehofer have since been printed in *Schauberg artenmässige Darstellung der über die Ermordung des Studenten Lessing, geführten Untersuchung, Zürich*, 1837; and created an immense sensation (I have in my possession the leaves of the book referring to Hauser); but strange as is their nature already, without the letters in my possession not yet printed, the importance of the discovery cannot be fully appreciated.

This would form a new topic, and the most interesting part of the book.

The conclusion would consist of those diplomatical admixtures hinted at above—chiefly based on some despatches of Metternich, to be found in the works of "Genz," and "Kombst's Bundestag."

Excuse me, Sir, for having troubled you with these lines, but the interest you appeared to feel in the matter encourages me now to bring the subject to your remembrance, when the right moment of doing something is come.

I hope I have written enough to enable you to judge whether there is a possibility for you of taking the direction of this work, without the responsibility of your name.

To count from next Saturday, I shall be glad to meet you at your house at any time you may be pleased to fix. The morning would be most agreeable for me.

In case, however, it should not suit your convenience to enter into the enterprise—of which the above is only an outline, subject to any alterations suggested by you—I beg you to accept these lines as the homage of a German to one of the first German scholars here, and a man who has done so much to spread a true knowledge of Germany and its customs among his compatriots.

Yours, etc. J. H. G.

Such is a brief outline of this most singular story. What further light the inquiries of persevering Germans may throw upon it remains yet to be seen. At present the evidence is but circumstantial; but whether the fact be, that Caspar Hauser was the hereditary Prince of Baden or not, there is a mass of evidence that makes it one of the most curious questions, not of the age only, but of history in general. The circumstance, that no ordinary cause could have led to so singular and long-continued immurement of a boy, and that the alarm manifested on his acquiring language, and exciting the inquiry of the public, *demonstrated* that no ordinary causes *did* lie at the bottom of it, and that parties of no ordinary station and power were vitally mixed up with the mystery;—these things, combined with the trembling anxiety of the Baden government whenever the mystery was touched upon, will, should

nothing further come to light, leave firmly on the public mind of Germany a strong opinion on the subject. Men of known sudden elevation under very suspicious circumstances, still living with all these suspicious circumstances under the protection of the government;—the fact of one of these men, suspected of having been the most active instrument in Caspar Hauser's fate, being the first to pounce on any one who dares to utter a syllable on the subject—the agreeing dates of things—the inroads of death on certain lives, and as if purposely to serve the views of certain ambitious parties—and finally, the constant, active, and continued suppression by the Baden government of all whisper of this history—make the subject one of singular interest as a literary topic, and as such we have thrown it before the English public.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

PHILIP ARMYTAGE; OR THE BLIND GIRL'S LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

——————"A child most infantine
Yet wandering far beyond that innocent age
In all but its sweet looks and mien divine."
SHELLEY.

It was morning—beautiful morning—in that fairest season of the year—

"When April has wept itself to May."

Earth awoke from her winter sleep, fresh and glorious and young, as if it were but a day since she bore on her bosom Adam and Eve, and shed around them the flowers, and breezes, and sunshine of Eden. Beautifully looked the Eternal Mother, in her ever-renewed youth, over which the change, and misery, and crime of six thousand years have passed like a shadow, and left no trace.

There is no glamor like that of the pen; and it has this surpassing spell, that the magic extends also to the one who yields the charm. Let us, therefore, in this wet and gloomy day, when a heavy mist hangs like a shroud over the dreary city—when under our window sound the plashing footfalls of tired passers-by, and the incessant rattle of vehicles—let us, amidst all this, call up to our mind's eye the scene where our story begins, and linger fondly over that beautiful spot, in the delineation of which memory strives with imagination.

It was the breakfast-room of a house that stood alone on a hill side—one of those stately mansions that are found in England, far in the country, where generation after generation of the old families of the gentry are born, live, and die; father, son, and grandson occupying, in their turn, the same abode, and descending to the same ancient stone monument hard by. Cheerfully came the warm morning sun into the room, not stealthily, as in early spring, but with a glad overflow of light and warmth, brightening even the solemn oak furniture, and contending bravely with the tiny fire that was lit through habit, until it fairly put out its puny antagonist and reigned supreme. The long low windows, on one side, opened on a formal, dainty little flower-garden, and then, winding through a smooth lawn, lay a narrow walk that led into the forest, on whose borders the house lay. In three minutes one might pass into that beautiful wood, wild as if man's foot had never entered it, and alive with the melodies of leaves quivering in the morning breezes. The tender green of the thorn mingled with the dark holly, that here vied even with the oak in size and grandeur: the primroses looking out smiling from the roots of the old trees: and large beds of the wood anemone or wind flower, seemed like a white, wavy mantle cast over the long grass, in recesses so thick that not a stray sunbeam could pierce through. The loud songs of the birds reached even to the house, like a flood of aerial music; the ringing carol of the lark, the deep note of the throstle, the silvery warble of the linnet, and the soft coo of the wood-dove, all mingling in sweet harmony.

Listening eagerly, with up-turned face, that did not shrink even from the broad dazzling sunlight, sat a little girl beside the open window. Her soft hair falling in curls, that prettiest fashion for a child, was of that hue which a gleam of sunshine changes into gold; her head was turned

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aside; but her attitude was full of childish grace, with the little hands crossed on her knee, motionless, in silent thought. Opposite to her was a boy—her twin-brother—a taller and bolder model of herself; sitting carelessly on the floor; he was busily carving the top of a hazel wand. Boy-like, he whistled merrily over his work, and looked so happy and handsome, with his sunny curls, like his sister's, hanging over a face that still preserved the round curves of childhood, his deep blue eyes shaded by dark, heavy lashes, and the perfect classic profile of his mouth and chin, over which smiles were ever dimpling. With these young creatures, as with the earth, it was the spring of life—to them it was beautiful, hopeful, joyous morning.

The mother entered—a sweet, delicate-looking woman, fragile and graceful, in her robe of pure white; and then the father came in, like a shadow after sunshine. He was a tall man, of middle age; but the sharp lines about his mouth, and a crown entirely bald, gave him the appearance of being much older. Yet, not a single grey hair mingled with the thick brown locks at the back of his head, and his form was unbent. His cold, clear blue eyes gleamed from, under hanging brows, and his noble forehead was full of intellect. He looked like a man in whom mind held a pre-eminence over heart. The little ones timidly advanced towards him.

"Why, Edmund—Stella—early this morning?" he said, and stooped mechanically to kiss them, while a smile like winter sunshine just bent his lips. Edmund, the boldest, and the favorite, stayed to show his wonderful wood-carving to his father, with boyish pride; but little Stella crept along by the table, and nestled beside her mother's knee.

"What has my little girl been doing?" said Mrs. Brandreth, twining her fingers in the long silken hair.

"I have been listening to the birds, mamma, and feeling the sunshine, it is so warm and pleasant."

A light sigh heaved the mother's bosom.

"That is well; I like to see my darling happy and gay," she answered tremulously.

And now came the pleasant breakfast hour—the pleasantest meal of all to country-dwellers, and visitants. How cheerful, and fresh, and blithe all look; how welcome is the balmy morning air; nay, to descend to common things, how fragrantly rises up the steam of coffee, and how grateful both to sight and taste are the country viands—snowy new-laid eggs, and golden butter, and cream—rich and lucid as nectar. Commend us to a country breakfast. Who *could* come down with sour looks, and bitter speeches, on a sunny morning, and not feel all the hardness and ill-temper melt away from his heart beneath its influence?

Merrily the children laughed and talked, making, at times, even the sedate father look up from his reading, and winning the gentle mother to smiles less pensive than ordinary. At last Mr. Brandreth collected his papers, and laid them carefully aside; he was a learned man, wise in geology and natural philosophy, and always devoted the breakfast-hour to the re-perusal and arrangement of his lucubrations. The twins received the signal to retire, and Edmund hastily rose, while Stella moved slowly from her seat. As she passed, her stretched out arms, by which she guided her steps, came in contact with the heap of papers so carefully arranged, and they fell in confusion on the floor. Mr. Brandreth started up angrily—

"Careless child—always doing some mischief or other," said he, and thrust Stella rudely away. The child fell, and began to weep—not loudly as most children—but with the silent tears of advanced life. The mother took her to her bosom, and soothed her.

"Do take the child away—Marian," said Mr. Brandreth, in a vexed tone, "she annoys one so much."

Mrs. Brandreth looked with meek reproach at her husband—"Hush, hush—you forget," she answered, imploringly, still pressing the little girl closer to her bosom, where the tears at last ceased. Stella walked, or rather crept, to her father's knee, and said, gently—

"Papa, I did not mean to do harm. Forgive poor Stella—she is blind!"

It was so—there was no light in those large, blue, limpid eyes, that were lifted so meekly to the father's face. Six years had the little child looked on the beautiful sky, and then a shadow grew over her vision; gradually it darkened and darkened, and the world grew dimmer, until, at last, she saw it no more. Now, all the visible earth was become to her like a scene once beheld in a dream, and then shut out for ever. Yet, but for an uneasy wandering of the eyes, no one could have told that those beautiful blue orbs were sightless. The

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sweet face wore, at times, that peculiar mournful look which the blind always have, but this was the only outward token of the affliction which had fallen upon her. Affliction it could hardly be called, for the child scarcely felt it as such; her blindness had come on so gradually, that Stella had become accustomed to her helpless condition. And, besides, from her very infancy the child had been quiet and thoughtful, caring little for the sports attractive to her age, as if with a foreshadowing of how soon she was to be deprived of them. Gentle and subdued she was, as became her helpless condition; it seemed as if He, who knew how dependent her whole life must be on the affection of others, had endowed her with that irresistible beauty which wins love, and the meek spirit which preserves it.

But now Stella hardly felt her darkness, so illuminated was it by the light of a mother's love. More than her own life, more than her handsome, frank-hearted boy—nay, more even than the husband of her youth, did Mrs. Brandreth cling to her blind child; with a passionate fervor, an all-absorbing love, that atoned to Stella for the loss of the blessed gift of sight. Perhaps her own delicate health made this love more intense, from the feeling that she would not always be with her darling, to cherish her in her heart's core, and shield her there from all contact with the rough world which the poor stricken one was ill-fitted to brave.

The mother knew well that every year which unfolded, in new beauty, Stella's mind and person, drew her own life nearer towards its close. At last, when Stella and Edmund still lingered on the verge of childhood, the mother was called away. Gently, not rudely, came the summons, and yet it was sudden—just as an autumn leaf flutters and flutters until it drops at once and is seen no more.

Thus did Mrs. Brandreth die—even before her husband, who, all-unconscious of danger, was on a journey, could reach his home, the wife whom he had sincerely loved, though hardly with the tenderness meet for her gentle nature, had passed away. So swiftly came the angel of death, that the mother had hardly time to bless her two babes, and commend poor Stella to her brother's care, in a charge that lingered on the boy's memory from youth to old age. Then, worn out with pain, she kept silence, and lay with closed eyes still holding fast the little hands of her daughter, the thought of whose desolation troubled her spirit, even on the threshold of paradise. It was night, and the wearied child laid her head on the pillow and slept. Mrs. Brandreth's elder sister and tender nurse wished to remove her, but the mother would not suffer it.

"Do not wake her," she whispered, faintly—"let my darling sleep—I have kissed her and said good-night—a long night—until comes the eternal morning; let her sleep." * * * * *

No more words passed through those white lips. Once or twice the eyes opened and rested lovingly, lingeringly, on the face of the sleeping child; then they closed for ever! When morning came, another spirit had entered the gates of heaven. Silently, and without tears, the sister unclosed Stella's warm fingers from those that stiffened around them, and bore her away, still sleeping.

Wildly and resolutely the child strove to return to her mother. Her darkened eyes could not see the change of death, therefore she did not believe in its reality. An hour before she had heard the voice, had felt the hand; both were the same, though feeble; she could not comprehend that one short sleep had parted her mother from her. So clinging to her twin-brother, Stella came and stood by the dead; she called, but there was no answer.

"Where is she, where is she?" cried the despairing child.

Edmund guided his sister's hand to the fingers that had held hers while life lasted; their marble coldness made her start, and cling, trembling, to her brother's neck.

"Edmund—I cannot see—tell how she looks," fearfully whispered Stella.

"White—still—with closed eyes and parted lips—oh, mother! mother! it is not you!" and the boy burst into tears.

"No, my children," said the sister of Mrs. Brandreth, who stood behind them. "Edmund—Stella—I will tell you what she is now—a white-robed, glorious angel at the footstool of God's throne—a voice for ever singing his praise—a spirit pure and perfect, though we know not what form she bears in heaven, save that it is in God's image, and must be beautiful."

And in the stillness of the death chamber that pious and gentle woman drew the orphans of her dead sister to her side and read aloud from the Holy Book, the words that speak of the immortality of the soul, and the state of the blessed in heaven; words so simple, that childhood finds in

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them no mystery hard to be understood—so sublime, that the grey-haired philosopher may feel his heart glow with the consciousness that he bears within his frail mortal frame a spirit that can never know death!

The children listened, standing beside the clay of their mother; yet even then they thought of her no longer as dead on earth, but as rejoicing in heaven.

CHAPTER II.

"Are we not formed, as notes of music are,
For one another, though dissimilar?
Such difference without discord as can make
Those sweetest sounds in which all spirits shake,
As trembling leaves in a continuous air."—SHELLEY.

FROM the time of her mother's death, Stella drooped and pined. The world had grown all dark to the motherless child. Her wild brother, and her cold, reserved father, alike strove to soften their natures and show tenderness to the hopeless one; but man is so different to woman, and all their kindness atoned not for the love of her who was gone. Edmund remembered well his mother's dying injunction, and many a time he left the field sports, of which he was so passionately fond, to come and talk with his sister, and lead her into the beautiful forest, where she could hear the birds' songs, and be made glad with the gladness of nature. But nothing could altogether remove the perpetual sadness which now darkened the face of the blind girl. Excluded from the pleasures of childhood, hers passed away like a sorrowful dream. She grew up, living within herself, in a world of her own imagining, over which death hung, like an eternal shadow, a mysterious woe which she could not fathom, and which yet haunted her like a spectre. The remembered touch of that icy hand made her shudder in her dreams; it was all she knew of the great change. Her mind, undiverted from the past by any charms of the present, became dead to all outward impressions, and alive only to imagination, and most of all to memory.

Thus, in this dreamy state of mind, the blind girl insensibly passed from childhood into girlhood. She had attained the age of which poets write as sweetest of all, when the bud is just opening into a flower, and life is in its hopeful spring. How little do these said poets know that this is the saddest age of all. What woman would ever wish to be again "sweet sixteen!" Childhood's life is a never-ending present, a contented dwelling on what is best and pleasantest *now*, without memory to sharpen the past, or anxiety to darken the future. But with youth, soon—ah, how soon comes the thirst for something more—the bitter, unsatisfied yearning after vague happiness, some glorious ideal of human felicity, the same in all, yet varied in form, according to the different minds in which it abides. One dreams of wealth, another of gaiety, another—alas for her!—of love; and so the young creatures go on restlessly seeking to fathom their newly-awakened thoughts and feelings; and, knowing not their own hearts, nor yet life, they wander about, blindly dazzled or groping in darkness, until the waking comes from that troubled dream, and they enter on the reality, the true life of heart and soul, for which woman was made.

Stella entered upon girlhood with few or none of the buoyant hopes of most young maidens. She saw not beauty, and love was to her only a name that brought to her the memory of her mother—the sole love she had ever known. Always thoughtful, she lived more than ever within the dark chambers of her own soul—her only world. But that world now became peopled with deeper and wilder fancies; every day new chords were touched in her heart, the mysterious harmonies of which she could scarcely understand. She loved to be alone: in winter she listened to the wind until she almost fancied it talked with her; in summer, she sat for hours in the still, silent sunshine, and thought of heaven, of the time when she should go thither, and see her mother, with eyes no longer darkened. Then a warble—a perfume would bring back the dreaming girl to earth, and she would think how sweet the world must be to others, and droop her head, and weep that she was blind.

One gift atoned to Stella, in some measure, for the loss of sight, and that was a soul to which music was as its very breath. Her voice had those deep, low tones, that thrill from the heart to the heart; not a clear, musical, gladsome warble, but a voice that spoke of mind, of feeling, of passion, such as came from no angel's lips, but from a woman's heart. We once heard, and from one too who spoke and thought well, the saying—"One must always love a woman who sings sweetly;" and Stella's was a voice not to be admired, perhaps,

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but to be loved, as coming from a heart as pure, and beautiful, and sincere as itself. But now this lovely voice was only to her as the means whereby she poured out that overflowing heart in a river of melody; sitting, Ophelia-like, for hours and hours chanting "snatches of old songs," and running her fingers over that sweetest of home's friends, the fire-side piano, in harmonious revealings. And when, day by day, the vague sadness of aimless and unsatisfied youth grew upon her, the blind girl still clung to her ever mournful strains, that made her feel less the weight of her solitude.

There are in life crises, distinct and vivid, on which we can look back and feel that they have colored our whole destiny; can say, but for that one year—one week—one day, how different would all have been. Silently, unconsciously, are we swept on towards these moments, which lie like hills, placed here and there, from whose top we can see our whole life, like a panorama, stretched out before us; and know that but for such and such events we should not have felt, and been as we are. Chance, fatality, are the words on the lips of the wise proud man, in explanation of this; but the humble, loving spirit, looks higher for the unveiling of these marvels which pass worldly wisdom.

Thus, nearer and nearer came the blind girl to the boundary of that golden shadow which overhangs human life, and ever has done so since the time when the first created one wooed the mother of all men, in the twilight of paradise. Once, and once only, can come this sunny cloud over mortal life. Man may love twice, thrice—nay, even woman's constancy may know the freshness of early fancy, or the calm peace of healed affections; but, be it first or last, every man and woman has, or has had, some love supreme to which all others are as nothing. And this is the immortality of love; falsehood, or change, or death, may intervene; the wounded heart may be healed, the fickle vow forgotten in other and higher ones, but no other feelings can ever be exactly the same. It is the idealization of love, which happens but once in a lifetime, and which each young life that enters earth renews in itself, thus making an ever fresh eternity of love.

Some inexplicable whim allured the retired and studious Mr. Brandreth from his home; and he set off to travel on the continent, taking with him his daughter. Wearily did the blind girl ask to be left in peace with her birds and flowers, and heavily and fearfully did she look forward to entering on a world that could bring her naught but pain. Stella did not know that the silken thread of her destiny was insensibly drawing her towards him who was to lighten its burden, and make all joy and sunshine to her. Thus it was that she met him.

As a man of science and learning, Mr. Brandreth had the entrée everywhere among the gifted, and the patrons of such. Thither he also carried his blind daughter, perhaps because he thought to please her, for he was a kind father, in the main, and perhaps he liked to see many eyes resting with admiration on the beautiful English girl, and to hear praises of her glorious voice. Rarely was it that Stella suffered this gift to be shown forth; but, on one night, wearied of herself, of solitude, of society, she gave way to her feelings, and sang, with her whole soul in the music.

"Who is she who sang?" said a clear, low-toned, manly voice, whose pleasant English tones ran through the Babel of French, Italian, and German tongues that filled the saloon, and pierced to the acute ears of the blind girl. The answer was inaudible to her, but then she heard the same pleasant voice again, in tones that were much fainter, and had a mournful emphasis.

"Poor girl, poor girl, I had a sister who was blind."

A deep crimson flushed Stella's cheek, for she was ever sensitive on the subject of her misfortune; but that sweet and compassionate voice healed where it wounded.

As she left the piano, the blind girl felt her hand taken by that of a stranger, and a gentle "Suffer me to lead you," fell on her ear, in the same voice to which she had listened before. Ere they could find Mr. Brandreth, the stranger had time to ask and claim pardon, as a countryman, for thus addressing one unknown; and by declaring his name, and speaking of some mutual friends, he won upon even the reserved father. All that evening, Philip Armytage sat by the side of the blind girl, who felt her heart warm to the sound of an English voice in that far land; and his was so sweet, and when he spoke to her, had such a pitying softness, as if he thought of the sister he had mentioned. No wonder that when sleep came over poor Stella's dimmed eyes, that voice haunted her in her dreams.

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Philip Armytage was that darling hero of novelists, that Pariah of real life, a poor gentleman. Heir to an old uncle, who *would* marry and thwart the hopes of the nephew he had educated with all the luxuries and expectations of wealth, young Armytage, at twenty-five, was thrown like a stray sea-weed on the ocean of the world, with manners, mind, and education that only made him feel more keenly his changed position. He experienced to the full how differently the world looks on a baronet's heir and a nobleman's secretary; even the fine gentlemanly bearing and richly-gifted mind, which could not be taken away from him, were almost thought to add to the category of his imperfections now.

Under the influence of these changed fortunes, Philip Armytage ought, in order to become a true novel hero, to have grown cold, sarcastic, haughty, misanthropic; but he very wisely did no such thing. A good mother, the guardian angel of a boy's life, had better trained her fatherless and only son. Philip's mind and principles were too well regulated for one blast of misfortune to wither the flowers, and cause ill weeds to spring up rampant in the garden of his heart. That heart was disappointed, but not chilled or soured; he did not scorn or rail at the world, but strove, like a true hero, to brave its frowns, and wait patiently until his own firm will and endurance should earn for him what fortune had denied. Philip Armytage was not perfect, who on earth ever was? but his foibles never amounted to vices; and, young as he was, he had learned wisdom, and bade fair to become, if he were not already, a talented and good man. Thus far we have spoken of the mind of Philip Armytage; reversing the general order, and putting foremost what is indeed the highest. Of his face and person, we may now say, that both were pleasing to a lady's eye; he was certainly not an Apollo, but he was tall, graceful, and looked, moved, spoke like a gentleman. Such was he whom destiny, what can such things be but destiny? threw in the way of the young, beautiful, blind girl, whose lonely dreaming heart yearned for an ideal round which to hang, as a garland, all its flowers of love and fancy. And rare as the fact is in the history of most maidens' hearts, in this case the shrine was one worthy to receive that purest and holiest sacrifice, a woman's first love. If this be so powerful that it is sometimes unchanged, always remembered, to old age, what must be the feelings of those on whom outward impressions can have no influence, whom outward beauty cannot lure to fickleness! how intense, how all-engrossing must be the love of the blind!

CHAPTER III.

"Amor che nullo amato amor perdona
Mi prese, del cestui piacer si ferte
Che come vedi, ancer non m'abbandona."
DANTE.

"Love, that to none beloved to love again
Remits, seized me with wish to please so strong
That as thou seest, even yet it doth remain."

THE wise ones of the earth may ridicule love's mysterious sympathies, as they do the stories of ghosts and apparitions, but there must be some truth in both, or so much pains need not and would not be taken to prove them to be false. How was it, then, that before Stella and Philip Armytage had met half a dozen times, they began to feel and to talk like old friends? What was that strange sympathy which made the very words he uttered appear to her as if she had heard them before in some dim dream, as if she had thought his thoughts long before? And what was it that caused Philip Armytage, who had basked all his life in the smile of woman, to feel an irresistible charm in gazing on the sweet face of the poor blind girl, who, as yet unconscious of the nature of the invisible tie between them, treated him with the frank regard of a young sister towards a dear brother.

Most welcome is the society of a countryman to those who are travelling abroad, and Stella thought it was this reason that made Philip's presence so grateful to her. Then, too, he was so gentle, and talked to her of his lost sister, blind like herself, until she felt that blindness to be less pain. He read to her, and thus opened a new world to her view; his high and cultivated intellect drawing out the hidden treasures of hers, and his early ripened judgment guiding her until she awoke from the vague, idle dreams of girlhood unto a better, brighter life. Yet all this while no words of love passed between them.

For weeks, months, their life was a long dream of happiness, so sweet that neither thought of the waking. By slow degrees the truth dawned on Philip Armytage, and he knew that he, over whose heart light

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fancies before had swept like a summer wind, now loved, for the first time, with his whole heart and soul. And who was the object of this passionate love? A blind girl, whose helplessness made her only the dearer; for what is so sweet to proud man as the sense of protection? Often when Philip sat and listened to her voice, or looked on her fragile loveliness, as she clung to his guiding arm, he felt that if he could only take her in his heart's core, and shield her there from every breath of sorrow, what bliss it would be! And then he remembered himself, poor, friendless as he was, how dared he love her! And so his lips were sealed.

Had Philip Armytage guessed that Stella would learn to love him, he would have flown from the spot rather than thus have brought sorrow upon her. He was too honorable, knowing his own poverty, to steal into a girl's heart, whose hand he hoped not to claim. Stella was so different from any woman he had ever met; her manner towards him was so frank, so open, with not a shadow of disguise in her simple, truthful soul, that Philip thought she regarded him only as a friend, and never by one word did he overstep the limits of that friendship. And Stella, in her unworldly and innocent nature, had deceived herself likewise. It was not until he came to tell her that he must soon depart with the noble lord who hired his services, that Stella knew how dearly she loved Philip Armytage.

But with that knowledge came thronging a host of maidenly feelings, not pride, nor yet shame, why should she blush, that in loving him she had loved goodness, and talent, and everything that ennobles man? but painful reserve and sadness, which must now be hidden from sight. How little the poor blind girl knew how to conceal aught. Yet in a few hours of anguish, she learned more than in her whole life; and when Philip came next day to bid her adieu, he was almost startled by the change in her. The wavering color on her cheek had settled into a deadly paleness; and there was womanly calmness in her manner, but not the girlish freedom of old.

A wild thought of sweet agony shot through Philip's brain—did she then love him? But no, there was no tremulousness in the lip, no blush, no tear, it could not be.

They talked long and calmly of his proposed journey—of Italy, whither he was going, of the time passed here so pleasantly, of the chances how and where they might again meet.

"I shall hear of you sometimes," said Philip, in that old, old parting sentence, "and you will think of me now and then, Stella?" It was at her own particular wish that he had called her by her sweet Christian name.

"Yes," answered Stella, "I shall not forget how many dull hours you have made pleasant; I shall ever remember your kindness, your pity, to one like me."

"You pain me by speaking thus," Philip said, after a pause, during which his heart beat so violently that he vainly tried to make his voice seem calm.

"I am sorry; then I will say no more about myself, and only thank you very much for all you have been to me," returned Stella, with something of her smile of old.

Philip Armytage rose—he lingered over the last adieu. He held her hand and looked at her as if to imprint every feature of that beautiful face in his memory. Alas for the blind girl, who could not see what a world of love was revealed in his gaze! With a voice, whose tremulousness went to Stella's very heart, he said, Farewell! lifted her hand half-way to his lips, and relinquished it without the so-longed-for kiss, and departed.

He had scarcely crossed the threshold when he remembered Mr. Brandreth, whose cold but always courteous welcome had never failed him, and surely merited some adieu. Philip returned; but he had not meant to seek Stella again, for her silent farewell had pained him, but he heard a low wailing in the room where he had left her, and came near. There, weeping with a passionate vehemence that shook her slight frame, knelt the blind girl, her head bowed, and her hands tightly clasped together.

"My mother—my Philip—both gone—I am all alone now," she murmured in accents of thrilling sorrow.

Philip forgot everything except that he loved and was beloved. He darted forward and knelt beside her.

"No, not alone, my Stella—star of my life—my only beloved," he cried, lavishing upon her the passionate epithets that love teaches. "I will never leave you, my heart's darling, my beautiful, more than all the world!" he continued, while his arms encircled his treasure, and she trembling, almost doubting the joyful certainty, could only weep. He asked her why she did so.

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"Because I am unworthy of you—I, so ignorant—so young, and blind."

"I will be your eyes, my dearest!" cried the lover, kissing the blue veined lids that drooped over those poor sightless orbs, as with the most tender and earnest assurances, he told Stella all—how her sweetness and childlike simplicity had awakened his deepest love—how he had struggled against it, and finally, how he had found out his error, and was resolved in despite of ill-fortune, pride, poverty, to ask her for his own. And so they plighted their faith one to the other; the blind girl and her lover. One hour, almost one moment, had changed their fate through life.

Philip Armytage went home full of deep thought. His step was firmer, his carriage bolder, for he felt that he was no longer a lonely man; he was the guardian of another's happiness; the object of woman's priceless love. He had not only to think of himself, but of her who trusted him, who placed her fate in his keeping. Since yesterday, his whole thoughts were changed; even his worldly prospects seemed brighter now that Stella loved him, and that his fortunes might one day be linked with hers. Poverty looked dim in the distance; he felt a proud consciousness of his own powers; it seemed that he could brave all things—do all things, if Stella might one day be his wife. The glamor of love overspread all he looked upon; and with these delicious feelings, Philip Armytage, before he slept, sat down, and wrote a letter to Mr. Brandreth, asking Stella's hand.

It was refused! The father, though not unkind, was firm. He regretted his own error in not having foreseen the end of such a friendship, and courteously, but resolutely, refused to sanction a marriage or even betrothal, so wild and imprudent.

The lover read the cold, the formal epistle through twice, before he had comprehended clearly; it came like ice upon fire. The sensible, right-minded Philip Armytage was still under the influence of that sweet, bewildering love-dream. Yet, there the words were, freezing and plain, "that a man without riches should never be the husband of Stella Brandreth." His spirit sank within him; he covered his face, and the burning tears, so seldom wrung from manhood, stole through his fingers. How well he loved the poor blind girl!

Night found him still pacing his chamber in utter desolation of heart. Then he yearned once more to look upon the face of her he loved. He longed to tell Stella that he had not forsaken her, that he would never love any but her. Under cover of darkness he stole to her home, crept along the grass to the window of the room where he and Stella had so often sat; the light, through the half-drawn curtains, showed that she was there and alone. From the deep sadness of her face and attitude he guessed that she knew all. Philip touched the window; it was a little way open, and in a moment he stood by her side.

Long and mournful was the conference between the two; but when Philip spoke of his departure for Italy, the girl's sorrow amounted almost to agony.

"Philip, Philip, do not leave me," she cried imploringly, "I was so desolate before you came; you only brought light and joy to the poor blind girl. No one has loved me but you since my mother died. Philip, I shall die too, if I lose you. Forsake me not, take me with you; as your wife I shall fear nothing, shall regret nothing."

Poor Stella! she knew so little of the world, and she was so young, hardly more than a child in years, and a child in simplicity. All that she felt was the anguish of losing him who was the only one who made life precious to her. She clung around his neck, and besought him to stay, in spite of her father, of every one.

Bitter, indeed, was the struggle in the young man's bosom; but the right triumphed at last. He would not commit so grievous a sin as to bring sorrow and poverty on the innocent creature who trusted him, by wedding her against her father's will.

"Stella, dearest," he said, "you do not know what you ask; we must part for a while. There never comes a blessing on disobedience; and God forbid that I should be the one to steal a child from her father's arms even if I loved her as my heart's blood; and thus love I you, my own Stella."

A deep flush of womanly shame crossed the girl's face. She drew herself from her lover's arms, and stood upright.

"I have been wrong, Philip; I have forgotten what I owe to myself, to my father, to you: forgive me; I am very ignorant; you are wiser and better than I. Forget all this, and only remember that I am blind and lonely, with no one to love me but you. Go, you are right; I will strive to be content in thinking how little I deserved to be loved so well by one like you."

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Philip used all the sweet language of a lover, to soothe and cheer her. He told her that he would struggle for life and death, to gain that wealth which would enable him to win her; that she was so young; that nothing was impossible to love, and it might only be a few years before he could boldly come and claim his bride.

"I ask no promise, but I trust your love, my Stella; you will not doubt mine?"

"Never, never," murmured the girl. "But I need not say farewell now; you will come once more?" she added, trembling.

Philip promised, for his patron would remain yet a week. He clasped his beloved wildly to his heart, leaped through the window, and was gone. For an hour he haunted the place, until he saw Stella at the window; the lamp showed him her face, pale, sad, and composed; she stayed a moment to breathe the cool night air, and then turned away. It was his last vision of the beautiful blind girl.

When, a few days after, Philip came again to the house where he had been so welcome, it was deserted; the Englishman and his daughter had gone, no one knew whether.

CHAPTER IV.

"How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought
And simple truth its utmost skill.
This man is free from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall,
Lord of himself, tho' not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all."

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

PHILIP ARMYTAGE went to Italy, a weary hearted, disappointed man. He had loved; he loved still; the life of love was over; yet its memory was as a sweet perfume, that would not depart. No true, earnest, pure love can be utterly in vain. Such a love is rarely placed on an unworthy object; and the mere act of loving hallows and elevates the soul. If death takes away the desire of the eyes, who shall repine at having loved, and made life sweet by that love, while it lasted? If, more hard to bear still, comes earthly separation from the beloved, nay, even falsehood, still the poor lonely one has not loved in vain. Why do poets rave about unhappy love? There is no unhappiness in love, if it be sinless. The stricken heart has shed its odors like a flower; if they are wasted or cast aside, it is sad; but still they have not been poured out in vain, they have perfumed the air around, and the flower has lived amid the incense it made. Again we say, no man or woman, who loved truly, ever loved in vain.

And Philip's love for Stella was not in vain; it purified his heart; it taught him his own strength; it nerved to energy a spirit that might otherwise have yielded to apathy. In the thorny path of life, even the strong-minded Philip Armytage might have sunk in despair but for that poor little wayside flower which had brightened his way, if only for a time. Love for a virtuous woman is man's best armor against sin, his strongest spur to exertion; and thus, when Philip awoke from his dream of love, he determined resolutely to gain the reality of it.

He saw that to saunter lazily through life, as the dependant of a great man, would not be the way to win him his Stella, that he must strive to enter some profession that might give him wealth and a position in society. Yet how, without means of support, was he to attain this end? How live while he was studying, how bear the expenses of study? Many a time did he ponder over this, until he was nigh unto despair. There was but one chance, and to that he bent his proud spirit. A greater testimony could not be given to the intense love which animated him to exertion, for her sake who had awakened it.

Philip Armytage came to England, and, uninvited, crossed the threshold of the uncle whose delight he had been in boyhood, and from whom he had parted a year before, if not in anger, at least in coolness; the result of suffering on the one hand, and conscious injustice on the other. He did what will at once stamp him as no hero of romance, but yet what was, in itself, the greatest heroism, as it cost him the severest struggle of his life. He asked humbly, and as a favor, that his uncle would, out of his abundant wealth, supply him with a pittance while he studied for the bar, pledging himself if he lived, to return the loan.

Sir Philip Heathcote was not a man of deep feelings, yet he perceived at once how violently those of his nephew were agitated while making this request. He took his hand kindly, almost deprecatingly, for it seemed to him that his dead sister looked

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at him out of her son's eyes, reproaching him for the caprice which had brought Philip so low.

"Tell me, first, why you are thus anxious to become a barrister, my dear boy?" said the old man to him.

The endearing expression, and somewhat of the love of former days, melted away all Philip's lingering pride. He told his uncle why he wished advancement in the world, for the sake of one beloved.

"It is foolish, very foolish; a girl so young, and blind too! What sort of a wife will she make, think you, for a man who must struggle with the world?" said the cautious uncle.

Philip's pride once more rose up in his heart. "I only asked you if you would show me this kindness; if not, I will depart," he replied, coldly.

"I must consider," Sir Philip was about to say, still doubtful, when the rustle of silks announced the old man's young, beautiful, worldly wife, and he hastily grasped his nephew's hand, whispering, "Not a word, Philip, you shall have all you wish!" There was much good in the old baronet, after all.

Philip entered on his new career. It was one from which, in his earlier days of academic honors and literary pleasures, he would have shrunk in disgust, as being wearisome and dull: but he had now a great end to gain, and he heeded not how uninviting was the path that led towards it. Month after month he pored over dusty law folios, until his brain grew heated and weary; but then between him and the page would float Stella's face, with the long lashes cast down, and the sweet lips that trembled with every change of feeling, as rose petals by the breath of the breeze. In the day time, when mingling with the hurrying scenes of the life he had chosen, that image grew fainter; but when at night he closed his eyes, and his spirit retired within itself, deep in his heart's core did Philip cherish the memory of Stella.

As months, years flew on, and no tidings reached him, this memory became like a dream. He had no clue whereby to trace her, and even if he had, what could it have availed? Still though hope grew less, it never utterly failed him, he could not but think that he should meet her again one day, and no other love ever came to render him forgetful of that which he bore towards her.

Thus Philip Armytage went on his way, until his brave spirit had conquered all difficulties; and, no longer dependent on his uncle's kindness, he took his stand among those whose eloquence and talents made them renowned in the land. How was the boyish dreamer changed, and become the thoughtful high-hearted man, before whose intellect the wisest bowed, and upon whose eloquent tongue the learned and unlearned, the rude and the gentle, hung spell-bound with equal delight? No shallow sophistry, no underhand double-dealing ever sullied the lips or disgraced the actions of Philip Armytage; he ever stood forward for truth and justice. He showed the dignity of the law, and his strong, clear mind was never warped by meanness or prejudice.

And not alone at the bar did his fame make its way; but his fine intellect blossomed anew in the sunshine of good fortune. His darling dream from his boyhood was realized, he became an author. The voice of the poet went forth like a trumpet, sounding aloud for the just and right cause; men listened to it, and woman's lips grew eloquent in praise of the noble spirit that was ever on the side of truth and mercy. His songs went through the length and breadth of the land, to prove what the true poet ought to be—not the idle rhymer, the visionary sentimentalist, but the teacher of all high things, the voice of God to mankind, leading them to a purer life, and himself showing the way. The man of genius stands forth as the high priest of Divinity itself, before whom it befits him to offer up, not only the first fruits of his intellect, but the continued sweet savor of a life high and pure, and in accordance with the love he teaches. He should realize his own ideal, and be what he strives to delineate. And thus, amidst fame and high fortune was Philip Armytage the eloquent upholder of virtue, the scorner of vice, the earnest, music-breathing poet, the noble man.

CHAPTER V.

"In the unruffled shelter of thy love,
My bark leaped homewards from a rugged sea.
And furled its sails, and dropped right peacefully
Hope's anchor, quiet as a nested dove."—Lowell.

Among the many whose society was pleasant to Philip Armytage, as he was to them, stood foremost an aged couple, who, united late in life, spent their childless old

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age in pleasing themselves with all that was good and beautiful around. Mrs. Lyle was one of those few women who know how to "grow old gracefully," and are as winning and lovely in their decay as the twilight in a summer evening fading in the grey of night. None of the sourness and cold-heartedness of age was in her gentle nature; she did not turn away from the young and ardent, but rather clung to them and encouraged them. She loved all that was beautiful; she filled her pretty home with pictures, and statues, and books, so that to enter it was like coming into a sweet garden of fancy, in which the continual perfume of a graceful and elegant mind pervaded all things. And about this pleasant home moved its gentle possessor, with her low voice, her kind manner, and her face still beautiful even in age, from the sweet expression it wore. Hither she welcomed many of those who were rising or risen in art and literature, rejoicing with the fortunate, cheering the doubtful, encouraging the struggling, and sympathizing with all, and with none more than with Philip Armytage.

One day the young barrister came thither to see Mrs. Lyle. The gentle old lady was in her flower garden; she loved her flowers so much, as indeed she loved everything in which was a shadow of the beautiful—and Philip was shown into an inner room where she received her favorite guests. A pleasant room it was; with its antique furniture, its crimson walls, from which looked the sweet heads of Raffaelle, and the soft-eyed Madonnas of Guido, besides the pure outlines of Flaxman's marble bas-reliefs, with its painted windows through which the sunlight struggled quaintly, giving an air of dreaminess and mystery to the whole.

Philip Armytage half entered, but stayed his feet, for the room was not unoccupied. At the further end a lady sat reading. From her slight but rounded figure she seemed in the meridian of womanhood; her face was turned away, but Philip looked in admiration at the graceful outline of her cheek, and her Grecian shaped head, round which soft golden hair was braided, contrasting with the mourning dress she wore.

Wondering who she could be, he came nearer, she turned round, half-bending in acknowledgment to a stranger, and Philip looked upon the face of his early love. Yes! it was indeed Stella; but how changed! the fairy girl was matured in the dignified woman, and those sweet blue eyes, sightless no longer, coldly met his own without recognising Philip Armytage.

A chill crept over him; he, who a day before would have flown to clasp her to his bosom, now stood spell-bound by her presence, as if she had been a vision from the dead.

"Have you forgotten me?" at last burst from his quivering lips.

At the sound of his voice she started, glanced wildly towards him—her cheek grew marble white and then crimson.

"Have you forgotten me, Stella?—forgotten Philip Armytage?" and he took her hand.

"No—no—no!" cried the girl, as she clasped it in both hers, and looked eagerly in his face. In a moment Philip's arm was round her, and his long-lost, long-beloved one wept joyful tears upon his breast.

"And do you indeed remember me still, Philip?" asked Stella, with a doubtful look in her eyes. "Have all these years brought no change?"

"It is you who are changed, my beloved," Philip answered, gazing earnestly at her.

An expression of rapturous joy irradiated Stella's face.

"Yes! I am not now as when you knew me—I am no longer blind."

They sat together, hand in hand, and talked of all that had happened since they parted. Stella told her lover how, after their forced separation, months had glided into years, and still she heard no tidings of him; how she and her father at last returned to England, where the skill of an eminent oculist restored to her the light of day, and all the delights of a world so long shut out from her. Thus her girlhood stole into womanhood, and she entered into society, still keeping faithful to the memory of her early dream, dim and hopeless as it had now become. Then Stella spoke of her father, of his increased kindness, which had continued until his death. Her high-spirited brother had gone to India, and she was now all alone, save for the sister of her mother—the gentle-hearted Mrs. Lyle. All this Philip learned, in return for his own tale of faithful love. But Stella, with woman's reserve, did not tell him how entirely the thought of him had engrossed her own soul; that by night and by day his name was in her heart, his voice in her ear; that she existed but in that one idea, through months and years of absence, during which

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she knew not if he ever once remembered her. She did not tell him how, when his fame increased, it reached even to her, and her woman's heart swelled with pride at having loved and been loved by one so worthy; how she lived for days on the delight of having read his name, or heard him spoken of by strangers with words of praise; how she hung over his writings, and traced there the ripe harvest of mind which she had known in its early luxuriance; and how at times came the wild yearning to see him once more, and to know if in the memory of the honored man of genius lingered one thought of the blind girl he had once loved, and who returned that love with such passionate devotion, though it was buried in the depths of her inmost heart.

This sweet communion was broken by the entrance of Mrs. Lyle; but all was soon revealed to her, and she rejoiced with almost a mother's joy over the happiness of the two whom she loved so well. Once more Philip and Stella renewed their early vows; there was now no impediment to their union, save in that lingering pride which made the lover shrink from receiving from his wife those worldly riches with which it would have been his delight to load her. But the young barrister was still poor, and Stella was an heiress.

When Philip spoke of this, she answered with the loving dignity of a woman, who, with her heart, gives her all—

"Do you remember, Philip, years ago when I was a wild, foolish girl, I besought you to take me as your wife, and you nobly refused to bring sorrow upon me in return for my love? I am now a woman, wiser, I trust, and more worthy of you, though still most humble compared to Philip Armytage. But such as I am, take me, and all that is mine; I count it as nothing when I think of the bliss of being beloved by one like you."

And now the betrothed lovers entered on that sweet time when the doubt and fear of love is over, and the two heart-united ones stood on the threshold of wedded life, and looked forward to the future as an endless vista of pleasant paths to be trodden together. How sweet were the long summer evenings when Philip left weary, dull, dusty London behind him, and came to Mrs. Lyle's cottage at Hampstead, that prettiest of pretty spots, which, but for its metropolitan *prestige*, would be thought a very Arcadia! It was very pleasant to Philip and Stella to stroll along the green lanes between Hampstead and Highgate, and talk of their old favorites who had loved these very spots—the young dreamer, Keats, and Coleridge, the philosopher-poet, and Shelley, the gentle-hearted, whose life was a long sunbeam of love and poetry. And when they came home there was Mrs. Lyle, ever ready to welcome them with her quiet smile; and then there was some good book to be read, over which the good-natured, but less ethereally inclined friend dozed in sweet oblivion: or else Stella sang to her lover the dear old songs, of which she had not forgotten one—not even the one which he had first listened to in the gay *soirée*, when sung by the blind English maiden.

Day by day Stella's character unfolded itself more to her betrothed—not as the sweet, innocent girl, whose helplessness had entwined her round the heart of the strong man, in spite of her half-formed mind so inferior to his own, with a tie in which compassion had awakened love; but as the matured, high-souled woman, whose ripened, cultivated powers made her a help meet for the man of intellect. Philip Armytage did not know how much of this was owing to himself. A woman's character in after-life often, nay almost always, takes its nature from that of her first love—not her first crude, girlish fancy, but the one who unsealed the fountain of woman's feelings. She becomes like him she loves; her thoughts and predilections take their hue from his; if she weds him, their union is thus made sweeter by sympathy; if not, however her lot may be cast, she never entirely ceases to be influenced by those feelings which he first created and guided. Thus, had Stella loved one of inferior mind, she would never have become what she was now, her nature would have sunk to his, and many of its hidden treasures would have lain dormant for ever.

But though hardly a trace remained of the undeveloped character of the blind girl, Stella still preserved the pure simplicity and meekness which distinguished her then. She was still as humble-minded, as devoted to him she loved, hardly bestowing a thought on her surpassing beauty and her many attractions, except so far as they made her more precious to him and more worthy to be his wife. And such was the bride whom, ere the leaves of autumn had fallen to the earth, Philip Armytage took to his home and to his heart, a treasure long wooed, long sighed for, at last won!

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CHAPTER VI.

"Their sky was all glory; but a cloud sailed into it; there was lightning in its bosom, and it broke."
—BERNARD.

WE have seen the blind girl as a child, a young maiden, a woman in the pride of her loveliness; let us now behold her as a wife, no longer the idol of a lover's dream, but the sharer of his life—the joy, the comfort of her husband's home. We would fain describe her, but the words float from our pen, and glide away into poesy—into that sweetest picture of woman that ever dawned on poet's brain. Stella was—

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles!"

* * * * *

"A being breathing thoughtful breath;
A traveller betwixt life and death;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit, still and bright,
And something of an angel light."

After this, what can we say but that Philip Armytage had, in truth "an angel in the house." Rare, very rare, are such in this world; but we have known some, and others, doubtless, have done the same. Alas! that while they were walking with us we knew them not, until they had spread their invisible wings and flown to heaven!

The home of Philip Armytage was one in which the world may see that poesy can hallow daily life, and that the glorious light of genius is not incompatible with the subdued, delicious glow of the domestic fireside. A man of talent is like a beacon set on a hill, exposed to every wind of heaven, and to the gaze of innumerable eyes, eagerly watching lest its light should be extinguished. If it flutter or wave for a moment, like any other common fire, up rises the cry of a hundred voices, and a hundred hands are lifted to quench the unworthy beacon. God help the man of genius! he walks through a road that is full of snares, more, and deeper, for him than for men of less exalted minds and less sensitive natures; and all these set up a rejoicing shout if he only stumble. Yet it is not impossible to tread the path in safety; many strive thus to walk, and all honor to those whose life proves that men may glory at once in a lofty intellect and a blameless and pure heart. Such an one approaches nearest to that ideal of humanity—which all shall, we trust, one day attain—when mind and matter shall no longer strive together, and we become only "a little lower than the angels."

Philip Armytage lived this life, as near as man can do on earth. He brought the treasures of his lofty intellect to brighten his home; he did not relinquish his profession, but he adorned it with the refinements of a gifted mind. He had none of the vagaries of the poet; he did not consider that genius must necessarily be eccentric, and no one would have thought that the clear-headed, sensible man, whose courteous and winning manners were the ornament of the intellectual society which he collected round him, in his well-ordered home, or the gentle, affectionate husband, who read and talked cheerfully to his wife, during the long winter evenings, was the same high souled poet, whose brilliant imagination made his writings worshipped by some, and wondered at by others.

When the long, pleasant, summer days came again, Philip and Stella took "the wings of the dove," and fled away for a time to a home far down in the country, the same where Stella's mournful childhood had been spent, and which was now left half desolate in the absence of its present owner, Edmund Brandreth. The happy wife of Philip Armytage trod, with her husband by her side, all those forest walks where the lonely blind girl had once wandered, and the contrast made her, if possible, happier still. Life was to the young pair an enchanted dream of such deep joy that their hearts trembled under the burden, like flowers heavy with much dew. Young, rich, with minds gifted to behold and enjoy, to the full, all that was beautiful, and hearts that seemed as one in close and loving union; what had they more to desire? Sometimes a light shadow of fear would flit over them—a sort of vague doubt that as night comes after day, so grief ever follows happiness. But then love chased the dim phantom away with its angel wings.

It had been a long season of drought, so that the very grass was parched in the meadows, the birds became almost mute and fled to the deepest shades of the vast forest. Very grateful now was the thick wood, whose verdant recesses formed the only relief from this insupportable heat. Every evening Stella and her husband took their pleasant ramble together, from twilight until the stars came out: the young wife added to every beautiful sight and sound

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by her deep sense of enjoyment, while Philip's noble mind invested all things with a halo of poesy, so that to walk with him was to walk with a magician, who unveiled the inner life of nature.

One evening they went out together as usual, but did not pass beyond the lawn, for twilight brought with it the tokens of a coming storm. Dark, vapor-fringed cumuli rose up o'er the bed of the departing orb, shutting out all the lovely purple and gold of a September sunset, and growing thicker and blacker, until they reached mid heaven, covering the pale moon, that in her feeble age followed quickly after the fading light. A heavy stillness succeeded—a darkness that might be felt, oppressing both mind and body with a dull weight.

"Let us go in," said Stella, as she leaned wearily upon her husband's arm; "see, the storm is coming nearer; and look! there is a flash."

"It is only summer lightning," Philip answered. "But come, dear, we will go within doors, and watch it from the window, it is so beautiful."

They went in, and stood watching the storm. Stella felt no fear, for her husband was beside her. She rested her head on his shoulder, and felt his arm encircle her, and thus they looked on the gathering clouds, and the brilliant flashes of sheet lightning that momently illumined the whole heaven, and made the dark woods as bright and distinct as in broad daylight. Even when the heavy drops began to fall, and a low rumbling of thunder was heard in the distance, they did not turn away, for the minds of both were of too high an order to experience that weak sorrow which makes the feeble shrink from that grandest and most beautiful sight—a thunder-storm at night.

"You are not afraid, my dearest?" asked the husband.

"No, Philip," answered Stella. "I like to watch a storm coming on. I feel a kind of awful delight, as though I were drawn nearer to heaven, and heard the voice of God in the thunder. I have no fear, except that I would ever have those I love beside me as now."

Philip pressed his wife nearer to him with a smile. "Now you are quite safe, love."

"Yes, with you. I remember the first storm I ever watched, after my sight was restored. It was here at this very window. I was foolish, my Philip, I know, but I could not turn my thoughts from you. I wondered where you were—if you were safe; and dreading no danger for myself, I felt a shuddering fear lest harm should come to you. Now I have you with me, my own husband."

"For ever—for ever," cried Philip, stooping over her with intense love, "my Stella, my——"

As he spoke, a dazzling, blinding flash enveloped them in one sheet of lurid flame; then came a burst of thunder, so long and loud, that it seemed as if the heavens were falling. But the husband and wife heard it not. They both lay insensible, Philip's arm still clasping his beloved. Philip Armytage woke to consciousness, and found Stella still lying motionless. Her eyes were fixed and open; her features white and livid, while her arm still twined round his neck, as cold and heavy as stone. He uttered one cry of agonized despair, and then a desperate calmness came over him. He felt her heart; a faint pulse was still beating there. He lifted her hand; it did not fall down again, but remained stiffly extended. She was not dead, but remained in a trance if possible more fearful still than death.

All that night, the next day, and throughout another horrible night, did Philip hang over his insensible wife. No skill could wake her from her terrible repose; she lay immovable, breathing faintly, but a tinge of life was on her marble-like face, and the glare of her open eyes was fearful to behold. Philip tried to close them, but the eyelids shrank back again from the dilated pupils. He covered them with a veil, for he could not bear to see the horrible expression they gave to the beautiful face he loved so much.

When the second day was at its meridian, Philip thought he saw her breast heave, a faint hue dyed her white lips—they moved; and with a wild cry he clasped his wife in his arms, and strove to reanimate those pale lips with kisses.

"Philip," she murmured faintly, "I thought I was dead."

"You are living—here in my arms, my beloved—my heart's treasure," cried the husband, almost weeping with joy.

"Ah, I remember the storm; it is all over now. It is night; but why have you put out the lamp? I cannot see you, love."

Philip shuddered at her words, for the room was flooded with the golden light of noon. He looked at Stella's eyes; their

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expression revealed the awful truth; the lightning had struck her, and she was once more hopelessly blind.

CHAPTER VII.

"Go not away—yet ah, dark shades I see
Obscure thy brow—thou goest! but give thy hand;
Must it be so?—Then go—I follow thee;
Yes! unto death—unto the Silent Land."
FREDERIKA BREMER.

STELLA awoke from that thunder-stricken trance unto darkness that no human power could henceforth sweep away—those sweet eyes were now blind for ever. Meekly, as became her nature, did she bow beneath the stroke, but Philip writhed under it in insupportable agony. Stella's health slowly recovered, and she rose up from her bed of sickness, and once more wandered about the house, pale, pensive, but still calm. Then burst forth her husband's wild despair. His frantic words sometimes reached almost to imprecations. He wished that the terrible lightning flash had struck him dead, rather than that he should live to see this wreck of his happiness. His whole nature seemed changed; the gentle, upright, pious-hearted Philip Armytage was all but a maniac in his wild despair.

But Stella seemed to have gained all the firmness which he had lost. Patient, unrepining, she was to him like a guardian angel, soothing and cheering him, as if he had been the stricken one, and she the consoler. He would take her away, to try all that metropolitan skill could effect, and to amuse her, as he thought, with every enjoyment that London could furnish. But Stella knew it was hopeless, and though she submitted, to please her husband, still it was not long before her health failed in the close air of the city, and Philip bore her again to her native home.

There the soft spring breezes once more brought faint roses to the cheek of the blind wife, and hope, almost joy, stole back again to her heart, for she knew that heart would soon throb with the pulses of a mother's love. Again life became sweet to her, and a little of her cheerfulness communicated itself to Philip's melancholy spirit. In his wife's presence he grew more calm, and for her sake he returned to those pursuits which, in the first burst of wild agony, he had vowed to relinquish for ever. He read to her, as of old; he wrote poetry, because it pleased her; he no longer shrank from the pleasant sunshine, because she could behold it no more; but spent whole days in guiding her steps through the forest, describing everything he saw with the eloquence of love.

"Do you remember once when you said, 'I will be your eyes, dearest?'" Stella one day whispered to him; "and now you are so, my Philip! you make me see with your eyes."

Philip groaned, "Hush, hush, I cannot bear it."

"Nay, nay, look at me; I am not sad; indeed, Philip, you do not know how happy I am. If I were now, as I once was—lonely, helpless, with no one to love me—I might indeed lament; but with you, my husband, ever with me, giving up all for me, with the knowledge that my infirmity only proves how strong is your love, how can I murmur? My own Philip; you are the light of my eyes; there is no darkness for me when you are by."

And Philip could only press her to his heart, and weep.

But though when her husband was by, Stella appeared contented and cheerful, and indeed was so, yet there were times when she felt bitterly the deprivation of all those pleasures which had become so dear to her. She longed to behold that beautiful world which had been revealed to her sight, only to be shut out again for ever; and more than all did she yearn to look once more upon the face of her husband, to watch it kindling into genius, until it became, to her at least, as the face of an angel. She knew, by the tones of his voice, when it wore that look, and then her heart sank to think that she must see it no more for ever. At times, too, when in her darkness she was attiring herself, or arranging her long auburn hair, a natural sigh would escape her at the memory of the days in which her unsealed eyes first discovered that she was beautiful; and a throb of pleasure came to her heart at the thought that she was thereby more worthy of the long absent, but well-beloved one. Then, too, Stella would turn from the past to the dim future, and sometimes even weep that she would never behold the face of her child—that the blind mother would not trace, in its opening beauty, a likeness to the features more dear to her. And then, with these mother thoughts, came memories of her own lost parent, in solemn sweetness leading her from earth to heaven.

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Thus the time wore on; Philip's anguish was lulled by happy hopes for the future, and Stella's brow wore a holy calmness. One day, an aged woman, who had nursed her in her infancy, shook her head as she looked mournfully on the changing cheek and transparent hands; she knew well that the mysteries of the coming birth alone kept away the dread phantom, whose shadow already hung over the blind mother.

The hour of trial came; it brought a moment's joy, and then the gloom of despair. In a few days, the faint wailing cry of the young spirit which had entered this world of care was hushed; and silently, slowly, the mother was following her babe to heaven. No earthly power could save her, and Philip knew it. As still and speechless as her whose life was ebbing away on his bosom, the husband waited for death to take his treasure from his arms.

Stella lay in the heavy slumber which a temporary delirium had left behind. She did not even know on whose anguish-riven bosom her head rested. Once only she spoke like one dreaming.

"I see her, there, there, with white garments. Mother, I am coming; only let me bid *him* farewell." And her lips closed, murmuring Philip's name.

An hour before death her senses returned. She bade Philip kiss her, then whispered faintly—

"I am content, my husband, my beloved! You will come too, soon, oh! soon. There is no darkness there."

She felt for his hand, laid it on her heart, and spoke no more. Death stole over that gentle one, not with gloom and sorrow, but with the peaceful shadows of a child's rosy sleep.

* * * * * *

Let us pause for a moment to think of Death—Death, as he comes in the midst of life, and youth, and love, when the world is yet sweet, and the journey has been too short for the limbs to grow weary. Yet, even so; blessed are they who never know the burden and heat of the day! To them the Dread Presence comes as a white-winged angel, ere they have time to invest him with shadows that are alone the creation of man's fearful heart. He comes smiling, to waft them from earth's pleasures to those which are eternal. It is better to depart while love's roses are blooming than to linger until they fade. Therefore, blessed are the young who die beloved and loving still! And for those, few in years, but many in sorrows, who have already seen the sun of hope set ere noon, who would keep the poor mourning ones from their rest! Thus let us think of thee, O Death! gentle unlooser of life's burden, who foldest thy calm, still arms round the weary frame, and leavest the immortal spirit to rise rejoicing unto God.

For months after the death of Stella, the world was a blank to Philip Armytage. His noble mind was a wreck, and if at times glimpses of reason and intellect came, like wandering meteors through the ruins, they only showed more plainly the mournful desolation around. One soft woman's voice, and gentle woman's hand had power over him in his wildest moods, they were those of Mrs. Lyle. Many thought that his brain had never recovered from the fearful lightning stroke, so that any great sorrow was sure to overthrow reason for ever. But the love which had suffered so much, and then been riven by death, was cause sufficient. Rarely do men love to such intensity, but when they do it is a fearful thing.

After a long season, Philip's mind awoke from its sleep. With declining health came restored reason. He lost that delusion, which had constantly haunted him, in which he fancied that the lost one was ever present by his side. It might have been a dream or not; God only knows. If the departed become ministering spirits, as may be, what office would be sweeter to that blessed angel than to watch over and soothe the bewildered mind of him whom she had so fondly loved on earth? Calmly, with a kind of mournful joy, did Philip Armytage see the world glide from him. Its pleasures were like shadows to him now. He lived near the fatal yet beloved home whose gloom was now brightened by infant smiles and gay young voices, the children of Edmund Brandreth. These loved to gather round the knees of the pale, but ever-gentle mourner, and hear him talk of her who was gone—of her darkened childhood, her happy youth, her sweetness, and her suffering; and then they would listen with him to the murmuring of the trees in the old churchyard, the more fanciful of them thinking it was her voice whispering to them in the still evening twilight. But when the solitary one had kissed them all, and bade them good night, he would stretch his arms out in the darkness and cry with a low yearning voice—

"My Stella, my beloved, let me come to thee."

And at length the longing prayer was heard.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE LAMARTINE.—BY C. COCKS.*

WHILST Paris, France, and the leaders and armies of factions, were preparing to tear the republic to pieces, the shadow of a mighty spirit was hovering over the soul of a young girl, and about to disconcert both men and events by placing the arm and the life of a woman across the path of the destiny of the revolution.

In a lonely by-street of the city of Caen, then the centre of the Girondist insurrection, may still be seen an old, grey, weather-beaten house, at the end of a court-yard. There, in the beginning of 1793, lived a grand-niece of our great tragic poet, Pierre Corneille. Poets and heroes are of the same race. There is no other difference between them than that of conception and achievement; the latter realize the conceptions of the former; but the thought is the same. Women are naturally as enthusiastic as the former, and as courageous as the latter. Poetry, heroism, and love, are of the same family.

This house belonged to a poor, aged, infirm, and childless widow, named Madame de Bretteville. She had had with her, for a few years, a young relation, whom she had brought up for the support of her old age, and to enliven her solitude. This damsel was then in her twenty-fourth year. Her stature, though tall, did not exceed that of the generality of the fine graceful women of Normandy. Her complexion partook of the ardor of the south, and the rosy hue of the women of the north. Her hair, which seemed dark, when tied round her head, or opening in two waves on her brow, had a golden tinge at the extremity of the tresses. Her eyes, large and extending to the temples, were blue when she was lost in reflection, but changed to black when she became animated; they were shaded by long eye-lashes, darker than her hair, and adding depth to the soul which beamed in her eye. Her nose united with her forehead by an imperceptible curve; and her Grecian mouth and lips had a wavering, indefinable expression between tenderness and severity. Her prominent chin, divided by a deep dimple, gave to the lower part of her visage a character of manly resolution, which contrasted with the perfectly feminine grace of the rest of her countenance. Her cheeks, glowing with youth, possessed the firm fulness of health. The least emotion would cause her to blush or turn pale. Her broad, though somewhat thin chest, was a bust for a sculptor. Her skin was white. Her arms were strong and muscular, her hands long, and her fingers tapering. Her costume, conformable to her limited means and the solitude in which she lived, was of sober simplicity. She trusted to nature, and disdained every artifice and caprice of fashion in her dress. Persons who knew her in her youth, describe her as being uniformly dressed in a dark-colored robe, cut like a riding-habit, and wearing a grey felt hat, turned up at the edge, and ornamented with black ribbons, as was then the mode among women of her condition. The sound of her voice, that living echo which sums up all the deep feelings of the soul in a vibration of the air, left a deep and tender impression on the ears of those whom she addressed. They would speak of the sound of that voice ten years after they had heard it, as a strange music indelibly impressed on their memory.

This young damsel was named Charlotte Corday-d'Armont. Although of noble extraction, she was born in a cottage in the village of Ligneries, not far from Argentan. Her father, François de Corday-d'Armont, was one of those provincial *gentilshommes* whom their poverty almost confounded with the peasantry. Occupied with agricultural pursuits, he beguiled his leisure with political and literary studies, then much diffused among that uneasy class of the population.

It was the time when the Girondists were contending, with glorious courage and prodigious eloquence, against their enemies in the Convention. The Jacobins, so it was believed, wanted to snatch the republic out of the hands of the Girondist party, only to plunge France into a bloody anarchy. In place of those great men, who seemed to be defending at the breach the

* This graphic account will appear in M. de Lamartine's next volume of the History of the Girondists, which is not yet published.

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last ramparts of society, and the sacred home of every citizen, Marat, sprung from the loathsome dregs of the populace, triumphing over the laws by sedition, carried in the arms of rioters to the tribune, now assumed the dictatorship of anarchy, robbery, and assassination, and menaced independence, property, liberty, life itself in the departments. These convulsions, excesses, and terrors, had deeply moved the provinces of Normandy.

Charlotte Corday's wounded heart felt all these calamities inflicted on her native land. She saw the ruin of France, and the victims; she thought, too, she perceived the tyrant. She vowed to herself that she would avenge the former, punish the latter, and save her country. For some days she brooded over her vague resolution in her soul, without knowing what act France demanded of her, or what source of crime it was most urgent to remove. She studied men, circumstances, and the state of affairs, in order that her blood should not be shed in vain!

The Girondists whom the city of Caen had taken under its protection were lodged all together, by the town, in what had been the Intendant's palace. There meetings of the people used to be held, at which the citizens, and even women, were present, in order to contemplate and hear those first victims of anarchy—those last avengers of liberty. On leaving those assemblies, the people would cry *to arms!* and incite their sons, brothers, and husbands, to enlist in the battalions. Charlotte Corday, surmounting the prejudices of her rank, and the timidity of her sex and age, had the courage to attend those meetings several times, with a few of her female friends. She desired to behold those whom she was about to save. The situation, the language, and the countenances of those first apostles of liberty, almost all young men, became engraven in her soul, and imparted something more personal and impassioned to her devotion to their cause.

Charlotte witnessed from a balcony the enlisting of the volunteers and the departure of their battalions. The enthusiasm of those young citizens, abandoning their homes in order to protect the violated asylum of the national representation, and to brave bullets or the guillotine, chimed with her own.

After the departure of the volunteers, Charlotte was occupied with one single thought; to anticipate their arrival at Paris, spare their generous lives, and render their patriotism superfluous by delivering France from tyranny before their arrival.

A presentiment of terror was then pervading France. The scaffold was erected at Paris, and was expected to be shortly seen throughout the republic. The power of the Montagne and Marat, if it triumphed, could be defended only by the hand of the executioner. It was said that the monster had already written lists of proscription, and counted the number of heads that were to be sacrificed to his suspicions and vengeance. Two thousand five hundred victims were marked out at Lyons alone, three thousand at Marseilles, twenty-eight thousand at Paris, and three hundred thousand in Brittany and Calvados. The name of Marat caused a shudder like the name of death. To prevent the shedding of so much blood, Charlotte was resolved to give her own. Under specious pretext she presented herself to the Hotel de l'Intendance, where the citizens who had business with deputies were able to approach them. She saw Buzot, Pethion, and Louvet, and had two conversations with Barbaroux. She pretended to be a petitioner, and asked the young Marseillois for a letter of introduction to one of his colleagues of the Convention, who could present her to the Minister of the Interior. She said she had a petition to present to the government in favor of Mademoiselle de Forbin, the friend of her childhood. Barbaroux gave her a letter to Duperret, one of the seventy-three deputies of the Gironde forgotten in the first proscription. This letter, which later caused Duperret to ascend the scaffold, contained not one word that could be imputed as a crime to him who received it. Provided with this letter, and a passport, which she had taken a few days before for Argentan, Charlotte thanked Barbaroux, and bade him farewell. The sound of her voice filled Barbaroux with a presentiment then incomprehensible to him. "If we had known her design," said he, afterwards, "and if we had been capable of committing a crime by such a hand, Marat is not the man we should have pointed out to her vengeance."

The last struggle now took place within her, between thought and the deed; but only the gravity of her countenance and a few tears, ill-concealed from the eyes of her household, revealed the involuntary agony of her suicide. When questioned by her aunt: "I weep," said she, "for the

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miseries of my country, for those of my parents, and for yours; as long as Marat lives, nobody will be sure of one day's existence." Madame de Bretteville remembered, later, that, on entering Charlotte's room to wake her, she had found, on her bed, an old Bible open at the book of Judith, and that she had seen these words underlined with a pencil: "Judith left the city, adorned with marvellous beauty, with which the Lord had gifted her, to deliver Israel." On the same day, Charlotte, on walking out to prepare for her departure, found in the street some of the citizens of Caen playing at cards before their door. "You play," said she, in an accent of bitter irony, "and our country is dying!" Her language and manner showed her impatience and eagerness to depart. She accordingly departed on the 7th of July for Argentan. There, she bade her father and her sister a last farewell, telling them she was about to seek an asylum and a livelihood in England, and that she wanted to receive her father's benediction before that long separation. Her father approved of her departure; so having embraced him and her sister, Charlotte returned the same day to Caen. There, she deceived the tenderness of her aunt by the same stratagem, telling her she was going soon to England, where some of her friends had found her an asylum. She had secretly taken her place to depart, on the morrow, by the Paris diligence. She made little presents of gowns and embroidery, to be worn after her departure, to some of the companions of her childhood. She shared her favorite books among her most intimate friends, reserving only one volume of Plutarch, as if unwilling to separate, in that critical moment of her life, from the society of those great men with whom she had lived, and wished to die. At length, early in the morning of the 9th of July, she took under her arm a small parcel containing the most indispensable articles of dress, embraced her aunt, and told her she was going to sketch the hay-makers in the neighboring meadows. With a sheet of drawing-paper in her hand, she then departed, never to return. At the foot of the stairs, she met the child of a poor workman, named Robert, who lodged in the house, and was generally playing about the yard. She used sometimes to give him pictures. "Here, Robert," said she, giving him her drawing-paper, which she no longer required for an excuse, "this is for you; be a good boy, and kiss me; for you will never see me again." And she embraced the child, and shed a tear upon his cheek. That tear was the last shed on the threshold of her youth; she had nothing now to give but her blood.

The freedom and frankness of her conversation in the coach, which transported her towards Paris, inspired her travelling companions with no other sentiment than that of admiration, benevolence, and curiosity. Throughout the first day, she was constantly playing with a little girl whom chance had placed by her side in the carriage. The other travellers, being enthusiastic *Montagnards*, were loud in their imprecations against the Girondins, and in their admiration of Marat. Dazzled with the loveliness of the young lady, they endeavored to get from her her name, the intention of her journey, and her address at Paris. She repressed their familiarity by the modesty of her manners, the evasive brevity of her replies, and, at length, by pretending to be asleep. One of them, more reserved than the others, being captivated by so much modesty and beauty, avowed to her his respectful admiration, and entreated permission to ask her hand of her relations; she turned this sudden love into a good-natured jest, and promised the young man that she would later inform him of her name and intentions. She delighted them all to the end of the journey, and they were sorry to leave her company.

She entered Paris at noon on Thursday, the 11th of July, and gave orders to be conducted to the *Hotel de la Providence*, an inn which had been recommended to her at Caen. She went to bed at five in the evening, and slept soundly till the following morning.

She then rose, dressed herself simply but decently, and repaired to the house of Duperret. He was at the Convention. His daughters, in their father's absence, received from the young stranger Barbaroux's letter of introduction. Duperret was expected back in the evening. Charlotte returned to her hotel, and passed the whole day alone in her room. At six o'clock she went again to call on M. Duperret. Being pressed for time, he told her he could not take her that evening to the minister, Garat, but that he would go and accompany her from her lodgings on the following morning.

That same evening, a decree of the Convention ordered seals to be placed on the

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furniture of such deputies as were suspected of being attached to the twenty-two proscribed Girondins. Duperret was among the number. He went, nevertheless, very early in the morning of the 12th, to accompany Charlotte to the minister. Garat did not receive them. Duperret seemed to be discouraged by this disappointment. He represented to the young girl that his being treated as suspicious, and the measure taken that night against him by the Convention, rendered his patronage rather injurious than useful to his clients. The stranger did not insist; like a person who no longer wants the pretext used to disguise an action, and who is contented with the first argument to abandon the design, Duperret left her at the *Hotel de la Providence*. She pretended to enter, but immediately left it again, and inquired her way, from street to street, as far as the Palais-Royal.

She entered the garden, not as a stranger who wishes to satisfy curiosity, but as a traveller who has not a day to spare. She looked about under the galleries for a cutler's shop. She found one, entered, chose a *couteau-poignard* with an ebony handle, paid three francs for it, concealed it beneath her neckerchief, and returned slowly to the garden. She sat down, for a moment, on a stone bench against the arcade. There, though buried in meditation, she allowed herself to be amused by children who were playing about, some of whom frolicked at her feet and leaned on her knees. She still had a woman's smile for those innocent amusements of childhood. Her indecision oppressed her, not on account of the act for which she was already armed, but for the manner of accomplishing it. She wanted to make a solemn sacrifice that would cast terror into the souls of the adherents of the tyrant. Her first thought had been to accost Marat and slay him in the champ-de-Mars, at the grand ceremony of the federation. That solemnity having been postponed, her next intention had constantly been to sacrifice Marat at the head of the *Montagne* in the midst of the Convention, before the face of his admirers and accomplices. Her hope was to be instantly torn in pieces herself by the people in their fury, without leaving any other vestige or memory than two dead bodies and tyranny drowned in her blood! But, since her arrival in Paris, she had heard, in the course of conversation with Duperret, that Marat no longer showed himself at the Convention. It was, therefore, necessary to find her victim elsewhere, and to deceive him in order to approach him.

She resolved to do so. This dissimulation, which wounded the natural loyalty of her soul, changing courage into cunning and immolation into assassination, was the first remorse of her conscience, and her first punishment. This cost her more pain than even the deed; she confessed it herself: conscience is just in the face of posterity.

She returned to her room, wrote Marat a note which she left herself at the door of the *Friend of the People*: "I write from Caen," said she to him; "your love for our native land makes me presume that you will be eager to learn the unfortunate events of that part of the republic. I will come to your house at one o'clock; have the goodness to receive me, and to grant me one moment's conversation. I will enable you to do good service to France."

Charlotte, relying on the effect of this note, repaired accordingly to Marat's house at the appointed hour; but she could not be introduced to him. She then handed the portress a second note, still more pressing and insidious than the former. "I wrote to you this morning, Marat," said she; "have you received my letter? I cannot believe it, since your door is refused me. I hope you will grant me an interview to-morrow. I repeat that I arrive from Caen, and have to reveal to you the most important secrets for the safety of the republic. Besides, I am persecuted for the cause of liberty. I am unfortunate: this is a sufficient title to your patriotism."

Without waiting for an answer, Charlotte left her room at seven in the evening, dressed more carefully than usual, in order the better to captivate, by a respectable appearance, the household of Marat. Her white robe was open to the shoulders, which were covered with a silk handkerchief concealing her bosom and tied round her waist. Her hair was confined in a Norman cap, with pendant lace on either cheek. The cap was bound round her temples with a broad green silk ribbon. Her hair fell from the back of her head in broad plaits, a few curls only waving on her neck. No paleness of complexion, no wildness of look, no emotion in her voice revealed in her the messenger of death. Such was her captivating appearance, when she knocked at Marat's door.

Marat inhabited the first floor of a

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dilapidated house in the Rue des Cordeliers, now No. 20, Rue de l'Ecole-de-Medicine. His lodgings consisted of an antechamber, a study, a small bath-room, a sleeping-room, and a saloon. This lodging was almost bare. Marat's numerous works lying in heaps on the floor, newspapers, still wet with ink, scattered on the chairs and tables, correctors of the press constantly running in and out, women folding and dissecting pamphlets and journals, the worn-out stairs, the unswept passages, altogether bore witness to the bustle and disorder in which the busy journalist passed his life. Marat's household was that of an humble artisan. The woman who directed it, formerly called Catherine Evrard, was then named Albertine Marat, since the Friend of the People had given her his name in taking her for his wife one fine day with the sun for witness, in manner of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. One servant assisted this woman in domestic affairs; whilst a man named Laurent Basse, used to do errands and the out-door work.

Marat's feverish activity had not been lessened by the slow malady which was consuming him. The inflammation of his blood seemed to kindle his soul. He never ceased writing, in his bed, and even in his bath, accusing his enemies and exciting the Convention and the Cordeliers. Full of the presentiment of death, he seemed to fear only lest the short time he had to live would not allow him to destroy enough of the guilty. More eager to kill than to live, he hastened to despatch before him as many victims as possible, as so many hostages given by the sword to the revolution. Terror, which issued from that house, returned under another form, the perpetual fear of assassination. His companion and friends thought they beheld as many daggers raised against him as he himself suspended over the heads of three hundred thousand citizens. Nobody was allowed to approach his person but sure friends, or informers previously recommended and examined.

Charlotte was ignorant of these obstacles, but she suspected them. She alighted from the coach on the opposite side of the street facing Marat's house. The portress refused at first to allow the young stranger to enter the yard. The latter insisted, and ascended a few stairs, though called back in vain by the portress. At the noise, Marat's mistress came and opened the door, but refused to let her enter the apartment. The distant altercation between these women, one begging to be permitted to speak to the Friend of the People, and the other obstinately stopping her at the door, reached the ears of Marat. He understood from their broken sentences that his visitor was the stranger from whom he had received two letters that day. In a loud, imperious voice, he ordered the stranger to be admitted. Either through jealousy or distrust, Albertine obeyed reluctantly and with ill-humor. She introduced the maiden into the room where Marat then was, and withdrew, leaving the passage door half open, that she might hear the least word or motion.

The room was dimly lit. Marat was in his bath. Although forced to give repose to his body, he gave none to his soul. A rough plank, with either end resting on the edge of the bath, was covered with papers, open letters, and leaves on which he had began to write. In his right hand he held a pen, which the arrival of the stranger had suspended on the page. The paper was a letter to the Convention demanding the judgment and proscription of the remaining Bourbons tolerated in France. On the right of the bath was an enormous block of oak containing a common leaden inkstand. Marat, covered up in his bath with a dirty cloth stained with ink, had only his head and shoulders, the upper part of his breast, and his right arm out of the water. There was nothing in the appearance of that man to affect the eye of a woman or to arrest her arm. Greasy hair bound in a dirty handkerchief, a shelving forehead, impudent staring eyes, prominent cheek bones, an immensely wide sneering mouth, a hairy breast, lank limbs, and a livid skin:—such was Marat.

Charlotte avoided looking at him for fear of betraying the horror of her soul at the sight of him. Standing with cast-down eyes and her hands by her side, near the bath, she waited for Marat to question her about the state of things in Normandy. She replied in a few words, giving her answers the sense and coloring most likely to please him. He afterwards asked her to tell him the names of the deputies who had taken refuge at Caen. She dictated, and he noted them down. Then, when he had finished writing the names, "'Tis well!" said he, in the tone of a man sure of his revenge; "before a week is past they shall all go to the guillotine!" At those words, as if the soul of Charlotte had waited for his last crime before it could resolve to give

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the blow, she drew her knife from her bosom, and plunged it with superhuman strength up to the hilt in the heart of Marat. With the same motion she drew the bloody knife from the body of the victim, and dropped it at her feet. "Help! dear friend, help!" cried Marat, and he expired under the blow.

At that cry of agony Albertine, the servant-maid, and Laurent Basse rushed into the room and caught Marat's lifeless head in their arms. Charlotte was standing behind the window-curtain, motionless, and as if petrified by the crime she had committed. The transparency of the curtain, in the last gleam of departing day, revealed the shadow of her body. Laurent seized a chair and aimed an uncertain blow at her head which stretched her on the floor. Marat's mistress stamped upon her and trampled her under foot in her fury. At the uproar and the shrieks of the women the lodgers ran in. The neighbors and passengers stopped in the street, ran up the stairs, and crowded into the apartment. The people in the yard, and soon the whole neighborhood, demanded, with furious vociferations, that the assassin should be thrown to them, in order to avenge the death of the idol of the people on his still warm body. The soldiers of the neighboring posts and the national guards also assembled, and some order was restored. The surgeons arrived and endeavored to dress the wound. The bloody water gave the sanguinary man the appearance of expiring in a bath of blood. When lifted on his bed he was a corpse.

Charlotte had risen to her feet. Two soldiers were now holding her hands across till ropes were brought to tie them. The hedge of bayonets which surrounded her could hardly keep off the crowd, who were ever rushing at her to tear her in pieces. A fanatical cordelier, named Langlois, had picked up the bloody knife, and was making a funeral speech over the dead body of the victim, interrupting his lamentations to brandish the knife, as if he was stabbing the assassin to the heart. But nothing seemed to affect Charlotte, except the heart-rending cries of Marat's concubine. Her countenance seemed to express her astonishment at the sight of that woman; at not having reflected that such a man might yet be loved; and a regret at having been forced to wound two hearts in stabbing one.

To the invectives of the orator, and the groans of the people for their idol, her lips wore a smile of bitter contempt. "Poor people," said she, "you wish for my death, and yet you owe me an altar for having rid you of a monster! Cast me to those madmen," said she to the soldiers who protected her, "since they regret him, they are worthy to be my executioners."

The commissary at length arrived, drew up a *procès-verbal* of the murder, and had Charlotte conducted to Marat's saloon in order to question her. He wrote down her answers. She gave them calmly, in a loud firm voice, in no other tone than that of proud satisfaction for the act she had committed.

The report of the death of the Friend of the People spread with the rapidity of lightning, and soon reached the Convention. Some of the deputies instantly left the assembly and hastened to the spot where the crime had been committed. There they found the crowd increasing, and Charlotte replying to the questions of the commissary. They remained thunderstruck and dumb with astonishment at the sight of her youth and beauty, as well as at the calmness and resolution of her language. Charlotte seemed so to transfigure crime that, even by the side of the victim, they felt pity for the assassin.

The *procès-verbal* being ended, the deputies ordered her to be transported to the Abbaye, that being the nearest prison to Marat's house. They called the same coach that had brought her. The street was then filled with a dense crowd shouting with rage, which rendered the transfer difficult. The detachments of fusileers that had successively arrived, the scarfs of the commissaries, and the respect due to the members of the Convention, could ill restrain the people, and they had much difficulty in forcing a passage. The moment Charlotte, with her hands tied with ropes, and supported by the arms of two of the national guard who were holding her elbows, appeared on the threshold of the house to step into the coach, the people crowded round the wheels with such furious gestures and howlings, that she thought she must be torn piecemeal—and she fainted. On recovering her senses she was astonished, and felt sorry at breathing again.

Chabot, Drouet, and Legendre, followed her to the Abbaye, and made her undergo a second examination, which lasted till late at night. Legendre, proud of his revolutionary importance, and jealous of being

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thought also worthy of martyrdom, believed, or feigned to believe that he recognised in Charlotte Corday a young girl who had come to his house the day before, disguised as a nun, and whom he had sent away.

"Citizen Legendre is mistaken," said Charlotte with a smile, that disconcerted the conceit of the deputy. "I never saw him, neither did I ever consider the life or death of such a man so important to the safety of the republic." She was then searched: but nothing was found on her but the key of her box, her silver thimble, a ball of cotton, two hundred francs in *assignats* and in silver, a gold watch, made by a watchmaker of Caen, and her passport.

Her handkerchief still concealed the sheath of the knife with which she had stabbed Marat.

"Do you know this knife?"

"Yes!"

"Who induced you to commit this crime?"

"I saw France," said she, "about to be torn in pieces by civil war, and being convinced that Marat was the principal cause of the perils and calamities of my country, I have sacrificed his life and my own for its salvation."

"What have you done since Thursday, the day you arrived at Paris?"

To such questions she related sincerely, word for word, all the circumstances of her abode at Paris, and of her action.

When the interrogatory was ended, Chabot, dissatisfied with the result, seemed to be devouring with his eyes the countenance, the figure, and the whole person of the young lady handcuffed before him. He thought he perceived a folded paper pinned to her bosom, and stretched forth his hand to seize it. Charlotte had forgotten that paper, which contained an address that she had written to the French nation, in order to engage the citizens to punish their tyrants. She imagined she perceived in Chabot's gesture and action an outrage to decency. Being deprived of the use of her hands by her bonds, she could not parry the insult. Honor, and the indignation she felt, caused her to spring back with such a convulsive motion of her body and shoulders, that the string of her robe burst, and her robe falling below her shoulders, left her bosom bare. She stooped in confusion, as quick as thought, and bent herself double in order to hide her nakedness from her judges.

Patriotism rendered these men neither cynical nor unfeeling. Their modesty seemed as much hurt as Charlotte Corday's at that involuntary suffering of her innocence. She entreated them to untie her hands that she might adjust her robe. One of them undid her bonds, turning his head aside. As soon as her hands were free, Charlotte turned round towards the wall and arranged her dress. They took advantage of her hands being free to make her sign her answers. The ropes had left deep blue marks on her arms. When they were about to handcuff her again, she entreated her gaolers to allow her to draw down her sleeves and to put on gloves, in order to avoid an unnecessary torment before her final punishment. The poor girl's look and accent were such while she was addressing this prayer to her judges, and showing them her discolored hands, that Harmand could not help shedding tears, and he retired to conceal them.

She was then sent to prison, and guarded within sight by two gendarmes, even during the night: she protested, but in vain, against that profanation of her sex. The committee of general safety hastened on her trial and execution. From her miserable flock-bed she heard the public criers shouting an account of the murder in the streets, and the imprecations of the crowd vowing a thousand deaths against the assassin. Charlotte did not take that voice of the people for the decree of posterity, and through the horror she inspired she foresaw her apotheosis. It was in this spirit that she wrote to the committee of general safety, to allow her to have her picture taken.

Montané, the president of the revolutionary tribunal, came on the morrow to interrogate the prisoner. Touched by her youth and beauty, and convinced of the sincerity of her fanaticism, which almost made the assassin innocent in the eye of human justice, he wanted to save her life. He had directed the questions, and tacitly insinuated the replies so as to make her judges believe her rather mad than criminal. Charlotte was obstinate in thwarting this merciful intention of the president. She justified her act. They then transferred her to the Conciergerie. Madame Richard, the wife of the governor of the prison, received her with the compassion which her youth and present position naturally inspired. Owing to her indulgence, Charlotte obtained paper, ink, and quiet, of which

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she took advantage to write a hasty letter to Barbaroux, giving him an account of all the circumstances that had happened since her arrival in Paris, in a style in which patriotism, death, and mirth are mingled together, like sorrow and gladness in the parting glass at a farewell banquet.

Her letter to her father, written the last, was short and full of affection and emotion. "Forgive me," she said, "for having disposed of my existence without permission. I have avenged many innocent victims, and prevented many disasters. The people, undeceived one day, will rejoice at being delivered from a tyrant. If I endeavored to persuade you that I was going over to England, it was because I wanted to remain unknown. I found it was impossible; but I hope you will not be molested. In every case you have defenders at Caen. I have chosen Gustave Doulcet de Pontecoulant for my advocate. Such an attempt cannot be defended: it is merely a form. Adieu, dear papa. I pray you to forget me, or rather to rejoice in my fate. My cause is a noble one. I embrace my sister, whom I love with my whole heart. Forget not this verse of Corneille;—

La crime fait la honte, et non pas l'echafaud.

"I am to be tried to-morrow at eight o'clock."

This allusion to a verse of her great-uncle, by reminding her father of the illustrious name, and the heroism of their blood, seemed to place her deed under the safeguard of the genius of her family.

On the following morning the gendarmes came at eight o'clock to conduct her to the revolutionary tribunal; the room was situated above the vaults of the Conciergerie. Before proceeding to it, she arranged her hair and her dress, in order to meet death with decency; then she said with a smile, to the governor who was assisting her to make these preparations, "M. Richard, I pray you to take care that my breakfast be prepared when I descend from above; my judges are doubtless in a hurry. I wish to take my last meal with Madame Richard and you."

The hour of her trial was known in Paris the night before. Curiosity, horror, interest, and compassion had attracted an immense crowd to the court of justice, and filled every avenue. When the prisoner drew near, a low murmur arose from the multitude, like a malediction on her name. But no sooner had she pierced the crowd, and dazzled every eye with her surpassing beauty, than the murmur of anger changed to an emotion of compassion and admiration.

When she had taken her seat on the prisoner's bench, she was asked whether she had a defender. She replied she had intrusted that duty to a friend; but, not seeing him present, she presumed he had lost his courage. The president then appointed her an official defender,—young Claveau-Lagarde, since illustrious for his defence of the queen, and already noted for his eloquence and courage in causes at a time when the advocate shared the perils of the accused. Lagarde placed himself at the bar. Charlotte looked at him closely and uneasily, as though she feared that, to save her life, her defender might endanger her honor. Marat's widow gave her deposition with tears and sobs. Charlotte, affected by the woman's grief, cut short her deposition by exclaiming, "Yes, yes, I killed him." She then related her premeditation of an act conceived three months before, the project of stabbing the tyrant in the midst of the Convention, "I have killed one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a republican long before the revolution."

The prosecutor having reproached her with plunging the knife downwards, that the blow might be more sure, told her she must doubtless have well practised the crime! At that supposition, which confounded all her ideas by assimilating her to professional murderers, she uttered an exclamation of shame: "Oh! the monster!" she cried, "he takes me for an assassin!"

Fouquier-Tinville then summed up, and adjudged her deserving of capital punishment. Her advocate arose. "The prisoner," said he, "avows the crime; she owns it was long premeditated, and she confesses the most overwhelming particulars. Citizens, this is her entire defence. This imperturbable calmness and complete self-denial, betraying no remorse in the presence of death, are, in one point of view, something beyond human nature, and can only be accounted for by the exaltation of the political fanaticism which armed her hand with the poniard. It is for you to judge how much such an immovable fanaticism should weigh in the scales of justice. I refer the matter to your consciences."

The jury unanimously pronounced sentence of death. She heard the decree un-

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moved. The president having asked her whether she had anything to say on the nature of the penalty, she disdained to answer, and, turning to her defender, "Sir," said she, in a sweet, affecting tone of voice, "you have defended me as I wished, and I thank you. I owe you a testimony of my gratitude and esteem; I offer one worthy of you. These gentlemen" (pointing to the judges) "have just declared my property confiscated. I owe something to the prison, and I bequeathe you that debt to pay for me." Whilst they were questioning her, and receiving her answers, she perceived amidst the auditory a painter sketching her features. She turned obligingly, and with a smile, towards the artist, that he might take her likeness the better. She was thinking of immortality, and had already taken her position in the future.

Behind the painter was a youth, whose fair hair, blue eyes, and pale complexion proclaimed him to be a child of the north. He was standing on tip-toe, in order to have a better view of the prisoner. At every answer, the manly vigor, and almost feminine sound of Charlotte's voice, made him shudder and change color. Unable to master his emotion, he provoked several times, by his involuntary exclamations, the murmurs of the crowd, and attracted the prisoner's attention. The moment the president pronounced sentence of death that young man half arose, with the gesture of a man who protests in his heart, and immediately sank back, as if his strength had failed him. Charlotte, indifferent about her own fate, noticed that motion. She felt that, at a moment when she was abandoned by all on earth, one soul was attached to her, and that, in the midst of that hostile crowd, she had one unknown friend. She thanked him with a look: it was their only communication on earth.

The young stranger was Adam Lux, a German republican, deputed to Paris by the revolutionary party of Mayence, in order to unite the movements of Germany with those of France in the common cause of human reason and freedom of nations.

On returning to the Conciergerie, whence she was soon to depart for the scaffold, Charlotte smiled at her prison companions assembled in the passages and courts to see her pass. She said to the governor, "I had hoped we should breakfast once more together; but the judges have kept me so long that you must forgive me for having broken my word." The executioner entered. She asked him to allow her one minute more to finish a letter. This letter was neither an act of weakness nor or emotion, but the expression of wounded friendship, wishing to leave an immortal reproach for what she believed to be a cowardly desertion. It was addressed to Dulcet de Pontécoulant, whom she had known at her aunt's, and whom she believed she had invoked in vain to defend her. The letter was as follows: "Doulcet de Pontécoulant is a coward for having refused to defend me when the thing was so easy. He who has done so has performed the task with all possible dignity, and I shall feel grateful to him to the last moment" This vengeance was undeserved by him whom she accused from the brink of the grave. Young Pontécoulant, being absent from Paris, had not received her letter: his generosity and courage leave no doubt that he would have performed this service for her. Charlotte carried with her an error and an act of injustice to the scaffold.

A priest, authorized by the public prosecutor, presented himself, according to custom, to offer her the consolations of religion. "Thank those who have had the kindness to send you," said she, in an affectionate tone; "but I need not your ministry. The blood I have shed, and my own, are the only sacrifices that I can offer to the Eternal."

When the trial was over, and the punishment of death had been pronounced, she sent for the painter, M. Hauer, towards whom she had frequently turned during the proceedings, thanked him for the interest he took in her fate, and offered to sit once more during the few moments she had to live. M Hauer accepted her offer. During the sitting she conversed on different subjects; spoke also of what she had done, and gloried in having delivered France from such a monster as Marat. She entreated M. Hauer to make a small copy of her portrait, and to send it to her family.

In about an hour and a half there was a knock at a small door behind Charlotte Corday. It was opened, and the executioner entered. She turned round, and beholding the scissors and the red mantle, could not help showing some emotion as she exclaimed, "What! so soon!" She immediately recovered herself, and addressing M. Hauer, "Sir," said she, "I know not how to thank you for all the interest you have shown, and the trouble you have taken on my account; I have but this to offer

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you; keep it in remembrance of me." So saying, she took the scissors from the hand of the executioner, cut off a large lock of her hair which fell from her cap, and handed it to M. Hauer. The gendarmes and even the executioner seemed affected at the scene.

The executioner then tied her hands and put on the fatal garment. "This," said she, with a smile, "is the toilet of death, prepared by rather rough hands; but it leads to immortality." She picked up her long hair, looked at it once more, and gave it to Madame Richard. Just as she ascended the cart to go to the place of execution, a violent storm arose and burst forth over Paris. The lightning and rain dispersed the immense crowd that filled the bridges, streets, and squares through which the procession was to pass. Bands of desperate women pursued her with their maledictions; but, insensible to the outrage, she looked calmly down upon the people with an eye of pity.

The sky cleared up again. Her garments drenched with rain, showed more plainly the graceful form of her body, like that of a woman rising from her bath. Her hands tied behind her back caused her to carry her head erect; this constraint of the muscles gave her the attitude of a graceful statue. The setting sun shone like glory round her brow. The color of her cheeks, heightened by the reflection of her red mantle, imparted a dazzling splendor to her countenance. Robespierre, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins had placed themselves on the road to see her pass. All those who felt a presentiment of assassination were curious to study in her features the expression of that fanaticism which might threaten their lives on the morrow. She seemed occasionally to seek among the assembled thousands for a look of intelligence. Adam Lux was awaiting the cart at the entrance of the Rue Saint-Honoré; he piously followed the wheels as far as the foot of the scaffold.

"He engraved in his heart," he said, "her angelic meekness. Amid the barbarous howlings of the crowd, the mild expression of her beautiful eyes revealed her tender yet intrepid soul—those charming eyes that would have moved a rock! . . . . . Let the place of her execution be holy ground, and let a statue be erected to her with these words: *Greater than Brutus*. To die for her, and, like her, to be beaten by the hand of the executioner, to feel, in dying, the same edge that cut off the angelic head of Charlotte, and to be united to her in heroism, liberty, love, and death, is henceforth my only prayer. I shall never attain her sublime virtue: but is it not just that the object adored should ever be superior to the worshipper?"

Thus an enthusiastic and immaterial love, inspired by the last glance of the victim, accompanying her, step by step, as far as the scaffold, and unknown to her, was ready to follow her in order to merit, by her example, the eternal union of souls. The cart at length stopped. Charlotte turned pale on beholding the instrument of death, but, soon recovering her natural color, she ascended the slippery steps of the scaffold, with as firm and light a step as her handcuffs and dripping mantle permitted. When the executioner, in order to lay bare her neck, removed the handkerchief which covered her bosom, her humiliated modesty gave her more pain than her approaching death; but resuming her serenity, and as if joyfully launching into eternity, she placed her neck herself under the hatchet. Her head flew off and rebounded. One of the executioner's assistants took the head in one hand and slapped the face with the other, vilely courting the approbation of the people! We are told that Charlotte's cheeks blushed at the outrage, as if dignity and modesty had, for a moment, survived the sentiment of life. The angry crowd did not accept the homage. A shudder of horror pervaded the multitude and demanded vengeance for that indignity.

Such was the end of Marat, and such the life and death of Charlotte Corday.

The culpable devotion of Charlotte Corday is one of those acts which we should doubt whether to admire or abhor, did not morality reprove them. For our part, if we had to find for that sublime deliverer of her country, and that great glorious murderess of tyranny, a name that contained at once the enthusiasm of our emotion for her and the severity of our judgment on her act, we would create a word to unite the two extremes of admiration and horror in the language of men, and we would call her the Angel of Assassination.

A few days after her execution, Adam Lux published an apology for Charlotte Corday, and participated in her offence in order to share her martyrdom. Being arrested for this audacious provocation, he was cast into the Abbaye. "So, then, I shall die for her!" cried he, as he passed over the threshold of the prison. And he

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died accordingly, soon after, hailing the scaffold consecrated by the blood of Charlotte, as the altar of love and liberty.

On hearing, in his prison, of the crime, condemnation, and death of Charlotte Corday, Vergniaud exclaimed, "She kills us, but she teaches us how to die!"

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE TRIAL OF THE EARL OF SOMERSET FOR THE POISONING OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

The interest which the story of the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury has always excited in the student of English history, cannot be ascribed to any great sympathy either with the victim or the reputed criminals—profligate favorites in a corrupt and abandoned court—but must be traced principally to the mystery that overhangs the transaction, and its supposed connexion with still darker secrets. This murder was generally believed, at the time, to be connected with the death of Prince Henry, the hope and darling of the nation, and with a plot more extensive and more horrible than that of Guy Faux; the character of James I. was supposed to be deeply implicated; and many thought that by his direction the public mind was set on a wrong scent at the trial of the delinquents. Later researches, whilst partly proving these suspicions to be unfounded, have by no means cleared up the matter. Mr. Hallam, who seems to have studied the subject very attentively, and gone to all the sources of information then within reach, says, after detailing one or two points which he considers settled, "Upon the whole, I cannot satisfy myself as to this mystery." He also says, "The circumstances connected with the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury might furnish materials for a separate dissertation, had I leisure to stray into these by-paths."

The task here suggested has been undertaken by Mr. Amos, who has not only collected together, we believe, all the information on the subject that was previously open to the public, but has added various documents, yet unpublished, from the State Paper Office, and manuscripts in the British Museum. Of this new matter the most valuable portion is the written examinations of prisoners and witnesses, taken privately by Sir Edward Coke, who was employed to collect the evidence for the prosecution. These place the transaction in a very different light from that in which it has been commonly viewed. If they may be depended on, they tend greatly to diminish the criminality of Somerset; and they likewise serve to explain what has been hitherto so unaccountable—the difficulty that was found in putting Overbury to death. The work before us, therefore, must be acknowledged as a valuable accession to English historical literature. At the same time, it unfortunately happens that the materials so diligently accumulated have been so unartfully put together, with so perverse a disregard of method and chronology, and are so much overlaid with general commentary, that they not only fail of producing their due effect, but are utterly unintelligible to the hasty reader. What the book wants is some kind of introductory narrative or summary of the results, that might serve as index and key to its very heterogeneous contents.

Thomas, son of Sir Nicholas Overbury, one of the judges of the Marches, was born at Boston-on-the-Hill, in Gloucestershire. He studied at Oxford, and coming up to London, resided for some time in the Middle Temple. Finding the law not to his taste, he soon after "cast anchor at court," "the then haven of hope," says his biographer, Winstanley, "for all aspiring spirits." Here he became distinguished for his rare accomplishments. He wrote, both in verse and prose, with ease and elegance. Besides a poem called the "Wife," and some minor pieces, he published "Characters," prose essays, in the manner afterwards so successfully adopted by Dr. Earle. Mr. Amos gives some specimens of his style. They are much deformed by the vice of the age, a tendency to fantastic conceits and strained antithesis; but contain many happy turns, are always curt and energetic, sometimes humorous, and indicate a lively and cheerful tone of mind.

That however which was the making of

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Overbury's fortunes was his introduction to the notice and friendship of Robert Carr, afterwards Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. This young gentleman, coming up from Scotland in the stream of fortune-seekers, had, by a lucky accident, attracted the notice of the king; and his personal beauty and gracefulness of demeanor at once made their way to James's capricious favor. Carr was illiterate, idle, and by no means gifted with ability. But his influence over the king admitted him into all the secrets of state; placed at his disposal all gifts and promotions; gave him a voice in all questions of foreign and domestic polity; and thus, while it overwhelmed him with wealth and court friends, overwhelmed him likewise with duties, cares, and responsibilities which he must have found irksome enough. In a country where all was strange to him, and whose very language he could scarce speak intelligibly, a guide and counsellor must have been of the last necessity to him; and such an one he found in Sir Thomas Overbury. Overbury was received into his patron's inmost confidence; all affairs of state were made known to him; despatches, petitions, in a word, the secret history of the nation, all was open to both alike; till at last, as Bacon tells us, they two knew more of what was passing in the country than did the council itself. In all things Carr made Overbury his oracle; and, indeed, if we are to believe the vaunt of the latter, owed to him all his fortunes, reputation, and understanding. Thus it came to pass that the servant, an able, unscrupulous man, began at length to look upon the master as a mere tool. Overbury may have known, perhaps, more fully than we can know, the nature and causes of Carr's extraordinary influence over the king. Or it may be that he had gained too much insight into secrets of state. At all events, it is certain that Overbury believed he had the favorite in his power; and, use what insolence he might, he could not now be shaken off. His patron was soon to learn that bad men must endure with patience the tyranny of their confidential servants.

Carr, created Viscount Rochester, had not long enjoyed his new rank, and the courtly society which was now open to him, before he was captivated by the charms of the young Countess of Essex, then in attendance on the queen. Lady Frances Howard had been married, at the unripe age of thirteen, to a boy of fourteen, who had immediately been forced to leave her, to complete his education on the continent. She was yet a girl when she was initiated into the pleasures and temptations of a court, of which, for her rare beauty, she was looked upon as one of the brightest ornaments. A contemporary writer, who bore her no good will, declares of her that "Those who saw her face might challenge Nature of hypocrisy, for harboring so wicked a heart under so sweet and bewitching a countenance." Her beauty was a fatal gift. Surrounded by flatterers, separated from her natural protectors, with the liberty of a widow and the susceptibility of a girl, Lady Frances was not sufficiently insensible to the solicitations of the young favorite. Carr employed Overbury's pen to give words to his wishes; and a private correspondence was carried on between the lovers, through the medium of one Mrs. Turner, the lady's perfumer.

The intrigue was interrupted by the return of Lord Essex from his travels. Lady Frances received him with undisguised repugnance. The young girl shrank from consummating a marriage that was itself a crime; and she endeavored to persuade Essex into a separation. To aid her in this attempt, no doubt, and by the advice of her confidante, Mrs. Turner, she applied to one Dr. Firman, a noted astrologer, for an amulet to chill her husband's love. Her letter to the doctor, in which she styles him her "dear father," was produced on her trial, together with the charm he gave her, which consisted of enchanted papers and puppets, a piece of human skin, and a black scarf full of white crosses. The good doctor's recipe appears to have been of no avail. Baffled in this quarter, Lady Frances must now have revealed her secret to her uncle, Lord Northampton, a nobleman whom Bacon styles the "learnedest councillor in the kingdom," and who is the author of a work in refutation of witchcraft. It is an odd coincidence that this book was published in the same year, 1583, in which the niece gave so remarkable a proof of her belief in the superstition that the uncle attacked. Northampton seems to have been induced, by his anxiety for his young relative's reputation, to assist her with his valuable counsels; and a project was devised, by which she might be released from the abhorred yoke, and united to the man she loved.

This plan, however, at the very outset, met with opposition in a quarter from which

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it was least expected. Overbury, who had hitherto helped to forward his patron's suit without reluctance, resolutely opposed himself to the project of a marriage. Perhaps he had at heart the interests of his friend, and officiously sought to serve him against his will: perhaps he was unwilling to share with another the influence he wielded, and which he had already found extremely profitable. Whatever his motive he was not content with exhortations, attacks on the lady's character, insolent speeches, or even threats; he also proceeded, it would appear, to take active measures for defeating Northampton's design. He seems now to have given his patron distinctly to understand that he knew his power; that he had a hold upon him, which he was not inclined to forego; and that Rochester must make his choice between resigning the lady and braving one who was master of his secrets.

When Lady Frances learnt that Overbury had thus crossed her love, and traduced her name, and placed himself athwart the only path that could lead her back to virtue and happiness, all the furies in her breast were aroused. She now proved that under that "sweet and bewitching" countenance of girlish beauty lay passions, which no obstacle of fear or conscience could restrain. She sought to clear her way by removing her enemy. Having learnt that one Sir D. Woodes bore Overbury a grudge, she sought him out; urged him to assassinate Sir Thomas; and promised him a reward of £1,000, and to make his greatest enemy—meaning Rochester—his greatest friend. This we have on the authority of Woodes himself. The worthy knight replied, he says, that he would do so at once, if she would obtain him an assurance under Rochester's hand, or by word of mouth, that he should be allowed to escape, or have a pardon. Hereupon the lady paused, and desired time to reflect; and afterwards, not venturing, probably, to reveal the matter to Rochester, sent word to Woodes that that could not be.

Meantime, Rochester and Northampton were devising means to rid themselves of Overbury's dangerous opposition. An act of tyranny, by no means uncommon under the Tudors, was made instrumental to their private grudge. Rochester, who had the king's ear, induced him to appoint Overbury ambassador to Muscovy; then persuaded the latter to decline the irksome honor; and, when the treacherous advice was taken, had him clapped into the Tower for contempt. The poor man's indiscretion, it seems, came in aid of the machinations of his enemies. Upon receiving a formal offer of the embassy, he not only refused it, but, as rumor went, indulged in some stinging sarcasms upon the court, which came to the king's ear, and put him into a violent rage. Overbury's imprisonment took place about the 30th April, 1603.

This object being removed, the project, hatched no doubt in the prolific brain of Northampton, was brought to maturity. A suit for a divorce was set on foot, upon the plea that, by witchcraft or otherwise, Essex had been incapacitated for performing the duties of a husband towards the Lady Frances. In a proceeding that was so near at heart with the king's favorite, the king took the greatest interest: he impatiently urged on the proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court, and himself dictated, we are told, its final decree. The story goes, that when the countess was to be examined before a jury of matrons, an unmarried daughter of one Sir Thomas Monson was substituted in her place, concealed under a thick veil. Eventually, the court pronounced in favor of the countess; thus releasing her from that ill-starred wedlock, in which nature, and prudence, and her own affections had been alike disregarded by the family pride of her relatives. This sentence was followed, after no long interval, by Lady Frances' marriage with Rochester; whom, that his rank might correspond to hers, the king now created Earl of Somerset. The marriage was solemnized with the utmost pomp. The king himself gave away the bride, paid the marriage fees, and presided over the festivities. The queen made a handsome wedding-gift. The wife of a bishop presented the bride-cake. All who hoped for court-favor,—in other words, all who were, or aspired to be, eminent, wealthy, or distinguished—vied together in the sumptuousness of their gifts to the young couple. One gave a team of the finest horses in London; another, a gold warming-pan; another, hangings worth £1,500; another, a silver cradle to burn sea-coal; another, two oriental pearls. Sir Francis Bacon insisted on paying for the masque, which the bencher of Lincoln's Inn presented at the marriage-supper, the cost being £2,000. Dr. Donne, forgetting the clergyman in the courtier, wrote eulogistic verses, complimenting the bride on

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the "manly courage" with which she "braved unjust opinion." Lady Frances boldly arrayed herself in the costume appropriated to virgin brides. Everything passed, in short, as if Essex and the former marriage had no existence; as if the bride's reputation were unsullied, and her conscience without reproach.

During the time, however, which had been taken up by these proceedings, was perpetrated that foul crime which forms the subject of our narrative. Men of law, it seems, were not more celebrated for despatch in those days than in our own: the suit for the divorce had been commenced in April or May; but it was not till St. Stephen's day, in December, that the marriage could take place. Sir Thomas Overbury died on the 15th September. That he died by poison can scarcely be doubted; though there are conflicting opinions as to what persons are implicated in the guilt. A plain narrative of the circumstances that occurred, so far as they appear clearly established, will enable the reader to draw his own conclusions, particularly as to the guilt of Somerset and James, which are the principal questions in dispute.

In the first place, it seems clear that Overbury was retained as well as placed in prison by the machinations of Somerset. According to the usual course of procedure, he might have expected his release after an imprisonment of a few weeks, if not days. But Somerset required his detention till the divorce and second marriage should be accomplished. We find that means were taken by some one to inspire James with feelings towards Overbury which seem incommensurate with the very venial offence of declining an embassy. From a contemporary letter it appears, that "much ado there hath been to keep Sir T. Overbury from a public censure of banishment and loss of office, such a *rooted hatred* lieth in the king's heart towards him." That this hatred was the work of Somerset seems a fair inference from the circumstances in which he was placed.

Again, it was necessary for Somerset's purpose, not only to keep Overbury in prison, but to keep him close, and to allow of no correspondence on his part, that might either obstruct the divorce, or publish those secrets, whatever they might be, in the possession of which lay Overbury's hold upon his patron. Accordingly, Somerset appears to have been the means of debarring the prisoner from the attendance of his body-servant. Overbury's father and mother, on the news of his arrest, had come up to town to make exertions for his release; but Somerset, whilst he amused them with hopes, and promises of his assistance, strongly urged them to go back into the country, and neither press to see their son, nor deliver petitions to the king on his behalf; assuring them that their interference would only stir up enemies, and protract his release.

Another, and still more suspicious circumstance is to come. Shortly after his imprisonment, and while he yet confided in his friend, Overbury received from him a white powder, which he was to take medicinally. Somerset declared, at his trial, that this was at Overbury's request, who wished to appear sick, that his patron might thence take occasion to move the king's compassion. He also produced a letter, in which Overbury said that the powder had agreed with him, though he meant to take no more of that kind. There is, however, some mystery about this powder, which has not been cleared up. When asked whence he had it, Somerset asserted that it was given him by one Sir H. Pettigrew, from whom he had got similar medicine before, as Overbury knew. But Pettigrew maintained that he had never given Somerset but three powders; and each of these was traced; so that there must have been a fourth, for Overbury, from some other quarter. This powder then may have been poison. But if so, it is impossible to suppose it in any way the cause of death, immediately or remotely. It produced a violent effect; was followed by great vomiting and purging; but beyond that it seems to have left no traces of its presence: the patient recovered, and lived for months. If it were poison, we may perhaps presume that Overbury was saved by the over-strength of the dose.

Weeks rolled on, and still Overbury was a prisoner. Somerset professed much, but had done nothing; and Overbury's friends, as well as himself, began to doubt the sincerity of one who was not used to ask favors of the king in vain. Sir John Lydcote, Overbury's brother-in-law, found means to send him a letter, in which he recommends him to change his style in writing to Somerset. Overbury took the hint, and wrote two very imperious letters, of which the second closes with an alarming threat, as follows:—

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"Well, all this vacation I have written the story betwixt you and me: how I have lost my friends for your sake; what hazard I have run; what secrets have passed between us; how, after you had won that woman by my letters, you then concealed all your after proceedings from me; and how upon this there came many breaches betwixt us; of the vow you made to be even with me; and your sending for me twice that day that I was caught in the trap, persuading me that it was a plot of mine enemies to send me beyond sea, and urging me not to accept it, assuring me to free me from any long trouble. On Tuesday I made an end of this, and on Friday sent it to a friend of mine under eight seals; and, if you persist to use me thus, assure yourself it shall be published. Whether I live or die, your shame shall never die, but ever remain to the world, to make you the most odious man living."—p. 85.

Whilst Somerset was engaged in buoying up Overbury with false hopes, and secretly contriving to keep him fast, Lady Frances, on her part, meditated a more deadly project. If the former had cause to wish Overbury out of the way for fear of machinations or disclosures to come, the latter was still more powerfully impelled to seek his destruction in revenge for what she looked upon as wrongs and insults past. Her first attempt to rid herself of Overbury having failed, she now cast about for a surer and more secret instrument of destruction. There is no proof that her intentions were disclosed to Somerset; and the presumptions seem to point the other way. Lady Frances had not ventured to speak to him of the assassination, though his concurrence would have been necessary for that project to succeed: here, where his concurrence was not required, she was still less likely to volunteer a communication that must risk so much. Unscrupulous as she was, she was not hardened in guilt; her self-respect might be gone, and yet she might cling all the more tenaciously to the good opinion of others, and, above all, of Somerset. She dared not risk the forfeiting of that affection which was the only thing that prompted her enterprise. She could not foresee that his love, like her own, would prove strong enough to survive the shock of suspicion, disgrace, public exposure, and conscious crime. If it be true that Somerset himself had wished for Overbury's death, and unskilfully attempted to produce it, yet that was unknown to her. It would seem, then, that the guilty projects of the husband and wife went on side by side, but were distinct, and hidden from each other.

Very shortly after Overbury's imprisonment, Lady Frances must have begun to meditate his death by poisoning. The subject of secret and slow poison was one that, in the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor, much occupied men's imaginations. This was no doubt owing, primarily, to the recent introduction of chemical science into England. The art of healing by means of herbs and simples was beginning to be superseded by the more potent agency of drugs and chemicals. The herb-woman, or leech, was but just supplanted by the apothecary; for the establishment of apothecaries' shops throughout Europe is an event that belongs to the 16th and beginning of the 17th centuries. It was only natural that the wonders of the new science should excite the terror of the ignorant, and be the subject of a thousand exaggerations. Its powers of destruction furnished a readier theme for the marvel-loving than its power of healing. A few true stories of poisoning formed the nucleus of a thousand more that were the creation of fancy, terror, or malignity. Hence it is that the reigns of these sovereigns abound with so many tales of mysterious deaths and indefinite suspicions. Camden, in his Annals, tells us that whenever a popular or distinguished man died, there inevitably went round a whisper of poisoning. It was even believed that the professors of this art could so regulate their doses as to produce death in any given number of days; nay, they could simulate the appearance of natural disease.* This latter refinement, and possibly the former, were indeed afterwards attained, when chemical science was more advanced, by the notorious Tophana, and the Marchioness of Brinvilliers; but they must certainly be deemed beyond the reach of any Englishman in the reign of James I. Still the belief prevailed; and Lady Frances thought a dose of poison the surest means of ridding herself of her enemy.

Her scheme was concocted with the infamous Mrs. Turner, a woman who, to the ostensible business of a perfumer, united other secret and nefarious pursuits. She it was who had introduced the young countess to the magician, Firman; and her servant, Weston, had been the bearer of Lady Frances' letters to Rochester. Upon her, probably, must rest the largest share of the guilt. At all events, she had the

* See Winstanley's "Worthies"—Life of Leicester, p. 346.

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active part in the business, and bore the chief weight of popular odium.

Their first care was to provide the prisoner with a keeper whom they could depend on. Here they were partially favored by circumstances. The Lieutenant of the Tower had recently been dismissed, and his successor was to be appointed. The place was, of course, pretty nearly in the gift of Somerset: and he had promised to oblige Sir T. Monson, a friend of Lady Frances, and whose daughter it was that assisted her in the matter of the divorce, by obtaining the post for his nominee. In the language of the day, Somerset thus conferred on Monson "a suit worth £2,000," that is, Monson was allowed to set the place to sale, and £2,000 was the price he put upon it. The purchaser was one Sir Gervase Elwes, who afterwards obtained an unenviable notoriety from his connexion with the Overbury murder. This new Lieutenant came into his place about a week after Overbury's imprisonment. Almost at the same time, Lady Frances induced Monson to speak to the Lieutenant in favor of Weston, whom she wished to be appointed Overbury's keeper. Her request excited no suspicion. Monson was aware of her intimacy with Rochester, and would naturally suppose the latter desirous to provide his friend with a servant, who might consult his comfort, and perhaps be the medium of correspondence between them. In this little matter, it was equally natural that both Monson and Elwes should be glad to oblige their patron. Accordingly, the unhappy prisoner was placed in the charge of Mrs. Turner's confidential servant, Weston; a wretch who had already learnt his part, and received his bribe, and was now the willing instrument of his employers' vengeance.

The next step was to procure the poison; and this fell within the province of Mrs. Turner, who knew of a trustworthy apothecary. The apothecaries of James's reign are not to be judged of from their successors who stand behind counters nowadays. Our first apothecaries were Italians, then French, and it was a new thing for an Englishman to practise the art. As beginners, the native chemists cannot be supposed to have been very skilful. In the opinion of King James's French physician, the English doctors "were all fools." They met with small encouragement: the mere art of healing was not enough to bring a livelihood; and a London apothecary was generally obliged to eke out his living with some other trade—often that of a confectioner—sometimes, like Johnson's "Abel Drugger," a tobacconist. We may conjecture that Shakspeare's "lean apothecary" was drawn from the life. Yet these ill-paid practitioners were necessarily men of some science, for they had, every one, to feel his own way. If their shop windows were stuffed with tarts and jellies, or rolls of Virginia, their inner rooms were fitted up with stills and laboratories; and they could brew their own drugs, and make their own experiments, and pry into the mysteries of nature, and dabble in alchemy, and solace their hungry wretchedness with golden dreams. Poor as these men were, they were naturally a proud race; for they were looked upon by the multitude with admiration mixed with terror, as wizards who could read futurity, and make the powers of darkness their familiars, and human life their plaything. In a man thus circumstanced one might expect to find an apt instrument of criminal designs. Reverenced and despised by turns, and so made keenly sensitive to contempt; tantalized by visions of wealth, and tormented by very real poverty: wielding a knowledge that, turned to good ends, barely kept him alive, but which, in the service of wealthy crime, might be to him the true philosopher's stone he longed for; an apothecary could scarce afford to be an honest man. Yet it would be an injustice towards the profession to suppose that it contained many such wretches as him whom Mrs. Turner now proceeded to consult. Dr. Franklin was commonly reputed to have poisoned his own wife; he was quite ready to undertake the same office for Overbury. Afterwards, when arrested, he made amends by betraying his confederates and seeking to implicate innocent men. Being asked whether Somerset had taken a part in some stage of the business, he obligingly answered, "If you wish me to say so, he did." He also declared that this project of poisoning was but a part of a more extensive scheme than the powder-plot—that he knew the names of many noblemen in it—with much more in the same strain, so palpably fictitious, that not even the officers of the prosecution could believe or act upon it. His examinations are full of gross inconsistencies. At the scaffold, he assumed airs of the astrologer, and bestowed on a friend a recipe for raising spirits. Malignant to the last, he told the executioner, whilst he

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was performing the final offices about his person, that he trusted there would soon be some great lords for him to operate upon. And this is the wretch whose evidence has served as materials for history!

All things being now prepared, and the unsuspecting victim entirely in the hands of his destroyers, the reader probably expects to hear of his speedy death. By no means. Overbury lived four months longer, during which time, if we are to believe Franklin, deadly poison was his daily food. "Sir Thomas Overbury," says this most credible witness, "never ate white salt, but there was white arsenic put into it. Once he desired pig, and Mrs. Turner put into it *lapis costitus*. The white powder that was sent to him in a letter, by Somerset, he (Franklin) knew to be white arsenic. At another time, he had two partridges sent him from court; and water and onions being the sauce, Mrs. Turner put in cantharides. So that there was scarce anything he did eat, but there was some poison mixed." If it be true that Overbury lived through this treatment for four months, he must certainly have been poison-proof.

The fact is, that from the documents now made public by Mr. Amos, there seems great reason to believe that these poisons were never administered at all. This, indeed, cannot be said to diminish the moral guilt of Lady Somerset and her confederates. The poisons were prepared and sent to the Tower, and believed to have been given to Overbury; but they appear to have been prevented from reaching him by the lieutenant, Sir Gervase Elwes. This rests on the testimony of Elwes and Weston—evidence not absolutely free from suspicion, but which seems confirmed by a variety of circumstances. In the first place, the character of Elwes, and his whole demeanor, point him out as a man whose veracity might be depended on; and he persisted in the same story when on the scaffold. It is true that one must view with distrust the self-exculpation of a man charged with a crime; but Elwes is confirmed in every point by Weston, and there can be no reason why the latter should have taken part in a fabrication which condemns himself. Weston's story is, in effect, a confession of his own guilt; besides all which, their evidence clears up what would otherwise be unaccountable—the strange vitality of Overbury under his unwholesome diet. The story, then, goes as follows:—

Shortly after the arrest of Overbury, Weston was sent for to Lady Frances' apartments at Whitehall, where he was closeted with the lady and Mrs. Turner. Here he was told that he should be appointed Overbury's keeper, and that there should be sent him a "water," which he was to take care and give to the prisoner, and for so doing he should receive a large reward. Accordingly, he had not been long in his new post before he received from them a little glass full of "water," of yellowish and greenish color. Now, it seems that Weston had all this time been under a mistaken notion that the Lieutenant was in the secret. That evening, therefore, the 9th of May, when about to take up Overbury's soup, Weston asked Elwes, "whether he should now give him that which he had, or no?" Elwes affected to hear him without surprise, and led him apart, and by a few questions, so turned as not to show his ignorance, drew out the other's secret. Hereupon the good Lieutenant read him such a lecture on the heinousness of his crime, and the judgment to come, that the poor man—who had, perhaps, grown up in ignorance, and been made a tool by others, without a due sense of his own responsibility—fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands, says Elwes, "blessed the time that ever he did know me." Then he explained his mistake. "Why, sir," said he, "did you not know what should be done?" Elwes not only protested his ignorance, and made Weston fling the accursed "water" into a gutter, but gained such an influence over him, that he promised faithfully to report from time to time all that might be designed against Overbury's life. Elwes shrank, however—and here lies his fault, as he afterwards became sensible—he shrank from making a public exposure of the plot he had thus become privy to. He dared not brave the wrath of Lady Frances and her lover, the all-powerful favorite, to whom he owed his appointment, and on whom his prospects depended. He contented himself with counter-plotting, in a manner which he believed must keep Overbury safe. Weston, by his directions, was so to carry matters towards his employers that they might believe him still devoted to them; he was to report that he had given the "water," and to pass off false tales of its effects—as, that it was followed by "extreme oustings," and the like; and Elwes, as he found occasion, was to confirm his reports of the prisoner's health.

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This first dose proving insufficient, it appears that poisons were put into certain tarts and pots of jelly which were sent to Overbury under the pretext of a friendly regard for his comfort. There is a letter from Lady Frances to Elwes, which contains the following passage:—"I was bid to tell you that you must take heed of the tarts because there are letters in them, and therefore neither give your wife nor children of them; but of the wine you may, for there are no letters in it." Lady Frances, on her examination, owned that by the word "letters," she meant poison. But there is no proof that she meant Elwes to understand it so; on the contrary, there seems nothing in this extract inconsistent with the supposition that she looked upon Elwes as one who knew nothing of her design. Elwes, however, was not one to be duped; he took care that the tarts should never come near Overbury. Sometimes he made answer be given that his children had desired them; sometimes he caused his own cook to prepare similar ones; and at last, to save the trouble of perpetual excuses, his keeper desired the messenger to bring no more, since Overbury found in the house that which pleased him well.

The prisoner might, perhaps, have escaped altogether, but that unfortunately he now fell ill in earnest. He seems to have been a man of feeble constitution, broken by a licentious life; and, without any suspicion of poisoning, the close confinement, anxiety, and hope deferred, may sufficiently account for his disorder. On hearing of it, Somerset immediately took care to provide him with the best medical advice. He sent him Drs. Mayerne and Lobell, the king's physician and apothecary, men who stood at the head of their respective professions. Dr. Craig, another of the king's physicians, was also admitted to see the prisoner, by an order under Somerset's hand. This seems inconsistent with the supposition that Somerset believed the cause of illness to be poison administered by his directions, unless, indeed, we are to suppose that the medical men were among his confederates. This seems an idle thought, and is at least entirely unsupported by proof of any kind. If Somerset had been once tempted to seek Overbury's destruction, we believe that his care to provide him with doctors only proves him to have now repented.

Meanwhile, Overbury being still alive, though it was some months since the first poisons were sent to him, Lady Frances began to grow suspicious. She sent for Weston, and closely questioned him; but he maintained he had given poison enough to kill twenty men, and could only suppose—as Bacon afterwards said at the trial—that Overbury had become used to that sort of diet. Her suspicions, however, could not have been quite allayed. Shortly after this, Weston was sent for by Dr. Franklin, who questioned him as to Overbury's state, and on learning that he took clysters, said that an apothecary should have £20 to give him one. Weston asked whether he meant to bribe Overbury's customary apothecary. "No," said Franklin; "another shall give it him." All this went immediately from Weston to the Lieutenant, who strictly charged him to give admittance to no strange apothecary. Thus far Elwes had successfully counterplotted the poisoners. Unfortunately, when the king's medical attendants took charge of his prisoners, the Lieutenant's vigilance was relaxed; he thought himself safe in the hands of such approved honest men. Now it was that Franklin accomplished his purpose. He bribed Lobell's boy to put poison—which is said to have been sublimate of mercury—into a clyster which Overbury had on the 14th September, 1603. On the following day he was a dead man.

An inquest was held by one of the coroners of Middlesex; but it throws no great light on the business. At the express desire of Somerset, Overbury's brother-in-law, and three or four of his friends, were admitted to see the body; and they were at liberty to carry it away, and bury it, if they pleased. But the state of the corpse was such as to make a speedy burial necessary; and it was interred within the precincts of the Tower.

* * * *

Months and years rolled on. Overbury had passed out of the world, and out of the faithless memories of men. A few admirers of the poet had recorded their regrets in elegiac and eulogistic verses, to be prefixed to a new edition of his works; but those works—long since utterly forgotten but for their author's untimely fate—were then all that kept him in recollection. Essex had forgotten his injuries in a second marriage. Somerset and his countess were still "the glass of fashion and the mould of form;" the brightest ornaments of the court; the envy of all, for their beauty,

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accomplishments, and mutual love; the ladder by which all men strove to reach the king's favor. Somerset had just been made Lord Chamberlain; and this new mark of royal bounty had been rendered doubly grateful by the manner of conferring it. The king, in presence of his court, gave him the staff of office, saying, "Lo, here, friend Somerset;" and graciously added that, as the place was one of great nearness to his person, he had given it to him whom, of all men living, he most cherished.

But Somerset's fall was now at hand. Hume tells us—we know not on what authority—that he seemed troubled with an evil conscience; had become reserved, silent, and gloomy; and thus lost the king's favor. This may be true, or not: accuracy of detail is by no means Hume's *forte;* and perhaps mere fickleness, and the attractions of a younger and handsomer person—for this not solid merit was the groundwork of James's ridiculous friendships—may sufficiently account for the transfer of his affection from Somerset to Villiers. Sir George Villiers was now advanced to be one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber. Somerset had in vain resisted the promotion of one he saw to be a rival; and it is probable that James only wanted a pretext, and perhaps some slight stimulus to overcome his timidity, for breaking with his former favorite.

The pretext and the stimulus were at length furnished by the old business of Overbury. How this transpired is a point that still remains somewhat in the dark. The best-authenticated story seems to be the popular one: that Lobell's boy, who gave the clyster, and had been sent abroad out of the way, was touched with remorse, and revealed the whole secret to the minister at the Hague. This being of too high a nature to be intrusted to writing, the minister obtained leave to visit England, and made the matter known to Sir Ralph Winwood, then a secretary of state, from whom it went immediately to the king. James was at Royston, on one of his royal progresses, and Somerset was with him. Some rumors, it seems, injurious to the latter, having got abroad in London, he was about to go thither and "face them down." His parting with James, who had just heard the news, and the king's profound dissimulation, are matters with which the reader is doubtless familiar. Two versions of the story pass current, from one of which it would appear as if Somerset was actually arrested in the king's presence; but a correspondence published by Mr. Amos proves this to be impossible. There can be no doubt, however, that when James took leave of the earl, with every expression of endearment, and impatience for his return, he knew that Somerset was going to the Tower, and that, as he said himself, "he should see him no more."

Somerset reached his house, in the Cockpit, on the Sunday evening last before the 17th of October, 1615. Here he found the countess, and learned of her that Weston had been arrested. We may conjecture that the Earl was now first informed of his wife's guilt and danger. The unhappy pair proceeded to take such measures of precaution as were not yet too late. Lady Somerset sent for Franklin and Mrs. Turner; told them that Weston was taken, that rumors were afloat, and that probably they would soon be under arrest; and warned them to trust no promises of pardon, nor to be persuaded into making confession of guilt. During this interview she left them for awhile, and went into an inner room, where she conferred with a man that Franklin took to be Lord Somerset. She was perhaps asking for instructions. The next morning Somerset made use of his authority, as a member of the privy council, and sent a pursuivant with a warrant to break open the house of Weston's son, and fetch from thence a box and bag of letters. Some of these papers were noticed by the messenger to contain the name of Mrs. Turner. They were taken to the Cockpit, and, no doubt, destroyed. Somerset also burnt a number of letters in his possession, and defaced parts of others.

On the 17th, the Earl and Countess, and Mrs. Turner, were arrested, and placed in separate confinement; and shortly afterwards they were removed to the Tower. It is said that Lady Somerset passionately entreated the new lieutenant, Elwes's successor, not to place her in the chamber which had been Overbury's. At this time she was near her confinement; and, till it took place, it appears, from a document in the State Paper Office, that anxiety about her offspring overpowered all thought of her own disgrace and impending danger. While yet a prisoner she gave birth to a daughter, who, married to the Duke of Bedford, was the mother of the illustrious William Lord Russell. Mr. Amos expresses a benevolent hope that the virtues and death of the grandson may, in some sort, be look-

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ed upon as an atonement for the crime of the grandmother.

The demeanor of the earl, during the interval between arrest and trial, is made known to us by a series of letters written by Bacon, then attorney-general, to the King and Sir George Villiers. This curious correspondence shows that James took a very active part in arranging the conduct of the trials. The evidence, and even the topics of Bacon's opening speech, were subjected to a preliminary examination of his. He pointed out what parts should be omitted, and what parts strengthened; and he directed Bacon, amongst other things, to throw a good portion of the blame on Overbury, and so to moderate his charges as to make Somerset appear guilty enough to be condemned, and not too guilty to be pardoned. Altogether, James's letters show a most royal indifference to veracity and justice, and every feeling except a cowardly shrinking before public opinion. Bacon figures here as the adroit and unscrupulous instrument of the monarch's will. His letters are master-pieces of sagacity and acuteness, whilst they fully exhibit his lamentable want of anything like moral principle, or elevation of character. We shall make one extract, which can hardly be read without a feeling of indignation. Bacon is speaking of the arrangements for Lady Somerset's trial. Though she had been brought to confess her crime, and was about to plead guilty; and though her judges were to try her husband on the following day, so that whatever passed on her trial was calculated to influence his; yet it was resolved that the counsel for the prosecution should treat the court to a solemn narrative of Overbury's murder, not abstaining from vituperation of the absent earl.

"In this," says Bacon, "I did forecast that, if, in that narrative, by the connexion of things, anything should be spoken that should show him (Somerset) guilty, she might break forth into passionate protestations for his clearing; which, though it may justly be made light of, yet it is better avoided. Therefore, my Lord Chancellor and I have devised that, upon the entrance into that declaration, she shall, *in respect of her weakness, and not to add further affliction*, be withdrawn."—p. 438.

Such care was taken, under a hypocritical pretence of kindness, to prevent a wife saying a word that might excite pity for her husband, in danger of his life!

James was exceedingly anxious that Somerset should plead guilty. Bacon was ordered to try his influence, and paid him several visits, and held out great inducements. In one of these interviews, Bacon reports that the prisoner seemed very little affected by his position, "pretending carelessness of life, since ignominy had made him unfit for his Majesty's service." He persisted in his innocence. Even after he learned that his wife had confessed, Bacon found him "resolved to have his trial." In reporting this interview, Bacon adds:—

"We made this further observation, that when we did ask him some question that did touch the prince, or any foreign practice, he grew a little stirred, but in this question of the empoisonment was very cold and modest."—p. 440.

But James went greater lengths than he thought proper to make known to his attorney-general. He entered into a private correspondence with Sir George More, then Lieutenant of the Tower, whom he authorized to tempt Somerset's obstinacy with most liberal offers, in the king's name, in case of his confessing. Somerset rejected them with scorn, and threw out some threatening hints, which the astonished Lieutenant instantly reported to his master. James's answer is somewhat curious. He says:—

"I am extremely sorry that your unfortunate prisoner turns all the great care I have for him not only against himself, but against me also, as far as he can. I cannot blame you that you cannot conjecture what this may mean, for God knows it is only a trick of his idle brain, hoping thereby to shift his trial; but it is easy to be seen that he would threaten me, with laying an aspersion upon me of being in some sort accessory to his crime."—p. 474

This self-vindication may be thought, perhaps, some slight confirmation of the suspicion, which Mr. Amos seems to share, that James himself was implicated in this foul business. The suspicion, however, seems to rest on too slight ground to be worth attending to.

The day for Somerset's trial now drew near. The lesser culprits—Mrs. Turner, Elwes, Franklin, and Weston—had been condemned and executed. Lady Somerset was brought to the bar, and pleaded guilty, on the 24th of May, 1616. The trial of the earl was fixed for the morrow. Every precaution had been taken to keep him silent on that public appearance as to matters relative to the king. Bacon was order-

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ed to use language that should not drive him to desperation. It had been hinted to him, as from the king, that his life depended on his behavior in court. In choosing a High Steward to preside at his trial, care was taken to select one that should know how and when to "silence" and "cut off digression." But after all this, when the Lieutenant came to Somerset the last thing at night, and bade him prepare for his trial on the morrow, he was encountered by an unexpected outbreak of passion. The Earl positively refused to appear in court, and vowed he would not stir, but they must carry him in his bed if they meant him to go. The king, he said, had assured him he should come to no trial, neither durst the king bring him to a trial. This was a strain More could not understand, and it made him to "quiver and shake." Though it was near midnight, he instantly took boat and went down to Greenwich, where the king lay, at his palace of Placentia. Here he "bounceth at the back stairs as if mad," gains admittance, has the king wakened, and tells him his news. The king "falls into a passion of tears." "On my saule, More," cried he, "I wot not what to do! Thou art a wise man; help me in this great strait, and thou shalt find thou dost it for a thankful master." Thus adjured, and having a ready wit of his own, More took leave of the king, assuring him he would manage all. Returning to Somerset's chamber, he told him he had found the king full of favor and affection towards him; "but," said More, "to satisfy justice you must appear in court and answer to your name, but you shall return again instantly without further proceedings." Somerset, either believing him, or having recovered his temper, began quietly to prepare for appearing. Meantime the Lieutenant instructed two trusty servants to keep close aside of Somerset in court, with a cloak over their arms, straightly charging them, if he should "anyway fly out on the king," instantly to hoodwink him with that cloak, take him forcibly from the bar, and carry him away.

Under this escort, Somerset entered Westminster Hall. The solemnity of the day had excited the greatest popular interest, and the Hall was crowded to suffocation. "Never was any man brought to trial," says Bacon, "*cum tanto motu regni:* the term hath almost been turned into a *justitium*, or vacancy, the people themselves being more willing to be lookers-on in this business than to follow their own." Nor is this to be wondered at. A nobleman, who had for years ruled the king and kingdom with absolute sway, was now brought to plead for his life; the crime he was accused of was one strange to this country, and full of a mysterious horror in men's thoughts. This state of public feeling must be borne in mind, as it serves in a great degree to account for the traditionary odium that has rested on the name of Somerset. Deeds of violence—mid-day assassinations—were very common in James's reign, and thought lightly of, as may be seen in the "Memoirs of Lord Herbert of Cherbury;" but poisoning, by public opinion as well as by Act of Parliament, was placed on a level with the highest crime possible, and treated as a branch of high treason. For us—who walk the streets unarmed at midnight, trusting to the majesty of law for our protection alike from the assassin's knife and the poisoner's cup—it is difficult to understand the feeling that makes light of the one crime and exaggerates the other. But men who placed their safety in their swords, and the largeness of their retinues, must have found something peculiarly terrible in that unseen and unfelt weapon, which no strength of arm could withstand, and which could strike them amidst their guards, at their tables, and in the hours of their greatest security.

Upon the trial, and its results, one hardly needs to dwell. The king had willed that Somerset should be found guilty, and the usual means of gratifying that desire were resorted to, with the usual success. Judges selected from among Somerset's enemies and those who placed their hopes on his rival; an array of able advocates on one side; statements unsupported by proofs, and proofs that were not to be relied on; garbled extracts from letters; hearsay, at second and third hand; and the depositions of Franklin, so culled as to be pretty free from contradictions; no witnesses brought face to face with the accused, and, of course, no cross-questioning; and, at last, an unpremeditated reply from an unadvocated and unskilled courtier, at a time of the night when himself and his judges must have been worn out by fatigue: such a method of procedure could have but one result. Somerset made the most solemn protestations of his innocence. He was found guilty; and he prayed the lords to intercede for him with the king, "if it should be necessary." His trial certainly did not pro-

duce that result which is the best test of fairness: it did not satisfy impartial men that he ought to have been found guilty. The French ambassador, writing to his court, said, that "if the Earl's enemies had not been powerful he would not have been found guilty; for there was no convincing proof against him, but only circumstances, such as might serve in France for putting him to the question, which is not the custom here in England."—p. 358.

The judges had no occasion to intercede with James for Somerset's life. He had made no inconvenient revelations, and he was treated gently. After a time, the Earl and Countess were released, but never again received at court or in society—they passed the rest of their days in seclusion. Some years afterwards, the Earl was consulted by James upon some displeasure he had taken against Buckingham; but Somerset's more fortunate and more able successor was not to be shaken off, and he himself remained a man disgraced. Later still, in the reign of Charles I., Somerset entered, or wished to enter, into some intrigues with the leaders of the popular party; but these were too wise to have much to do with a man of his character. Hume tells us, on the authority of Wilson, that the obscure lives of these fallen great ones were embittered by a deadly hatred, which took the place of their former inordinate affection; insomuch that the Earl and Countess, though living in the same house for many years, never spoke to each other. This story may be true or false: it rests on the sole authority of one whose friendship for Essex biassed him against the Countess, and who appears to have been naturally somewhat over-credulous.

We have thus hastily sketched an outline of that dark transaction, the exposure of which is styled, by Sir Edward Coke, the "Great Oyer of Poisoning," and which he desired might go down to posterity as an example and terror against that horrible crime. We may quit the subject with the satisfactory reflection, that, dark and foul as the business is, the truth, as it is now brought to light, proves the number of the criminals not to be so great, nor their blackness so unredeemed, as has been commonly supposed. If it be the part of an historian freely to denounce great guilt, it is equally his duty, a far more agreeable duty, to clear, even the guilty, from an odium greater than they have deserved.

From Tait's Magazine.

LORD BYRON.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

It is with diffidence that we approach the subject of the following sketch. It may seem that to attempt a new estimate of a character, so thoroughly scrutinized, and so widely appreciated as that of Byron, is an attempt alike hopeless and presumptuous. And if we did approach it with the desire of finding or saying anything absolutely new, we should feel the full force of the objection. But this is far from being our ambition. We have decided to sketch Lord Byron's genius for the following reasons. In the first place a very narrow is never a very wide, a very particular is seldom a very just scrutiny or estimate. In the second place, the criticism of single works pouring from the press, however acute and admirable, is not equivalent to a review of these works taken as a whole. A judgment pronounced upon the first, second, or third stories of a building, as they successively arise, does not forestal the opinion of one who can overlook the complete structure. Of Byron's several writings we have every variety of separate critiques, good, bad, and indifferent—of his genius, as animating his whole works, we have no criticism, either indifferent, bad, or good. In the third place, the tumult which all Byron's productions instantly excited, the space they cleared and burnt out for themselves, falling like bombshells among the crowd, the strong passions they awakened in their readers, through that intense personality which marked them all, rendered cool appreciation at the time impossible. They came upon the public like powerful sermons on an excited audience, sweeping

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criticism away before them, blotting out principles of art from the memory of the severest judges, whose hearts they stormed, whose passions they inflamed—at the same time that they sometimes revolted their tastes, and sometimes insulted their understandings. At night there was intoxication—in the morning calm reflection came. But, in the meantime, the poet was away, his song had become immortal, and the threatened arrows were quietly returned to the quiver again. In the next place, Byron's life and story formed a running commentary upon his works, which tended at once to excite and to bewilder his readers. His works have now illustrated editions: they did not require this while he lived. Then, his romantic history, partially disclosed, and therefore more affective in its interests—his early, hapless love—his first unfortunate publication—his Grecian travels—his resistless rush into fame—his miserable marriage—his amours—the glorious backgrounds which he chose for his tragic attitudes, Switzerland and Italy—his personal beauty—his very lameness—the odd and yet unludicrous compound which he formed of Vulcan and Venus, of Apollo and Satyr—favorite and football of destiny—the mysterious spectacle he presented of a most miserable man, composed of all the materials which make others happy—the quaint mixture of all opposites in his character, irreconcilable till in the ruin of death—the elaborate and cunning counteraction of every noble gift and accomplishment by some one fatal defect—the cloak of mystery which he now carefully threw over, and now pettishly withdrew from his own character—the impossibilty of either thoroughly hating, or loving, or laughing at him—the unique and many-sided puzzle which he thus made, had the effect of maddening the public, and of mystifying his critics. Hal is charged by Falstaff with giving him medicines to make him love him. Byron gave men medicines to educe towards himself a mixture of all possible feelings—anger, envy, admiration, love, pity, blame, horror, and above all, wonder as to what could be the conceivable issue of a life so high and so low—so earthly and so unearthly—so spiritual and so sensual—so melancholy and so mirthful, as he was notoriously leading. This was the perpetual stimulus to the readers of his works—this the eternal face and figure, filling the margins of all his pages. This now is over. That strange life is lived—that knot, too hard and twisted for man, is away elsewhere to be solved—that heart so differently reported of by different operators, has undergone the stern analysis of death. His works have now emerged from that fluctuating and lurid shadow of himself, which seemed to haunt and guard them all; and we can now judge of them, though not apart from his personal history, yet undistracted by its perpetual protrusion. In the next place, Byron was the victim of two opposite currents in the public feeling—one unduly exalting, and the other unduly depressing his name, both of which have now so far subsided, that we can judge of him out of the immediate or overbearing influence of either. And in the last place, as intimated already, no attempt has been made since his death, either to collect the scattered flowers of former fugitive criticism, to be bound in one chaplet round his pale and noble brow, or to wreathe for it fresh and independent laurels. Moore's life is a long apology for his memory, such as a partial friend might be expected to make to a public, then partial, and unwilling to be convicted of misplaced idolatry. Macaulay's Critique is an elegant *fasciculus* of all the fine things which it had occurred to him, might be said on such a theme—exhibits, besides, the coarse current of Byron's life caught in crystal and tinged with *couleur de rose*, like a foul winter stream shining in ice and evening sunshine—and has many beautiful remarks about his poems; but neither abounds in original views, nor gives, what its author could so admirably have given, a collection of common opinions on his entire genius and works, forming a full-length portrait, ideally like, vigorously distinct, and set, in his own unequalled imagery and language, as in a frame of gold.

Our humble endeavor at present is to make some small contribution towards a future likeness of the *poet* Byron. And whatever may be the effect of our remarks upon the public, and however they may or may not fail in starting from slumber the "Coming Man" who shall criticise Byron as Thomas Carlyle has criticised Jean Paul, and Wilson Burns, this at least shall be ours—we shall have expressed our honest convictions—uttered an idea that has long lain upon our minds—and repaid in part, a debt of gratitude which we owe to Byron, as men owe to some terrible teacher, who has at once roused and tortured their minds; as men owe to the thunder peal which has awakened them, sweltering at the hour

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when it behoved them to start on some journey of life and death.

We propose to methodize our paper under the following outlines. We would, in the first place, inquire into Byron's purpose. Secondly, into the relation in which he has stood to his age, and the influence he has exerted over it. Thirdly, into the leading features of his artistic execution. Fourthly, speak of the materials on which his genius fed. Fifthly, glance at the more characteristic of his works. And, sixthly, try to settle his rank as a Poet. We would first ask of Byron the simple question, "What do you mean?" A simple question, truly, but significant as well, and not always very easy to answer. It is always, however, our duty to ask it; and we have, in general, a right, surely, to expect a reply. If a man come and make us a speech, we are entitled to understand his language as well as to see his object. If a man administer to us a reproof, or salute us with a sudden blow, we have a double right to turn round and ask "What's that for?" Nay, if a man come professing to utter an oracular deliverance, even in this case, we expect some glimmer of definite meaning and object; and if glimmer there be none, we are justified in concluding that neither has there been any oracle. "Oracles speak;" oracles should also shine. Now, in Byron's case, we have a man coming forward to utter speeches—to administer reproofs—to smite the public on both cheeks—in the attitude of an accuser, impeaching man—of a blasphemer attacking God—of a prophet expressing himself, moreover, with the clearness and the certainty of profound and dogmatic conviction; and we have thus, more than a threefold right to inquire, what is your drift, what would you have us to believe, or what to do? Now, here, precisely, we think, is Byron's fatal defect. He has no such clear, distinct, and overpowering object, as were worthy of, or has secured the complete concentration of his splendid powers. His object! What is it? Not to preach the duty of universal despair; or to inculcate the propriety of an "act of universal, simultaneous suicide;" else, why did he not, in the first place, set the example himself, and from "Leucadia's rock," or Etna's crater, precipitate himself, as a signal for the species to follow; and why, in the second place, did he profess such trust in schemes of political amelioration, and die in the act of leading on a Revolutionary war? Not to teach, nor yet to impugn any system of religion: for if one thing be more certain about him than another, it is, that he had no settled convictions on such subjects at all—and was only beginning to entertain a desire towards forming them when the great teacher, Death, arrived. Nor was his purpose merely to display his own powers and passions in imposing aspects; although much of this desire mingled with his ambition, still he was not altogether a vain attitudinizer. There is a sterling truth in his taste and style of writing—there is sincerity in his anguish—and his little pieces particularly, are the mere wringings of his heart! Who can doubt that his brow, the index of the soul, darkened as he wrote that fearful curse, the burden of which is "Forgiveness?" The paper, on which was written his Farewell to Lady Byron, is still extant, and it is all blurred and blotted with his tears. His poem, entitled "The Dream," is as sincere as if it had been penned in blood. And was he not sincere in sleep, when he ground his teeth to pieces in gnashing them? But his sincerity was not of that profound, constant, and consistent kind, which deserves the stronger name of earnestness. It did not answer to the best description in poetry of the progress of such a spirit, which goes on,

> "Like to the Pontiack sea
> Whose icy current and compulsive course
> Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps right on
> To the Propontick and the Hellespont."

It was a sincerity such as the falsest and the most hollow of men must express when stung to the quick; for hath not a human sham as well as a Jew—"eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions. Is he not fed with the same food, and hurt by the same weapon? If you prick him, does he not bleed? If you tickle him, does he not laugh? If you poison him, does he not die? And if you wrong him, does he not revenge?" Purpose, therefore, in its genuine simplicity, and quiet, deep sincerity, was awanting in Byron's character. And this greatly accounts for the wreck which he became; and for that misery—a misery which was wonderful, passing the woe of man—which sat down upon his spirit. Many accounts have been given of his grief. Macaulay says that he was a spoiled child, another in verse declares—

> "The thought that he was greater than his kind
> Had struck, methought, his eagle spirit blind
> By gazing at its own exceeding light."

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But the plain prose and English of it lies in his union of intensity of power with the want of intensity of purpose. He was neither one thing, nor yet another. Life with him was neither, on the one hand, an earnest single-eyed effort, nor was it, could it be a mere display. He believed, and trembled as he believed, that it was a serious thing to die; but did not sufficiently, if at all, feel, that it was a serious thing to live. He would not struggle: he must shine; but could not be *content* with mere shining without struggle. And hence, ill at ease with himself, aimless and hopeless, "like the Cyclops—mad with blindness," he turned to bay against society—man—and the Maker. And hence, amid all that he has *said* to the world—and said so eloquently, and so mournfully, and said amid such wide, and silent, and profound attention—he has *told* it little save his own sad story.

I pass, secondly, to speak of the relation in which he stood to his age. The relations in which a man stands to his age are perhaps threefold. He is either before it, or behind it, or exactly on a level with it. He is either its forerunner, or he is dragged as a captive at its chariot wheels; or he walks calmly, and step for step, along with it. We behold in Milton the man before his age—not, indeed, in point of moral grandeur or mental power; for remember, his age was the age of the Puritans, the age of Hampden, Selden, Howe, Vane, and of Cromwell, who was a greater writer than Milton himself—only it was with the sword that he wrote—and whose deeds were quite commensurate with Milton's words. But in point of liberality of sentiment and width of view, the Poet strode across entire centuries, and went, indeed, so far before his contemporaries that he seemed, to many of them, to dwindle in the distance. We see in Southey the man behind his age, who, indeed, in his youth, took a rash and rapid race in advance, but returned like a beaten dog, cowed, abashed, with downcast head, and tail between his legs, and remained for the rest of his life, aloof from the great movements of society. We behold in Brougham one whom once the age was proud to claim as its child and champion, the express image of its bustling, restless, versatile, and onward character, and of whom we still at least say, with a sigh, *he might* have been the Man of his time. In which of these relations, is it asked, did Byron stand to his age? We are forced to answer in none of them. He was not before his age in anything, in opinion, or in feeling. He was not, in all or many things, disgracefully behind it; nor did he move with equal and measured steps in its procession. He stood to the age in a most awkward and uncertain attitude. He sneered at its advancement, and he lent money, and ultimately lost his life, in attempting to promote it. He spoke with uniform contempt, and imitated with as uniform emulation, the masterpieces of its literature. He abused Wordsworth in public, and in private "rolled him as sweet morsel under his tongue;" or rather, if you believe himself, took him as a drastic dose, to purify his bilious and unhappy nature, by the strongest contrasted element that he could find. He often reviled and ridiculed revealed religion, and yet read the Bible more faithfully and statedly than most professed Christians—made up in superstition what he wanted in faith—had a devout horror at beginning his poems, undertaking his journeys, or paring his nails on a Friday—and had he lived would probably have ended, like his own Giaour, as "Brother Byron," with hair shirt, and iron-spiked girdle, in some Achaian or Armenian convent. He habitually trampled on, and seems sometimes to have really despised, the opinion of the public; and yet, in some points, felt it so keenly, that, says Ebenezer Elliot, "he would almost have gone into hysterics had a tailor laughed at him." And although, when the *Edinburgh Review* sought to crush him like a worm, he rose from the heel, a fiery, flying dragon; yet, to the assaults of the meaner creatures of the press, he was pervious all over, and allowed minnikin arrows, which were beneath his laughter, to rouse his rage. Absurd and ludicrous the spectacle that of this Laocoon, covered from head to foot with the snakes of supernal vengeance, bearing their burden with deep agonized silence, starting and shrieking upon the application of a thorn, which the hand of some puny passing malignant hand had thrust into his foot. In one respect, we grant that Byron was the spirit of the age; he was the representative of its wants, its weakness, its discontents, its dark unrest—but not of its aspirations, its widening charity, and its hopeful tendencies. His voice was the deep vague moan of the world's dream—his writhing anguish, the last struggle of its troubled slumber: it has since awaked, or is awakening, and, "as a dream when one awakeneth," it is despis

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ing, too much despising, his image. He was a beaten man, standing high yet helpless between the Old and the New, and all the helpless and the hopeless rallied round him, to proclaim him the one-eyed monarch of the blind; say rather to constitute him first magistrate over a city in flames; supreme ruler in a blasted and ruined realm. In one thing he was certainly a prophet; namely, a prophet of evil. As misery was the secret sting of all his inspiration, it became the invariable matter of all his song. In some of his poems, you have Misery contemplating; in others, Misery weeping aloud; in others, Misery revolving and reproducing the past; in others, Misery bursting the confines of the world, as if in search of a wider hell than that in which it felt itself environed; in others, Misery stopping to turn and rend its real or imaginary foes; and in others, Misery breaking out into hollow, hopeless, and heartless laughter. (What a terrible thing is the *laugh* of the unhappy! It is the very "echo to the seat where sorrow is throned.") But in all you have misery, and whether he returns the old thunder in a voice of hundred power and majesty, or sings an evening song with the grasshopper at his feet—smiles the smile of bitterness, or sheds the burning tears of anger—his voice still speaks of desolation, mourning, and woe; the vocabulary of grief labors under the demands of his melancholy genius; and never, never more, till this scene of tears and sighs be ended, shall we meet with a more authentic and profound expounder of the wretchedness of man. And as such we deem him to have done good service; first, because he who approaches towards the bottom of human woe, proves that it is not altogether bottomless, however deep; because, if human grief spring from human greatness, in unveiling the grief he is illustrating the grandeur of man; and, because the writings of Byron have saved us, in this country, what in France has been so pernicious, "the literature of desperation;" they are a literature of desperation in themselves: they condense, into one volume, what in France has been diluted throughout many, and consequently our country has drained off at one gulp, and survived the experiment, the poison which our neighbors have been sipping for years to their daily harm.

Thus on the whole, we regard Byron neither as in any sense a creator, nor wholly as a creature of his period; but rather, as a stranger entangled in the passing stream of its crowd, imperfectly adjusted to its customs, indifferently reconciled to its laws—among men, but not of them—a man of the *world*, but not a man of the age: and who has rather fallen furiously through it—"a wild diver" spurning the heights and seeking the depths—than left on it any deep or definite impression. Some men are buried and straightway forgotten—shovelled out of memory as soon as shovelled into the tomb. Others are buried, and from their graves, through the hands of ministering love, arise fragrant flowers and verdant branches, and thus are they, in a subordinate sense, "raised in glory." Others, again, lie down in the dust, and though no blossom or bough marks the spot, and though the timid shun it at evening-tides, as a spot unblessed—yet, forgotten it can never be, for there lies the record of a great guilty life extinct, and the crown of crime sits silent and shadowy on the tombstone. This is Byron's memorial in the age. But, as even on Nero's tomb "some hand unseen strewed flowers," and as "nothing dies but something mourns," let us lay a frail garland upon the sepulchre of a ruin, itself a desolation, and say *Requiescat in pace,* as we hurry on.

I come, thirdly, to speak of the leading feature of his artistic execution, and the materials which his genius used. And here there are less mingled feelings to embarrass the critical contemplator. Strong, direct intellect, descriptive force, and personal passion, seem the main elements of Byron's poetical power. He sees clearly, he selects judiciously for effect from among the points he does see, and he paints them with a pencil dipped in his own fiery heart. He was the last representative of the English character of mind. His lordly independence and high-spiritedness; his fearless avowal of his prejudices however narrow, and passions however coarse; his constant clearness and decision of tone and of style; his manly vigor and directness; his strong unreasoning instinctive sense; his abhorrence of mysticism; and his frequent caprices—all savored of that literature which had reared Dryden, Pope, and Johnson; and every peculiarity of the English school seems to have clustered in and around him, as its last splendid specimen. Since then our higher literature is rapidly charging with the German element. Byron was *ultimus Romanorum*—the last, and, with the exceptions of Shakspeare and Milton, the greatest *purely English* poet. His manner

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had generally all the clearness and precision of sculpture; indeed his clearness serves often to disguise his depth. As obscurity sometimes gives an air of mystic profundity and solemn grandeur to a shallow puddle, so, on the other hand, we have seen pools among the mountains, whose pellucidity made them appear less profound, and where every small shining pebble was a bright liar as to the real depth of the waters; such pools are many of the poems of Byron, and, we may add, of Campbell.

His dominion over the darker passions is one of the most obvious features in his poetic character. He rode in a chariot drawn, if we may use the figure, by those horses described in the visions of the Apocalypse, "whose heads were as the heads of lions, and out of their mouths issued fire, and smoke, and brimstone." And supreme is his management of these dreadful coursers. Whatever is fiercest and gloomiest in human nature—whatever furnace-bosoms have been heated seven times hotter by the unrestrained passions and the torrid suns of the East and the South—wherever man verges towards the animal or the fiend—wherever misanthropes have folded their arms, and taken their desperate attitude—wherever stands "the bed of sin delirious with its dread"—wherever devours "the worm that cannot sleep, and never dies"—there the melancholy muse of Byron finds a haunt. Driven from a home in his country, he finds it in the mansions of all unhappy hearts, which open gloomily, and admit him as their tenant and their bard. To escape from one's self is the desire of many, of all the miserable—the desire of the drunkard, of the opium-eater, of those who plunge into the vortex of any dissipation, who indulge in any delicious dream—but it is the singularity of Byron that he uniformly escapes from himself into something worse and more miserable. His being transmigrates into a darker and more demoniac shape; he becomes an epicure even in wretchedness; he has supped full of common miseries, and must create and exhaust imaginary horrors. What infinite pity that a being so gifted, and that might have been so noble, should find it necessary perpetually to evade himself! Hence his writings abound, more than those of other authors, with lines and phrases which seem to concentrate all misery within them—with texts for misanthropes, and mottoes for the mouths of suicides. "Years all winters"—what a gasp is that, and how characteristic of him to whose soul summer had not come, and spring had for ever faded! The charge of affectation has often been brought against Byron's proclamations of personal woe. But no one, we believe, was ever a constant and consistent hypocrite in such a matter as misery; and we think we can argue his sincerity, not merely from his personal declarations, but from this fact, that all the characters into whom he shoots his soul are unhappy. Tasso writhing in the dungeon, Dante prophesying evil, not to speak of his imaginary heroes, such as Conrad, Alp, the Giaour, and Childe Harold, betray in what direction ran the master current of his soul; and as the bells and bubbles upon the dark pool form an accurate measurement of its depth, so his mirth, in its wildness, recklessness, and utter want of genuine gaiety, tells saddest tales about the state of a heart which neither on earth nor heaven could find aught to cheer or comfort it.

Besides those intensely English qualities which we have enumerated as Byron's, there sprung out from him, and mainly through the spur of woe, a higher power than appeared originally to belong to his nature. After all his faculties seemed fully developed, and after critics and craniologists had formed their unalterable estimate of them, he began, as if miraculously, to grow into a loftier shape and stature, and compelled these same sapient judges, slowly and reluctantly, to amend their conclusions. In his "Cain," his "Heaven and Earth," and his "Vision of Judgment," he exhibited the highest form of faculty divine—the true afflatus of the Bard. He seemed to rise consciously into his own region; and, certainly, for gloomy grandeur, and deep, desolate beauty, these productions surpass all the writings of the period. Now, for the first time, men saw the Pandemonian palace of his soul fully lit, and they trembled at its ghastly splendor; and yet, curious it is to remark that those were precisely the poems which the public at first received most coldly; and those who shouted applause when he issued the two first elegant, but comparatively shallow, cantos of "Childe Harold," which were the reflection of other minds, shrank from him when he displayed the terrible riches of his own.

We can only mention the materials on which Byron's genius fed—and, indeed, we must substitute the singular term—for his material was not manifold, but one: it was

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the history of his own heart that his genius reproduced in all his poems. His poetry was the mirror of himself.

In considering, fourthly, the more characteristic of his works, we may divide them into his juvenile productions, his popular, and his proscribed works. His juvenile productions testified to nothing but the power of his passions, the strength of his ambition, and the uncertainty of his aims. His "Hours of Idleness" was, in one respect, the happiest hit he ever made: it was fortunate enough to attract abuse from the highest critical authority in the empire, and thereby stirred his pride, and effectually roused his faculties. It required a scorching heat to hatch a Byron! In his "English Bards" he proved himself rather a pugilist than a poet. It is the work of a man of Belial, "flown with insolence and *wine*." His popular productions were principally written when he was still a favorite son of society, the idol of drawing-rooms, and the admired, as well as observed, of all observers. "Childe Harold" is a transcription of the serious and *publishable* part of his journal, as he travelled in Greece, Spain, and Italy. "The Giaour" is a powerful half-length picture of himself. "The Bride of Abydos" is a tender and somewhat maudlin memory of Greece. "The Corsair" was the work of one fierce fortnight, and seems to have brought one period of his life, as well as of his popularity, to a glitering point. In all this class of his poems we see him rather revolving the memory of past, than encountering the reality of present, misery. You have pensive sentiment rather than quick and fresh anguish. But his war with society was now about to begin in right earnest; and in prophetic anticipation of this, he wrote his "Parisina" and his "Siege of Corinth." These were the first great drops of the thunderstorm he was soon to pour down upon the world; and in the second of these, particularly, there is an electric heat and a frenzied haste which proclaims a troubled and distracted state of mind. In referring his medical adviser to it as a proof of his mental sanity, he rather blundered; for although it wants the incoherence, it has the fury, of madness. It is the most rapid and furious race he ever ran to escape from his own shadow. Then came his open breach with English society, his separation from his lady, and his growling retreat to his Italian den. But ere yet he plunged into that pool, where the degradation of his genius, and where its power were perfect, he must turn round, and close in wilder, loftier measures the sad song of "Childe Harold," which in life's summer he had begun; and strange it was to mark, in those two last cantos, not only their deepened power and earnestness, but their multiplied sorrow. He seemed to have gone away to Addison's "Mountain of Miseries," and exchanged one burden for a worse—sorrow for despair. He had fallen so low, that suicide had lost its charms; and when one falls beneath the suicide point, his misery is perfect; for his quarrel then is not with *life* but with *being*. Yet how horribly beautiful his conversation with the dust of empires—with the gigantic skeleton of Rome—with the ocean, which meets him like that simulacrum of the sea which haunted the madness of Caligula—with all the mighty miserable in the past—with those spirits which he summons from the "vasty deep," or with those ill-favored ones

"Who walk the shadow of the Vale of Death."

He speaks to them as their equal and kindred spirit. "Hell from beneath is moved to meet him at his coming; they speak, and say unto him, Art thou become like unto us?" As another potentate, do those "Anarchs old"—Orcus, Hades, and the "dreaded name of Demogorgon"—admit him into their chaotic company, and make him free of the privileges of their dreary realm.

Having thus taken a last proud farewell of society, with all its forms and conventionalities, he turned him to the task of pouring out his envenomed and disappointed spirit in works which society was as certain to proscribe as it was to peruse; and there followed that marvellous series of poems to which we have already referred as his most peculiar and powerful productions —most powerful, because most sincere. And yet the public proved how false and worthless its former estimate of Byron's genius had been, by denouncing those, his best doings, not merely for their wickedness, but for their artistic execution. It is humiliating to revert to the reviews and newspapers of that period, and to read the language in which they speak of "Cain," "Sardanapalus," and the "Vision of Judgment," uniformly treating them as miserable fallings-off from his former self —beneath even the standard of his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." "Cain"

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we regard not only as Byron's noblest production, but as one of the finest poems in this or any language. It is such a work as Milton, had he been miserable, would have written. There is nothing in "Paradise Lost" superior to Cain's flight with Lucifer through the stars, and nothing in Shakspeare superior to his conversations with his wife Adah. We speak simply of its merits as a work of art—its object is worthy of all condemnation: that is, to paint a more soured and savage Manfred, engaged in a controversy, not merely with himself, but with the system of which he is one diseased and desperate member; in the unequal strife overwhelmed, and, as if the crush of Omnipotence were not enough, bringing down after him, in his fall, the weight of a brother's blood; and the object of the fable is not, as it ought to have been, to show the madness of all selfish struggle against the laws of the universe, but to more than intimate the poet's belief, that the laws which occasion such a struggle are cruel and unjust. There is an unfair distribution of misery and guilt in the story. The misery principally accrues to Cain; but a large proportion of the guilt is caught, as by a whirlwind, and flies up in the face of his Maker. The great crime of the poem is not that its hero utters blasphemies, but that you shut it with a doubt whether these blasphemies be not true. Milton wrote his great poem to "justify the ways of God to man;" Byron's object seems to be, to justify the ways of man to God—even his wildest and most desperate doings. The pleading is eloquent, but hopeless. It is the bubble on the ridge of the cataract praying not to be carried over and hurried on. Equally vain it is to struggle against those austere and awful laws, by which moments of sin expand into centuries of punishment. Yet this was Byron's own life-long struggle, and one which, like men who fight their battles o'er again in sleep, he renewed again and again in every dream of his imagination.

"The Vision of Judgment," unquestionably the best abused, is also one of the best, and by no means the most profane, of his productions. It sprang from the savage disgust produced in his mind by Southey's "double distilled" cant, in that poem of his on the death of George the Third—which, reversing the usual case, now lives suspended by a tow-line from its caricature. All other hatred—that of Johnson—that of Burke—that of Juvenal—that of all, save Junius—is tame and maudlin compared to the wrath of Byron expressed in this poem. Scorn often has the effect of cooling and carrying off rage—but here "the ground burns frore and cold performs the effect of fire." His very contempt is molten; his tears of laughter, as well as of misery, fall in *burning* showers. In what single lines has he concentrated the mingled essence of the coolest contempt, and the hottest indignation!

"A better farmer ne'er brushed dew from lawn,
A worse king never left a realm undone."

"When the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
It seemed the mockery of hell to fold
The rottenness of eighty years in gold."

"'Passion!' replied the phantom dim,
'I loved my country and I hated him.'"

There spoke the authentic shade of Junius, or at least a spirit worthy of contending with him for the honor of being the "Best Hater" upon record.

And yet, mixed with the strokes of ribaldry, are touches of a grandeur which he has rarely, elsewhere, approached. His poetry always rises above itself, when painting the faded splendor wan—the steadfast gloom—the hapless magnanimity of the Prince of Darkness. With perfect ease he seems to enter into the soul, and fill up the measure and stature of the awful personage.

It were unpardonable, even in a rapid review, to omit all notice of "Don Juan," which, if it bring our notion of the man to its lowest point—exalts our idea of the Poet. Its great charm is its conversational ease. How coolly, and calmly, he bestrides his Pegasus even when he is at the gallop. With what exquisitely quiet and quick transitions does he pass from humor to pathos, and make you laugh and cry at once as you do in dreams. It is less a man writing, than a man *resigning* his soul to his reader. To use Scott's beautiful figure—"the stanzas fall off as easily as the leaves from the autumnal tree; you stand under a shower of withered gold." And in spite of the endless touches of wit, the general impression is most melancholy; and not Rasselas, nor Timon, casts so deep a shadow on the thoughtful reader as the "very tragical mirth" of Don Juan.

In settling, lastly, his rank as a Poet, we may simply say, that he must stand, on the whole, beneath and apart from the first class of poets, such as Homer, Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, and Goethe. Often, indeed, he seems to rush into their company, and

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to stand among them, like a daring boy amid his seniors, measuring himself proudly with their superior stature. And possibly, had he lived, he might have ultimately taken his place amongst them, for it lay in him to have done this. But life was denied him. The wild steed of his passions—like his own "Mazeppa"—carried him furiously into the wilderness, and dashed him down into premature death. And he now must take his place as one at the very head of the second rank of poets, and arrested when he was towering up towards the first.

His name has been frequently but injudiciously coupled with that of Shelley. This has arisen principally from their accidental position. They found themselves together one stormy night in the streets, having both been thrust out by the strong arm from their homes. One had been kicking up a row and kissing the serving-maids; the other had been trying to reform the family, but in so awkward a fashion, that in his haste he had put out all the lustres, and nearly blown up the establishment. In that cold, desolate, moonless night, they chanced to meet—they entered into conversation—they even tried, by drawing near each other, to administer a little kindly warmth and encouragement. Men seeing them imperfectly in the lamp-light, classed them together as two dissolute and disorderly blackguards. And, alas, when the morning came that might have accurately discriminated them, both were found lying dead in the streets. In point of purpose—temperament—tendency of intellect—poetical creed—feeling—sentiments—habits—and character, no two men could be more dissimilar. And the conjunction of their names is almost as incongruous, as though we should, in comparison, not in contrast, speak of Douglas Jerrold and Baptist Noel—Father Mathew and Professor Wilson—Thomas Carlyle and Andrew Marshall of Kirkintilloch—Dr. Brunton and Dr. John Ritchie.

We remember a pilgrimage we made some years ago to Lochnagar. As we ascended a mist came down over the hill like a veil dropped by some jealous beauty over her own fair face. At length the summit was reached, though the prospect was denied us. It was a proud and thrilling moment. What though darkness was all around? It was the *very* atmosphere that suited the scene. It was dark "Lochnagar." And only think how fine it was to climb up and clasp its cairn—to lift a stone from it, to be in after-time a memorial of our journey—to sing the song which made it terrible and dear, in its own proud drawing-room, with those great fog-curtains floating around—to pass along the brink of its precipices—to snatch a fearful joy, as we leant over, and hung down, and saw from beneath the gleam of eternal snow shining up from its hollows, and columns, or rather perpendicular seas of mist, streaming up upon the wind—

"Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell,
Where every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heaped with the damned, like pebbles—"

tinged, too, here and there, on their tops, by gleams of sunshine, the farewell beams of the dying day. It was the grandest moment in our lives. We had stood upon many hills—in sunshine and in shade, in mist and in thunder—but never had before, nor hope to have again, such a feeling of the grandeur of this lower universe—such a sense of horrible sublimity. Nay, we question if there be a mountain in the empire, which, though seen in similar circumstances, could awaken the same emotions in our minds. It is not its loftiness, though that be great—nor its bold outline nor its savage loneliness, nor its mist-loving precipices, but the associations which crown its crags with a "peculiar diadem"—its identification with the image of a poet, who, amid all his fearful errors, had perhaps more than any of the age's Bards, the power of investigating all his career—yea, to every corner which his fierce foot ever touched, or which his genius ever sung—with profound and melancholy interest. We saw the name Byron written in the cloud-characters above us. We saw his genius sadly smiling in those gleams of stray sunshine which gilded the darkness they could not dispel. We found an emblem of his poetry in that flying rack, and of his character in those lowering precipices. We seemed to hear the wail of his restless spirit in the wild sob of the wind, fainting and struggling up under its burden of darkness. Nay, we could fancy that this hill was designed as an eternal monument to his name, and to image all those peculiarities which make that name for ever illustrious. Not the loftiest of his country's poets, he is the most sharply and terribly defined. In magnitude and round completeness, he yields to many; in jagged, abrupt, and passionate projection of his own shadow, over the world of literature,

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to none. The genius of convulsion, a dire attraction, dwells around him, which leads many to hang over, and some to leap down his precipices. Volcanic as he is, the coldness of wintry selfishness too often collects in the hollows of his verse. He loves, too, the cloud and the thick darkness, and comes "veiling all the lightnings of his song in sorrow." So, like Byron, beside Scott and Wordsworth, does Lochnagar stand in the presence of his neighbor giants, Ben-macDhui, and Ben-y-boord, less lofty, but more fiercely eloquent in its jagged outline, reminding us of the *via* of the forked lightning, which it seems dumbly to mimic, projecting its cliffs like quenched batteries against earth and heaven, with the cold of snow in its heart, and with a coronet of mist round its gloomy brow.

No poet, since Homer and Ida, has thus, everlastingly, shot his genius into the heart of one great mountain, identifying himself and his song with it. Not Horace with Soracte—not Wordsworth with Helvellyn—not Coleridge with Mont Blanc—not Wilson with the Black Mount—not even Scott with Elidons—all these are still common property, but Lochnagar is Byron's own—no poet will ever venture to sing it again. In its dread circle none durst walk but he. His allusions to it are not numerous, but its peaks stood often before his eye: a recollection of its grandeur served more to color his line, than the glaciers of the Alps, the cliffs of Jura, or the thunder hills of fear, which he heard in Chimari; even from the mountains of Greece he was carried back to Morven and

"Lochnagar, with Ida, looked o'er Troy."

Hence the severe, Dante-like, monumental, mountainous cast of his better poetry; for we firmly believe that the scenery of one's youth gives a permanent bias and coloring to the genius, the taste, and the style, *i. e.* if there be an intellect to receive an impulse, or a taste to catch a tone. Many, it is true, bred in cities, or amid common scenery, make up for the lack by early travel; so did Milton, Coleridge, Wilson, &c. But who may not gather, from the tame tone of Cowper's landscapes, that he had never enjoyed such opportunities? And who, in Pollok's powerful but gloomy poem, may not detect the raven hue which a sterile moorland scenery had left upon his mind? Has not, again, the glad landscape of the Howe of the Mearns, and the prospect from the surmounting Hill of Garvock, left a pleasing trace upon the mild pages of Beattie's Minstrel? Did not Coila color the genial soul of its poet? Has not the scenery of "mine own romantic town" made much of the prose and poetry of Sir Walter Scott what it is? So, is it mere fancy which traces the stream of Byron's poetry in its light and its darkness, its bitterness and its brilliance, to this smitten rock in the wilderness—to the cliffs of Lochnagar?

From Fraser's Miscellany.

OUTLINES IN PARLIAMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LITERARY LEGISLATORS."

SOME MEMBERS OF THE "IRISH PARTY."

It is now about six months ago that the thinking portion of the British public were startled by the announcement of a great moral and political phenomenon. What seven centuries of all sorts of government—patriarchal, martial, clerical, self-governing, and imperial,—had been unable to bring to pass in Ireland, a few months of famine and its consequences were to effect as by a miracle. Now, for the first time in the history of Ireland, were men of all ranks, classes, religions, and parties, to unite on one common neutral ground of brotherly love, and to form what was termed, more ambitiously than wisely, an "Irish Party." Peers, landowners, magistrates, and M.P.'s, clericals and laymen, Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Presbyterians, met and passed magnanimous resolutions to sink all party and political feelings and personal prejudices, and devote themselves to the good of their country. The world looked on, astonished; for now that these patriots did agree, their unani-

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mity was truly wonderful. They made a candid confession of their past misdeeds—declared that their own divisions had been the true cause of the misery of their country—and that now was the time for union, when the "future fortunes" and "the present lives" of millions of their fellow-countrymen were at stake—and they bound themselves to act together, whether in or out of parliament, in supporting or opposing the measures that might be brought forward by the Government or by private members, in order to meet the crisis in Irish affairs. To make their act of union the more solemn, they invoked the blessing of Divine Providence upon it, and expressed their confident hope that they would receive in their exertions the aid of the rich and the confidence of the poor.

By those who were acquainted with the previous history of Ireland, and with the state of parties there (and, thanks to the incessant agitations and debates in parliament, these might be taken to be all the newspaper readers in the kingdom), such an announcement as this must have been regarded as miraculous. Nor was their surprise at all lessened when they thought of the individuals who had signed this new self-denying ordinance. They saw arrayed, with an ostentatious alternation of amicability, the names of the most extreme and violent political opponents—the O'Connells, father and sons, by the side of the Lord Lortons and the Lord Farnhams; and Mr. Smith O'Brien "pairing" with Mr. Gregory or the Earl of Glengall. From that moment, much interest was felt in the future proceedings of this novel association.

If looked at seriously, in a political point of view, it was certainly a matter to make statesmen pause and tremble. In a representative assembly constituted like the House of Commons, if parties are at all nicely balanced, a body of men, however small, who act with one mind and on one principle, and who are prepared to sacrifice political feeling to the attainment of some common object, may attain to a disproportionate and dangerous power. If the professions of the new "Irish Party" were to be depended on, there was much reason to suppose that some such combination might be formed. As, too, they continued their sittings, after the meeting of parliament, with tolerable perseverance, their proceedings were watched with increasing interest; and at one time, when it appeared probable that by supporting Lord George Bentinck's proposal to advance money to the Irish railway companies they might overturn the ministry, their importance attained to a considerable height.

If that importance has since diminished; if this great embryo party has failed fully to develope itself; if the "good of the country" has been lost sight of in old political quarrels; if the "future fortunes" and "present lives" of millions did in the intervening six months wane in their estimation, as the prospect of an effectual poor-law being imposed became more clear and certain; if, in short, this grand national association has dwindled into a mere rump of a party, and the only "union" that exists has at last been discovered to be an union of shameless, unadulterated self-interest; if this has been the paltry end of so glorious a beginning, let us not think too harshly of men who were for putting on poor, weak, human nature, more than it can bear, who proposed to themselves an achievement greater and more difficult than was ever yet attained by human hearts or human heads, who superadded to the original merit of their good intentions the additional virtue of their being impracticable.

As these noblemen and gentlemen have at intervals during the last few months—more especially in the debates on Ireland in both houses of parliament—rendered themselves exceedingly conspicuous, we presume that our readers may not be indisposed to know something more about them than they can gather from their public acts and speeches. We have selected a few of the most prominent among them; though our selections by no means include the most important or distinguished of the representatives of Ireland, of whom we may, perhaps, treat in detail on some future occasion.

LORD MONTEAGLE.

A peerage, together with the possession for life of a sinecure office, the emoluments of which are equivalent to a pension of £2000 a year, enjoyed without the general odium which usually attaches to the receipt of eleemosynary public money by mere placemen, who have rendered no real or lasting service to the State—these are the rewards which Lord Monteagle has contrived to secure for himself by a long life of political activity and party subserviency.

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During that long life he has filled successively many offices of state, rising gradually to be a cabinet minister, and to hold a place which, if it be not the highest, is, at least, one of the greatest trust, in the kingdom—that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and responsible manager of our finances. A very natural question has often been put, What were his qualifications for these important posts? and, Why has he been in a manner forced into a position, and covered with honors, which were perseveringly refused to some men of acknowledged genius, who, by the concurrent testimony of the whole people, at once have distinguished themselves by their talents and rendered good service to their country? To answer these questions is not the most easy task in the world.

Perseverance is a quality which is scarcely acknowledged at its full weight and value. Nay, if we look at the wonders it has sometimes achieved, we might almost elevate it to the dignity of a virtue. There are those who even think perseverance, in this working-day world, better than genius itself; and, certainly, if to realize solid advantages be the true business of life, they are right; for, in too many cases, perseverance soon elbows genius out of the race. Of all the shapes which perseverance takes, the most miraculous is that of resolute, determined self-advancement; and in this respect the fable of the hare and the tortoise is a true type of the great struggle of life. The quality we speak of does not rank morally so low as some exalted thinkers conceive. Perseverance often hides humility, as genius, or what passes for it, is as frequently a cloak for pride. It is because the persevering, plodding man, has a mean opinion of his own natural powers, because he knows he cannot trust, like his more gifted neighbor, to sudden inspirations, that he so humbly, but steadily, works out the object of his being. But perseverance has another and a darker aspect, which, also, is too often odious. The worldly, money-getting, place-hunting, respectability-seeking quality, which raises unscrupulous men in the world, is not the less perseverance, though it be too frequently allied to pretension, quackery, and even to unfair dealing. That it should so often succeed, speaks ill for the discernment and common sense of the great mass of mankind, who allow themselves to be deceived by a wretched imposture. Yet, if men would but use their faculties, they need not be thus played upon. Rightly regarded, pretension is a gauge of self-esteem inversely to its seeming. A shallow man, of inferior capacity, but with the ambition to rise, betrays his own consciousness of inferiority by his vigorous efforts to appear what he is not. He may have the vanity to think his disguise successful—too often the consent of mankind bears him out—but very slight habits of observation will enable us to detect the false from the true. That once done, his successes become so many badges of demerit.

Such praise as is due to perseverance, Lord Monteagle fully deserves; but, as his rewards and successes have been far greater than either his personal merits or his public services entitled him to, he must, we fear, be included in the second of the two classes which are indicated in the foregoing remarks. Lord Monteagle has risen, no one knows how, no one knows why. There is not, among the present holders of peerages or honors created for themselves, one person who has really done so little to deserve such promotion. He has been, throughout his life, a busy, talkative man; but it would be impossible to point to any one act of his public career, legislative or otherwise, upon which one might rest the defence of his honors. It may be urged, that, in this country, long and faithful party service is allowed to confer a species of right to the rewards which, in a well-constituted community, would be reserved for the best in intellect and conduct. But of him it may be answered, that although he served the Whigs much, he served himself more; and, further, that although his service of them was zealous, even mean, yet it was on the whole more injurious than beneficial to the party. For, during years when the first talent and ingenuity of the country were employed in undermining them and rendering them ridiculous, the public conduct of Lord Monteagle was one of their most vulnerable points, and, with much exaggeration, no doubt yet at the same time with more truth, he was held up to the world as a type of the pretension, imbecility, and political double-dealing attributed to those whom their political enemies then designated as an incapable faction. As in the case of one or two prominent members of their present administration, who have apparently been forced upon them by family influence, they would certainly have done much better without Mr. Spring Rice than with him; and it was by no means an improbable hypothesis that he was betinsel-

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led with a peerage, and loaded with the dangerous reward of an odious sinecure, more because his reputation had become onerous to his colleagues, than because he had rendered to them or to the country any commensurate service.

Having married the eldest daughter of the Earl of Limerick, and been returned to the House of Commons as a member for that borough, he was, in the year 1827, nominated by Mr. Canning to an Under-secretaryship—that of the Colonies. This was the lucky point of his life, on which depended his future fortunes. Mr. Canning was in want of colleagues, especially of men of a liberal turn of thinking and yet of influence. Mr. Rice combined with an aptitude for business the talent of ready speaking, which, if it did not deceive so good a judge as the minister, was at least of a better order than that usually obtained from Under-secretaries. Mr. Canning's imagination, of course, could never have metamorphosed his *protégé* into a leader. But office-holding under Mr. Canning has usually secured subsequent preferment; and when the Whigs came in, in 1830, Mr. Spring Rice was made by them Secretary to the Treasury. Taken *per se*, this was a judicious appointment, for Mr. Rice's intellect and character are precisely of that calibre which would enable him to fill such an office with satisfaction to his superiors. Active, docile (while under), not too "particular about trifles," voluble in speech, with application, general information, and a large amount of ready ability (for which let us give him full credit), as a subordinate, or even as a placeman in high rank, if not pretending to statesmanship or oratory, he would always have commanded a fair share of consideration and even of respect; for men who have the good sense to know their position, and keep to it, are invaluable. But when Lord Melbourne formed his administration, Mr. Spring Rice was made Secretary of State for the Colonies: and afterwards, when the Whigs returned in 1835, he climbed to the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer—in charity, let us suppose, as much to his own astonishment as to that of the public. In this character let us recall him.

The talents required for a Chancellor of the Exchequer are not those of the brilliant, but those of the sterling order. The financial system being previously decided on by the cabinet, a clear head, an upright mind, a pre-acquaintance with the secret movements of the money-market, and a good knowledge of arithmetic, are the qualifications wanted in that officer whose duty it is to explain and defend it. He is not required to be a great orator—indeed, it were always better that he had few pretensions of the sort, because the commercial John Bull has a deep faith in mediocrity. Now, Mr. Spring Rice, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, was deficient in all the requisite qualifications. Of all the Whig Chancellors of the Exchequer he has proved the worst; and that places him in a very low scale indeed. Lord Althorp used to be laughed at as a blunderer, but his mind was always right, though his utterance went wrong: he seemed much worse than he really was. Mr. Baring, too, generally gave one the idea that he didn't exactly know what he was going to say next, and that it was all a chance which side of his proposition he would accidentally advocate; but his defects, also, were more to be ascribed to physical than to mental causes. With regard to Sir Charles Wood, although his performances more than fulfil the unfavorable expectations that were formed of him,—although he is by turns pompous, arrogant, flippant, and unintelligible, yet it is clear that he is upright and honest, and that if he commit errors, his capacity, not his intentions, will be in fault. But Mr. Spring Rice, while really less versed in his duties than either of these officers, had not the merit of standing well with many even of his own supporters. He was distrusted on the ground of a lax political morality, which, however it may escape censure in inferior stations, cannot be tolerated in high places. All those clever little tricks and manœuvres, which confer the applauses and honors of the bureau on one whose duty it is to "count out" or to "keep" a house, he played off again on his grander scene. What literature gains in dignity it sometimes loses in effective force by its lofty abhorrence of "slang." Yet keen perceptions are often enshrined in unauthorized words. There is one expression, among many, which the lexicographers have not sanctioned, and which it requires some courage to use in society; yet it is very often heard from the lips of the grave even, as well as of the gay; and now and then an orator hungering after a word has been known to blurt it forth in the senate itself. The most original living genius in fiction, too, has not thought it beneath him to create a

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character expressly to illustrate it. So, we, perhaps, may be allowed the privilege of using the phrase. When we say of a man that he is a "dodger," we mean a great deal more than we choose to express, or can express, in words. We can laugh at a "dodge" while we despise it. Now, in politics, "dodging" is considered by some people capital, and perfectly legitimate, amusement. Public men become so hardened in pursuing the end, regardless of the means, that what they would shrink from (and none more so than Lord Monteagle) in private life, in public affairs they consider perfectly justifiable. Political "dodging" may be defined as the act of doing, with however transparent a pretext, what one would be utterly ashamed of doing without one. Mr. Spring Rice was especially the "Artful" of the Melbourne ministry; not for the Government only, but also on his own little private account, —just for the pleasure of it. So many years have now elapsed since he held office, that most men have forgotten all but their vague impressions of this singular statesman's general system, and our space will not allow us to give instances; but we have a lively recollection of the inimitable self-confidence with which, to the inexpressible amusement, when not to the terror, of the City, he used in the House of Commons to try feats of legerdemain with the public accounts; of his bold attempts at wholesale mystification; his small manœuvres, upheld with an indescribable gravity, till their success tempted to a complacent chuckle; the miraculous assurance with which he would deliberately rise in the House of Commons, and consume hours in windy, wordy, prosy, yet ambitious talk, in the face of some of the most competent financiers and the greatest commercial men of the day, affecting to make intelligible to them what was clearly all but unintelligible to himself. Nor does this propensity for left-handed statesmanship seem to have diminished with time and the cessation of his ministerial functions. It would seem as if all the zeal and ardor of Lord Monteagle for unanimity and harmony of action on Irish affairs had been but a pretext for a concealed object—that as British indignation was evidently aroused to one of its rare moral paroxysms against the Irish landlords, they should have at once a shield and a spear, in the new Irish party, against the obvious and inevitable retribution. Similar have been the noble lord's latest demonstrations. As Irish Nationality was but another name for No Poor Law, so his recent amendment in committee, by defeating the Whigs, was intended but as a means of decently getting rid of a just burden; and his proposal of a system of colonization for Ireland dwindles down into a scheme for clearing the land of a population, only surplus because the corresponding surplus food is unfairly absorbed—of getting rid, in fact, of the poor, as he could not get rid of the law for their protection. Yes; Lord Monteagle is the man for a clever political "dodge."

It is just to the noble lord to say, that had he been more straightforward, and formed a more modest estimate of his own powers, he might have made a very respectable and efficient minister. He has extensive information and a remarkable readiness in speaking—can, or rather could, rise at a moment's notice, and pour forth oceans of words, cheating the inexperienced with the belief that he was really making a good speech on the matter in hand. He was an excellent man to speak against time, and his talent was of that quality that he could talk with equal fluency and deceptive inconclusiveness on any subject, from the highest to the lowest. This was one secret of his success—he made himself useful, and was, moreover, a thorough-going party man. But Lord Monteagle's ambitious spirit would not allow him to be content with the honors of a useful subordinate—he aspired to be a leader, and fancied himself an orator. An empty, sounding grandiloquence was his chief, if not his only qualification. His style was inflated. There was no close reasoning, or condensed expression. As he seldom thought for himself on great questions, but only reproduced, distorted and disfigured by a perverted ingenuity, the views of his party, there was no originality either in his ideas or in his arguments. His point of view never rose above the level of the bureau. To make a case was his utmost aim; but what a wiser man would have done modestly and neatly, he, by an unconquerable habit of exaggeration, converted into a medium for extravagant finesse and pompous declamation. He always took an hour to say what the least efficient of his colleagues would have compressed, with more clearness and vigor, into twenty minutes. He was wordy without being explanatory; and he was for ever rendering himself ridiculous by ineffectual strainings after grand oratorical effect.

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These errors of judgment were rendered still more glaring by his peculiar personal characteristics. Small in stature, he is also deficient in dignity. Restless, busy, fussy, consequential, and yet with a countenance on which an austere conceit is stamped, there is no phase of his personal bearing on which the mind can dwell with interest or satisfaction. There is no weight or gravity, but much of hollow, sounding pretension. The eternal noise of his harsh, loud, yet toneless voice, assists these unfavorable impressions; but when he was an active ministerial speaker in former days, his present defects were enormously exaggerated. It was sometimes painful to see him in the excitement and agony of speech-making, straining his small physical powers, elevated on tip-toe, oscillating till one feared he would lose his equilibrium, whisking about from one side to the other as he addressed some "point" to one or other of his colleagues, sometimes wheeling full round to the benches behind, his back turned towards the Speaker or Opposition, and thumping the table till his clenched fists seemed to rebound from the force of the blow, and not unfrequently sending the papers flying like chaff on the floor. It was a ridiculous caricature of the worst faults of Sir Robert Peel's familiar style, not, like his, redeemed by tact and the success with which he used such undignified action and gestures, but rendered more absurd by his perpetual and preposterous failures. And all the while the ear of his audience was as much vexed as if assailed by the constant beating of a gong. Since he has been made a peer, Lord Monteagle is much tamed down. If he is as fussy and as fond of little manœuvres as ever, he is much less noisy, and his inflictions are not so frequent. When he left the House of Commons and mounted to the Upper House, it is difficult to say which was the predominating feeling among his contemporaries—satisfaction at getting rid of an over-rated cormorant of talk, or disgust at the arrangement by which he was made Comptroller of the Exchequer, with a salary for life of two thousand a year. His proceedings as a peer have not been so obtrusive as those which earned him an unenviable distinction as a commoner. Had he possessed intrinsic merits at all commensurate with the rewards he has grasped, the state of parties in the Upper House afforded him a fine opportunity for earning distinction as a statesman and legislator; but, making all allowance for the influence of party feeling, and of the jealousy of pitchforked *parvenus* which may be detected in that assembly, we fear that he has only succeeded in still further exposing his moral littleness and intellectual inferiority. Before dismissing the subject, let us beg the reader who thinks that the foregoing observations have too severely disparaged Lord Monteagle, to remember that we complained of the monstrous excess of his rewards over his services, and that we might have been less tempted to revive the recollection of his errors, had he been satisfied with the humble but deserved compensation of modest mediocrity.

THE RIGHT HON. FREDERICK SHAW.

During the last sixteen or seventeen years, Mr. Shaw has occupied from time to time a position more or less prominent in the political world; and in the House of Commons, more especially, during the greater part of that time, he has been recognised as one of its most notable members. His talents, experience, and ability as a speaker, would alone have secured him more than a respectable standing; but he has added to their natural influence a further advantage, by his having for fifteen years represented the University of Dublin with so much credit to himself and confidence on the part of his constituents, as to have been long recognised as one of the chief leaders of the Irish Protestants, whose stronghold, we need hardly say, is in that institution. Towards the party in question, indeed, he has for many years stood in a relation nearly as important and honorable as that of Sir Robert Inglis with a very large section of the Church of England. When an Irish question was brought forward, Mr. Shaw's opinion was one of the first required upon it, in collecting the sentiments of the representatives of Ireland; and, further, it was always understood, that that opinion was not merely the opinion of an individual, but also of the large and influential body whom he represented, not directly only, through the University, but indirectly also, by the confidence reposed in him by the Protestant public of Ireland generally.

Filling so responsible a post, and endowed by nature with no inconsiderable portion of that combativeness of temperament which distinguishes his countrymen of all creeds and classes, it is not surprising

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that the parliamentary functions of Mr. Shaw should have been no sinecure. Indeed, except the leading statesmen, there are few members of the House of Commons who have led so active a public life, more especially if we refer to the period during which the Whig ministry of Lord Melbourne clung to power, in spite of the able agitation carried on against them, on the strength of their open alliance and secret compacts with O'Connell. In that agitation, Mr. Shaw was an active and a distinguished partaker. Although at times he scarcely went far enough to suit the excited feelings of some of the more violent of his party in Ireland, to the cooler temperament of the English, however much they might have had their prepossessions worked upon against those who were then considered as their common enemies, he certainly appeared a man who was prepared to carry political controversy to the very extreme verge of that license which modern debating allows. There was no man among the Conservative opposition more unsparing of his invectives, no man less ready to pause in the assertion or support of any charge, however serious, against the opponents alike of his political and religious creed. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. O'Connell was his chief antagonist. For some few years their rivalry was manifest, almost avowed. They fought over again in the House of Commons the battles of Irish parties. But we must do them both the justice to say, that they carried on their warfare, however angry, in a gentlemanly way. Sometimes, indeed, the passions of the man would break through the artificial restraints imposed by order and custom on the senator; but it was rare that this went to such limits as would excite scandal. However sincerely opposed in politics, they seemed to respect each other's talents, and their fights were more of a gladiatorial character than was at that time usual, when the hostile parties of Ireland came into collision on English ground, and exhibited to a pitying public the degenerate combats of hereditary hatreds. The warm, almost passionate eagerness with which Mr. Shaw would rush to the conflict of argument, or of fact, with his potent antagonist, was altogether different from the cold, contemptuous, sometimes even insolent, haughtiness, with which Mr. Secretary Stanley, while he was still a subordinate, or my Lord Stanley, when he had become an Opposition leader, would rise to attack or repel the same opponent. By the one it seemed to be a combat recognised as on equal grounds—a means, rather agreeable than otherwise, of bringing to its final issue before the English Parliament the Irish struggle of nearly a quarter of a century. To the other, it appeared to be an odious task reluctantly assumed, and fulfilled with as much of deliberate, studied offensiveness, as could be exhibited by a proud and exasperated man, without forfeiting the character of a gentleman. Lord Stanley affected to consider the conditions of the conflict between him and O'Connell as quite unequal, as if it were almost too much that he should condescend to insult his adversary. His sarcasms were the more provoking because they were aimed so low. Mr. Shaw and Mr. O'Connell quarrelled with more apparent passion, but much more real cordiality; and their hostility, though more ostentatious and obtrusive, was not so embittered.

Readiness, boldness, tact, declamatory power, and frequent flashes of humor, rendered Mr. Shaw a very formidable antagonist to Mr. O'Connell in these personal contests (which turned too often on the most paltry local disputes), more especially as the audience were prepared in most cases to side with the former. But Mr. Shaw's powers as a speaker, like Mr. O'Connell's, would be very unfairly tested even by success in such undignified warfare. He has proved himself capable of efforts of a much higher order. Successfully disembarrassing himself of the trammels of mere party prejudice, he has succeeded in taking a broad and even a statesmanlike view of great questions, however nearly they may have touched some of his most cherished opinions. As a leader of the Irish Protestants, he never was politically the mere follower of any English party, although he acted for many years with Sir Robert Peel. The sentiment of nationality seems to have overruled in his mind all the more direct and strict suggestions of political association. He has been more a Protestant-ascendency man than an English Tory or Conservative, and more an Irishman than a Protestant. He is more liked by Irish Liberals and Catholics than most men of his party. However much they may detest his political creed, they admit the uprightness with which he has advocated it, and are not sorry to be able to fight a fair battle with an honorable opponent; one who will at least treat Irish subjects in an Irish

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way. Mr. Shaw has been in the main consistent in his career—the representative of Dublin University has no mission to be otherwise. At one time he seemed disposed to give Sir Robert Peel a moderate and guarded support in some of his Irish measures; but some significant hints he received from his constituents satisfied him, apparently, that he had miscalculated the extent to which they had advanced with the times.

When, therefore, in the session of 1846, the Conservative ministry finally threw off the mask; when, on the one hand, Mr. Shaw saw a total abandonment of the English landed aristocracy, and on the other, an equally open encouragement of the Irish Catholics, he took his side at once. He had never, during his public life, shown so much earnestness, energy, and debating power as he now exhibited. Not even Lord George Bentinck was more bitter against the chief Conservative leaders than he. A speech he made, early in 1846, was, as a straightforward and high-toned denunciation of political treachery, one of the boldest and most plain-spoken attacks on record. It was made literally behind the backs of Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham, for Mr. Shaw sat on the back benches on the government side: but it was easy to see in the expression of their faces, hardened as public men are to such manifestations, how strong was its effect. Indeed, it carried the language of invective and denunciation to the very utmost limits of parliamentary courtesy: there was not the slightest veil of circumlocution between it and downright insulting personality. It approached to what we read in the old debates, ere parliamentary speaking had become emasculated by the deceptive refinement of these "mealy-mouthed" days. It provoked Sir James Graham into one of the most personal attacks he ever made in Parliament; one more worthy of the hustings of Hull or Carlisle, in the days of his Radicalism, than of the mature years of a staid and stately statesman. He almost in direct terms charged Mr. Shaw with attacking ministers thus bitterly, from resentment at having been refused the Irish Secretaryship, and also because the Government had refused to effect a new settlement of the Recordership of Dublin (Mr. Shaw's office) in his favor, with some pecuniary advantage in the shape of a retiring allowance. This roused all Mr. Shaw's latent energy, which is great, and his reply to Sir James Graham, without having any pretension to finish (for men in a passion have not time to trim their phrases), was nevertheless distinguished by unrestrained severity. If we consider the high character and standing of the two men, perhaps it is not too much to say that, except in some few scenes which lowered the character of the House of Commons during the same session, it is without a parallel in modern debating. He said, if the charges were true even, it was unworthy of a minister, and utterly unbecoming the ordinary ideas and feelings of a gentleman, to divulge such a confidential communication, for the mere purpose of producing a temporary impression against a political opponent. A high and generous mind, incapable of being influenced by mean motives itself, would hesitate to attribute them to others. He then gave, on his personal honor, an explicit and indignant denial to Sir James Graham's charge. The office he held gave him what he required, "his bread and independency." And then he denounced it as "degrading" to Sir James that he should, not in the heat of party debate, but three days after the attack, have made a charge, the low vulgarism of which had not even the merit of originality. He repeated his belief that the Government was falling—falling both in power and character. And further, he believed that Sir James Graham was the evil genius of the cabinet. It had been predicted that he would prove so. It had been often said, and events had shown how truly, that no government could stand long of which he was a member. These attacks were received with tremendous cheers by the House; and their approval led Mr. Shaw to go further still, for he concluded by telling Sir James, that "the feeling he had for him was not one of resentment; it was a feeling not so dignified—it was a feeling of——" But loud cries of "Order" prevented him from adding the unparliamentary word. A scene of such dramatic interest has not occurred for many years. Sir James cowered under the attack. He lost his usual imperturbable coolness and self-command. Pale, trembling with excitement, he rose to retrace his false step. But, instead of making his apology in a manly way, he strove to cast ridicule on Mr. Shaw, because he had so far forgotten his judicial character as to lose his temper. The attempt was a miserable failure; and, however the House might condemn Mr. Shaw's extreme violence, he came off triumphantly.

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Throughout the same session, Mr. Shaw exhibited more ability, courage, and strong party feeling than he had ever shown, except on some isolated occasions of quarrel with Mr. O'Connell. It seems to have been the culminating point of his parliamentary career, at least according to present symptoms. His speeches have always been distinguished more for a certain masculine vigor than for any remarkable originality, or for felicity or refinement of diction. Tall beyond the average of tall men, with a strong masculine frame, a well though not elegantly formed figure, and a powerful, sonorous voice, he embodies many of those physical attributes which are to be found among the better order of his countrymen. To these advantages he adds that of a highly expressive and intelligent, if not strictly handsome, countenance, and a dark expressive eye; the whole face being framed in a profusion of black waving hair. Personal advantages always propitiate the House of Commons; and Mr. Shaw has had his full share of the favorable prepossessions so created on his behalf. But we fear a great change has come over him of late; that we must speak of him more in the past than in the present tense when referring to his appearance. Our own observation of Mr. Shaw's political career leads us to think that his personal feelings have not usually been mixed up in party-questions; that however zealous and earnest he may have been as a parliamentary champion of the Irish Protestants, he has, in fact, always conducted their cause in the spirit of an advocate, more than in that of a partisan. There are some, however, who assert, that the conduct of the English Conservatives towards his party has caused him bitter disappointment, which, with other things, has preyed upon his health. It is also said that he suffered in mind, when, during the trial of the "Repeal martyrs," he was charged with having purposely lost a portion of the jury list, thereby rendering a "packing" more easy, and a verdict more certain. If he did feel this charge so deeply, it was needless; for, however convenient it might have been for party purposes at the time, Mr. Shaw's character was such that he could well have afforded to smile at the imputation. These are mere conjectures; but it is certain that, from whatever cause, Mr. Shaw's health has not been latterly what it formerly was. For a man of forty-eight he shows symptoms of a premature decay. Although his mental powers are unimpaired, the masculine vigor that formerly helped to impress his audience has passed away. His erect attitude has given way to a stoop, and his fine dark hair has become silvered with grey. Still, let us hope these symptoms are but temporary, and that they may be removed by a cessation from too active exertion. Whether for his intrinsic merits, his consistency, his *bonhomie*, or his general parliamentary ability, he is not a man whose services can easily be dispensed with.

SIR H. W. BARRON.

Sir H. W. Barron is a character, and, in his way, the type of a class. He has been very active, both in and out of parliament of late, and has developed strong symptoms of an ardent desire to become a patriot. Before going further, it may be as well to observe that, although his intellectual claims are not of the highest order, his sincerity, and, to all appearance, his good intentions, render him, in a moral point of view, respectable. Among the representatives of Ireland his position gives him some consequence. He is the colleague of Mr. Wyse in the representation of the city of Waterford; and, for nine years previously to 1841, he represented the county. He is also deputy-lieutenant of the county, and is generally a man of considerable local importance. Further, he is a declared Repealer; and, without having been, like some of the Repeal members, the mere nominee of O'Connell, he was expressly elected in 1842 upon the strength of his avowed hostility to the Union. It is just to him also to say that, in the late discussions on measures for the social improvement of Ireland, he took the popular side, not as a mere grievance-monger, but as a landlord, having a proper sense of what is due to the poorer classes. Not that he made useful, practical suggestions,—that would have been inconsistent; but, as far as declamation went, and the disposition to bear his share of the general burden, he did all that could be expected from him.

Sir H. W. Barron appears to us, however, to be, as we have said, a type of a class. English statesmen have hitherto been able, more or less, to disregard the Repeal movement in Ireland, because the machinery of the agitation has been obvious, and its influence has been confined to the agitators themselves and their dupes among the masses. Speaking generally,

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the wealthier classes, and especially the landed gentry, cannot be said to have joined in it. Here and there a man of property or local influence may, in order to obtain a seat in parliament, have allowed himself to be numbered with the Repealers; but the support of such men has not been active, nor has their avowal of Repeal principles been of the slightest consequence in political movements. At the present time, it would seem to be less so than ever. An opinion, too hastily formed, prevails, that the horrible realities of the last eighteen months have superseded fictitious grievances in the Irish mind; and it is probable that, for some time, this impression may prove correct.

But there are grounds for suspecting that a change has taken place in the feelings even of the better classes in Ireland,—that Mr. O'Connell miscalculated the understanding which he supposed to exist between himself and his followers,—that what with him may have been a sham and a political manœuvre, was to them a reality and a belief. A strong, anti-English feeling has been growing up amongst classes, whose selfishness formerly rendered them England's best allies. Even amongst the Protestants there are intelligible symptoms of this change; but, among the Catholics of the better classes, it has certainly made great strides. At present it does not count for much, because national suffering has suspended the national passions; but it would not be hazardous to predict that (when this calamity has passed away), among a people so ruled by sentiments, the sentiment of nationality, envenomed by ingratitude for benefits conferred in adversity, may one day become formidable. Now this sentiment seems lately to have seized on Sir H. W. Barron to almost a morbid extent. He is only one among many who have the same feelings. They may be insignificant in the House of Commons, but in their own localities their example has weight, and will have its effect.

Sir H. W. Barron is the embodied spirit of Irish grievances. He writhes under England's insults. The whole nation are in a conspiracy to insult and injure him and his people. He lives in a constant fruition of the delights of imaginary martyrdom. Whatever he may say, Repeal would kill him, for then his luxury of suffering would pass away. As a senator, he has but one theme,—the injustice of imperial England towards Ireland. His dark Celtic face, buried in a shock of wild-looking black hair, betrays but one expression. In the street, at the club, in the house, it alike bears the stamp of a laboring soul. It strives not to conceal an unutterable indignation,—a sense of injury ever on the look-out for fresh insults. His very walk is that of one who stoops under accumulated injury; only that one day, like the great patriot of ancient Rome, he may fling it off like a garment. And the parallel holds in more senses than one. In the legislature he is equally an injured man; but here he swells, at times, into the Tribune and the Patriot. No imputation against the English nation is too severe for his credulity; no legislative proposal, however extravagant or impracticable, too monstrous for his exaggerated suspicions. And why? Because, were they made on behalf of England, or Canada, or even the Isle of Man, or enviable Van Dieman's Land itself, they would be adopted by acclamation; but because they are made for Ireland—poor Ireland!—they are rejected by proud, imperial England, with insult and contempt! This is really no very untrue picture of the spurious patriotism of such men as Sir W. Barron. They do more harm than good for their country. Without the talent to take the lead, and, as it were, to force their demands on the English parliament, they are just obstinate enough to act as a continual obstruction, and, by so much, to prevent useful legislation. A minister knows not how to deal with them. A man like Mr. Morgan John O'Connell is reasonable in his nationality. Indisposed to compromise his country, he is quite ready to compromise his prejudices; but the others have an extra-mulish vigor, which impels them always to go "the other" way. Of some it may be said in excuse that they are sincere in their blind, besotted, but by so much respectable as honest, prejudices; of others, that there is a pressure on them from behind in Ireland which threatens to denounce them as traitors to their country, if they abate one jot of their senseless clamor. Of Sir H. W. Barron, on the contrary, it is complained that he was comparatively quiet until after the Whigs had made him a baronet, but that he now continues, more virulently than political gratitude allows, a bad habit of opposing the Government, which he had contracted under the administration of Sir R. Peel. Yet on a recent occasion he saved the

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Whigs from a defeat. But Irish politics abound in such imputations; and it is enough for us to know that Sir W. Barron is useful in inverse proportion to his patriotism, and troublesome in still greater disproportion to his usefulness.

THE MARQUESS OF WESTMEATH.

A good companion, but by no means a flattering resemblance to Sir W. Barron, might be found in the Marquess of Westmeath,—the most rancorous, bigoted, and, at the same time, inefficient champion of Orangeism and landlordism in the British parliament. If you want to make yourself acquainted with the lowest political characteristics of the Irish Garrison-Protestant, read the speeches of the Marquess of Westmeath. He is just as deeply imbued with the sense of injury as Sir W. Barron, or those whom he resembles; but he is not so Brutus-like in his endurance. *His* indignation is stirred, not at the denial of justice, but at the stopping of the power of continuing to inflict immeasurable injustice. It is his to do, the other's to suffer. Lord Westmeath has a catalogue of charges against the successive governments of the last twenty years, enough to hang any Protestant statesman. The first horrible crime was the granting of Emancipation. That offence was a positive one; all since have been negative ones, consisting mainly of the awful fact that there has not been a perpetual martial-law in Ireland ever since. For, of course, it is of no use to try to deal fairly or honorably, or in a gentlemanly or a Christian spirit, with those Papists! He would not burn, or drown them, or confiscate their property, or set father against child and child against father; not that the good old penal days were not, perhaps, the best, but because he *can't*. Then, the next practicable thing is to deny them the social privileges of fellow-subjects; to treat them as if they were the scum of the earth, out of the pale of gentility, almost of Christianity; above all, not believe their word: to assume, as an incontrovertible verity, that every Roman Catholic is a liar, except where the criminal dock stares him in the face; and that murder is to him a mere matter of pastime, possibly a religious observance. But, for a most perfect incarnation of human turpitude, commend Lord Westmeath to a priest. To maul a priest is his *ne plus ultra* of luxury.

One merit Lord Westmeath has to counterbalance these defects. In his parliamentary displays he is so outrageously absurd in his violence, so impotent in his rage, so comically contradictory and inconclusive in the explanation of the various mares' nests he brings, from time to time, before the House of Lords, that nobody listens to him. Courtesy prevents men being coughed down in aristocratic assemblies, and, therefore, he is allowed to roar. He is a privileged annoyance, and a useful warning. Lean, wiry, spare, gaunt, consumed by eternal indignation and exasperation, his wild eyes glaring, and his Quixote-like jaws moving incessantly to the harsh roar of his toneless, irritating voice, he is allowed to talk himself down, unheeded, save, perhaps, by a sympathizing cheer from Lord Mountcashel, his co-tribune of landlord grievances. He tears his prey like a hungry leopard; and what he can't swallow, he mangles. He was a first-rate man for the Irish party.

In one respect we may have done injustice to Sir W. Barron by this comparison. Common rumor does not charge him with being a bad landlord. Now, Lord Westmeath may be a good one for aught we know, but his displays in the House of Lords would lead to the contrary inference. Not long since, in defending the clearance system, he expressed an ardent wish that the Irish landlords were left the management of their own estates. Then they would complain no more—never trouble the English Government again. Tender mercy! Magnanimous forbearance! Give him the command, and he would soon make a clear deck! No man has a right to live who cannot pay a good thumping rack-rent. That is the fundamental principle of the Irish landlord's creed. No wonder that my Lord Westmeath was so good a man for the Irish party, or that he defended them so earnestly (and, for once in his life, so ably) in the House of Lords!

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"They are more Irish than the Irish themselves!" was the description given of the earlier English settlers in Ireland, after they had become, as it were, naturalized in their new country. It is a description which has held good, during all intervening centuries, up to the present hour. It is a sad truth—but, we fear, still a truth—that the worst enemies of Ireland are too often Irishmen themselves; and certainly some

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of her best friends have always been found in the ranks of the English, even of those who did not possess a foot of land in the island.

The character above quoted, however, was probably intended to describe the facility with which the English adopted the habits and national peculiarities of the Irish, rather than that they became so rapidly identified in interest with those whom they were virtually engaged in conquering. In this view it will scarcely apply to Mr. Bernal Osborne, who has not yet had time to undergo such a transmutation; but he is not the less a true well-wisher to Ireland, or one whose example is calculated to effect enormous good for that country.

Mr. Bernal Osborne is the son of Mr. Ralph Bernal, for many years the member for Rochester, and who filled, for a long period of time, the office now held by Mr. Greene, that of Chairman of Committees, and *ex officio* manager of the private business in the House of Commons. Mr. Bernal, senior, besides being a first-rate man of business, was known as one of the chief advocates of the West India interest; making excellent and most amusing speeches whenever questions affecting the West India colonies came before the House. He was also a steady supporter of the Whigs. But his son, then Mr. Bernal, junior, when he was first returned to parliament for Wycombe, developed different political tendencies,—showed evident symptoms of a disposition to be quite independent, with a leaning towards the Radicals. He used to give Sir R. Peel, from time to time, a very hearty support; and he had not been long in the House before he drew attention on himself by several rattling speeches, in which manly sentiments and bold original views were expressed with something a little better than smartness of style. His confidence and self-possession were so great as always to save him from failure. Thus, if he never developed powers of a very high order, he never lost any ground he gained by his perseverance and ready ability.

Mr. Bernal, jun., soon after married an Irish lady, with a large property in Ireland; and, adopting her name, became metamorphosed into Mr. Bernal Osborne. The famine crisis in Ireland brought out his character and abilities to advantage. Fully imbued with the great doctrine that property has its duties as well as its rights, he set himself to work in earnest to perform those duties. He became a resident on his property, sounded the call to other landlords to step forward and unite in some common plan for the benefit of the country, wrote letters to the newspapers, made speeches at meetings, and, what was better, spent his money freely for the benefit of his people. Perhaps he might not always take the most judicious course, but he was always actuated by the best and the most self-denying motives; and if it be true, as we have heard, that he had actually formed a plan to abandon parliament, and become a permanently resident landlord in Ireland, in order the better to show what might be done for that country by English enterprise and sense of justice, a more convincing proof of his patriotism he could not have given: because, in leaving the House of Commons, he would have been forsaking a career in which he has every prospect of attaining distinction. For it would be scarcely too much to say that he is one of the most rising men in the House of Commons.

Mr. Bernal Osborne is a confident, fluent speaker, bold and independent in thought and action. He has already prepossessed the House in his favor, and they are always anxious to hear him when he shows a disposition to speak. As he has been but a very short time in parliament, this alone is proof of his ability. His appearance is in his favor. He is above the middle height, well made, handsome, with a slight dash of the Jewish physiognomy, but not enough to be disagreeable, and with a sonorous, well-toned voice, which, however, he would do well to modulate. There is a manly frankness about him which is very agreeable. The best speech he has yet made was that on Mr. Hume's resolution respecting intervention in Portugal. It displayed more method and precision than his former speeches; and some of his hits at Lord Palmerston were admirable, both for conception and the pointed language in which they were clothed. He appears likely to take a still higher place as a speaker.

THE EARL OF RODEN.

There is not a public man in Ireland more respected by all parties than the Earl of Roden. By his own immediate political connexions, the Protestant, or, more properly speaking, the Orange party, he is, of course, looked up to as a leader; and, by a life of honorable consistency, and bold, earnest advocacy of their cause, he has fully earned the confidence they have reposed in

him. This was, of course, to be expected, as being quite in the natural course of things. Party spirit will exalt into models of public and private virtue men of a far inferior order to the Earl of Roden, if they succeed in making themselves politically useful. But, in the case of this nobleman, we have to record a more honorable distinction.

One of the worst features of political affairs in Ireland has always been, that party differences have too generally engendered personal hatreds. In England, it is rare that we overstep, in the very height of our feuds, the fair and decent limits of honorable warfare. Men opposed to each other, however violently, in public, do not carry their enmities into private life. They are at least courteous in their contests, and give mutual credit for the average honor and virtue common among gentlemen. If political feelings and connexions sometimes forbid their indulging in any ostentatious display of friendship, they are withheld from merely personal exacerbations by a latent conviction that their differences of opinion are not intrinsically of such value as to justify them. But in Ireland how different is the state of feeling! For centuries politics have raged there with all the fury, all the embittered and envenomed hatreds, of a civil war. The combatants have never regarded each other, except in fitful intervals of imaginary nationality, as friends or fellow-subjects differing in opinion,—but as natural and irreconcileable enemies. The state of feeling which prevailed in England a century ago has endured in Ireland up to a much more recent and civilized period. If its more fatal consequences may be hoped to have passed away, its exasperation has survived. Among many other evidences of its existence, it exhibits itself in the violent personal antipathies of the conflicting parties, the coarse, ungentlemanly language they use in speaking of each other, the low estimate they form of the motives and moral value of hostile individuals. In the observance of these publin decencies—unless, indeed, where such an unmanageable gentleman as Mr. Ferrand comes on the scene—England is certainly in advance of the sister country, although we must add, Ireland is improving in this respect.

Now, it is the honorable distinction of the Earl of Roden, that in his case these indecent personalities have been very generally abstained from. Even the most violent partisans of the Roman Catholic party have always been accustomed to speak of him with respect, and a certain something which almost amounted to liking. They never stigmatized him as an enemy to Ireland; and it is more than probable they might have gone the length of believing any statement he might advance on his personal honor! Such privileges might be enjoyed by most of the Tory leaders in Ireland, if they have been thus willingly accorded to one who may be regarded as almost the foremost man among them—the very impersonation of Orangeism and anti-Hibernicism. In truth the terms are easy if such men would fulfil their duties. Lord Roden has no special talisman, he is not a man of "popular" manners, he has never sought to win golden opinions by any subserviency to national prejudices. He has held a lever which stands ready to every man's hands if he will but use it. He has simply been a good landlord, and secured the credit of being one. Hence it is, that even among the most violent Repealers, aye, in the wilds of Connaught itself, where scarcely more than his mere name is known, you will always hear his (in their eyes) political short-comings touched on tenderly, and the saving clause —that one great virtue so prized by the common people, and so wanting among the gentry—gently and kindly insisted upon. It would have been well for England had she earlier discovered, and set the right value on, this evident tendency of the Irish mind. The grievances of the body there have always been really more potent than those of the spirit. The land has, in truth, been the worst enemy of the Church.

The political life of Lord Roden does not demand any very special notice. He has been so consistent a man, that the history of his party during his public life comprises his own. Long looked upon as their leader in the House of Lords, as well as in Ireland, he was always at the head of every movement they made in their long struggle with Roman Catholics. He gave, together with his son Lord Jocelyn, a steady but moderate support to the government of Sir Robert Peel, until that statesman and his colleagues finally threw off the mask they had worn for so many years, and aimed at becoming the political friends of those to whom the noble earl had been all his life opposed. He then reluctantly broke from them; and, on the accession of Lord John Russell to power, and the introduction of his Irish

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measures, he gave them a cordial and manly support. Lord Roden, in spite of his strong political opinions, which have, perhaps, become modified in his case, by finding how completely he has been deceived by those in whom he had confided, would be the active supporter of any policy that could be beneficial to Ireland, and, more especially, if it seemed framed to improve the relations of landlord and tenant. No fear of personal sacrifice would deter him from offering a personal example.

Lord Roden is a tall, dark, muscular man, with a rather ungainly person, but gentlemanly manners, a thorough Irish face, dark, expressive eyes, and a profusion of dark hair. His voice is loud but husky, and when you hear him speak, although the effect he produces is at first not agreeable, you soon become reconciled to a harshness of tone, and an abruptness of manner, by the earnestness and evident sincerity with which he performs his parliamentary duties, and the courtesy he extends to opponents. He has no pretensions to oratory, but delivers his sentiments in plain, forcible language, without preparation, or any affectation of the graces of style, but with much impressiveness. The best speech we remember to have heard him make, was that in which he moved for an inquiry into the state of Ireland, during the later years of the Melbourne administration. But his influence in the House of Lords rests on his personal character, and the weight he has with his party in Ireland, not upon his public speaking. Whatever he may be in England, in Ireland he is really an Irishman; and that touches Paddy's heart.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE BED OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

The room is darkened; not a sound is heard
Save the clear, cheerful chirping of the bird
Which sings without the window; or the bell
Which sounds a mournful peal—a last farewell.
And she is there, or *was;* her spirit's home
Lies far beyond this world of sin and gloom.
I heard the whispers of the parting breath,
And wiped her brow, and closed her eyes in death.
Oh, she was beautiful in health's bright time!
Full of the radiance of her golden prime:
Eyes deep and full, and lips which spoke to bless,
And cheeks which blushed at their own loveliness,
And earnest downcast glances part revealing
The thoughts which lay within, and part concealing.
She knew no guile, and she feared no wrong.
Who trust in innocence are greatly strong.
As some deep stream, reflecting in its course
The pure and limpid clearness of its source,
So her chaste spirit, formed in God's own light,
Pure as a southern sky, and not less bright,
A tender, loving ministrant was given
To raise the soul from earth, and lift to Heaven.
From week to week she faded: day by day
We watched her spirits droop—her strength decay;
We scarce could deem that one so young and fair
Should pant for purer light—celestial air!
And still we dared to hope. The hectic hue
Which tinged her cheeks made ours brighten too!
We thought of death, but deemed the Reaper's hand
Removed the weeds, and let the flow'rets stand.
And she the fairest! could he touch a form
Radiant with life—with hope's deep pulses warm?
Vainly we dreamed, and bitter was our pain,
And griefs but vanished to recur again!

* * * *

Come near, come silently: the room may tell
The simple tastes of her we loved so well—
The "Poet's corner," once so fondly styled;
The harp, which many an idle hour beguiled;
The old, old books of legendary lore,
O'er which, in summer hours, she loved to pore;
And all those thousand nameless charms which skill,
Blended with fancy, fashions at its will.
And proofs of fond affection, too, are there,
And tender tokens of a mother's care—
That care to which the higher task was given,
Of pointing from earth's sunny dreams to Heaven.

* * * *

Come near, come silently—ere yet the grave
Closes o'er one we fondly hoped to save.
How changed, and yet how lovely!—meekly there
Her small white hands are folded, as in prayer.
O! who that ever heard that dying strain
Could think to mingle in the world again!

* * * *

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From Tait's Magazine.

ECHOES.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

I LISTEN to my heart at times
  Until I hear it beat;
And then methinks it rings and rhymes
  In symphony complete:
A music born of pulse and vein,
  And fever in the blood.
How awful is this *human* strain!
  How little understood!

If art could teach the Man of Art
  To tell, by such vague sounds,
The thoughts that rush from brain to heart,
  As through wild woods mad hounds—
I would not let one loved one's ear
  Press fondly on my breast,
Lest that which fills my soul with fear
  Should thence be heard or guess'd.

The tongue may tell its tale of truth
  To loveful, pitying ears,
And Age confess its sins of youth,
  With eyes that weep no tears;
But each, and all of us, have that
  Within us we would hide,
From even the tenderest friend e'er sat
  In kindness at our side.

The birds within the forest sing
  Till Echoes—all around—
Repeat such melodies as bring
  A balm on each glad sound:
The leaves that fall, in falling breathe
  Out music—and the breeze
Wakes cadences that sweetly wreathe
  Song-garlands o'er the trees:—

The sea sends music to the shore,
  And echo gathers all
Those different harmonies, till o'er
  The world in song they fall;
But human hearts, whose throbs are rife
  With joy, and grief, and pain—
What are their echoes? Mortal life
  Shall hear them—but in vain!

Enough to know, our hearts lock up
  Such thoughts as—were they told—
Might bitter make Love's sweetest cup
  And mar its brightest gold!
We seek for sympathy 'mongst men,
  But when we find it know
It soothes us for our lesser ills,
  Not for our greater woe.

That greater woe within us dwells,
  Known but to God and us,
We dare not ope the secret cells
  Where we enclose it thus;—

And so *I* listen to my heart,
  At times when all is still,
And think it well Art hath no art
  To syllable each thrill.

And thus I pine for sympathy,
  And tell my lesser woes;
Still meeting kind and patient friends
  To pity me for those:
For just as music on the wind,
  Or murmur on the flood,
Echoes there are amidst mankind
  As well as in the wood!

From the People's Journal.

CLEON AND I.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

CLEON hath a million acres—
  Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace—
  In a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—
  Not a penny I;
But the poorer of the twain, is
  Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
  But the landscape I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
  Money cannot buy:
Cleon harbors sloth and dulness—
  Freshening vigor I;
He in velvet, I in fustian,
  Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur—
  Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors—
  Need of none have I;
Wealth-surrounded, care-environ'd,
  Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he'll find me ready—
  Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature—
  In a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
  In the sea and sky.
Nature sings to me for ever—
  Earnest listener I:
State for state, with all attendants,
  Who would change?—Not I.

THE LATE DR. CHALMERS.

Soon after the demise of Mr. O'Connell, the afflictive intelligence of the sudden decease of Dr. Chalmers, the well-known, eloquent, and excellent Scottish divine, was received. The following biography of Dr. Chalmers, from the pen of Mr. John Anderson, jun., appeared originally in a work entitled "Sketches of the Edinburgh Clergy;" and was afterwards transferred into a small volume of Mr. Anderson's, entitled "The Mirror of my Mind." It will at the present time be perused with deep interest:—

This eminent man was born of respectable parentage, at the town of Anstruther, in Fife, 17th March, 1780. He received his college education at St. Andrew's; and after having been licensed as a preacher, he officiated for some time as assistant to the late minister of Cavers,—a parish lying within a few miles of Hawick, in Roxburghshire. He was ordained minister of Kilmany on the 12th May, 1803,—a parish beautifully situated amid the "green hills and smiling valleys" of Fife, and in the immediate vicinity of St. Andrew's. While here, he for one season assisted the late Professor Vilent in teaching the mathematical class at the College of St. Andrew's, where his talents attracted so much celebrity that, when in the following session he commenced a private class of his own, on the same branch of science, the students all flocked to him. He afterwards delivered a course of lectures on chemistry. Indeed, he had very early in life given indication of those superior talents, and that ardent love of science and literature, which have ever marked his career. He made his first appearance as an author, in a pamphlet published at Cupar, Fife, on the Leslie Controversy. It was written in the form of a letter, addressed to Professor Playfair: the *brochure* abounds in talent, wit, and genuine humor. It was published anonymously; and, to this day, is not generally known to have been his production. He vindicates in it, very powerfully, the divines of the Church of Scotland from the imputation of a want of mathematical talent,—a reproach which he thought Professor Playfair had thrown upon them. Dr. Chalmers had not then adopted his subsequent views against pluralities, otherwise he had no reason to regret this his first publication. On the occasion of the vacancy in the Chair of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh in 1805, Dr. Chalmers offered himself as a candidate, and, we believe, was not without considerable chance of success, but some of his own nearest relatives felt anxious that he should continue as a minister, and he withdrew his pretensions to the chair, in order to remain in the bosom of the Church of which he was destined one day to be the most distinguished ornament.

Dr. Chalmers's next publication appeared in 1808, and was entitled "An Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources." In it he endeavors to prove the independence of the country of foreign trade. The work displays talent, and is eloquently written; but his mind now embraced those deep convictions of religious truth which led him to devote himself almost exclusively to his sacred profession. The common statement is, that this happy change took place when engaged in writing the article "Christianity" for Brewster's Encyclopædia, which contains an able and original exposition of the evidences of the truth of our religion, and was afterwards published separately. Be this as it may, the result was happy; his zeal, earnestness, and eloquence, soon drew on him the public eye, and speedily enthroned him as the first pulpit orator of his age.

In 1815 he was called to be minister of the Tron Church of Glasgow, and his name and excellence conferred a new literary celebrity on that commercial city. Besides the ardent direct pursuit of his profession, Dr. Chalmers here embarked keenly, and with indefatigable labor, in plans for the improvement of the education of the poor; and though, in the prosecution of these, he had to encounter a vast mass of prejudice, he was eminently successful, and accomplished much good for the community of Glasgow. His views on these subjects are fully developed in a large work he published at the time, entitled the "Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns," which abounds with many enlightened views, and much valuable matter, regarding the poor-laws, and all the other branches of Christian economics. In 1819, Dr. Chalmers was translated to the new church and parish of St. John's, where he prosecuted these plans with renewed vigor till 1823, when he was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's, where

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he imparted a very different character to this course, from the mere worldly cast which it too generally assumes in our universities. While here he also delivered a separate course of lectures on Political Economy, as connected with the Moral Philosophy chair.

Dr. Chalmers was more than once offered an Edinburgh church; but he had long conceived that his widest sphere of usefulness was a theological chair. We often used to dread that his valuable life might pass away before an opportunity occurred of his being transferred to the Scottish metropolis; but at length, in 1828, on the divinity chair in the University of Edinburgh becoming vacant, the Magistrates and Council, much to their honor, with one voice elected Dr. Chalmers. In doing so, they conferred a boon of inestimable value on our national Church, from the ardor, eloquence, and industry he has brought to the important charge, and his deep sense of its great responsibility. Seated on this chair, and with all the ardor of his powerful and energetic mind devoted to the rearing of the future Christian instructors of the land, he may indeed be styled one of the nursing fathers of our Church; and he has rendered his lectures deeply interesting and stimulating to his students. At one time the object of the young men seemed to be to evade attendance on the divinity lecture; now the difficulty became to get a good place to hear their eloquent instructor. In March, 1832, Dr. Chalmers completed, for the first time, one revolution of his theological cycle, consisting of four different courses of lectures. He has also delivered a series of valuable lectures on the Importance of Church Establishments. He considers the value of the parochial system as beautifully exemplified in the greater attendance on a *local* than on a *general* Sabbath school,—the process which was first established in Glasgow, and is now pretty widely followed throughout England and Ireland. Church Establishments he views as founded on the same principle. He considers that each Established *church* throughout the land may be termed a centre of *emanation*, from which Christianity may, with proper zeal, be made to move, by an aggressive and converting operation, on the wide mass of the people; whilst a Dissenting *chapel* he views as a centre of *attraction* only for those who are already religiously disposed. He thinks that the population of our large cities has outgrown the provision of ministers and churches; and that the practice of household cultivation, on the part of the clergy, has fallen far too much into disuetude.

For the last few years, Dr. Chalmers has been actively engaged in following out these views, and has been the chief instrument in embarking the Church of Scotland in a noble scheme of "Church Extension;"—in other words, for supplying churches and the spiritual wants of the various localities in Scotland, whether of city or rural population, where the existing apparatus was inadequate. By his unparalleled exertions, as Convener of the General Assembly's Committee for this great object, £260,000 have actually been subscribed, thus proving the attachment of the people to the church of their fathers, and their anxiety to promote the spiritual welfare of their countrymen.

For his successful labors in this cause Dr. Chalmers has repeatedly received the thanks of the General Assembly of the Scottish Church.

It has often been alleged, that the clergy show, on all occasions, the utmost anxiety to increase their income by any change of place. Dr. Chalmers is one living refutation of this, he having refused the most wealthy living in the Church of Scotland, the West parish of Greenock, which was proffered him by the patron.

Dr. Chalmers has published several volumes of sermons, all of them of a most useful practical tendency. His "Discourses on the Christian Revelation, viewed in connexion with the Modern Astronomy," constitute one of the most splendid productions of his genius, and have had an immense circulation, having gone through twelve editions. His "Sermons on the Application of Christianity to the Commercial and Ordinary Affairs of Life," ought to be in the hands of every person engaged in the business of the world, being of admirable practical utility. Some of his sermons, preached on public occasions, are brilliant exhibitions of eloquence and power in pulpit oratory, combined with real usefulness. Dr. Chalmers lately brought out a very interesting and valuable work, "On Political Economy in connexion with the Moral State and Moral Prospects of Society." This work displays a mind familiar with the *elements* of political science; while, in the course of it, he has to discuss the most complicated and difficult questions in political economy, the whole structure and process of his argument is to prove that to rear a well-educated, prudent, virtuous, and religious people habituated to moral restraint, is the true, the only way to accomplish the great objects of political economy.

In 1837, Dr. Chalmers published his valuable Lectures on Paul's Epistle to the Romans.

In 1838, Dr. Chalmers was called to London to deliver a course of lectures on the Establishment and Extension of National Churches, which he did to an overflowing audience, among which were the Duke of Cambridge, and a host of senators belonging to both houses of Parliament. They made a powerful sensation in London, and converted several influential political characters to the view of the obligation on civil rulers to provide for the religious instruction of the people.

As a preacher, Dr. Chalmers is altogether unrivalled. The sermon he delivered before the King's Commissioner in the High Church of Edinburgh, in 1816, perhaps first widely established his fame. His discourse on that occasion comprised the essence of his astronomical sermons, and was probably as magnificent a display of eloquence as was ever heard from the pulpit. The effect produced on the audience will not easily be forgotten by any who had the gratification of being present.

From that day, crowds followed after him wherever he went; and, to use his own language, he felt the burden of "a popularity of stare, and pressure, and animal heat." When in London, Canning, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Eldon, the Duke of Sussex, with several branches of the Royal Family, and many others, whom, the journals remarked, they "were not accustomed to elbow at a place of public worship," were found anxiously waiting to obtain admission to hear this modern Massillon. An observation made by Foster, in one of his powerful and original essays, is peculiarly applicable to the talismanic effect of Chalmers's eloquence. He observes, that "real eloquence strkes on your mind with irresistible force, and leaves you not the possibility of asking or thinking whether it be eloquence."

Dr. Chalmers is indeed such a preacher as rises up only once in many centuries. Laboring under the disadvantage of a provincial accent and pronunciation, he soon overcame these; and the stranger hearing him, is speedily aware that a man of

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genius and unrivalled eloquence is before him. Even the language of his ordinary prayers betrays him; as, for example, when he calls us to remember, "that every hour that strikes,—every morning that dawns,—and every evening that darkens around us," brings us nearer to the end of our earthly pilgrimage. We know no man whose language in prayer is nearly so impressive, and who so completely lifts the mind from its constant occupation with sublunary things, to the unseen realities of an everlasting world. He, as it were, draws the mind out of its earthliness to purer and holier regions.

The *frankness* of Dr. Chalmers's eloquence, if we may so designate it, is interesting. He speaks from the heart to the heart. What an ordinary preacher would be afraid to give utterance to, he pours forth with deep and affectionate anxiety, and it penetrates to the soul. We can of a truth say of Dr. Chalmers's sermons, that we never heard one of them,—and we have heard not a few,—without having our minds possessed of an anxious desire to become better and holier than before; and this is truly the best effect of eloquence in a preacher.

There can be no greater moral and intellectual treat than to hear Dr. Chalmers from the pulpit. His sermons as far transcend those of the mawkish productions to be frequently met with, as does the genius of Milton or Newton surpass that of the common herd of poets and philosophers.

> Can earth afford
> Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
> As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
> He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;
> Conjures, implores, and labors all he can
> For re-subjecting to divine command
> The stubborn spirit of rebellious Man.*

Dr. Chalmers has some peculiar but enlightened views regarding public charities. These are to be found developed in some able articles on Pauperism he wrote in the *Edinburgh Review* several years ago, in his Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns, and in his recent work on Political Economy.

There are two points in Dr. Chalmers's character which seem chiefly worthy of admiration—the first is the union of the most profound humility with the highest genius—and the other, a deeply affectionate interest in the welfare of the human race. These characterize all his writings and actions both as a public and private individual.

* Wordsworth.

There was great truth in the remark made by Jeffrey—and there could not be a better judge of eloquence—when he first heard Dr. Chalmers, on the occasion of a splendid speech against pluralities, delivered by him in the General Assembly; that he could not say what it was, but there was something altogether remarkable about the man; that the effects produced by his eloquence reminded him more of what he had read of Cicero and Demosthenes, than anything he had ever heard.

Condition of the Slavonic Nations.—The Count Krasinski, author of the "History of the Reformation in Poland," has commenced a course of lectures at Willis's Rooms, on the Political and Intellectual development, and present condition of the Slavonic nations. The lecturer stated that these nations constitute the most numerous race of Europe, and occupy the largest portion of its territory. A Slavonian population of 80,000,000 were living under the dominion of Russia, Austria, the Ottoman Porte, Prussia, and Saxony. The political and literary importance of the Slavonians is rapidly increasing. A strong intellectual movement is now animating them; it is attended by a growing tendency towards a union. This tendency, designated Panslavism, is considered likely to lead to the establishment of a powerful confederation. The Slavonic writers are zealously endeavoring to promote this object. The lecturer proceeded to give an outline of the history of the Slavonians. The idea of the union of the race was not new. Such an attempt was made in great Moravia in the 9th century. In the 11th century Bohemia was united to Poland. In the 16th century a strong party in Poland proposed to place themselves under the sovereignty of the Czar of Muscovy. The lecturer concluded with a promise to take up on the next occasion the subject of the conversion of the Slavonians to Christianity.

Covered Street-Arcades at Paris.—A huge company, with a capital of 50,000,000f., has just been formed, for constructing a series of *passages couverts* from the Boulevard St. Denis to the Place du Chatelet. The Company to be called *C. des Galeries du Commerce.—The Builder.*

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